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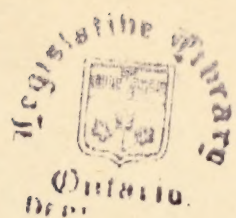
VIEW OF ROUEN.

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See *The Field of Art*, page 125.

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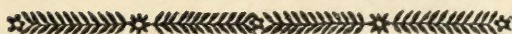
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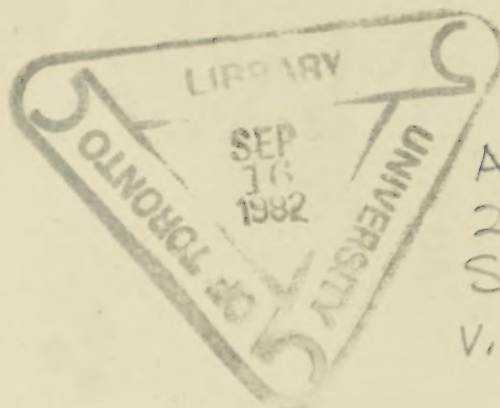
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



VOLUME XIX JANUARY - JUNE



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No. 1

A DECORATIVE PAINTING BY ROBERT BLUM

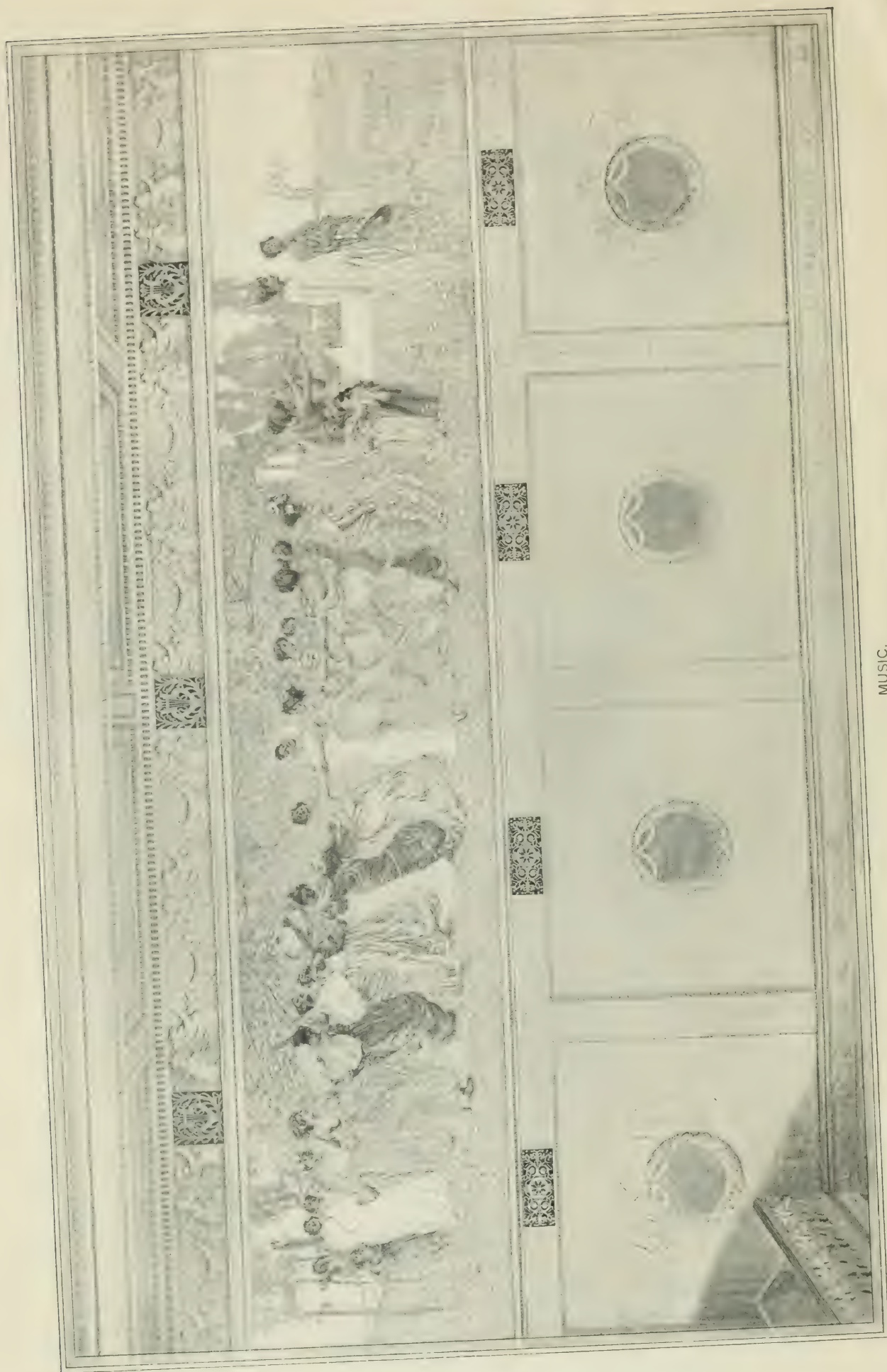


IN the concert-room of the Mendelssohn Glee Club of New York has recently been set a decorative painting which is so adequate in its essentials, so intelligent in its grace, and, above all, so exquisitely in harmony with its surroundings, that eye and mind, resting upon it, enjoy it in pure unconsciousness of the fact that it is but a part of a general scheme which evidently must include a like composition on the opposite wall and the half-dome of the proscenium. The huge frieze, some 50 feet long by 12 feet high, is not forced into undue prominence by these as yet undecorated surfaces. It does not "make a hole," neither does it come forward; like a violin playing its part in a symphony, it is content to play its part in the ensemble; and it has, therefore, the first though rarest quality of a decoration—that of being so much a part of the architectural ensemble that one does not detach it from its environment.

Daylight and the artificial light at evening playing about the large simple interior, built primarily for the delectation of the ear, suffuse it with a soft radiance that blends this painting

of Mr. Robert Blum's with the architectural features, making of it the final and ennobling touch to spacious panels, to friezes and mouldings, with their fragile arabesques in relief. And while so high in key that it gives a creamy tone to white walls and ceilings, the sharp notes of the gilt candelabras, which here and there judiciously relieve the pale ensemble, are mellowed and brought into tender subjugation by its subtle color-scheme. Neither timorous nor vaporous, it possesses a definiteness which is the finer for being unassertive. It is like an intelligent person who in good company has the supreme art of saying the right thing in the right way and at the best time, and whose tact and regard for others emphasizes his own fine individuality. Dignified, nobly balanced, full at all points, it suggests as little as a Greek moulding the need of alteration.

Given full credit to professional skill of a high order, united with a remarkable artistic temperament, we still have something to be accounted for in this homogeneous and masterly result. Besides the thoroughly original and expressive way in which the work was conceived, what seems to me to dominate it is the evidence of a process by which drawing and color, ensemble and details, have been considered again and



MUSIC.
Robert Blum's Decorative Painting at the Mendelssohn Glee Club.



again, and the first conception shaped, elaborated, refined, and simplified until it has reached its last and most worthy expression. While to set apart and consider severally the intimately related and interwoven elements of an artistic production is, if not impossible, too often useless, it does not appear inappropriate in this special instance to point out the significance of what might be termed its ethical as differentiated from its æsthetic aspects. The important part played by the man's strenuous effort helps us to a broader appreciation of his work, and gives us at least a better basis for our understanding of, and our respect for, the artist who has labored so lovingly. Af-

ter three years of constant struggles, enthusiasms, and depressions when often a man of more ordinary fibre, less lofty purpose, and less conscientiousness would have been satisfied with the result, Mr. Blum has earned the right to say: "There it is ; for better or for worse, it is the best I am capable of." While, of course, nothing is felt of that process of elaboration when the completed work, as far as Mr. Blum is concerned, is there triumphant, it is not without profit to realize what his creation means of problems met, of difficulties conquered, of innumerable steps leading higher and higher.

Art is no more accidental than it is trifling.



The works of the old masters invariably reveal their tremendous earnestness. Clever hand and eye give the externals, so to speak; the serious mind alone gives what, in spite of seductive virtuosity, is, after all, the essence, and what makes the grandeur and assures the permanent value of a work of art.

The first impression of this painting, which is also the one carried away after long examination, is one of spontaneity clearly expressed. It is as simple and as complete as a flower; a little world in itself, full of the joyousness of the spring of life, a vision of a summer

morning on the shores of Trinacria, an idyl of Theocritus.

Mr. Blum has chosen Music for his subject. Maidens in flowing, clinging draperies fill, in long procession, the whole length of the frieze. The sense of dainty motion, of pulsating life, is so expressed that they seem poised there for an instant only; indeed, in looking from one to another, the rhythm of the attitudes gives a sensation of movement. They are not forms rigidly fixed in their places and postures; but like the inimitable figures alive with the sense of eternal youth that forever dance on the rounded surface of the



Greek vases, these maidens catch you in their breeze-blown draperies and whirl you undulating on over the flower-studded Arcadian field. You feel the swirl of their garments; you see the twinkle of their feet keeping time to a music as distinctly felt.

The artist has had in mind the idea of the symphony and its several movements; the *andante*, *allegro*, *allegretto*, *allegro con furia*, etc., are clearly expressed and individualized, but it is impossible to describe in mere words such characterizations; for in art, as a French writer has said, "the simple view of things is worth all the words

one could read or write about them." Of the harmonious poses, of the beauty and piquant grace of the types, the illustrations accompanying this article give some idea; although the reduction to within a few inches, and the translation into black and white of figures larger than life, and painted in so high a key that black and white cannot render their delicacy of color, limits, perforce, these illustrations to a few elemental facts. But because of its extreme reduction the large illustration of the frieze, necessary to present some idea of it as a whole, and of its plan in the architectural scheme, gives

as inadequate an idea of the superb composition as of its charm of color.

The manner in which the component parts of the picture hold together and "compose" is such that one does not feel abundance here and emptiness there, or select some special figure or grouping, rather than others ; while enjoying

ondary importance when this most essential result is achieved. And to realize how rarely it is achieved one has but to think of the paintings by eminent artists which decorate the Paris Hôtel de Ville. Good paintings they are, exhibiting qualities of a high order, and yet grievous failures as decorations.



the details one can think but of the *tout ensemble*. Without intending a comparison, which would be absurd, Mr. Blum's work brought to the mind of the writer that of Puvis de Chavannes, for a masterly exhibition of this great decorative quality. In "Music," as in Puvis's frescos in the Sorbonne and the Pantheon, the structural lines are carried out in so subtle a way that they are felt rather than seen, the space is admirably balanced, and the whole alive, full, significant in masses and details, heads, figures, patches of sky as well as of ground. In a decoration the subject chosen seems almost of sec-

Pictures on walls, not wall pictures ; interesting in many ways, but making one feel that they would produce a better impression anywhere else than in the place for which they were intended.

In reviewing the larger and more significant aspects of this work I must own to losing sight of the *brilliancy* of the performance, which is part of its charm and so peculiarly characteristic of the artist. While it was to be expected that Mr. Blum should remain himself, it was as unexpected as it is remarkable that he should have become a great decorator. It is evident that

one of the most captivatingly picturesque artists of our day has enlarged his sphere by holding in check the more vivacious side of his nature, striving with larger problems and triumphing over them. The same individuality is there more than ever, and charm, daintiness, and vivacity pervade "Music," as they were the keynote of Mr. Blum's Venetian or of his Japanese studies.

To one who has followed carefully Mr. Blum's career, its last development seems perhaps especially typical of a man who has risen with each opportu-

nity; who, when he began his career as an illustrator, and with hardly any artistic education, sought from the dangerously brilliant Spaniards, at the zenith of their fame, mainly their graver qualities; who, impatient and dissatisfied with his success as an illustrator, strove to become a painter. As he always did his best, and worked not to please others but to satisfy himself, he has constantly grown, until this latest achievement places him in the very front rank of the great modern decorators.



TO LUCASTA

ON GOING TO THE WARS

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more

LOVELACE



ELIZABETHAN SONGS—I.
TO LUCASTA.

Drawn by J. R. Wignall.



J. M. BARRIE.

From a photograph by F. Hollyer.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER I

TOMMY CONTRIVES TO KEEP ONE OUT

THE celebrated Tommy first comes into view on a dirty London stair, and he was in sexless garments, which were all he had, and he was five, and so though we are looking at him, we must do it sideways, lest he should sit down hurriedly to hide them. That inscrutable face, which made the clubmen of his later days uneasy and even puzzled the ladies while he was making love to them, was already his, except when he leered at one of his pretty thoughts or stopped at an open door to sniff a potful; note, too, the "noble" forehead, which has been so much admired. On his way up and down the stair he often paused to sniff, but he never asked for anything; his mother had warned him against it, and he carried out her injunction with almost unnecessary spirit, declining offers before they were made, as when passing a room, whence came the smell of fried fish, he might call in, "I don't not want none of your fish," or "My mother says I don't not want the littlest bit," or wistfully, "I ain't hungry," or more wistfully still, "My mother says I ain't hungry." His mother heard of this and was angry, crying that he had let the neighbors know something she was anxious to conceal, but what he had revealed to them Tommy could not make out, and when he questioned her artlessly, she took him with sudden passion to her flat breast, and often after that she looked at him long and wofully and wrung her hands.

The only other pleasant smell known to Tommy was when the water-carts passed the mouth of his little street.

His street, which ended in a dead wall, was near the river, but on the doleful side of it, opening off a longer street where the cabs of a bewildering station sometimes found themselves when they took the wrong turning; his home was at the top of a house of four floors, each with accommodations for at least two families, and here he had lived with his mother since his father's death six months ago. There was oil-cloth on the stair as far as the first floor; there had been oil-cloth between the first floor and the second—Tommy could point out pieces of it still adhering to the wood like remnants of a plaster, but above all was bare.

This stair was nursery to all the children whose homes opened on it, not so safe as nurseries in the part of London that is chiefly inhabited by boys in sail-or suits, but preferable as a centre of adventure, and here on an afternoon sat two. They were very busy boasting, but only the smaller had imagination, and as he used it recklessly, their positions soon changed; sexless garments was now prone on a step, breeches sitting on him.

Shovel, a man of seven, had said, "None on your lip. You weren't never at Thrums yourself."

Tommy's reply was, "Ain't my mother a Thrums woman?"

Shovel, who had but one eye, and that bloodshot, fixed it on him threateningly.

"The Thames is in London," he said.

"'Cos they wouldn't not have it in Thrums," replied Tommy.

"'Amstead 'Eath's in London, I tell yer," Shovel said.

"The cemetery is in Thrums," said Tommy.

"There ain't no queens in Thrums, anyhow."

"There's the auld Licht minister."

"Well, then, if you jest seed Trafalgar Square!"

"If you jest see'd the Thrums town-house!"

"St. Paul's ain't in Thrums."

"It would like to be."

After reflecting, Shovel said in desperation, "Well, then, my father were once at a hanging."

Tommy replied instantly, "It were my father what was hanged."

There was no possible answer to this save a knock-down blow, but though Tommy was vanquished in body, his spirit remained stanch; he raised his head and gasped, "You should see how they knock down in Thrums!" It was then that Shovel sat on him.

Such was their position when an odd figure in that house, a gentleman, passed them without a word, so desirous was he to make a breath taken at the foot of the close stair last him to the top. Tommy merely gaped after this fine sight, but Shovel had experience, and "It's a kid or a coffin," he said, sharply, knowing that only birth or death brought a doctor here.

Watching the doctor's ascent, the two boys strained their necks over the rickety banisters, which had been polished black by trousers of the past, and sometimes they lost him, and then they saw his legs again.

"Hello, it's your old woman!" cried Shovel. "Is she a deader?" he asked, brightening, for funerals made a pleasant stir on the stair.

The question had no meaning for bewildered Tommy, but he saw that if his mother was a deader, whatever that might be, he had grown great in his companion's eye. So he hoped she was a deader.

"If it's only a kid," Shovel began, with such scorn that Tommy at once screamed, "It ain't!" and, cross-examined, he swore eagerly that his mother was in bed when he left her in the morning, that she was still in bed at dinner-time, also that the sheet was over her face, also that she was cold.

Then she was a deader and had attained distinction in the only way possible in that street. Shovel did not shake Tommy's hand warmly, the forms

of congratulation varying in different parts of London, but he looked his admiration so plainly that Tommy's head waggled proudly. Evidently, whatever his mother had done redounded to his glory as well as to hers, and somehow he had become a boy of mark. He said from his elevation that he hoped Shovel would believe his tales about Thrums now, and Shovel, who had often cuffed Tommy for sticking to him so closely, cringed in the most snobbish manner, craving permission to be seen in his company for the next three days. Tommy, the upstart, did not see his way to grant this favor for nothing, and Shovel offered a knife, but did not have it with him; it was his sister Ameliar's knife, and he would take it from her, help his davy. Tommy would wait there till Shovel fetched it. Shovel, baffled, wanted to know what Tommy was putting on hairs for. Tommy smiled, and asked whose mother was a deader. Then Shovel collapsed, and his wind passed into Tommy.

The reign of Thomas Sandys, nevertheless, was among the shortest, for with this question was he overthrown: "How did yer know she were cold?"

"Because," replied Tommy, triumphantly, "she told me herself."

Shovel only looked at him, but one eye can be so much more terrible than two, that plop, plop, plop came the balloon softly down the steps of the throne and at the foot shrank pitifully, as if with Ameliar's knife in it.

"It's only a kid arter all!" screamed Shovel, furiously. Disappointment gave him eloquence, and Tommy cowered under his sneers, not understanding them, but they seemed to amount to this, that in having a baby he had disgraced the house.

"But I think," he said, with diffidence, "I think I were once one."

Then all Shovel could say was that he had better keep it dark on that stair.

Tommy squeezed his fist into one eye, and the tears came out at the other. A good-natured impulse was about to make Shovel say that though kids are undoubtedly humiliations, mothers and boys get used to them in time, and go on as brazenly as before, but it was



Drawn by William Hatherell.

Bob fell in love with him on the spot and chucked him under the chin.—Page 30.

checked by Tommy's unfortunate question, "Shovel, when will it come?"

Shovel, speaking from local experience, replied truthfully that they usually came very soon after the doctor, and at times before him.

"It ain't come before him," Tommy said, confidently.

"How do yer know?"

"'Cos it weren't there at dinner-time, and I been here since dinner-time."

The words meant that Tommy thought it could only enter by way of the stair, and Shovel quivered with delight. "H'st!" he cried, dramatically, and to his joy Tommy looked anxiously down the stair, instead of up it.

"Did you hear it?" Tommy whispered.

Before he could control himself Shovel blurted out: "Do you think as they come on their feet?"

"How then?" demanded Tommy; but Shovel had exhausted his knowledge of the subject. Tommy, who had begun to descend to hold the door, turned and climbed upwards, and his tears were now but the drop left in a cup too hurriedly dried. Where was he off to? Shovel called after him; and he answered, in a determined whisper: "To shove of it out if it tries to come in at the window."

This was enough for the more knowing urchin, now so full of good things that with another added he must spill, and away he ran for an audience, which could also help him to bait Tommy, that being a game most sportive when there are several to fling at once. At the door he knocked over, and was done with, a laughing little girl who had strayed from a more fashionable street. She rose solemnly, and kissing her muff, to reassure it if it had got a fright, toddled in at the first open door to be out of the way of unmanly boys.

Tommy, climbing courageously, heard the door slam, and looking down he saw—a strange child. He climbed no higher. It had come!

After a long time he was one flight of stairs nearer it. It was making itself at home on the bottom step; resting, doubtless, before it came hopping up. Another dozen steps, and—It was beauti-

fully dressed in one piece of yellow and brown that reached almost to its feet, with a bit left at the top to form a hood, out of which its pert face peeped impudently; oh, so they came in their Sunday clothes. He drew so near that he could hear it cooing: thought itself as good as upstairs, did it!

He bounced upon her sharply, thinking to carry all with a high hand. "Out you go!" he cried, with the action of one heaving hay.

She whisked round, and, "Oo boy or oo girl?" she inquired, puzzled by his dress.

"None of your cheek!" roared insulted manhood.

"Oo boy," she said, decisively.

With the effrontery of them when they are young, she made room for him on her step, but he declined the invitation, knowing that her design was to skip up the stair the moment he was off his guard.

"You don't needn't think as we'll have you," he announced, firmly. "You had best go away to—go to—" His imagination failed him. "You had best go back," he said.

She did not budge, however, and his next attempt was craftier. "My mother," he assured her, "ain't living here now;" but mother was a new word to the girl, and she asked, gleefully, "Oo have mother?" expecting him to produce it from his pocket. To coax him to give her a sight of it she said, plaintively, "Me no have mother."

"You won't not get mine," replied Tommy, doggedly.

She pretended not to understand what was troubling him, and it passed through his head that she had to wait there till the doctor came down for her. He might come at any moment!

A boy does not put his hand into his pocket until every other means of gaining his end has failed, but to that extremity had Tommy now come. For months his only splendid possession had been a penny despised by trade because of a large round hole in it, as if (to quote Shovel) some previous owner had cut a farthing out of it. To tell the escapades of this penny (there are no adventurers like coin of the realm) would be one way of exhibiting Tommy

to the curious, but it would be a hard-hearted way. At present the penny was doubly dear to him, having been long lost and lately found. In a noble moment he had dropped it into a charity box hanging forlorn against the wall of a shop, where it lay very lonely by itself, so that when Tommy was that way he could hear it respond if he shook the box, as acquaintances give each other the time of day in passing. Thus at comparatively small outlay did he spread his benevolence over weeks and feel a glow therefrom, until the glow went, when he and Shovel recaptured the penny with a thread and a bent pin.

This treasure he sadly presented to her, and she accepted it with glee, putting it on her finger, as if it were a ring, but instead of saying that she would go now she asked him, coolly,

"Oo know tories?"

"Stories!" he exclaimed, "I'll—I'll tell you about Thrums," and was about to do it for love, but stopped in time. "This ain't a good stair for stories," he said, cunningly. "I can't not tell stories on this stair, but I—I know a good stair for stories."

The ninny of a girl was completely hoodwinked; and see, there they go, each with a hand in the muff, the one leering, oh, so triumphantly; the other trusting and gleeful. There was an exuberance of vitality about her as if she lived too quickly in her gladness, which you may remember in some child who visited the earth for but a little while.

How superbly Tommy had done it! It had been another keen brain pitted against his, and at first he was not winning. Then up came Thrums, and—But the thing has happened before; in a word, Blücher. Nevertheless, Tommy just managed it, for he got the girl out of the street and on to another stair no more than in time to escape a ragged rabble, headed by Shovel, who, finding their quarry gone, turned on their leader viciously, and had gloomy views of life till his cap was kicked down a sewer, which made the world bright again.

Of the tales told by Tommy that day in words Scotch and cockney, of Thrums, home of heroes and the arts, where the lamps are lit by a magician called Leerie-leerie-licht-the-lamps (but he is also

friendly, and you can fling stones at him), and the merest children are allowed to set the spinning-wheels a-whirling, and dagont is the swear, and the stairs are so fine that the houses wear them outside for show, and you drop a pail at the end of a rope down a hole, and sometimes it comes up full of water, and sometimes full of fairies—of these and other wonders, if you would know, ask not a dull historian, nor even go to Thrums, but to those rather who have been boys and girls there and now are exiles. Such a one Tommy knows, an unhappy woman, foolish, not very lovable, flung like a stone out of the red quarry upon a land where it cannot grip, and tearing her heart for a sight of the home she shall see no more. From her Tommy had his pictures, and he colored them rarely.

Never before had he such a listener. "Oh, dagont, dagont!" he would cry in ecstasy over these fair scenes, and she, awed or gurgling with mirth according to the nature of the last, demanded "'Nother, 'nother!" whereat he remembered who and what she was, and showing her a morsel of the new one, drew her to more distant parts, until they were so far from his street that he thought she would never be able to find the way back.

His intention had been, on reaching such a spot, to desert her promptly, but she gave him her hand in the muff so confidently that against his judgment he fell a-pitying the trustful mite who was wandering the world in search of a mother, and so easily diddled on the whole that the chances were against her finding one before morning. Almost unconsciously he began to look about him for a suitable one.

They were now in a street much nearer to his own home than the spurts from spot to spot had led him to suppose. It was new to him, but he recognized it as the acme of fashion by those two sure signs; railings with most of their spikes in place, and cards scored with the word "Apartments." He had discovered such streets as this before when in Shovel's company, and they had watched the toffs go out and in, and it was a lordly sight, for first the toff waggled a rail that was loose at the

top and then a girl, called the servant, peeped at him from below, and then he pulled the rail again, and then the door opened from the inside, and you had a glimpse of wonder-land with a place for hanging hats on. He had not contemplated doing anything so handsome for the girl as this, but why should he not establish her here? There were many possible mothers in view, and thrilling with a sense of his generosity he had almost fixed on one but mistrusted the glint in her eye, and on another when she saved herself by tripping and showing an undarned heel.

He was still of an open mind when the girl of a sudden cried, gleefully, "Ma-ma, ma-ma!" and pointed, with her muff, across the street. The word was as meaningless to Tommy as mother had been to her, but he saw that she was drawing his attention to a woman some thirty yards away.

"Man—man!" he echoed, chiding her ignorance; "no, no, you blether, that ain't a man, that's a woman; that's woman—woman."

"Ooman—ooman," the girl repeated, docilely, but when she looked again, "Ma-ma, ma-ma," she insisted, and this was Tommy's first lesson that however young you catch them they will never listen to reason.

She seemed of a mind to trip off to this woman, and as long as his own mother was safe, it did not greatly matter to Tommy whom she chose, but if it was this one, she was going the wrong way about it. You cannot snap them up in the street.

The proper course was to track her to her house, which he proceeded to do, and his quarry, who was looking about her anxiously, as if she had lost something, gave him but a short chase. In the next street to the one in which they had first seen her, a street so like it that Tommy might have admired her for knowing the difference, she opened the door with a key and entered, shutting the door behind her. Odd to tell, the child had pointed to this door as the one she would stop at, which surprised Tommy very much.

On the steps he gave her his final instructions, and she dimpled and gurgled, obviously full of admiration for him,

which was a thing he approved of, but he would have liked to see her a little more serious.

"That is the door. Well, then, I'll waggle the rail as makes the bell ring, and then I'll run."


That was all, and he wished she had not giggled most of the time. She was sniggering, as if she thought him a very funny boy, even when he rang the bell and bolted.

From a safe place he watched the opening of the door, and saw the frivolous thing lose a valuable second in waving the muff to him. "In you go!" he screamed beneath his breath. Then she entered and the door closed. He waited an hour, or two minutes, or thereabout, and she had not been ejected. Triumph!

With a drum beating inside him Tommy strutted home, where, alas, a boy was waiting to put his foot through it.

CHAPTER II

BUT THE OTHER GETS IN

 O Tommy, a swaggerer, came Shovel sour-visaged; having now no cap of his own, he exchanged with Tommy, would also have bled the blooming mouth of him, but knew of a revenge that saves the knuckles: announced, with jeers and offensive finger exercise, that "it" had come.

Shovel was a liar. If he only knowed what Tommy knowed!

If Tommy only heard what Shovel had hearn!

Tommy was of opinion that Shovel hadn't not heard anything.

Shovel believed as Tommy didn't know nuthin.

Tommy wouldn't listen to what Shovel had heard.

Neither would Shovel listen to what Tommy knew.

If Shovel would tell what he had heard, Tommy would tell what he knew.

Well, then, Shovel had listened at the door, and heard it mewling.

Tommy knowed it well, and it never mewled.

How could Tommy know it?

'Cos he had been with it a long time.

Gosh! Why, it had only comed a minute ago.

This made Tommy uneasy, and he asked a leading question cunningly. A boy, wasn't it?

No, Shovel's old woman had been up helping to hold it, and she said it were a girl.

Shutting his mouth tightly, which was never natural to him, the startled Tommy mounted the stair, listened and was convinced. He did not enter his dishonored home. He had no intention of ever entering it again. With one salt tear he renounced—a child, a mother.

On his way downstairs he was received by Shovel and party, who planted their arrows neatly. Kids cried steadily he was told, for the first year. A boy one was bad enough, but a girl one was oh lawks. He must never again expect to get playing with blokes like what they was. Already she had got round his old gal who would care for him no more. What would they say about this in Thrums?

Shovel even insisted on returning him his cap, and for some queer reason, this cut deepest. Tommy about to charge, with his head down, now walked away so quietly that Shovel, who could not help liking the funny little cuss, felt a twinge of remorse, and nearly followed him with a magnanimous offer: to treat him as if he were still respectable.

Tommy lay down on a distant stair, one of the very stairs where *she* had sat with him. Ladies, don't you dare to pity him now, for he won't stand it. Rage was what he felt, and a man in a rage (as you may know if you are married) is only to be soothed by the sight of all womankind in terror of him. But you may look upon your handiwork, and gloat, an you will, on the wreck you have made. A young gentleman trusted one of you; behold the result. O! O! O! O! Now do you understand why we men cannot abide you?

If she had told him flat that his mother, and his alone, she would have, and so there was an end of it. Ah, catch them taking a straight road. But to put on those airs of helplessness, to

wave him that gay good-by, and then the moment his back was turned, to be off through the air on—perhaps on her muff, to the home he had thought to lure her from. In a word, to be diddled by a girl when one flatters himself he is diddling! S'death, a dashing fellow finds it hard to bear. Nevertheless, he has to bear it, for oh, Tommy, Tommy, 'tis the common lot of man.

His hand sought his pocket for the penny that had brought him comfort in dark hours before now; but, alack, she had deprived him even of it. Never again should his pinkie finger go through that warm hole, and at the thought a sense of his forlornness choked him, and he cried. You may pity him a little now.

Darkness came and hid him even from himself. He is not found again until a time of the night that is not marked on ornamental clocks, but has an hour to itself on the watch which a hundred thousand or so of London women carry in their breasts; the hour when men steal homewards trickling at the mouth and drawing back from their own shadows to the wives they once went a-maying with, or the mothers who had such travail at the bearing of them, as if for great ends. Out of this, the drunkard's hour, rose the wan face of Tommy, who had waked up somewhere clammy cold and quaking, and he was a very little boy, so he ran to his mother.

Such a shabby dark room it was, but it was home, such a weary worn woman in the bed, but he was her son and she had been wringing her hands because he was so long in coming, and do you think he hurt her when he pressed his head on her poor breast, and do you think she grudged the heat his cold hands drew from her warm face? He squeezed her with a violence that put more heat into her blood than he took out of it.

And he was very considerate, too: not a word of reproach in him, though he knew very well what that bundle in the back of the bed was.

She guessed that he had heard the news and stayed away through jealousy of his sister, and by and by she said, with a faint smile, "I have a present for you, laddie." In the great world without, she used few Thrums words now;

you would have known she was Scotch only by her accent, but when she and Tommy were together in that room, with the door shut, she always spoke as if her window still looked out on the bonny Marywellbrae. It is not really bonny, it is gey an' mean an bleak, and you must not come to see it. It is just a steep wind-swept street, old and wrinkled, like your mother's face.

She had a present for him, she said, and Tommy replied, "I knows," with averted face.

"Such a bonny thing."

"Bonny enough," he said, bitterly.

"Look at her, laddie."

But he shrank from the ordeal, crying, "No, no, keep her covered up!"

The little traitor seemed to be asleep, and so he ventured to say, eagerly, "It wouldn't not take long to carry all our things to another house, would it? Me and Shovel could near do it ourselves."

"And that's God's truth," the woman said, with a look round the room. "But what for should we do that?"

"Do you no see, mother?" he whispered, excitedly. "Then you and me could slip away, and—and leave her—in the press."

The feeble smile with which his mother received this he interpreted thus, "Wherever we go'd to she would be there before us."

"The little besom!" he cried, helplessly.

His mother saw that mischievous boys had been mounting him on his horse, which needed only one slap to make it go a mile; but she was a spiritless woman, and replied, indifferently, "You're a funny litlin'."

Presently a dry sob broke from her, and thinking the child was the cause, soft-hearted Tommy said, "It can't not be helped, mother; don't cry, mother, I'm fond on yer yet, mother; I—I took her away. I found another woman—but she would come."

"She's God's gift, man," his mother said, but she added, in a different tone, "Ay, but he hasna sent her keep."

"God's gift!" Tommy shuddered, but he said, sourly, "I wish he would take her back. Do you wish that, too, mother?"

The weary woman almost said she did,

but her arms — they gripped the baby as if frightened that he had sent for it. Jealous Tommy, suddenly deprived of his mother's hand, cried, "It's true what Shovel says, you don't not love me never again; you jest loves that little limmer!"

"Na, na," the mother answered, passionate at last. "she can never be to me what you hae been, my laddie, for you came to me when my hame was in hell, and we tholed it thegither, you and me."

This bewildered though it comforted him. He thought his mother might be speaking about the room in which they had lived until six months ago, when his father was put into the black box, but when he asked her if this were so, she told him to sleep, for she was dog-tired. She always evaded him in this way when he questioned her about his past, but at times his mind would wander backwards unbidden to those distant days, and then he saw flitting dimly through them the elusive form of a child. He knew it was himself, and for moments he could see it clearly, but when he moved a step nearer it was not there. So does the child we once were play hide and seek with us among the mists of infancy, until one day he trips and falls into the daylight. Then we seize him, and with that touch we two are one. It is the birth of self-consciousness.

Hitherto he had slept at the back of his mother's bed, but to-night she could not have him there, the place being occupied, and rather sulkily he consented to lie crosswise at her feet, undressing by the feeble fire and taking care, as he got into bed, not to look at the usurper. His mother watched him furtively, and was relieved to read in his face that he had no recollection of ever having slept at the foot of a bed before. But soon after he fell asleep he awoke, and was afraid to move lest his father should kick him. He opened his eyes stealthily, and this was neither the room nor the bed he had expected to see.

The floor was bare save for a sheepskin beside the bed. Tommy always stood on the sheepskin while he was dressing because it was warm to the feet, though risky, as your toes sometimes caught in knots in it. There was a deal table in

the middle of the floor with some dirty crockery on it and a kettle that would leave a mark, but they had been left there by Shovel's old girl, for Mrs. Sandys usually kept her house clean. The chairs were of the commonest, and the press door would not remain shut unless you stuck a knife between its halves; but there was a gay blue wardrobe, spotted white where Tommy's mother had scraped off the mud that had once bespattered it during a lengthy sojourn at the door of a shop; and on the mantelpiece was a clock in a little brown and yellow house, and on the clock a Bible that had been in Thrums. But what Tommy was proudest of was his mother's kist, to which the chests of Londoners are not to be compared, though like it in appearance. On the inside of the lid of this kist was pasted, after a Thrums custom, something that his mother called her marriage lines, which she forced Shovel's mother to come up and look at one day, when that lady had made an innuendo Tommy did not understand, and Shovel's mother had looked, and though she could not read, was convinced, knowing them by the shape.

Tommy lay at the foot of the bed looking at this room, which was his home now, and trying to think of the other one, and by and by the fire helped him by falling to ashes, when darkness came in, and packing the furniture in grotesque cloths, removed it piece by piece, all but the clock. Then the room took a new shape. The fireplace was over there instead of here, the torn yellow blind gave way to one made of spars of green wood, that were bunched up at one side, like a lady out for a walk. On a round table there was a beautiful blue cloth, with very few gravy marks, and here a man ate beef when a woman and a boy ate bread, and near the fire was the man's big soft chair, out of which you could pull hairs, just as if it were Shovel's sister.

Of this man who was his father he could get no hold. He could feel his presence, but never see him. Yet he had a face. It sometimes pressed Tommy's face against it in order to hurt him, which it could do, being all short needles at the chin.

Once in those days Tommy and his mother ran away and hid from some one. He did not know from whom nor for how long, though it was but for a week, and it left only two impressions on his mind, the one that he often asked, "Is this starving now, mother?" the other that before turning a corner she always peered round it fearfully. Then they went back again to the man and he laughed when he saw them, but did not take his feet off the mantelpiece. There came a time when the man was always in bed, but still Tommy could not see his face. What he did see was the man's clothes lying on the large chair just as he had placed them there when he undressed for the last time. The black coat and worsted waistcoat which he could take off together were on the seat, and the light trousers hung over the side, the legs on the hearthrug, with the red socks still sticking in them: a man without a body.

But the boy had one vivid recollection, of how his mother received the news of his father's death. An old man with a white beard and gentle ways, who often came to give the invalid physic, was standing at the bedside, and Tommy and his mother were sitting on the fender. The old man came to her and said, "It is all over," and put her softly into the big chair. She covered her face with her hands, and he must have thought she was crying, for he tried to comfort her. But as soon as he was gone she rose, with such a queer face, and went on tiptoe to the bed, and looked intently at her husband, and then she clapped her hands joyously three times.

At last Tommy fell asleep with his mouth open, which is the most important thing that has been told of him as yet, and while he slept day came and restored the furniture that night had stolen. But when the boy woke he did not even notice the change; his brain traversed the hours it had lost since he lay down as quickly as you may put on a stopped clock, and with his first tick he was thinking of nothing but the deceiver in the back of the bed. He raised his head, but could only see that she had crawled under the coverlet to escape his wrath. His mother was asleep.

Tommy sat up and peeped over the edge of the bed, then he let his eyes wander round the room; he was looking for the girl's clothes, but they were nowhere to be seen. It is distressing to have to tell that what was in his mind was merely the recovery of his penny. Perhaps as they were Sunday clothes she had hung them up in the wardrobe? He slipped on to the floor and crossed to the wardrobe, but not even the muff could he find. Had she been tired, and gone to bed in them? Very softly he crawled over his mother, and pulling the coverlet off the child's face, got the great shock of his childhood.

It was another one!

CHAPTER III

SHOWING HOW TOMMY WAS SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED INTO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN



IT would have fared ill with Mrs. Sandys now, had her standoffishness to her neighbors been repaid in the same coin, but they were full of sympathy, especially Shovel's old girl, from whom she had often drawn back offensively on the stair, but who nevertheless waddled up several times a day with savory messes, explaining, when Mrs. Sandys sniffed, that it was not the tapiocar but merely the cup that smelt of gin. When Tommy returned the cups she noticed not only that they were suspiciously clean, but that minute particles of the mess were adhering to his nose and chin (perched there like ship-wrecked mariners on a rock, just out of reach of the devouring element), and after this discovery she brought two cupfuls at a time. She was an Irishwoman who could have led the House of Commons, and in walking she seldom raised her carpet shoes from the ground, perhaps because of her weight, for she had an expansive figure that bulged in all directions, and there were always bits of her here and there that she had forgotten to lace. Round the corner was a delightful eating-house, through whose window you were allowed to gaze at the great sweating dumplings, and Tommy thought Shovel's mother was rather like a dump-

ling that had not been a complete success. If he ever knew her name he forgot it. Shovel, who probably had another name also, called her his old girl or his old woman or his old lady, and it was a sight to see her chasing him across the street when she was in liquor, and boastful was Shovel of the way she could lay on, and he was partial to her too, and once when she was giving it to him pretty strong with the tongs his father (who followed many professions, among them that of finding lost dogs), had struck her and told her to drop it, and then Shovel sauced his father for interfering, saying she should lick him as long as she blooming well liked, which made his father go for him with a dog-collar; and that was how Shovel lost his eye.

For reasons less unselfish than his old girl's Shovel also was willing to make up to Tommy at this humiliating time. It might be said of these two boys that Shovel knew everything but Tommy knew other things, and as the other things are best worth hearing of Shovel liked to listen to them, even when they were about Thrums, as they usually were. The very first time Tommy told him of the wondrous spot, Shovel had drawn a great breath, and said, thoughtfully:

"I allers knowed as there were sich a beauty place, but I didn't jest know its name."

"How could yer know?" Tommy asked, jealously.

"I ain't sure," said Shovel, "p'raps I dreamed on it."

"That's it," Tommy cried. "I tell yer, everybody dreams on it!" and Tommy was right; everybody dreams of it, though not all call it Thrums.

On the whole, then, the coming of the kid, who turned out to be called Elspeth, did not ostracise Tommy, but he wished that he had let the other girl in, for he never doubted that her admittance would have kept this one out. He told neither his mother nor his friend of the other girl, fearing that his mother would be angry with him when she learned what she had missed, and that Shovel would crow over his blundering, but occasionally he took a side glance at the victorious infant, and

a poorer affair, he thought, he had never set eyes on. Sometimes it was she who looked at him, and then her chuckle of triumph was hard to bear. As long as his mother was there, however, he endured in silence, but the first day she went out in a vain search for work (it is about as difficult to get washing as to get into the Cabinet), he gave the infant a piece of his mind, poking up her head with a stick so that she was bound to listen.

"You thinks as it was clever on you, does yer? Oh, if I had been on the stair!"

"You needn't not try to get round me. I likes the other one five times better; yes, three times better.

"Thievey, thievey, thief, that's her place you is lying in. What?"

"If you puts out your tongue at me again—! What do yer say?"

"She was twice bigger than you. You aint got no hair, nor yet no teeth. You're the littlest I ever seed. Eh? Don't not speak then, sulks!"

Prudence had kept him away from the other girl, but he was feeling a great want: someone to applaud him. When we grow older we call it sympathy. How Reddy (as he called her because she had beautiful red-brown hair) had appreciated him! She had a way he liked of opening her eyes very wide when she looked at him. Oh, what a difference from that thing in the back of the bed!

Not the mere selfish desire to see her again, however, would take him in quest of Reddy. He was one of those superior characters, was Tommy, who got his pleasure in giving it, and therefore gave it. Now, Reddy was a worthy girl. In suspecting her of overreaching him he had maligned her: she had taken what he offered, and been thankful. It was fitting that he should give her a treat: let her see him again.

His mother was at last re-engaged by her old employers, her supplanter having proved unsatisfactory, and as the work lay in a distant street, she usually took the kid with her, thus leaving no one to spy on Tommy's movements. Reddy's reward for not playing him false, however, did not reach her as soon as doubtless she would have liked,

because the first two or three times he saw her she was walking with the lady of his choice, and of course he was not such a fool as to show himself. But he walked behind them and noted with satisfaction that the lady seemed to be reconciled to her lot and inclined to let bygones be bygones; when at length Reddy and her patron met, Tommy thought this a good sign too, that Ma-ma (as she would call the lady) had told her not to go farther away than the lamp-post, lest she should get lost again. So evidently she had got lost once already, and the lady had been sorry. He asked Reddy many shrewd questions about how Ma-ma treated her, and if she got the top of the Sunday egg and had the licking of the pan and wore flannel underneath and slept at the back; and the more he inquired the more clearly he saw that he had got her one of the right kind.

Tommy arranged with her that she should always be on the outlook for him at the window, and he would come sometimes, and after that they met frequently, and she proved a credit to him, gurgling with mirth at his tales of Thrums, and pinching him when he had finished, to make sure that he was really made just like common human beings. He was a thin, pale boy, while she looked like a baby rose full bloom in a night because her time was short; and his movements were sluggish, but if she was not walking she must be dancing, and sometimes when there were few people in the street, the little armful of delight that she was jumped up and down like a ball, while Tommy kept the time, singing "Thrummy, Thrummy, Thrum Thrum Thrummy." They must have seemed a quaint pair to the lady as she sat at her window watching them and beckoning to Tommy to come in.

One day he went in, but only because she had come up behind and taken his hand before he could run. Then did Tommy quake, for he knew from Reddy how the day after the mother-making episode Ma-ma and she had sought in vain for his door, and he saw that the object had been to call down curses on his head. So that head was hanging limply now.

You think that Tommy is to be worsted at last, but don't be too sure; you just wait and see. Ma-ma and Reddy (who was clucking rather heartlessly) first took him into a room prettier even than the one he had lived in long ago (but there was no bed in it), and then, because someone they were in search of was not there, into another room without a bed (where on earth did they sleep?) whose walls were lined with books. Never having seen rows of books before except on sale in the streets, Tommy at once looked about him for the barrow. The table was strewn with sheets of paper of the size that they roll a quarter of butterin, and it was an amazing thick table, a solid square of wood, save for a narrow lane down the centre for the man to put his legs in—if he had legs, which unfortunately there was reason to doubt. He was a formidable man, whose beard licked the table while he wrote, and he wore something like a brown blanket, with a rope tied round it at the middle. Even more uncanny than himself were three busts on a shelf, which Tommy took to be deaders, and he feared the blanket might blow open and show that the man also ended at the waist. But he did not, for presently he turned round to see who had come in (the seat of his chair turning with him in the most startling way) and then Tommy was relieved to notice two big feet far away at the end of him.

"This is the boy, dear," the lady said. "I had to bring him in by force."

Tommy raised his arm instinctively to protect his face, this being the kind of man who could hit hard. But presently he was confused, and also, alas, leering a little. You may remember that Reddy had told him she must not go beyond the lamp-post, lest she should be lost again. She had given him no details of the adventure, but he learned now from Ma-ma and Papa (she called the man Papa) that she had strayed when Ma-ma was in a shop and that some good kind boy had found her and brought her home; and what do you say to this, they thought Tommy was that boy! In his amazement he very nearly blurted out that he was the other boy, but just then the lady asked Papa if he had a

shilling, and this abruptly closed Tommy's mouth. Ever afterwards he remembered Papa as the man that was not sure whether he had a shilling until he felt his pockets—a new kind of mortal to Tommy, who grabbed the shilling when it was offered to him, and then looked at Reddy imploringly, he was so afraid she would tell. But she behaved splendidly, and never even shook her head at him. After this, as hardly need be told, his one desire was to get out of the house with his shilling before they discovered their mistake, and it was well that they were unsuspecting people, for he could not help making strange hissing sounds in his throat, the result of trying hard to keep his sniggers under control.

There were many ways in which Tommy could have disposed of his shilling. He might have been a good boy and returned it next day to Papa. He might have given Reddy half of it for not telling. It could have carried him over the winter. He might have stalked with it into the shop where the greasy puddings were and come rolling out hours afterwards. Some of these schemes did cross his little mind, but he decided to spend the whole shilling on a present to his mother, and it was to be something useful. He devoted much thought to what she was most in need of, and at last he bought her a colored picture of Lord Byron swimming the Hellespont.

He told her that he got his shilling from two toffs for playing with a little girl, and the explanation satisfied her; but she could have cried at the waste of the money, which would have been such a God-send to her. He cried altogether, however, at sight of her face, having expected it to look so pleased, and then she told him, with caresses, that the picture was the one thing she had been longing for ever since she came to London. How had he known this, she asked, and he clapped his hands gleefully, and said he just knowed when he saw it in the shop window.

"It was noble of you," she said, "to spend all your siller on me."

"Wasn't it mother?" he crowed. "I'm thinking there aint many as noble as I is!"

He did not say why he had been so good to her, but it was because she had written no letters to Thrums since the intrusion of Elspeth; a strange reason for a boy whose greatest glory at one time had been to sit on the fender and exultingly watch his mother write down words that would be read aloud in the wonderful place. She was a long time in writing a letter, but that only made the whole evening romantic, and he found an arduous employment in keeping his tongue wet in preparation for the licking of the stamp.

But she could not write to the Thrums folk now without telling them of Elspeth, who was at present sleeping the sleep of the shameless in the hollow of the bed, and so for his sake, Tommy thought, she meant to write no more. For his sake, mark you, not for her own. She had often told him that some day he should go to Thrums, but not with her; she would be far away from him then in a dark place she was awid to be lying in. Thus it seemed to Tommy that she denied herself the pleasure of writing to Thrums lest the sorry news of Elspeth's advent should spoil his reception when he went north. As far as she herself was concerned she could have written, because as she was never going back it did not so much matter to her what the Thrums people thought.

So grateful Tommy gave her the picture, hoping that it would fill the void. But it did not. She put it on the mantelpiece so that she might just sit and look at it, she said, and he grinned at it from every part of the room, but when he returned to her, he saw that she was neither looking at it nor thinking of it. She was looking straight before her, and sometimes her lips twitched, and then she drew them into her mouth to keep them still. It is a kind of dry weeping that sometimes comes to miserable ones when their minds stray into the happy past, and Tommy sat and watched her silently for a long time, never doubting that the cause of all her woe was that she could not write to Thrums.

He had seldom seen tears on his mother's face, but he saw one now. They had been loathe to come for

many a day, and this one formed itself beneath her eye and sat there like a blob of blood.

His own began to come more freely. But she needn't not expect him to tell her to write nor to say that he didn't care what Thrums thought of him so long as she was happy.

The tear rolled down his mother's thin cheek and fell on the gray shawl that had come from Thrums.

She did not hear her boy as he dragged a chair to the press and standing on it got something down from the top shelf. She had forgotten him, and she started when presently the pen was slipped into her hand and Tommy said, "You can do it, mother, I wants yer to do it, mother, I won't not greet, mother!"

When she saw what he wanted her to do she patted his face approvingly, but without realizing the extent of his sacrifice. She knew that he had some maggot in his head that made him regard Elspeth as a sore on the family honor, but ascribing his views to jealousy she had never tried seriously to change them. Her main reason for sending no news to Thrums of late had been but the cost of the stamp, though she was also a little conscience-stricken at the kind of letters she wrote, and the sight of the materials lying ready for her proved sufficient to draw her to the table.

"Is it to your grandmother you is writting the letter?" Tommy asked, for her grandmother had brought Mrs. Sandys up and was her only surviving relative. This was all Tommy knew of his mother's life in Thrums, though she had told him much about other Thrums folk, and not till long afterwards did he see that there must be something queer about herself, which she was hiding from him.

This letter was not for her granny, however, and Tommy asked next, "Is it to Aaron Latta?" which so startled her that she dropped the pen.

"Whaur heard you that name?" she said, sharply. "I never spoke it to you."

"I've heard you saying it when you was sleeping, mother."

"Did I say onything but the name? Quick, tell me."

"You said, 'Oh, Aaron Latta, oh, Aaron, little did we think Aaron,' and things like that. Are you angry with me, mother?"

"No," she said, relieved, but it was some time before the desire to write came back to her. Then she told him "The letter is to a woman that was gey cruel to me," adding, with a complacent pursing of her lips, the curious remark, "that's the kind I like to write to best."

The pen went scrape, scrape, but Tommy did not weary, though he often sighed, because his mother would never read aloud to him what she wrote. The Thrums people never answered her letters, for the reason, she said, that those she wrote to could not write, which seemed to simple Tommy to be a sufficient explanation. So he had never heard the inside of a letter talking, though a postman lived in the house, and even Shovel's old girl got letters; once when her uncle died she got a telegram, which Shovel proudly wheeled up and down the street in a barrow, other blokes keeping guard at the side. To give a letter to a woman who had been cruel to you struck Tommy as the height of nobility.

"She'll be uplifted when she gets it!" he cried.

"She'll be mad when she gets it," answered his mother, without looking up. This was the letter:—

"My dear Esther, I send you these few scrapes to let you see I have not forgot you, though my way is now grand by yours. A spleet new black silk, Esther, being the second in a twelve-month, as I'm a living woman. The uther is no none tashed yet, but my gudeman fair insisted on buying a new one, for says he 'Rich folk like us can afford to be mislaid, and nothing's ower braw for my bonny Jean.' Tell Aaron Latta that. When I'm sailing in my silks, Esther, I sometimes picture you turning your wincey again, for I'se uphaud that's all the new frock you've ha'en the year. I dinna want to gie you a scunner of your man, Esther, more by token they said if your mither had not took him in hand you would never have kent the color of his nightcap, but when you are wrax-

ing ower your kail-pot in a plot of heat, just picture me ringing the bell for my servant, and saying, with a wave of my hand, 'Servant, lay the dinner.' And ony bonny afternoon when your man is cleaning out stables and you're at the tub in a short gown, picture my man taking me and the children out a ride in a carriage, and I sair doubt your bairns was never in nothing more genteel than a coal cart. For bairns is yours, Esther, and children is mine, and that's a burn without a brig till't.

"Deary me, Esther, what with one thing and another, namely buying a sofa, thirty shillings as I'm a sinner, I have forgot to tell you about my second, and it's a girl this time, my man saying he would like a change. We have christened her Elspeth after my grand-mamma, and if my auld granny's aye living, you can tell her that's her. My man is terrible windy of his two beautiful children, but he says he would have been the happiest gentleman in London though he had just had me, and really his fondness for me, it cows, Esther, sitting aside me on the bed, two pounds without the blankets, about the time Elspeth was born, and feeding me with the fat of the land, namely, tapiocas and sherry wine. Tell Aaron Latta that.


"I pity you from the bottom of my heart, Esther, for having to bide in Thrums, but you have never seen no better, your man having neither the siller nor the desire to take you jaunts, and I'm thinking that is just as well, for if you saw how the like of me lives it might disgust you with your own bit house. I often laugh, Esther, to think that I was once like you, and looked upon Thrums as a bonny place. How is the old hole? My son makes grand sport of the onfortunate bairns as has to bide in Thrums, and I see him doing it the now to his favorite companion, which is a young gentleman of ladylike manners, as bides in our terrace. So no more at present, for my man is sitting ganting for my society, and I daresay yours is crying to you to darn his old socks. Mind and tell Aaron Latta."

This letter was posted next day by Tommy, with the assistance of Shovel,

who seems to have been the young gentleman of ladylike manners referred to in the text.

CHAPTER IV

THE END OF AN IDYLL

OMMY never saw Reddy again owing to a fright he got about this time, for which she was really to blame, though a woman who lived in his house was the instrument.

It is, perhaps, idle to attempt a summary of those who lived in that house, as one at least will be off, and another in his place, while we are giving them a line apiece. They were usually this kind who lived through the wall from Mrs. Sandys, but beneath her were the two rooms of Hankey, the postman, and his lodger, the dreariest of middle-aged clerks except when telling wistfully of his ambition, which was to get out of the tea department into the coffee department, where there is an easier way of counting up the figures. Shovel and family were also on this floor, and in the rooms under them was a newly married couple. When the husband was away at his work, his wife would make some change in the furniture, taking the picture from this wall, for instance, and hanging it on that wall, or wheeling the funny chair she had lain in before she could walk without a crutch, to the other side of the fireplace, or putting a skirt of yellow paper round the flower pot, and when he returned he always jumped back in wonder and exclaimed: "What an immense improvement!" These two were so fond of one another that Tommy asked them the reason, and they gave it by pointing to the chair with the wheels, which seemed to him to be no reason at all. What was this young husband's trade Tommy never knew, but he was the only prettily dressed man in the house, and he could be heard roaring in his sleep, "*And the next article?*" The meanest looking man lived next door to him. Every morning this man put on a clean white shirt, which sounds like a splendid beginning, but his other clothes were of

the seediest, and he came and went shivering, raising his shoulders to his ears and spreading his hands over his chest as if anxious to hide his shirt rather than to display it. He and the happy husband were nicknamed Before and After, they were so like the pictorial advertisement of Man before and after he has tried Someone's lozenges. But it is rash to judge by outsides; Tommy and Shovel one day tracked Before to his place of business, and it proved to be a palatial eating-house, long, narrow, padded with red cushions, through whose door they saw the once despised, now in beautiful black clothes, the waistcoat a mere nothing, as if to give his shirt a chance at last, a towel over his arm, and to and fro he darted, saying "Yessirquitesosir" to the toffs on the seats, shouting "Twovegonebeef—onebeeronetartinahurry" to someone invisible, and pocketing twopences all day long, just like a lord. On the same floor as Before and After lived the large family of little Pikes, who quarrelled at night for the middle place in the bed, and then chips of ceiling fell into the room below, tenant Jim Ricketts and parents, lodger the young woman we have been trying all these doors for. Her the police snapped up on a charge that made Tommy want to hide himself—child-desertion.

Shovel was the person best worth listening to on the subject (observe him, the centre of half a dozen boys), and at first he was for the defence, being a great stickler for the rights of mothers. But when the case against the girl leaked out, she need not look to him for help. The police had found the child in a basket down an area, and being knowing ones they pinched it to make it cry, and then they pretended to go away. Soon the mother, who was watching hard by to see if it fell into kind hands, stole to her baby to comfort it, "and just as she were a kissing on it and blubbering, the perlice copped her."

"The slut!" said disgusted Shovel, "what did she hang about for?" and in answer to a trembling question from Tommy he replied, decisively, "Six months hard."

"Next case" was probably called immediately, but Tommy vanished, as if

he had been sentenced and removed to the cells.

Never again, unless he wanted six months hard, must he go near Reddy's home, and so he now frequently accompanied his mother to the place where she worked. The little room had a funny fireplace called a stove, on which his mother made tea and the girls roasted chestnuts, and it had no other ordinary furniture except a long form. But the walls were mysterious. Three of them were covered with long white cloths, which went to the side when you tugged them, and then you could see on rails dozens of garments that looked like nightgowns. Beneath the form were scores of little shoes, most of them white or brown. In this house Tommy's mother spent eight hours daily, but not all of them in this room. When she arrived the first thing she did was to put Elspeth on the floor, because you cannot fall off a floor; then she went upstairs with a bucket and a broom to a large bare room, where she stayed so long that Tommy nearly forgot what she was like.

While his mother was upstairs Tommy would give Elspeth two or three slippers to eat to keep her quiet, and then he played with the others, pretending to be able to count them, arranging them in designs, shooting them, swimming among them, saying "bow-wow" at them and then turning sharply to see who had said it. Soon Elspeth dropped her slippers and gazed in admiration at him, but more often than not she laughed in the wrong place, and then he said ironically: "Oh, in course I can't do nothin'; jest let's see you doing of it, then, cocky!"

By the time the girls began to arrive, singly or in twos and threes, his mother was back in the little room, making tea for herself or sewing bits of them that had been torn as they stepped out of a cab, or helping them to put on the nightgowns, or pretending to listen pleasantly to their chatter and hating them all the time. There was every kind of them, gorgeous ones and shabby ones, old tired ones and dashing young ones, but whether they were the Honorable Mrs. Something or only Jane Anything, they all came to that room for

the same purpose: to get a little gown and a pair of shoes. Then they went upstairs and danced to a stout little lady, called the Sylph, who bobbed about like a ball at the end of a piece of elastic. What Tommy never forgot was that while they danced the Sylph kept saying, "One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four," which they did not seem to mind, but when she said "One, two, three, four, *picture!*" they all stopped and stood motionless, though it might be with one foot as high as their head and their arms stretched out toward the floor, as if they had suddenly seen a half-penny there.

In the waiting-room, how they joked and pirouetted and gossiped, and hugged and scorned each other, and what slang they spoke and how pretty they often looked next moment, and how they denounced the one that had just gone out as a cat with whom you could not get in a word edgeways, and oh, how prompt they were to give a slice of their earnings to any "cat" who was hard up! But still, they said, she had talent, but no genius. How they pitied people without genius.

Have you ever tasted an encore or a reception? Tommy never had his teeth in one, but he heard much about them in that room, and concluded that they were some sort of cake. It was not the girls who danced in groups, but those who danced alone, that spoke of their encores and receptions, and sometimes they had got them last night, sometimes years ago. Two girls met in the room, one of whom had stolen the other's reception, and—but it was too dreadful to write about. Most of them carried newspaper cuttings in their purses and read them aloud to the others, who would not listen. Tommy listened, however, and as it was all about how one house had risen at the girls and they had brought another down, he thought they led the most adventurous lives.

Occasionally they sent him out to buy newspapers or chestnuts, and then he had to keep a sharp eye on the police lest they knew about Reddy. It was a point of honor with all the boys he knew to pretend that the policeman was after them. To gull him into thinking all was well they blackened their faces

and wore their jackets inside out ; their occupation was a constant state of readiness to fly from him, and when he tramped out of sight, unconscious of their existence, they emerged from dark places and spoke in exultant whispers. Tommy had been proud to join them, but he now resented their going on in this way ; he felt that he alone had the right to fly from the law. And once at least while he was flying something happened to him that he was to remember better, far better, than his mother's face.

What set him running on this occasion (he had been sent out to get one of the girls' shoes soled) was the grandest sight to be seen in London—an endless row of policemen walking in single file, all with the right leg in the air at the same time, then the left leg. Seeing at once that they were after him, Tommy ran, ran, ran until in turning a corner he found himself wedged between two legs. He was of just sufficient size to fill the aperture, but after a momentary lock he squeezed through, and they proved to be the gate into an enchanted land.

The magic began at once. "Dagont, you sacket!" cried some wizard.

A policeman's hand on his shoulder could not have taken the wind out of Tommy more quickly. In the act of starting a-running again he brought down his hind foot with a thud and stood stock still. Can anyone wonder? It was the Thrums tongue, and this the first time he had heard it except from his mother.

It was a dull day, and all the walls were dripping wet, this being the part of London where the fogs are kept. Many men and women were passing to and fro, and Tommy, with a wild exultation in his breast, peered up at the face of this one and that ; but no, they were only ordinary people, and he played rub-a-dub with his feet on the pavement, so furious was he with them for moving on as if nothing had happened. Draw up, ye carters ; pedestrians, stand still ; London, silence for a moment, and let Tommy Sandys listen !

Being but a frail plant in the way of a flood, Tommy was rooted up and borne onward, but he did not feel the buffeting. In a passion of grief he dug his fists in his eyes, for the glory had been

his for but a moment. It can be compared to nothing save the parcel (attached to a concealed string) which Shovel and he once placed on the stair for Billy Hankey to find, and then whipped away from him just as he had got it under his arm. But so near the crying, Tommy did not cry, for even while the tears were rushing to his aid he tripped on the step of a shop, and immediately, as if that had rung the magic bell again, a voice, a woman's voice this time, said shrilly, "Threepence ha'penny, and them jimply as big as a bantam's ! Na, na, but I'll gi'e you five bawbees."

Tommy sat down flop on the step, feeling queer in the head. Was it—was it—was it Thrums ? He knew he had been running a long time.

The woman, or fairy, or whatever you choose to call her, came out of the shop and had to push Tommy aside to get past. Oh, what a sweet foot to be kicked by. At the time he thought she was dressed not unlike the women of his own stair, but this defect in his vision he mended afterward, as you may hear. Of course, he rose and trotted by her side like a dog, looking up at her as if she were a cathedral ; but she mistook his awe for impudence and sent him sprawling, with the words, "Tak' that, you glowering partan !"

Do you think Tommy resented this ? On the contrary, he screamed from where he lay, "Say it again ! say it again !"

She was gone, however, but only, as it were, to let a window open, from which came the cry, "Davit, have you seen my man ?"

A male fairy roared back from some invisible place, "He has gone yont to Petey's wi' the dambrod."

"I'll dambrod him !" said the female fairy, and the window shut.

Tommy was now staggering like one intoxicated, but he had still some sense left him, and he walked up and down in front of this house, as if to take care of it. In the middle of the street some boys were very busy at a game, carts and lorries passing over them occasionally. They came to the pavement to play marbles, and then Tommy noticed that one of them wore what was proba-

bly a glengarry bonnet. Could he be a Thrums boy? At first he played in the stupid London way, but by and by he had to make a new ring, and he did it by whirling round on one foot. Tommy knew from his mother that it is only done in this way in Thrums. Oho! Oho!

By this time he was prancing round his discovery, saying, "I'm one, too—so am I—dagout, does yer hear? dagout!" which so alarmed the boy that he picked up his marble and fled, Tommy, of course, after him. Alas! he must have been some mischievous sprite, for he lured his pursuer back into London and then vanished, and Tommy, searching in vain for the enchanted street, found his own door instead.

His mother pooh-poohed his tale, though he described the street exactly as it struck him on reflection, and it bore a curious resemblance to the palace of Aladdin that Reddy had told him about, leaving his imagination to fill in the details, which it promptly did, with a square, a town-house, some outside stairs, and an auld licht kirk. There was no such street, however, his mother assured him; he had been dreaming. But if this were so, why was she so anxious to make him promise never to look for the place again?

He did go in search of it again, daily for a time, always keeping a look-out for bow-legs, and the moment he saw them, he dived recklessly between, hoping to come out into fairyland on the other side. For though he had lost the street, he knew that this was the way in.

Shovel had never heard of the street, nor had Bob. But Bob gave him something that almost made him forget it for a time. Bob was his favorite among the dancing girls, and she—or should it be he? The odd thing about these girls was that a number of them were really boys—or at least were boys at Christmas-time, which seemed to Tommy to be even stranger than if they had been boys all the year round. A friend of Bob's remarked to her one day, "You are to be a girl next winter, ain't you, Bob?" and Bob shook her head scornfully.

"Do you see any green in my eye, my dear?" she inquired.

Her friend did not look, but Tommy

looked, and there was none. He assured her of this so earnestly that Bob fell in love with him on the spot, and chucked him under the chin, first with her thumb and then with her toe, which feat was duly reported to Shovel, who could do it by the end of the week.

Did Tommy, Bob wanted to know, still think her a mere woman?

No, he withdrew the charge, but—but—. She was wearing her outdoor garments, and he pointed to them. "Why does yer wear them, then?" he demanded.

"For the matter of that," she replied, pointing at his frock, "why do you wear them?" Whereupon Tommy began to cry.

"I ain't not got no right ones," he blubbered. Harum-scarum Bob, who was a trump, had him in her motherly arms immediately, and the upshot of it was that a blue suit she had worn when she was Sam Something changed owners. Mrs. Sandys "made it up," and that is how Tommy got into trousers.

Many contingencies were considered in the making, but the suit would fit Tommy by and by if he grew, or it shrunk, and they did not pass each other in the night. When proud Tommy first put on his suit the most unexpected shyness overcame him, and having set off vaingloriously he stuck on the stair and wanted to hide. Shovel, who had been having an argument with his old girl, came, all boastful bumps, to him, and Tommy just stood still with a self-conscious simper on his face. And Shovel, who could have damped him considerably, behaved in the most honorable manner, initiating him gravely into the higher life, much as you show the new member round your club.

It was very risky to go back to Reddy, whom he had not seen for many weeks; but in trousers! He could not help it. He only meant to walk up and down her street, so that she might see him from the window, and know that this splendid thing was he; but though he went several times into the street, Reddy never came to the window.

The reason he had to wait in vain at Reddy's door was that she was dead; she had been dead for quite a long time when Tommy came back to look for her.

You mothers who have lost your babies, I should be a sorry knave were I to ask you to cry now over the death of another woman's child. Reddy had been lent to two people for a very little while, just as your babies were, and when the time was up she blew a kiss to them and ran gleefully back to God, just as your babies did. The gates of heaven are so easily found when we are little, and they are always standing open to let children wander in.

But though Reddy was gone away forever, mamma still lived in that house, and on a day she opened the door to come out. Tommy was standing there—she saw him there waiting for Reddy. Dry-eyed this sorrowful woman had heard the sentence pronounced, dry-eyed she had followed the little coffin to its grave; tears had not come even when waking from illusive dreams she put out her hand in bed to a child who was not there; but when she saw Tommy waiting at the door for Reddy, who had been dead for a month, her bosom moved and she could cry again.

Those tears were sweet to her husband, and it was he who took Tommy on his knee in the room where the books were, and told him that there was no Reddy now. When Tommy knew that Reddy was a deader he cried bitterly, and the man said, very gently, "I am glad you were so fond of her."

"Tain't that," Tommy answered with a knuckle in his eye, "'tain't that as makes me cry." He looked down at his trousers and in a fresh outburst of childish grief he wailed, "It's them!"

Papa did not understand, but the boy explained. "She can't not never see them now," he sobbed, "and I wants her to see them, and they has pockets!"

It had come to the man unexpectedly. He put Tommy down almost roughly, and raised his hand to his head as if he felt a sudden pain there.

But Tommy, you know, was only a little boy.

CHAPTER V

THE GIRL WITH TWO MOTHERS

ELSPETH at last did something to win Tommy's respect; she fell ill of an ailment called in Thrums the croop.

When Tommy first heard his mother call it croop, he thought she was merely humoring Elspeth, and that it was nothing more distinguished than London whooping-cough, but on learning that it was genuine croop, he began to survey the ambitious little creature with a new interest.

This was well for Elspeth, as she had now to spend most of the day at home with him, their mother, whose health was failing through frequent attacks of bronchitis, being no longer able to carry her through the streets. Of course Elspeth soon took to repaying his attentions by loving him, and he soon suspected it, and then gloomily admitted it to himself, but never to Shovel. Being but an Englishman, Shovel saw no reason why relatives should conceal their affection for each other, but he played on this Scottish weakness of Tommy's with cruel enjoyment.

"She's fond on yer!" he would say, severely.

"You's a liar."

"Gar long! I believe as you're fond on her!"

"You jest take care, Shovel."

"Ain't yer?"

"Na-o!"

"Will yer swear?"

"So I will swear."

"Let's hear yer."

"Dagont!"

So for a time the truth was kept hidden, and Shovel retired, casting aspersions, and offering to eat all the hair on Elspeth's head for a penny.

This hair was white at present, which made Tommy uneasy about her future, but on the whole he thought he might make something of her if she was only longer. Sometimes he stretched her on the floor, pulling her legs out straight, for she had a silly way of doubling them up, and then he measured her carefully with his mother's old boots. Her growth proved to be distressingly irregular, as one day she seemed to have grown an inch since last night, and then next day she had shrunk two inches.

After her day's work Mrs. Sandys was now so listless that, had not Tommy interfered, Elspeth would have been a backward child. Reddy had been able



to walk from the first day, and so of course had he, but this little slow-coach's legs wobbled at the joints, like the blade of a knife without a spring. The question of questions was How to keep her on end?

Tommy sat on the fender revolving this problem, his head resting on his hand: that favorite position of mighty intellects when about to be photographed. Elspeth lay on her stomach on the floor, gazing earnestly at him, as if she knew she was in his thoughts for some stupendous purpose. Thus the apple may have looked at Newton before it fell.

Hankey, the postman, compelled the flowers in his window to stand erect by tying them to sticks, so Tommy took two sticks from a bundle of fire-wood, and splicing Elspeth's legs to them, held her upright against the door with one hand. All he asked of her to-day was to remain in this position after he said "One, two, three, four, *picture!*" and withdrew his hand, but down she flopped every time, and he said, with scorn,

"You ain't got no genius: you has just talent."

But he had her in bed with the scratches nicely covered up before his mother came home.

He tried another plan with more success. Lost dogs, it may be remembered, had a habit of following Shovel's father, and he not only took the wanderers in, but taught them how to beg and shake hands and walk on two legs. Tommy had sometimes been present at these agreeable exercises, and being an inventive boy he—But as Elspeth was a nice girl, let it suffice to pause here and add shyly, that in time she could walk.

He also taught her to speak, and if you need to be told with what luscious word he enticed her into language you are sentenced to re-read the first pages of his life.

"Thrums," he would say persuasively, "Thrums, Thrums. You opens your mouth like this, and shuts it like this, and that's it." Yet when he had coaxed her thus for many days, what does she do but break her long silence with the word "Tommy!" The recoil knocked her over.

Soon afterward she brought down a bigger bird. No Londoner can say "Auld licht," and Tommy had often crowed over Shovel's "Ol likt." When the testing of Elspeth could be deferred no longer, he eyed her with the look a hen gives the green egg on which she has been sitting twenty days, but Elspeth triumphed, saying the words modestly even, as if nothing inside her told her she had that day done something which would have baffled Shakespeare, not to speak of most of the gentlemen who sit for Scotch constituencies.

"Reddy couldn't say it!" Tommy cried, exultantly, and from that great hour he had no more fears for Elspeth.

Next the alphabet knocked for admission; and entered first *M* and *P*, which had prominence in the only poster visible from the window. Mrs. Sandys had taught Tommy his letters, but he had got into words by studying posters.

Elspeth being able now to make the perilous descent of the stairs, Tommy guided her through the streets (letting go hurriedly if Shovel hove in sight), and here she bagged new letters daily. With Catlings something, which is the best, she got into capital *Cs*; *ys* are found easily when you know where to look for them (they hang on behind); *Xs* are never found singly, but often three at a time; *Q* is so aristocratic that even Tommy had only heard of it, doubtless it was there, but indistinguishable among the masses like a celebrity in a crowd; on the other hand, big *A* and little *e* were so dirt cheap, that these two scholars passed them with something very like a sneer.

The printing-press is either the greatest blessing or the greatest curse of modern times, one sometimes forgets which. Elspeth's faith in it was absolute, and as it only spoke to her from placards, here was her religion, at the age of four:

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

HAPPY ARE THEY WHO NEEDING KNOW THE
PAINLESS POROUS PLASTER."

Of religion, Tommy had said many fine things to her, embellishments on the simple doctrine taught him by his

mother before the miseries of this world made her indifferent to the next. But the meaning of "Pray without ceasing," Elspeth, who was God's child always, seemed to find out for herself, and it cured all her troubles. She prayed promptly for everyone she saw doing wrong, including Shovel, who occasionally had words with Tommy on the subject, and she not only prayed for her mother, but proposed to Tommy that they should buy her a porous plaster. Mrs. Sandys had been down with bronchitis again.

Tommy raised the monetary difficulty.

Elspeth knew where there was some money, and it was her very own.

Tommy knew where there was money, and it was his very own.

Elspeth would not tell how much she had, and it was twopence halfpenny.

Neither would Tommy tell, and it was twopence.

Tommy would get a surprise on his birthday.

So would Elspeth get a surprise on her birthday.

Elspeth would not tell what the surprise was to be, and it was to be a gun.

Tommy also must remain mute, and it was to be a box of dominoes.

Elspeth did not want dominoes.

Tommy knew that, but he wanted them.

Elspeth discovered that guns cost fourpence, and dominoes threepence halfpenny; it seemed to her, therefore, that Tommy was defrauding her of a halfpenny.

Tommy liked her cheek. You got the dominoes for threepence halfpenny, but the price on the box is fivepence, so that Elspeth would really owe him a penny.

This led to an agonizing scene in which Elspeth wept while Tommy told her sternly about Reddy. It had become his custom to tell the tale of Reddy when Elspeth was obstreperous.

Then followed a scene in which Tommy called himself a scoundrel for frightening his dear Elspeth, and swore that he loved none but her. Result; reconciliation, and agreed, that instead of a gun and dominoes, they should buy a porous plaster. You know the shops where the plasters are to be obtained by great colored bottles in their win-

dows, and, as it was advisable to find the very best shop Tommy and Elspeth in their wanderings came under the influence of the bottles, red, yellow, green, and blue, and color entered into their lives, giving them many delicious thrills. These bottles are the first poem known to the London child, and you chemists who are beginning to do without them in your windows should be told that it is a shame.

In the glamour, then, of the romantic bottles walked Tommy and Elspeth hand in hand, meeting so many novelties that they might have spared a tear for the unfortunate children who sit in nurseries surrounded by all they ask for, and if the adventures of these two frequently ended in the middle, they had probably begun another while the sailor-suit boy was still holding up his leg to let the nurse put on his little sock. While they wandered, they drew near unwittingly to the enchanted street, to which the bottles are a colored way, and at last they were in it, but Tommy recognized it not; he did not even feel that he was near it and look for a human door, for there were no outside stairs, no fairies strolling about, it was a short street as shabby as his own.

But someone had shouted "Dinna haver, lassie; you're blethering!"

Tommy whispered to Elspeth, "Be still; don't speak," and he gripped her hand tighter and stared at the speaker. He was a boy of ten, dressed like a Londoner, and his companion had disappeared. Tommy never doubting but that he was the sprite of long ago, gripped him by the sleeve. All the savings of Elspeth and himself were in his pocket, and yielding to impulse, as was his way, he thrust the fivepence halfpenny into James Gloag's hand. The new millionaire gaped, but not at his patron, for the why and wherefore of this gift were trifles to James beside the tremendous fact that he had fivepence halfpenny. "Almighty me!" he cried and bolted. Presently he returned, having deposited his money in a safe place, and his first remark was perhaps the meanest on record. He held out his hand and said, greedily, "Have you ony mair?"

This, you feel certain, must have been

the most important event of that evening, but strange to say, it was not. Before Tommy could answer James's question, a woman in a shawl had pounced upon him and hurried him and Elspeth out of the street. She had been standing at a corner looking wistfully at the window blinds behind which folk from Thrums passed to and fro, hiding her face from people in the street, but gazing eagerly after them. It was Tommy's mother, whose first free act on coming to London had been to find out that street, and many a time since then she had skulked through it or watched it from dark places, never daring to disclose herself, but sometimes recognizing familiar faces, sometimes hearing a few words in the old tongue that is harsh and ungracious to you, but was so sweet to her, and bearing them away with her beneath her shawl as if they were something warm to lay over her cold heart.

For a time she upbraided Tommy passionately for not keeping away from this street, but soon her hunger for news of Thrums overcame her prudence, and she consented to let him go back if he promised never to tell that his mother came from Thrums. "And if onybody wants to ken your name, say it's Tommy, but dinna let on that it's Tommy Sandys."

"Elspeth," Tommy whispered that night, "I'm near sure there's something queer about my mother and me and you." But he did not trouble himself with wondering what the something queer might be, so engrossed was he in the new and exciting life that had suddenly opened to him.

CHAPTER VI

THE ENCHANTED STREET

IN Thrums Street, as it ought to have been called, herded at least one-half of the Thrums folk in London, and they formed a colony, of which the grocer at the corner sometimes said wrathfully that not a member would give sixpence for anything except Bibles or whiskey. In the streets one could only tell they were not Londoners by their walk, the flagstones having no grip for their feet, or, if they had come south late

in life, by their backs, which they carried at the angle on which webs are most easily supported. When mixing with the world they talked the English tongue, which came out of them as broad as if it had been squeezed through a mangle, but when the day's work was done, it was only a few of the giddier striplings that remained Londoners. For the majority there was no raking the streets after diversion, they spent the hour or two before bed-time in reproducing the life of Thrums. Few of them knew much of London except the nearest way between this street and their work, and their most interesting visitor was a Presbyterian minister, most of whose congregation lived in much more fashionable parts, but they were almost exclusively servant girls, and when descending area-steps to visit them he had been challenged often and jocularly by policemen, which perhaps was what gave him a subdued and furtive appearance.

The rooms were furnished mainly with articles bought in London, but these became as like Thrums dressers and seats as their owners could make them, old Petey, for instance, cutting the back off a chair because he felt most at home on stools. Drawers were used as baking-boards, pails turned into salt-buckets, floors were sanded and hearth-stones ca'med, and the popular supper consisted of porter, hot water, and soaked bread, after every spoonful of which they groaned pleasantly, and stretched their legs. Sometimes they played at the dambrod, but more often they pulled down the blinds on London and talked of Thrums in their mother tongue. Nevertheless few of them wanted to return to it, and their favorite joke was the case of James Gloag's father, who being home-sick flung up his situation and took train for Thrums, but he was back in London in three weeks.

Tommy soon had the entry to these homes, and his first news of the inmates was unexpected. It was that they were always sleeping. In broad daylight he had seen Thrums men asleep on beds, and he was somewhat ashamed of them until he heard the excuse. A number of the men from Thrums were bakers, the first emigrant of this trade having drawn

others after him, and they slept great part of the day to be able to work all night in a cellar, making nice rolls for rich people. Baker Lumsden, who became a friend of Tommy, had got his place in the cellar when his brother died, and the brother had succeeded Matthew Croall when he died.

They die very soon, Tommy learned from Lumsden, generally when they are eight and thirty. Lumsden was thirty-six, and when he died his nephew was to get the place. The wages are good.

Then there were several masons, one of whom, like the first baker, had found work for all the others, and there were men who had drifted into trades strange to their birthplace, and there was usually one at least who had come to London to "better himself" and had not done it as yet. The family Tommy liked best was the Whamonds, and especially he liked old Petey and young Petey Whamond. They were a large family of women and men, all of whom earned their living in other streets except the old man, who kept house and was a famous knitter of stockings, as probably his father had been before him. He was a great one, too, at telling what they would be doing at that moment in Thrums, every corner of which was as familiar to him as the ins and outs of the family hose. Young Petey got fourteen shillings a week from a hatter, and one of his duties was to carry as many as twenty band-boxes at a time through fashionable streets; it is a matter for elation that dukes and statesmen had often to take the curbstone, because young Petey was coming. Nevertheless young Petey was not satisfied, and never would be (such is the Thrums nature) until he became a salesman in the shop to which he acted at present as fetch and carry, and he used to tell Tommy that this position would be his as soon as he could sneer sufficiently at the old hats. When gentlemen come into the shop and buy a new hat, he explained, they put it on, meaning to tell you to send the old one to their address, and the art of being a fashionable hatter lies in this: you must be able to curl your lips so contemptuously at the old hat that they tell you guiltily to keep it, as they have no further use for it.

Then they retire ashamed of their want of moral courage and you have made an extra half-guinea.

"But I aye snort," young Petey admitted, "and it should be done without a sound." When he graduated, he was to marry Martha Spens, who was waiting for him at Tillyloss. There was a London seamstress whom he preferred, and she was willing, but it is safest to stick to Thrums.

When Tommy was among his new friends a Scotch word or phrase often escaped his lips, but old Petey and the others thought he had picked it up from them, and would have been content to accept him as a London waif who lived somewhere round the corner. To trick people so simply, however, is not agreeable to an artist, and he told them his name was Tommy Shovel, and that his old girl walloped him, and his father found dogs, all which inventions Thrums Street accepted as true. What is much more noteworthy is that, as he gave them birth, Tommy half believed them also, being already the best kind of actor.

Not all the talking was done by Tommy when he came home with news, for he seldom mentioned a Thrums name, of which his mother could not tell him something more. But sometimes she did not choose to tell, as when he announced that a certain Elspeth Lindsay, of the Marywellbrae, was dead. After this she ceased to listen, for old Elspeth had been her grandmother, and she had now no kin in Thrums.

"Tell me about the Painted Lady," Tommy said to her. "Is it true she's a witch?" But Mrs. Sandys had never heard of any woman so called: the Painted Lady must have gone to Thrums after her time.

"There ain't no witches now," said Elspeth, tremulously; Shovel's mother had told her so.

"Not in London," replied Tommy, with contempt; and this is all that was said of the Painted Lady then. It is the first mention of her in these pages.

The people Mrs. Sandys wanted to hear of chiefly were Aaron Latta and Jean Myles, and soon Tommy brought news of them, but at the same time he had heard of the Den, and he said first:

"Oh, mother, I thought as you had told me about all the beauty places in Thrums, and you ain't never told me about the Den."

His mother heaved a quick breath. "It's the only place I hinna telled you o'," she said.

"Had you forget it, mother?"

Forget the Den! Ah, no Tommy, your mother had not forgotten the Den.

"And, listen, Elspeth, in the Den there's a bonny spring of water called the Cuttle Well. Had you forgot the Cuttle Well, mother?"

No, no; when Jean Myles forgot the names of her children she would still remember the Cuttle Well. Regardless now of the whispering between Tommy and Elspeth, she sat long over the fire, and it is not difficult to fathom her thoughts. They were of the Den and the Cuttle Well.

Into the life of every man, and no woman, there comes a moment when he learns suddenly that he is held eligible for marriage. A girl gives him the jag, and it brings out the perspiration. Of the issue elsewhere of this stab with a bodkin let others speak; in Thrums its commonest effect is to make the callant's body take a right angle to his legs, for he has been touched in the fifth button, and he backs away broken-winded. By and by, however, he is at his work—among the turnip-shoots, say—guffawing and clapping his corduroys, with pauses for uneasy meditation, and there he ripens with the swedes, so that by the back-end of the year he has discovered, and exults to know, that the reward of manhood is neither more nor less than this sensation at the ribs. Soon thereafter, or at worst, sooner or later (for by holding out he only puts the women's dander up), he is led captive to the Cuttle Well. This well has the reputation of being the place where it is most easily said.

The wooded ravine called the Den is in Thrums rather than on its western edge, but is so craftily hidden away that when within a stone's throw you may give up the search for it; it is also so deep that larks rise from the bottom and carol overhead, thinking themselves high in the heavens before they are on a level with Nether Drumley's farm-

land. In shape it is almost a semicircle, but its size depends on you and the maid. If she be with you, the Den is so large that you must rest here and there; if you are after her boldly, you can dash to the Cuttle Well, which was the trysting place, in the time a stout man takes to lace his boots; if you are of those self-conscious ones who look behind to see whether jeering blades are following, you may crouch and wriggle your way onward and not be with her in half an hour.

Old Petey had told Tom that, on the whole, the greatest pleasure in life on a Saturday evening is to put your back against a stile that leads into the Den and rally the sweethearts as they go by. The lads, when they see you, want to go round by the other stile, but the lasses like it, and often the sport ends spiritedly with their giving you a clout on the head.

Through the Den runs a tiny burn, and by its side is a pink path, dyed this pretty color, perhaps, by the blushes the ladies leave behind them. The burn as it passes the Cuttle Well, which stands higher and just out of sight, leaps in vain to see who is making that cooing noise, and the well, taking the spray for kisses, laughs all day at Romeo, who cannot get up. Well is a name it must have given itself, for it is only a spring in the bottom of a basinful of water, where it makes about as much stir in the world as a minnow jumping at a fly. They say that if a boy, by making a bowl of his hands, should suddenly carry off all the water, a quick girl could thread her needle at the spring. But it is a spring that will not wait a moment.

Men who have been lads in Thrums sometimes go back to it from London or from across the seas, to look again at some battered little house and feel the blasts of their bairnhood playing through the old wynds, and they may take with them a foreign wife. They show her everything, except the Cuttle Well; they often go there alone. The well is sacred to the memory of first love. You may walk from the well to the round cemetery in ten minutes. It is a common walk for those who go back.

First love is but a boy and girl playing at the Cuttle Well with a bird's egg.



Drawn by William Hatherell.

"Let her alane. Let my bairn pray for Jean Myles."—Page 39.

They blow it on one summer evening in the long grass, and on the next it is borne away on a coarse laugh, or it breaks beneath the burden of a tear. And yet—. I once saw an aged woman, a widow of many years, cry softly at mention of the Cuttle Well. "John was a good man to you," I said, for John had been her husband. "He was a leal man to me," she answered with wistful eyes, "ay, he was a leal man to me—but it wasna John I was thinking o'. You dinna ken what makes me greet so sair," she added, presently, and though I thought I knew now I was wrong. "It's because I canna mind his name," she said.

So the Cuttle Well has its sad memories and its bright ones, and many of the bright memories have become sad with age, as so often happens to beautiful things, but the most mournful of all is the story of Aaron Latta and Jean Myles. Beside the well there stood for long a great pink stone, called the Shoaging Stane, because it could be rocked like a cradle, and on it lovers used to cut their names. Often Aaron Latta and Jean Myles sat together on the Shoaging Stone, and then there came a time when it bore these words, cut by Aaron Latta :

HERE LIES THE MANHOOD OF AARON LATTA,
A FOND SON, A FAITHFUL FRIEND AND A
TRUE LOVER,
WHO VIOLATED THE FEELINGS OF SEX ON
THIS SPOT,
AND IS NOW THE SCUNNER OF GOD AND MAN.

Tommy's mother now heard these words for the first time, Aaron having cut them on the stone after she left Thrums, and her head sank at each line, as if someone had struck four blows at her.

The stone was no longer at the Cuttle Well. As the easiest way of obliterating the words, the minister had ordered it to be broken, and of the pieces another mason had made stands for watches, one of which was now in Thrums Street.

"Aaron Latta ain't a mason now," Tommy rattled on: "he is a warper, because he can warp in his own house without looking on mankind or speaking to mankind. Auld Petey said he

minded the day when Aaron Latta was a merry loon, and then Andrew McVittie said, 'God behears, to think that Aaron Latta was ever a merry man!' and Baker Lumsden said, 'Curse her!'"

His mother shrank in her chair, but said nothing, and Tommy explained: "It was Jean Myles he was cursing; did you ken her, mother? she ruined Aaron Latta's life."

"Ay, and wha ruined Jean Myles's life?" his mother cried, passionately.

Tommy did not know, but he thought that young Petey might know, for young Petey had said: "If I had been Jean Myles I would have spat in Aaron's face rather than marry him."

Mrs. Sandys seemed pleased to hear this.

"They wouldna tell me what it were she did," Tommy went on; "they said it was ower ugly a story, but she were a bad one, for they stoned her out of Thrums. I dinna know where she is now, but she were stoned out of Thrums!"

"No alane?"

"There was a man with her, and his name was—it was——"

His mother clasped her hands nervously while Tommy tried to remember the name. "His name was Magerful Tam," he said at length.

"Ay," said his mother, knitting her teeth, "that was his name."

"I dinna mind any more," Tommy concluded. "Yes, I mind they aye called Aaron Latta 'Poor Aaron Latta.'"

"Did they? I warrant, though, there wasna one as said 'Poor Jean Myles?'"

She began the question in a hard voice, but as she said "Poor Jean Myles" something caught in her throat, and she sobbed, painful dry sobs.

"How could they pity her when she were such a bad one?" Tommy answered, briskly.

"Is there none to pity bad ones?" said his sorrowful mother.

Elsbeth plucked her by the skirt. "There's God, ain't there?" she said, inquiringly, and getting no answer she flopped upon her knees, to say a babyish prayer that would sound comic to anybody except to Him to whom it was addressed.

"You ain't praying for a woman as

was a disgrace to Thrums!" Tommy cried, jealously, and he was about to raise her by force, when his mother stayed his hand.

"Let her alane," she said, with a twitching mouth and filmy eyes. "Let her alane. Let my bairn pray for Jean Myles."

(To be continued.)

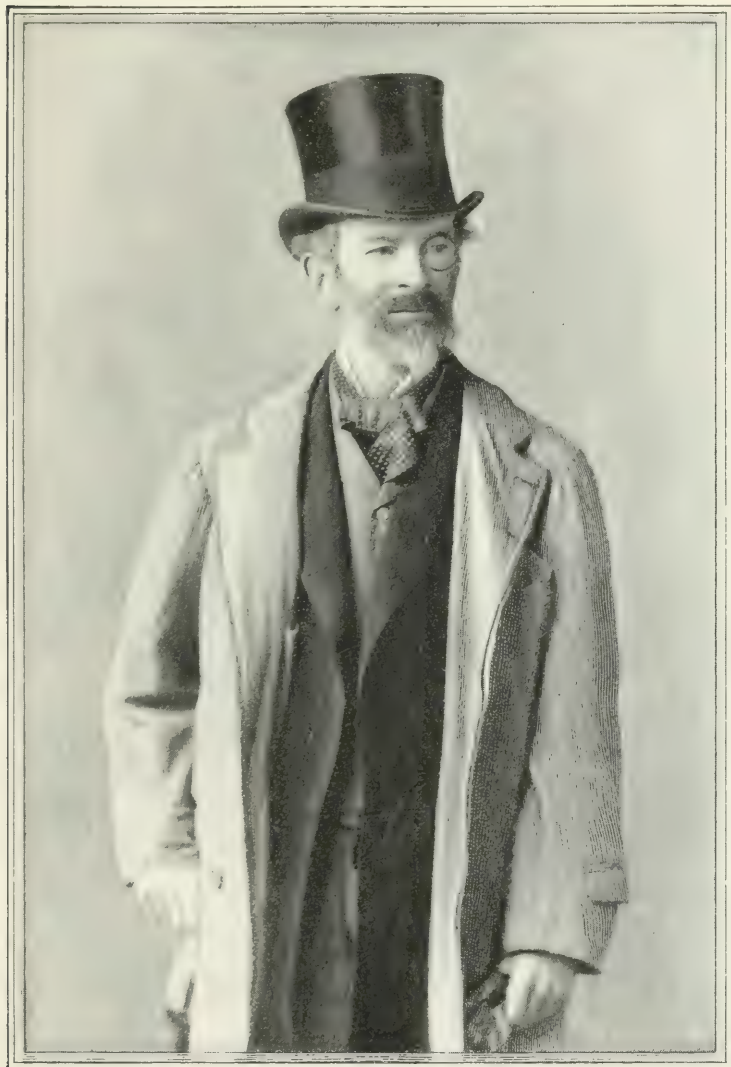
FREDERICK LOCKER

By Augustine Birrell

THE author of "London Lyrics" and "Patchwork" has so many friends in the United States—friends won by the pen and by the spirit, far better deserving the name than the mere babbling host of personal acquaintances, that no apology is needed for this brief

notice in these columns of Frederick Locker.

He came of a race of men who had all a strong bias for literature, but who had pursued it as an avocation rather than as the business of their lives. His great-grandfather was John Locker, a barrister-at-law, commissioner of bankrupts and clerk of the companies of leather setters and clockmakers—all excellent things to be. In the clerkships he succeeded to his father, Stephen, who followed the same old-fashioned calling as did Milton's father, that of a scrivener in the city of London. John Locker was educated at Merton College, and while reading for the bar in London found himself the occupier of the chambers in Gray's Inn where Francis Bacon once kept. He was impressionable and enthusiastic and for the rest of his days the great man whose rooms he had once inhabited was much in his mind. He showed his reverence after a characteristic family fashion by preparing a complete edition of the philosopher's works. But he did not hurry. A commissioner of bankrupts never hurries, and when death overtook him he had not gone to press. His papers passed into the hands of Dr. Birch and Mr. Mallet, who were not unmindful of their obligations, but most handsomely acknowledged



Frederick Locker.

From a photograph in the possession of Charles B. Foote, Esq., to whom it was sent by Mr. Locker, in April, 1895.

them in the preface to their edition of Bacon which appeared in 1765. Dr. Johnson, in his life of Addison, pronounces Mr. Locker to be "a gentleman eminent for curiosity and literature," a favorable judgment, which he had fairly earned by communicating to the lexicographer a collection of examples selected by Addison from the works of Tillotson with the intention of making an English dictionary. This was just the sort of service which Johnson, who was as lazy a fellow as ever did a giant's work, dearly loved and never forgot; although he characteristically observed that the collection came too late to be of use, and that consequently he had inspected it but slightly.

In the fifth volume of Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," a long series of tomes which make one in love with the eighteenth century and thankful to have lived in the nineteenth, it is recorded how John Locker came to know modern Greek.

"Coming home late one evening he was addressed in modern Greek by a poor Greek priest, a man of literature from the Archipelago, who had lost his way in the streets of London. He took him to his house, where he and Dr. Mead jointly maintained him for some years, and by him was perfected in that language so as to write it fluently, and had translated a part, if not the whole, of one of Congreve's comedies into Greek." To anyone acquainted with Frederick Locker's amazing gift for strange adventures in London streets, and his boundless hospitality to perfect strangers, there is something almost ludicrous in the closeness of the resemblance between the great-grandfather and the great-grandson. John Locker married a granddaughter of Bishop Stillingfleet, and the sister of the once famous Benjamin Stillingfleet, the color of whose hose and whose affection for the society of learned ladies (and in the eighteenth century there were really learned ladies) gave rise to a nickname which still survives.

But the hero of the Locker family was William Locker, John's eldest son. Of him the editor of the anecdotes already referred to, who usually wields a

somewhat sleepy pen and rarely gets beyond the region of mere tombstone panegyric, writes with a noble enthusiasm. He says:

"William Locker entered early into the Royal Navy. The spotless excellence of this gentleman's character would alone entitle him to the notice of the biographer. While distinguished by good natural parts, by the highest sense of honor, by an enlarged intercourse with the world, and by that inartificial politeness which had been contracted in the highest society, his conduct uniformly displayed the innocence of a child and the humility as well as the piety of a saint. His personal courage was equalled only by his kindness, and his general benevolence only by the warmth of his private friendships. As a son, a father, a brother, and a master he stood unrivalled. Such were the excellencies by which his private station was adorned, nor was his professional life less admirable. It is difficult to say whether his prudence, his bravery, his humanity, his zeal for the service, or his discipline were the most remarkable. This is the uniform account given by those who had the happiness to serve with him, for not a word ever fell from himself on these subjects. His virtues, if we may venture so to say, received their last polish from his perfect modesty. He was appointed a lieutenant in 1756, and holding that station on board the *Experiment*, in 1758, was wounded in a very gallant action with the *Telemaque*. He was appointed a master and commander in 1763, a post-captain in 1768, in the American war commanded the *Lowestoft* on the Jamaica station, and at that time had with him young Nelson, the future gallant hero of the Nile, to whom he had the honor of being nautical tutor. In February, 1793 (being then commodore at the *Nore*), he became lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital, where he died December 26, 1800, at the age of seventy, and his funeral was attended by his sons, his noble pupil, Lord Nelson, and two old private friends."

I must apologize for the length of this quotation, but there are so many touches in this description of the grand-

father which portray the grandson that the space is not otherwise than well filled.

The two following letters of Lord Nelson's still glow with that manly affection which is perhaps the most delightful trait of human nature. The first was written to William Locker.

“PALERMO, 9 February 1799.

“MY DEAR FRIEND: I well know your goodness of heart will make all due allowances for my present situation, and that truly I have not the time or power to answer all the letters I receive, at the moment. But you, my old friend, after twenty-seven years acquaintance, know that nothing can alter the attachment and gratitude to you (*sic*). I have been your scholar. It is you who taught me to board a French man-of-war by your conduct when on the *Expériment*. It is you who always said, ‘lay a Frenchman close and you will beat him,’ and my only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. Our friendship will never end but with my life, but you have always been too partial to me.

“Believe me ever your faithful and affectionate friend,

“NELSON.

“Lt. Governor Locker.”

The next letter was written the day after William Locker's death to his son John.

“27 DECEMBER 1800

“MY DEAR JOHN: From my heart do I condole with you on the great and irreparable loss we have all sustained in the death of your dear, worthy father—a man whom to know was to love, and those who only heard of him, honoured. The greatest earthly consolation to us, his friends that remain, is that he has left a character for honour and honesty which none of us can surpass, and few, very few, attain. That the posterity of the righteous will prosper we are taught to believe, and on no occasion can it be more truly verified than from my dear much lamented friend, and that it may be realized in you, your sisters, and brothers, is the fervent prayer of, my dear John,

“Your afflicted friend,

“NELSON.

“John Locker, Esq.”

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In 1833 King William IV. and his consort visited Greenwich Hospital and were attended while examining the pictures in the Painted Hall by Sir Richard Keats, the then governor. The king stopped before the portrait of William Locker, and, turning to Sir Richard, said: “There's the best man I ever knew.” I mention this not because the poor king had enjoyed the society of so many good men as to make his compliment of rare value, but because Locker owed it to the fact that he had once the boldness to reprove Prince William Henry for the profanity of his language, a reproof which, though not immediately successful, bore at all events some fruit in later years, in the shape of the aforesaid compliment.

Captain Locker's youngest son, Edward Hawke Locker, was educated at Eton, and after various naval appointments became civil commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, where he formed the Royal Naval Gallery. He married, in 1815, a daughter of the Reverend Jonathan Boucher, who died vicar of Epsom, but who had spent a good deal of his life in America, where he was a friend of George Washington. The War of Independence severed their friendship, for the divine stuck to his king, and his last sermon preached at Annapolis, with pistols on his pulpit-cushion, concluded as follows: “As long as I live, yea, while I have my being, will I proclaim ‘God save the king.’” Several of Washington's letters to Mr. Boucher were in Mr. Locker's possession and were lent by him to Thackeray when he was writing “The Virginians.”

Edward Hawke Locker, though a martinet with a strong dash of austerity, possessed the family gift for friendship, and was greatly beloved by those who knew him. Sir Walter Scott held him in high regard. He was an excellent writer. In Charles Knight's “Half Hours with the Best Authors” will be found an extract from his memoir of Captain William Locker—and a better piece of work is not in the selection. He was a fair artist, as his Spanish pictures, a record of his travels in that country in 1813 with Lord John Russell, remain to prove. He was a collector of pictures and had a decided

faculty of surprising his friends by doing the most unexpected things.

The author of "*London Lyrics*" took a great deal of interest in his forebears, and when the memoirs he prepared for the entertainment of his descendants come to be published, they will be found to contain many amusing things about a succession of brave and interesting men.

Frederick Locker himself was born in Greenwich Hospital, in 1821, and after divers adventures in various, not over well-selected, schools and a brief experience of the city and of Somerset House, became a clerk in the Admiralty, serving under Lord Haddington, Sir James Graham, and Sir Charles Wood. He was twice married—first, to Lady Charlotte Bruce, a daughter of Lord Elgin (of the Marbles), and secondly, to the only daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson, Bart., of Rowfant in Sussex, where he died last May.

It is hard, perhaps impossible, for anyone who was brought into close contact with Mr. Locker to consider either his works or his ways apart from a personality which combined in an extraordinary degree an enchantingly gentle bearing, a kindness of heart that defies description, a keen perception, and (though in undertones) a rare incisiveness of speech. For his friends—and he had friends everywhere and in all ranks of life—there was nothing he would not do. It makes my legs ache to think of the trouble he would be at only to give them a little pleasure. It seemed as if he could not spare himself. I remember his calling at my chambers one hot day laden with many things, all presents. I can only remember two of the things—a bust of Voltaire and an unusually lively tortoise, which seemed always half-way out of its paper-bag. Wherever he went he found an occasion for kindness, and his whimsical adventures would fill a volume. For mere appearance he cared not a straw. Yet the friends for whom he toiled made a great mistake if they imagined he was incapable of perceiving their faults. He saw them clearly enough, and could have described them too—if need had been—but kindness of heart and a genuine humility (perhaps the

rarest of the Christian virtues) prevented his satirical gifts from free play.

His relation to his own poetry was somewhat peculiar. A critic in every fibre of his body, he judged his verses with a severity he would have shrunk from applying to anybody else's. Clumsy praise was torture to him, though his kindness of heart prompted him to find an excuse even for that. "It was kindly meant," he would say, writhing. The editor of "*Lyra Elegantiarum*" knew his subject at least as well as any living man. He could never mistake good verses for bad. He was not only modest and full of humility, but far too prone to be profoundly dissatisfied with himself and out of conceit with his undeniable gifts and graces. You might almost describe him as being on bad terms with himself. No one ever saw him self-complaisant. None the less he was far too good a critic not to know when he had succeeded, and he was compelled, half sorrowfully, to admit that he had written some very good verses indeed. His poetry meant a great deal to him, for he had taken great pains with it; but he had so shy a spirit, so subtle a sense of humor, was so apt to scent extravagance, and so indisposed to detect his own merits, that though he liked to be praised, you had to see to it that you praised nothing but his best, or else your compliment was greeted with a sad civility, which made you feel that you had given more pain than pleasure. And yet, for all that, he stood in need of sympathy and of allies against his own despondency. Matthew Arnold once asked Lord Beaconsfield what was the best way of getting on with very great people. "Flattery," was the instant answer, "and, Mr. Arnold, you need not be afraid of using too thick a brush." Flattery of this kind is odious, degrading, but as between true friends, such a thing as loving flattery, corresponding to Charles Lamb's "*Sick Whist*," is perhaps permissible, or, at all events, is seldom found fault with. But it only made Mr. Locker uneasy, as if he were robbing others of their due. Consequently he got but little praise, not nearly as much as he deserved, for his best verses are "heart-compelling dit-

ties," which secure him a permanent place among the poets of his class.

I have already said that he took immense pains. He was a great student of verse. There was hardly a stanza of any English poet, unless, indeed, it was Spenser, for whom he had no great affection, which he had not pondered over and duly considered as does a lawyer his cases. He delighted in a successful verse, and grieved over any lapse from the path of metrical virtue, over any ill-sounding rhyme or unhappy expression. He once reproved me for speaking lightly, as he thought, of the unfortunate ending of the seventh stanza of Cowper's "Castaway." "How can you!" said he, sorrowfully. I protested I meant no harm, and that I was as incapable of laughing at Cowper as was the hero of "Happy Thoughts" at sneering at a mother. But the mischief was done, for he was very fond of Cowper, saying of him, "He writes so very like a gentleman." And so always did Frederick Locker, who was, however, no mere "mannered" poet, but one whose verses are the product of a kind human heart and of an exquisite fancy.

We live in days when every bough is tuneful. Nobody was more struck than Locker with the amazing facility and average of excellence of our annual poetical output. In fact it struck him dumb. He used to regard the small volumes which rained upon his desk with a mournful smile. "I wish I could read them," he would say. "I am sure they are so good."

Any notice, however short, of Mr. Locker would be woefully incomplete if it did not make some reference to his collecting proclivities. At the same time it would be a mistake to attribute to him any consuming passion. With him collecting was but a virtuoso's whim, a pleasant freak, a romantic fancy.

From the unpleasant vices of the tribe he was entirely free. He never bragged of and rarely made a bargain, nor was he ever known to boast of a treasure. In fact he never spoke of these things unless spoken to with some degree of insistence, and if forced to make any reference, he did so with a depreciating air. If you demanded to see the famous Rowfant Library, which

was kept in an iron room in an out-of-the-way corner, he produced the keys with an apology. I can see him now, provided with a nicely graduated foot-rule, measuring with grave precision the height to a hair of his copy of "Robinson Crusoe" (the first edition, of course) for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was taller or shorter than one vaunted for sale in a catalogue just then to hand. His face was a study, exhibiting alike a determination to discover the exact truth and the most humorous realization of the inherent triviality of the whole business. As he practised it the craft of book-hunting was a delightful thing, clear of all taint of huckstering and devoid of every kind of weakness.

He commenced collector not with books, but with ancient furniture—Louis Seize gimcracks, china, and curiosity. His only object was to make his rooms pretty. His rare taste, his unresting energy, and his early date enabled him to fill his restricted quarters in Victoria Street quite full enough with good things. Prices began to rise, and as his resources were then but small, he gave up his first pursuit, and betook himself to make a representative collection of drawings by the great masters of the Renaissance and small pictures. Here again he was very successful, till the long purses crowded into the market and compelled him to bid farewell to what he calls "his innocent pleasures and pious excitements." And then it was that he became a book-hunter, beginning with little volumes of poetry and the drama from about 1590 to 1610. Thus the Rowfant Library came into existence, which, though it never grew to large dimensions, for I suppose a thousand volumes contains the whole of it, is yet a collection never likely in its own way to be surpassed. Mr. Locker and the second-hand booksellers were on the best of terms. He had, indeed, a way of his own which won all hearts. I do not say they lowered their prices for him, for I dislike exaggeration, but they served him as if they loved him, and were eager to aid him in his ends. Mr. Locker possessed all the qualities of a good collector; he knew what he wanted and could not be persuaded to take what he did not

want—he did not grow excited in the presence of the quarry—he had patience to wait and also courage to buy.

In 1886 he printed his "Catalogue," and a most readable book it is. To a but half-baptized heathen like myself, the charm of the Rowfant Library consists in the fact that there you will find the first or very early editions of all the poems and plays and essays and tales you know and love best—from Shakespeare to Tennyson, from Marlowe to Sheridan, from Bacon to Lamb, from Richardson to Charlotte and Emily Brontë. All are there, the old familiar names, though in a garb far from familiar. Izaak Walton is there *printed in S. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street* (1653); and the *Lives*, sold by most booksellers (1670), with autograph corrections by the author, and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," in the third, but first complete, edition of 1679. Only one other copy of this edition is known, and such was the goodness of Mr. Locker's heart, that he believed himself to be sorry that it was incomplete. The "Vicar of Wakefield," printed at Salisbury, in 1760, is of course not wanting, and inside is inserted a letter from Forster to Mr. Locker, warranting it a genuine first issue; and "Gulliver's Travels" and "Robinson Crusoe" and "Bewicks" without end, and the "Kilmarnock" Burns and Byron's "Waltz" and Poe's "Raven" and Browning's "Pauline." But lest the antiquarians begin to sniff and to compose a sneer, I hasten to add that in the Rowfant Library are also to be found "England's Helicon" and Davison's "Poetical Rapsodie" and Edwardes's "Paradys of Dainty Devices" (1578) and Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit" and Mere's "Wit's Treasury" (though imperfect) and Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden" and Storer's "Wolsey" and the two volumes of "The Palace of Pleasure Beautified" by William Painter Clarke of the Ordinance and Armairie, 1566 and 1567. After rarities such as these, it is sheer bathos to mention such mere nobodies of books as Florio's "Montaigne" (1603), Milton's "Poems" (1645), or Sir Philip Sidney's "Defence of Poesie," 1595.

These treasures are all safely housed

at Rowfant, cared for by the loving hands of wife and children. Long may they be cherished there! Woe worth the day when they come to be scattered over half the town. But for a time, at all events, it is impossible to take pleasure in them. What gave them charm and individuality, almost sense and feeling, has been taken from them, their collector is no longer among them to point out their particular virtues, or, in hushed tones, as if humorously anxious not to hurt their feelings, to specify some hidden defect, or some carefully repaired page. While Mr. Locker lived, each book had its story. Now the Rowfant Library is dumb.

Sometimes at breakfast, a meal at which Mr. Locker, like all really agreeable companions, was apt to be a little depressed, he would tell of a bad dream which occasionally visited him, in which it was revealed to him that *all* his title-pages were in *fac-simile*. The expert who examined the library for purposes of the Inland Revenue after its owner's death, discovered but two such *fac-similes*, but they were in highly prized volumes. Mr. Locker may have had his suspicions. Hence the bad dream. Property is burdensome, even when it wears the pleasant shape of old books.

Occasionally when a taller copy came into the market of some book he already had, he would be good enough to buy it, and then the earlier volume would be ejected from its former home, where it had proudly dwelt with its equals, and be forced to abide among my ill-bred and ill-bound, though far more numerous flocks and herds. They may easily be detected, these ex-Rowfant books, in their new surroundings, where it must be owned they look as much out of place as would a duchess and her train on Margate sands on a bank holiday. But I mean to keep them there, all the same, to remind me of their donor. No words of Nelson's can ever become hackneyed, and I can therefore bring these few remarks to an end by saying of Frederick Locker what Nelson said of William Locker, that he was a man whom to know was to love, and that he has left behind him a character for honor and honesty which none of us can surpass, and few, very few, attain.



A NEW SPORT

ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LEIGH.
FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS
TAKEN AT ST. MORITZ



WHEN Palefaces in Canada first fraternized with Redskins, it was found that even in the arts of peace the Indian of Northern America could give his European visitor at least three new experiences: Lacrosse, the Snowshoe, and the Toboggan. It is with the development of the last of these—the toboggan in Canada, and especially in Switzerland, that this article will deal.

The descent of man in tobogganing, as in all else, has been the result of gradual selection. Hunters in the Himalayas have perilously bumped down mountain-passes seated in their

iron camp-basins; Roman soldiers (so say the chronicles) have used their shields and spears to slide down wintry paths into the hostile territory; but the earliest form of the toboggan must have been that rude board which was soon found to be the handiest defence against the effects of friction, down a firm snow slope, upon the lightly clad anatomies of our early ancestors.

This primitive board has remained, with very little alteration, the dominant type of the toboggan in Canada; for the machine still used on the "*chutes*" of Montreal is practically the same long, narrow sled of birchwood about one-

fourth of an inch thick, with one end curved backwards and kept in place by leather thongs, which was the "*otobanask*" of the Crees. Wearing his snowshoes, and dragging his toboggan after him, loaded with game or skins, the Indian had early developed the best forms

had hardened the soft surface-snow upon the Côte des Neiges, or MacTavish's Hills, at Montreal, the toboggan easily proved its superiority over the snowshoe, and flew straight across the sloping country, down hillsides and over "*cahots*," across the roads, and



Topham's Start.

of transport or of locomotion possible, across the snowy wastes of uncivilized Canada.

The first French settlers were content to copy what they found, and to leave the toboggan as they found it, for they were of a stock that cared little for out-door games or sports. But when the Saxon had first conquered the famous plains of Abraham, and then played cricket on them, he straightway began to improve the Indian methods of travel and transport into pastimes requiring considerable skill and courage, in which the joy of rapid motion and the satisfaction of defeating natural obstacles were the chief things aimed at; and the supreme delight of competition with another man in speed was not impossible.

When the first touch of hard-frost

through the scattered pine-trees, at a pace which needed no little skill and nerve to manage to a safe conclusion. Mr. J. Keith Reid, for instance, the first secretary of the "Tuque Bleue" Club, once steered five people down a mile and a quarter of the Côte des Neiges Road in one minute, seventeen seconds, using a kind of double toboggan called a "bobsleigh," which will be described later. But as time went on and the houses crept farther and farther over the country, tobogganers were obliged to go to Clarke Avenue at Côte St. Antoine, or Fletcher's Field, instead of the old open mountain-sides. Yet at Kingston there was still a good ride of a mile and more at Fort Henry; at Quebec there was a chance of risky steering almost anywhere; at the Montmorenci Falls the great ice-cones gave a sudden sharp

fall and then a shoot across the frozen surface of the river, where a different form of the machine on runners, was employed. Here was the right indication of ultimate success—the runner, had it only been recognized; but the toboggan continued to develop only on the lines of the broad-bottomed *oto-banask*: though strips of wood down its centre and at each side (varying in width with the weight to be carried) were indeed tried. The best machines are, however, now built of three or four lengths of selected straight-grained birch, fitted with countersunk screw fastenings. They are from five to seven feet long by about one and one-half to two feet broad, and highly polished.

It was these strange cones, formed by the frozen spray upon the Montmorenci, which may have suggested the peculiar development of tobogganing upon artificial chutes now practised in Canada and our Northern States. The pastime had become so popular with the fair sex, and every location

favorable to the sport was in consequence so crowded with enthusiasts of very various degrees of skill, that some system was necessary which would avoid the risk of dangerous accidents, both to the weaker (and perhaps more fascinating) section of tobogganers, and to experts from the bad riding of their too-numerous companions. So chutes were built, high sloping scaffoldings of wood, with hard snow pressed down and iced, divided longitudinally into three or more courses, each about two and one-half feet wide, and governed by such rules as to almost preclude the possibility of hurt; while the corners—where they existed, were built with a sweep so gradual and wide that scarcely any skill was needed to get round them. The novices and ladies secured the sensation of a “fall without striking anything,” and perhaps found their chief enjoyment in the climb back together; the “Whish! and Walkee Milee” of the Chinaman was justified.

Such has been the origin and devel-



Between the Start and Church-Leap.

opment of tobogganing in Canada ; and it is somewhat disappointing. It is not strange that the pastime, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate, has grown somewhat stale and lost its hold on public interest. Indeed, if to lie down, alone or with some three or four companions, on a flat board, and slide at a speed proportionate to the weight of your party, down a straight track, and then repeat the performance with trifling variations several times—if this were the last word in tobogganing, it would hardly be worthy of being called a sport at all. But there is, fortunately, "another side," and on the other side are methods, new to us, which have resulted in something infinitely better, which is not merely an amusement but a hard exercise, just when the winter makes such exercise so difficult to get ; something which is not an exercise merely, but a sport worthy of the name, by everything which calls for skill and strength, for quickness and resource, by every element of competition and excitement which enters into those forms of rapid motion that are the basis of our best athletic games. It is these new methods which I shall endeavor—as briefly as may be—to describe.

After Switzerland had become the playground of Europe, she was invaded, not in summer only, but in winter too ; and the spoiled children of the nations' nurseries began to look around for some new pastime that was native to the soil. They found—as the first English settlers in Canada had found—that the inhabitants had long ago developed a form of transport and locomotion over the snowy roads, and had already discovered that a platform upon runners (which still remains in its essentials of construction the highest type of Swiss machine) gave results enormously superior to the primitive board already mentioned. The early hand-sled or *schlittli* of the old Swiss cantons was indeed little more than a diminutive reproduction of what probably first suggested it : * the wood-sleigh, in which the patient Swiss horses still

haul lumber down the mountain-passes. It will be noticed that the vital point of difference between the Swiss and the Canadian methods, is already apparent in the origin of the two machines : the *runner* is the starting-point of all real development in the sport. And if this be true, any sled or coaster upon Boston Common will be nearer to perfection than the fastest "Blizzard" or "Larivière" of Montreal toboggan clubs. And this is not all ; for in the making of the runs, and in methods of riding and of racing there is to-day no less a difference—as between the Swiss and the Canadian systems—than in the machines that are used in Montreal and in the Engadine.

It was the late John Addington Symonds who first raised the old Swiss *schlittli* from its utilitarian position as a mere small carriage, into a machine for races (down the post-roads of Davos) between the natives and their foreign visitors. The first of these competitions organized by Mr. Symonds came off in February, 1883, two years before any race-meeting had been regularly carried out by the oldest Club in Canada.

The original *otobansk*, as we have seen, has for long remained sufficient for Canadian tobogganers, probably because the pastime with them is hardly more than the original means of locomotion it provided for the Indians, and competition in speed was never a successful possibility. The primitive Swiss coaster was destined to a far shorter supremacy, when put to the keen tests of the racing that developed it. Men soon got all that was possible, in the way of speed, out of sitting on a wooden framework balanced upon flat iron bars. And Mr. L. P. Child, of New York, supplied the want, by producing in the winter of 1887 an American "clipper-sled" which beat every rider in Davos out of sight, whether native or imported. He rode it lying headfirst on his side, steering with one mocassined foot swinging out behind, after the method familiar on the chutes of Montreal. Owing to local prejudice and habit, this head-first position had not penetrated to Switzerland till long after it had been well known elsewhere. But even the intro-

* See "Notes on Tobogganing at St. Moritz" (Second Edition), by T. A. Cook, to whom I am indebted for various photographs reproduced in this article.



Topham on Second Bank of Church-Leap.

duction of the new position was not so essential an advance as was the long spring-runner of Mr. Child's machine, by means of which steering was made far more accurate and easy than with the old flat runner of the *schlittli*. Mr. E. Cohen, another American, by winning the best race at St. Moritz, sitting on one of the new clipper-sheds, proved conclusively the merits of the right machine, even when it was ridden in the wrong way, and showed that on hard ice as well as on the snow of the post-roads, the new machines and methods were a great advance.

It was just about this time that the famous Cresta run at St. Moritz, in the Engadine, was beginning to develop its perfections. Not content with the gradual slopes and curves of the snowy passes of Davos, the riders of St. Moritz had some years before attempted to

build for themselves a more ambitious ice-run across the fields that slope down the valley of the river Inn from St. Moritz toward Cresta, a little village not far from the mountainous streets of Pontresina. With the beginnings of this run are connected the honored names of Mr. G. P. Robertson and Mr. Digby Jones; but for the completion of their first idea and the perfection of what is now the best crooked ice-course for toboggan-racing in the world, lovers of the sport have to thank Mr. W. H. Bulpett, an old officer in the English Engineers, whose skill is only equalled by his enthusiasm and pertinacity.

As it was built for the races of 1895, the Cresta run measured exactly three quarters of a mile in length. In this distance there is a fall of six hundred feet, at a gradient of rather more than one in eight, the slope being much more



Pulitzer on Third Bank of Church-Leap

severe at some places than at others. The course is built throughout, without any wooden foundations, of packed snow, beaten hard and finished with a surface of extremely hard and polished ice. The run is by no means straight, and this, not only for geographical reasons, but also for purposes of sport. At some points the corner to be turned is so sharp, and the gradient at the same place so steep, that twenty feet of ice-bank, as at "Church-Leap," for instance, has to be built up to prevent the tobogganer from being swung bodily out of the course, with the sheer momentum of his descent. The same principles of construction, and for very similar reasons, may be noticed at the corners of the best modern race-tracks for bicycles. The surface of these banks, and indeed of the whole run, is kept so hard that the round steel runners are sometimes grooved to enable them to bite at all, so that the steering-powers of the rider become all-important.

He must calculate exactly where, upon that sloping curve of ice before him, he will place the nose of his tobog-

gan, so as to get safely round at the particular pace at which he may be travelling at the moment. He must be as watchful for what is coming as he is careful of his position at every point he passes. For it is plain that if he begins his turn a foot too late, nothing can stop a fast tobogganer going over the highest bank ever constructed, by the mere impetus of his machine continuing in its original direction. Yet if he begins his turn too early there results an evitable loss of priceless speed, and the mysterious laws which regulate the phenomenon of "skidding" may begin, and end almost as surely in disaster. The theory of this style of riding has been carefully developed and described at length by Hon. H. Gibson, a winner of the St. Moritz race three years ago.*

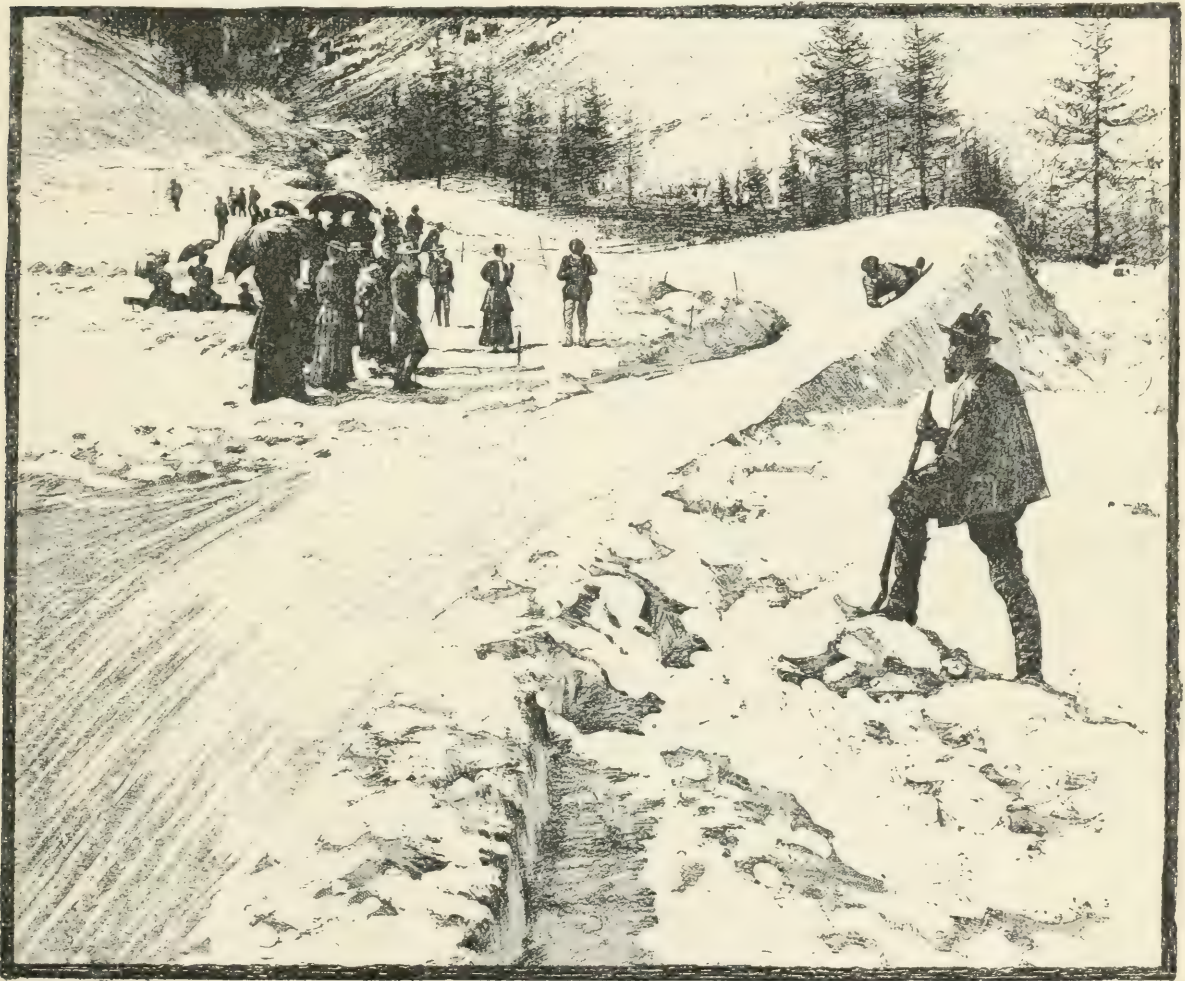
It may be imagined with what amazement the natives regarded the Cresta when it was first built, and still more when first its iced surface was in any degree perfected. It is recorded that the village postman—one of a class who, from constant practice of their calling

* "Tobogganing on Crooked Runs," by Hon. Harry Gibson.

usually provide the native champions of snow road-racing, made an attempt, sitting on his Swiss hand-sled, at the Church-Leap; with the result that he became entangled in the trees above the top of the first bank, and after buffeting them violently for some time, fell headlong down the steep ice into the run. This tired him so much that he now uses a snow-road exclusively. On another occasion a native with a wood-sleigh stood waiting on the run itself, and artlessly regarded an approaching rider; in a moment the "expecting rustic" was rolled up in a confused mass of arms and legs, machines, and wood-sleighs; and during the week ensuing the Swiss lawyers were much exercised as to the probable verdict of the court; suicide, murder, accidental death, the visitation of Providence, force of gravity, the well-known English madness; each was in turn suggested, until the man himself recovered, and put it all

down to the uncanny nature of the new toboggan-run.

It is possible already to realize how great a difference such a course as this has produced on the serious methods of riding a toboggan. No trifling is possible, for recklessness means danger, and success is only to be won by hard practice and careful study of the run itself. A mere slide downward by the force of gravity is changed into an exciting rush that makes every demand upon the pluck and skill and energy of the rider. The muscles of the back and legs and shoulders all come into play in a descent that, with a speed (in some places) almost as great as any chute can give, involves far higher qualities of swift resource, of balance, of unerring eyesight, than are ever needed by the best Canadian tobogganer. And it must also be remembered, in any comparison of mere speed between the methods, that a Canadian toboggan of-



Coming Around "Battledore."



Coming off "Battledore" on to "Shuttlecock."

ten carries as much as six hundred pounds or more down straight inclines, on which every pound accelerates pace; while on the Cresta the weight involved (and it would seem that generally the less the better) is only that of one man with his machine, travelling in a crooked course, around corners, each of which takes off a little from his speed. The "flat-board" type of toboggan from Canada had only to be tried to be abandoned, when such niceties of accurate steering and regulated speed became required of it. Known distinctively, henceforward, as a "Canadian" in the Engadine, it was relegated to the lighter and more feminine portion of the community; and only three first-class riders cared to try its capabilities, during the last few seasons, down the difficulties of the Cresta course. Mr. Arthur Hodgson, a young Englishman, has lately been by far the most graceful and successful exponent of the art of riding this form of toboggan in the Engadine.

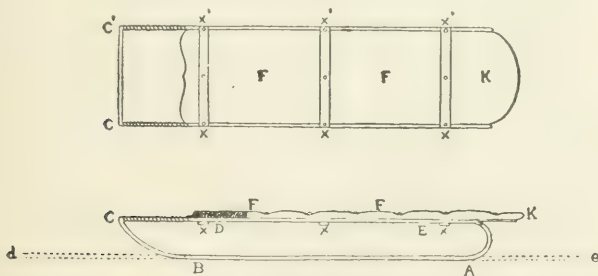
He fitted long steel runners (without any spring to them) along the bottom of his machine.

It was a right instinct which thus led visitors in Switzerland to see greater facilities for sport in the runners of the clumsy *schittli* than in the graceful lines and curves of the flat-bottomed Canadian. After Mr. Symonds had first shown the possibilities of racing, Mr. Childs and Mr. Stephen Whitney (another American at Davos) developed the capacities of the runner on their clipper-sleds; and the head-first position gradually established its superiority and completed the success of toboggan-racing in the Alps.

The machine itself, however, had one more stage to pass through before attaining its perfection. Mr. Bulpett of St. Moritz, turning his attention for a moment from his run-making to the toboggans flying down his course, conceived the brilliant idea of making a machine entirely of steel. By remov-

ing the strip of wood just above the spring-runner of Mr. Child's clipper-sled, and welding a flat bar of steel to each end of the curved metal that remained, he produced his famous "Skeleton," as Swiss tobogganers have christened it, and did away at once with the jarring of the old machine, while he removed all dangers of the warping and cracking of the wood, that in the dry climate of the high Alps had proved the chiefest source of danger. The only woodwork in the skeleton-type is in the platform or centreboard which supports the rider's weight; but this, although fastened to the framework, is not an integral part of it, and can go through any of the changes to which wood is subject at a high altitude, without affecting the spring or accuracy of the runner. As has been pointed out, this was an advance in the science of tobogganing as great as the invention of the pneumatic tire in bicycling.

A fully detailed description of the way to manufacture this machine may be found in either of the books to which I have already referred. But the diagram here reproduced will indicate the method of its construction, and various other pictures in these pages will give the reader an accurate idea of the proportions such a machine should bear to its possessor. It will indeed be absolutely necessary, for comprehension of the small figures which occur in the pictures of the run itself, that these larger presentments of a rider with his toboggan should be first studied and



carefully kept in mind. The measurements of this machine, used on the Cresta Run in 1895, and designed by W. H. Bulpett for a man of 5 feet 11 inches, are as follows: Length over all on the top (including the counterboard, K), 4 feet 1 inch. Length of each runner on the ground (from A to B), 3 feet

6 inches, with a spring of 10 millimetres. Breadth, 12 inches, from centre to centre of runner. Height (without cushion), 5 inches. d, e, is the original bar of round English steel, carefully polished, and usually about 16 millimetres thick. At B, this bar is bent round C to D, and at A is similarly bent to E. A flat bar of German steel is welded to the points D and E. The two runners are accurately made on exactly the same model. They are kept exactly parallel by the flat cross-bars, x, x', riveted to the underside of the German steel in each runner and to the centreboard, F, F', which lies upon these cross-bars and between the tops of the runners. On the centreboard is a low cushion, the front of velvet, the rest leather. The noses of the runners are joined at the top by a round bar of steel at C, C'; and between this bar and the cushion they are wrapped in rope or leather, to secure a firm grip for the hands.

It will thus be seen that when once American inventiveness had begun the development of the hand-sled in Mr. Symonds's races at Davos, the centre of activity changed to St. Moritz, where, to Mr. Gibson's theories, to Mr. Topham's practice, and to Mr. Bulpett's building, are due the great advance in tobogganing there, beyond anything known or attempted on this side.

Yet it must not be thought, from what has been said above, that racing has never been attempted at all upon our chutes. The old "Tuque Bleue" slide at Montreal was often, in former days, the scene, not only of ordinary racing, but of both high and broad jumping as well. The first races ever given by any club in Canada were held under the auspices of the "Tuque Bleue" on January 17, 1885, just a month before the first race recorded on the Cresta Run at St. Moritz. After a run of 200 yards on almost level ground, a jump of 37 feet 11 inches broad was made by A. Dubé from the top of an inclined chute 3 feet high—a feat which can be fully realized by anyone who has seen the leap sometimes taken by a fast rider on the top of the hill at the finish of the Cresta course. Mr. J. Paton did 4 feet 5 inches in the high jump, but no record

is given of the winner's time in the most interesting race of all, for single riders. It would seem that the speed upon the old Montreal slide pitch was practically that of a falling body, for in 1886 it is said that a toboggan loaded with three men was timed to have done 900 yards on that slide in 30 seconds ; but the pace of the toboggan on the level afterwards depended so entirely on the condition of the various tracks that "timing" was neglected, and it was even found necessary to settle starting-positions by toss of the coin. It is indeed well-nigh impossible to secure a fair breast-race in any form of tobogganing ; the slightest differences of sunlight or construction are fatal to the equality of the runs. Each rider must race against the watch, over the same course, and in as short an interval of time as possible, to secure fair conditions of competition. But the enormously increased popularity of the pastime, with both sexes and all classes, in Canada, soon made even these first attempts at racing quite impossible. Tracks had to be built not so much for speed and skill as for the absolute safety of the greater number.

The objects which Mr. Bulpett has to attain in building the Cresta Run at St. Moritz are very different. And although I can but very lightly touch upon the methods he employs to get the varied curves and ice-banks of his course, I shall at least be able to show the superiority of its results as the finest race-track for skilled tobogganing that is now in existence.

The heaviest snowfall in the Engadine is generally down by Christmas, or the early days of January, and the first flakes fall upon a quantity of high stakes that have already marked out the main lines of the course to be constructed. Banks of earth, too, have been thrown up at a few points to lessen labor later on ; streams have been dammed or bridged, and careful arrangements made to secure a constant and convenient supply of water to ice the final surface. The building begins from the bottom, and the workmen's first task is to trample down the snow between the marking stakes with their heavy Engadiner boots swathed in coarse bandages. Then the banks,

looking rather smaller than they will be later on, are thrown up roughly with great wooden shovels, and snow is added or taken away from the straight parts of the run, as may be considered necessary. These banks are in turn trodden down firmly by the men's feet and are then levelled off with spades, ready for the engineer's inspection. Not before he has tried each one, riding over it at the proper speed on his toboggan, does he proceed to give the finishing touch by icing the whole surface till it is as hard and polished as a slab of marble. A strong stream of water from a hose is the best means of doing this ; and a kind of mortar locally known as "polenta," produced by mixing snow and water, is found to be the best substance for mending any breaks or inequalities. Great care has to be taken to keep the banks quite clean, as the least speck of dirt will attract the sunlight sufficiently to melt an appreciable hole in the fine curves of the banks, which shine like mirrors in the sun when perfected. Screens were used, during the last season, to protect the most exposed parts of the run from the brilliant sunshine of the Alpine spring.

Little by little the whole run is thus built upward from the finish, and parts of it, as they are completed, are opened for practice, so that when the workmen have put the last touch to the start, even new-comers will have learned at least the look of most of the corners that await them. Each bank, too, has by this time its own name ; not always so happily bestowed as the "Battledore and Shuttlecock" of Mrs. Bancroft ; though "Scylla and Charybdis," nearer to the finish, have a grim significance of their own ; while the banks of the "Church-Leap," the most astonishing feature of the run, seem worthy of a more suggestive appellation. The first of these banks, where the run turns sharply to the left after a stiff drop, measures twenty-four feet from base to summit at the top of the long semicircle of its curve ; and the two immediately following it are each more than eighteen feet in height. The run itself seems to have entirely disappeared, for the flat banks rise sheer out of the rough snow of the fields ; and it becomes easier to

realize the pace at which a man must come to stay upon these sloping sheets of ice at all; for naturally, if his momentum did not overcome the down-pull of his weight, he would slide off the banks at once into the snow beneath. And yet his pace must always be within his accurate control; a foot too high, a shade too fast, and the best rider in the world is done for. There is no incident in sport which calls more suddenly on a man's resolution and resource than this; a moment's inattention, and his chance is over.

I well remember, one day just before the races of February, 1894, when a heavy rider, who had with difficulty secured the last place in the team of the St. Moritz Club, that was to race against Davos, came at this leap hard and fast, for his last practice-run before the race. His eye caught the well-known figure of a rival near the run; and to our astonishment we heard him shout a greeting, and then go flying at full pace up the whole height of the great ice-bank to his right. Man and machine came toppling down together into the snow some twenty feet beneath, and he was very lucky to escape with no worse misfortune than a broken collar-bone. He described to me his sensations afterward: "I never saw that bank at all," said he; "my shout to C. and the shock of falling from my machine seemed almost simultaneous." The moral is not that such runs are dangerous, but that such riding *is*. Carelessness of this kind was far more frequent in the old days than at present. Before the run itself had reached the hard and glittering perfection of the 1895 course, and while the Swiss hand-sled had fallen into contempt, yet had not been superseded,

a novice was once challenged to drink a glass of whiskey while he rode down the Church-Leap. The *Alpine Post* reported the result laconically: "The drink got down; the novice didn't." On the other hand, I have seen men crawl along the Cresta course—stopping their pace by digging into the ice with the iron rakes on their boots—as slowly as any crowded omnibus up Montmartre. Beginners are sometimes wise enough to do this, and anyone with defective eyesight is practically obliged to do so. It was amusing, for instance, to watch the creator of the daring "Sherlock Holmes" in his first effort to negotiate this Alpine steeplechase. He got down safely and with due deliberation, and no sooner reached the finish than he made a bet to race the heaviest and clumsiest rider within sight. So contagious are the elements of rivalry upon the Cresta course.

Even ladies cannot be persuaded from imitating their masculine admirers. Though as they still persist in riding in a sitting posture, they have no chance of pace and very little even of safety. A few young girls ride in the same position as the men; but even bloomers, should they penetrate as far as the Engadine, will scarcely, I imagine, persuade any elder sisters to attempt the full course lying down. Upon an easier run, indeed, or upon a portion of the Cresta, I have seen ladies riding with absolute grace and ease in the sideways position which Mrs. MacLaren used so well on her American clipper-sled, or with the Canadian toboggan to which Lady Archibald Campbell and her daughter gave a short-lived popularity.

But the Cresta run, as a whole, is really built only for men, and chiefly for the highest rate of speed, a rate which would be hardly credible on so severe a course, were it not carefully authenticated by various officials of the club. It may be interesting to give a few figures in sup-



port of this. The pace has been increasing steadily each year, as the building of the run itself improved and as new methods of riding have developed. In the crack race of February, 1895, two riders, one after the other (Messrs. Bird and Gibson), did what at the time of writing is a record for the run, 71 seconds for the measured three-quarters of a mile. Although this means an average speed over the whole course that on a straight run would be by no means extraordinary, yet when such difficult turns as Battledore or the Church-Leap are taken into consideration, it becomes an astonishing performance. Down certain straight parts of the course men have been timed to be travelling at the rate of a mile in $1\frac{1}{2}$ minute; and a little nearer to the finish the pace is certainly well over sixty miles an hour. These last four or five hundred yards are purposely built to give that variety of riding which is necessitated by great speed without hard corners, as a contrast to the steering difficulties on the curves above; a variety in which body-balance and great delicacy of touch are the all-important factors of success.

The briefest consideration of the accompanying pictures will make it evident that only one man can be on the run at once, about ninety seconds being the average interval between each rider. So that racing must always be done against the watch, the time-keeper being placed in such a position that he can accurately see the rider pass both starting-point and finish. The competitors ride in an order settled beforehand by the chance of the draw. Each has to run three times, and each heat is arranged in a different order, so that every chance may be given to the most consistently good rider to secure a win. The prize goes to the lowest aggregate time of the three runs added together, and a special prize is given for the single course which is done fastest in the whole race.

But record-breaking is not always the object a rider wishes to attain, and there are, fortunately, many other possibilities both of speed and pleasure. By the gradual opening of the run, capital courses are provided for those who

like to race upon a portion at full pace, yet are not skilful enough to ride over the entire length. And since the fever of competition seems inseparable from this as from most other forms of sport based upon more or less rapid motion, those who insist on racing, yet feel the completed Cresta to be quite beyond their powers, can get all they want upon the smaller village runs and the snow-roads of the valley; and they will appreciate good riding in the greater races all the better when they have thus mastered the first steps to excellence.

Perhaps the race producing the most exciting riding on the Cresta in late years, has been that of February 21, 1894, which may be taken as a typical day in the history of Engadine tobogganing.

The sun rose brilliantly above the snow-peaks in a cloudless sky, and in the air was that peculiar quality of tonic keenness which can lend life and enthusiasm to the laziest, in that clear, dry climate of six thousand feet above the sea. To a new-comer the sparkling colors displayed in the grand stand, with its wavy line of fluttering sunshades, suggested some August gathering at Newport or Bar Harbor, rather than the actual deep expanse of solid snow beneath him. The first American representative, a boy of fifteen only, did a course of $76\frac{2}{3}$ seconds, after brandishing his legs above the banks of Battledore in most alarming fashion. The best time in the first round was accomplished by Mr. Harold Topham, an Englishman, who remains to this day the finest exponent of the art in Switzerland. Two more rounds had to be ridden, in which the same men reappeared in different order. In these Mr. Topham steadily increased his lead, and finally won. The very last course of all was ridden by an American, who had, though a former winner, hitherto shown no chances of attaining the front rank in this year; but, by a magnificent effort, Mr. J. F. Patterson (from Montreux) achieved—at this last moment—the fastest course yet ridden, and secured the second prize. In the races of 1895 Mr. Topham once more proved the winner, and young Ralph

Pulitzer's good riding secured the third prize for the States. None of the representatives of Davos did much in either of the last "Grand Nationals," as these races on the Cresta Run are called, in which representative teams from the rival clubs are pitted against each other. A return race is also held over the snow-roads of Davos, where a longer variety of the Skeleton* with thicker runners has been successfully tried, and it is only fair to say that



A Fast Finish—the Leap on the Brow of the Hill at the End of the Cresta.

St. Moritz finds it just as hard to provide a winner over a course away from home.

It remains to say something of the best costume for wearing on such runs as I have just described. In this matter Switzerland is certainly, even still, far behind the Canadians. For a long while indeed the costume in the Alps was not merely completely inappropriate but also absolutely ugly. And this, perhaps, because the ladies have not been the integral part of each toboggan-load, in the Engadine, that they are in Montreal. The sincerest form of flattery (if nothing else) has led Canadian tobogganers into the right paths of neat

and effective dress. But the sterner necessities of racing on the Cresta have at least developed a costume in the last few years, which answers all the purposes required of it, though from the artistic point of view it still leaves much to be desired. There is an Engadine garment of stout whitish cloth, which combines the advantages of high-fitting trousers and gaiters that strap tightly around the boots. This is the best covering for the nether man. Above, it is a useful trick to wear a stout coat with padded elbows strongly sewn with leather, to prevent the unpleasant effects of touching hard ice when at full speed; to this leather can be buckled the long gloves that complete the rider's protection from cold and flying snow. The strap used for pulling up his toboggan should be fastened tightly round his waist. His cap must be small and close-fitting, without the possibility of coming off at any critical corner; a proceeding as dangerous to his own steadiness as to the runners of the machine which follows; his boots cannot be too stout or too well oiled; and fixed upon them with an iron toe-cap should be the sharp, strong spikes by means of which he steers or takes off pace, using

the right foot, for instance, when he wishes to turn in that direction, and both feet equally when he desires to go slow. His costume, in fact, while strong and close-fitting, must allow the rider perfect freedom and elasticity of movement. Nothing is more ludicrous than an unsuitably dressed performer, who must be as uncomfortable himself as he is dangerous to others.

This is gradually becoming better understood than was formerly the case. None, for instance, would at the first glance have recognized the Lord Chancellor of Ireland in that workmanlike figure in a cloth cap and snuff-colored leggings, which used to career down the village run at St. Moritz, sitting on an old-fashioned Swiss machine, with all the enthusiasm which tobogganing can arouse, even in the breast of a member of the doomed "Upper House." It seems

* The "Giant Skeleton" had runners 20 mm. in diameter, 4 feet 3 inches long (on the ice), with a spring of half an inch. The machine was 5 inches high, 13 inches broad, and 6 feet 2 inches long (over all) including 18 inches of counterboard. Bow and stern were curved alike, as at C in the diagram on page 53.



Coming Around Caspar's Corner, Village Run.

indeed as if Swiss tobogganing, when properly managed, can provide riding of every kind, for young and old, for strong and weak alike. And of what endless merriment have these same small runs at St. Moritz been the scene! Bets have there been decided upon rocking-horses; there clipper-sleds and double-rippers, pigstickers and bob-sleighs, fearful wildfowl of all sorts and kinds may be descried of a fine afternoon sliding round "Caspar's Corner" toward the shores of the frozen lake. Swiss nurses, carrying babies in their arms, career down the snowy road, hotly pursued by infants, hardly larger than the babies and jauntily astride of tiny hand-sleighs no bigger than a biscuit-box. Several ladies flash past on a Canadian, balanced by the swinging foot of their young guide, who sits behind them, leaning on his side and looking over all their pretty shoulders as he steers. There is a perpetual swing and flash of movement and bright color; a ring of laughter in the frosty air; while the warning cry of "*Achtung*" echoes from every corner, as the rattling sleds go by, and more keep coming upward from below to start again.

Upon the snowy post-roads, too, that

lend themselves without any further preparation to such varieties of the sport, the double-ripper, known in the Engadine as a "bob-sleigh," provides endless amusement. Two toboggans of the American or "clippersled" variety are so arranged, with a long plank above them, that the "skipper" can sit in front and steer with a ring and pulley in each hand to swing round the first machine; while a brakesman sits behind, ready to dig a nail-studded board with all his strength into the snow and take off pace when necessary. Between these two sit three or four more passengers, who strive, when once the ship is started, to solve the double problem of keeping in their seats at all—for the machine is very like a spirited buckboard upon runners—and curling away their legs and boots as much out of their own and everybody else's way as possible. A long and lusty post-horn adds greatly to the success of the descent, and when the short run from St. Moritz down the Cresta Road has been safely learned, the Passes of the Julier, even the Maloggia, remain to be conquered by the flying "bob," which is pretty certain to be carrying lady-passengers along its middle seats.

This is, indeed, the "light side of to-



"The palings have a hard time."
Going Around Caspar's Corner, Village Run.

bogganing," the only part of it which seems a little known outside of Switzerland, the only part of it which real tobogganers in the Engadine scarcely ever touch. For the American visitor prefers to get a move on quickly, and when he finds that high speed can be combined with the skilful riding needed on the Cresta Run, there is he in the midst of it. Since 1888, and earlier, there has hardly been a year in which an American has not secured one of the best prizes in the great toboggan-races of St. Moritz or Davos.

But why should we go so far afield to find a sport that we might reproduce, if not improve, at home? Tobogganing on this side of the Atlantic seems, as a mat-

ter of fact, to be passing under a cloud, either of indifference or satiety. I have tried to indicate not only the reasons but the remedy for this. That the Swiss runs, and the Swiss methods generally, are infinitely better than any straight-track variety we have here or in Canada, no reader of these lines can—I venture to believe—deny. I am equally convinced that the accompanying virtues of Mr. Bulpett's steel machine (which anyone can make) have only to be more widely known to be appreciated as they deserve. This slight description of the new possibilities may perhaps serve as the first incentive to an emulation which (as the past year has amply shown) will rarely fail in any branch of sport.

T. F. Bayard, State. W. C. Endicott, War. W. C. Whitney, Navy.
W. F. Vilas, Postmaster-Gen'l. Daniel Manning, Treasury. A. H. Garland, Att'y-Gen'l. L. Q. C. Lamar, Interior.



President Cleveland's First Cabinet.

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

A DEMOCRAT AT THE HELM

CLEVELAND'S STRENGTH
DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT
THE NEW NAVY
THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE
PAN-ELECTRIC SCANDAL

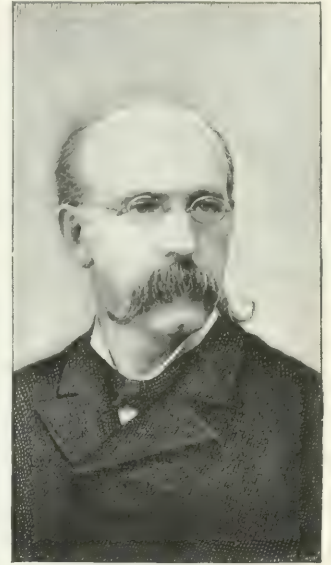
THE PENSION VETO
CHICAGO ANARCHISTS
THE MILLS BILL
BARTHOLDI'S STATUE
FISHERIES DISPUTES

THE election of Grover Cleveland, the first Democrat to press the presidential chair after Buchanan left it in 1861, brought grief to millions of honest hearts. On assurance that Cleveland had really won, an old lady exclaimed: "Well, the poor won't have any work this winter, that's certain!" A col-

lege president discoursed lugubriously to his students upon the Democratic victory, as portending he knew not what of ill. Many good souls thought the Government in effect at an end. Those of less pessimistic temper, prophesied simply a financial panic. "The South is again in the saddle," still others said; "slavery will be restored." Most Republicans supposed that the new President would, at the very least, fill every office with a Democrat. The Democracy, with exceptions, was correspondingly jubilant. Over a hundred thousand people visited the capital to view the Inauguration Day ceremonies, and a quarter as many actually marched in the procession. Of this both colored troops and ex-Confederates formed part. The inaugural address was received with great enthusiasm, even Republican Senators and Representatives publicly expressing approval of its tone. The Cabinet was on every hand pronounced an able one, and nearly all the great diplomatic offices abroad were filled with first-rate men.

Those who predicted that the President would be inefficient proved false prophets. Mr. Cleveland *governed*. The Treasury he administered with economy. The development of our Navy was continued, systematized, and accelerated. No clean sweep of office-holders occurred, and where a colored man was displaced, a colored man succeeded him, provided a good one could be found. Extensive land grants, shown to be fraudulent, were declared forfeited. Cattle kings were forced to remove their herds from Indian reservations. Federal troops kept "boomers" from public lands. A conspiracy by members of the railway postal service to strike was nipped in the bud, and the conspirators discharged. When on March 31, 1885, the Prestan rebels in Panama seized an American ship, marines were promptly landed on both sides of the isthmus to maintain the rights and dignity of this Republic. Such vigor in administration soon convinced all that the ship of state was safe with a Democrat at the helm. In the self-command, independence, and executive ability which he dis-

played, the President exceeded the expectations of his friends, and disappointed his enemies. He performed his exacting duties with dignity and intelligence, was straightforward in his actions, and did not seek popularity by drifting with the current. Whatever else might be said against him, none could call him a demagogue. If in the exercise of his appointing and removing power he made some mistakes, the wonder was, all things considered, that he made so few. Democrat he was, yet President of all the people. In manners he continued at Washington to be what he had been at Buffalo and at Albany—simple without any affectation of simplicity. Like Blaine, he wrote with his own hand every word of his official papers. Even his wedding invitations were autographs.



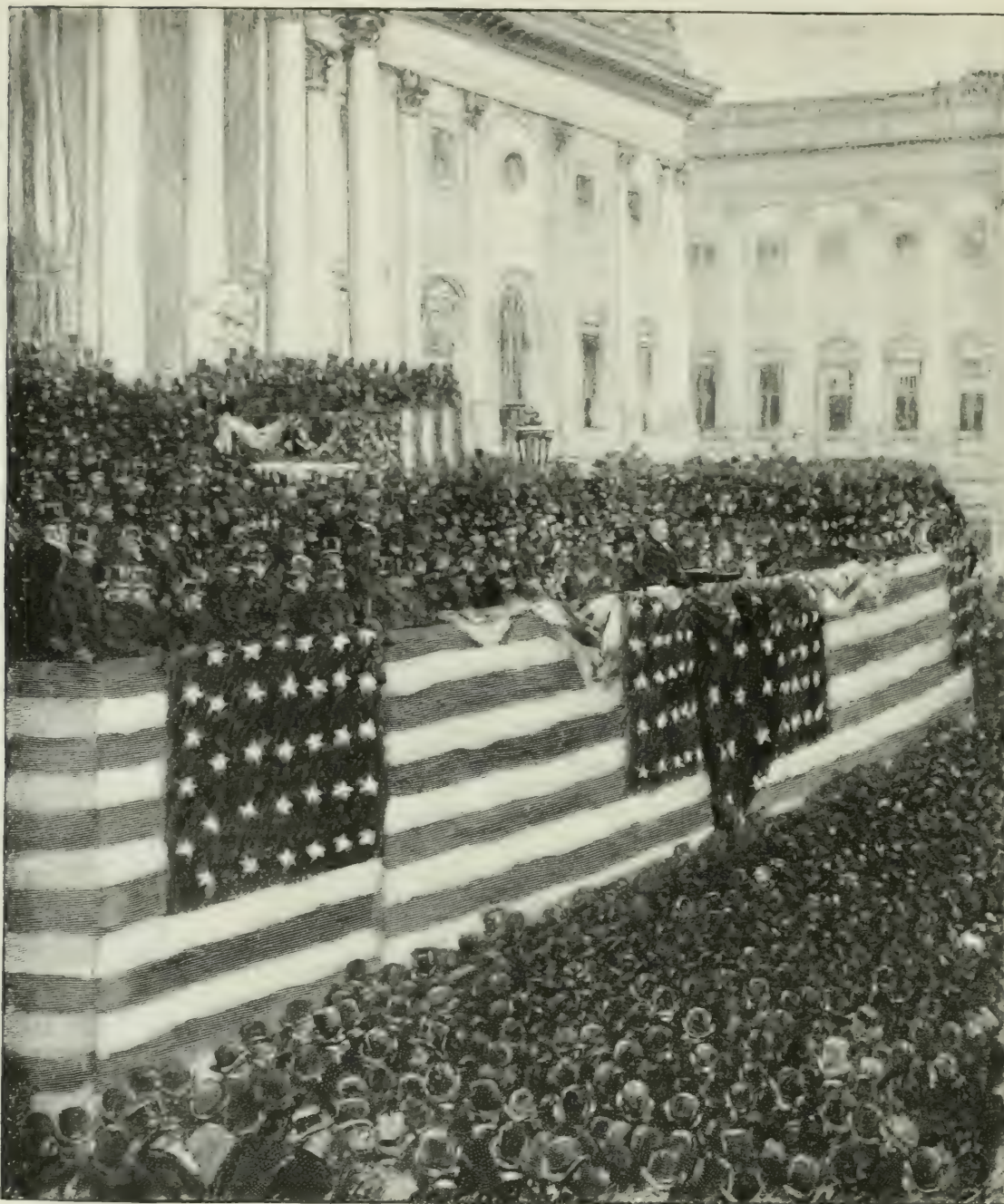
Terence V. Powderly.
From a photograph by Kuebler.

MARRIAGE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

A FEW weeks after his inauguration as President, Mr. Cleveland's engagement was announced, to Miss Frances Folsom, the daughter of his friend and partner, Oscar Folsom, who had died in 1875. They were married on June 2, 1886, at the Executive Mansion. The old edifice had already been the scene of eight nuptial ceremonies, but all these had been very private. Now, however, the occasion could not but have public significance, since for the first time the President of the United States was a principal party. A little before seven a



Gov. John P. Altgeld of Illinois



The Inauguration of President Cleveland.

The President delivering his inaugural address from the grand central portico of the Capitol, March 4, 1885.

Painted by Childé Hassam from photographs.

small company were received in the Blue Room by the President's sisters, Mrs. Hoyt and Miss Cleveland. The Cabinet, save Attorney-General Garland, were of the number, the rest, aside from the officiating clergyman and his wife, being intimate friends either of the bride or of the bridegroom. Miss Folsom entered the room on the President's arm, the com-

pany falling back in a semicircle, while the Marine Band, in resplendent uniforms, rendered Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The music was followed by a sovereign salute of twenty-one guns and the ringing of church bells in the city. Meanwhile the marriage ceremony was concluded, and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland left Washington for the summer cottage they had taken.

THE DEATH OF GRANT

THE elect of the Solid South, and determined to give that section its rights, Mr. Cleveland yet took every occasion to recognize the results of the war, and to honor those who had made it successful. On learning of General Grant's death, he, on July 23, 1885, wrote Mrs. Grant :

"MY DEAR MADAM : Obeying the dictates of my personal feelings, and in accord with what I am sure is the universal sentiment of his fellow-countrymen toward your late husband, I am solicitous that every tribute of respect and affection should be duly rendered, and with constant consideration of your personal wishes on the subject. Adjutant-General Richard C. Drum is

charged with the delivery of this note, and will reserve and convey to me any intimation of the wishes of yourself and your children in respect to the selection of the place of burial and conduct of the funeral ceremonies, and the part which may be borne by those charged with the administration of the government. With sincere condolence, "Your friend and servant,
"GROVER CLEVELAND."

For months intense suffering had been General Grant's lot, but he bore



William E. Chandler.



John B. Moore, American Sec'y. James B. Angell. Sir Charles Tupper. J. H. G. Bergne, British Sec'y
Sir Lionel Sackville-West. W. L. Putnam. Thomas F. Bayard. Joseph Chamberlain.

The Fishery Commission of 1888.

it in a hero's way. Never before had his character seemed so admirable as in this battle with disease, in which he was doomed to fall. No word of complaint escaped him. Work upon his "Memoirs," whose sale—such his poverty—he expected to be his family's sole source of support when he was gone, he persistently kept up till four days before the end. His protracted affliction made the Silent Man seem each one's next of kin. When it was known that he was gone, the entire nation bent over his bier in tears, every household in the land, North and South, feeling itself bereaved. Southern cities half-masted their flags in Grant's honor, Southern legislatures passed resolutions speaking his praises and adjourned out of respect for him. Even Jefferson Davis unbent for a moment, uttering about the deceased commander a greater number of kindly words than the public had heard from him before in twenty-five years.

The death had occurred at Mount McGregor, near Saratoga. From the evening of August 4th till 10.30 A.M., August 5th, the body lay in state at the Capitol in Albany, where it was viewed by over seventy-seven thousand persons. The public funeral took place in New York City on August 8th—the most imposing spectacle of the kind ever seen in America. Business was suspended. Crowds poured in from all the neighboring States, every train and steamer being packed to its utmost capacity. Positions convenient for surveying the procession sold for as much as fifty dollars apiece. City Hall, the immense pillars and winding stairs of its vestibule impressively draped in black, received the coffin, and through its iron portals for hours flowed a steady stream in double columns of twos. It was thought that from the opening to the closing of

the gates, nearly or quite three hundred thousand people gazed upon the corpse.

As day broke, August 8th, was heard the first of the dirges that till sunset were at no moment intermitted. The sound came nearer and nearer, till five hundred veterans of Meade Post, Grand Army of the Republic, came in sight. Soon Old Trinity's grave chimes pealed forth. At seven, notes of mourning from all distances and directions rose, floating up to the barred gates behind which lay the remains.



Joseph E. Gary.

At 8.50 General Hancock and staff slowly entered the plaza, first presenting front to City Hall in honor of the dead, then facing Broadway, prepared to lead the solemn march. At 9.35 the funeral car approached, drawn by twenty-four jet-black horses, a colored man at each bridle. Twelve soldiers who had formed the Guard of Honor at Mount McGregor, reverently lifted the casket upon the car, which, as it moved, was flanked by veterans.

The procession, eight miles long, wended up Broadway between lines of old soldiers—flags veiled, drums muffled, and arms reversed. The Grant family, except Mrs. Grant, who was unable to be present, followed in four carriages, succeeded by the General's old staff, his cabinet officers, and detachments from Grand Army Posts. Members of the Aztec Club, survivors of the Mexican War, formed a group. President Cleveland rode with Secretary Bayard, and they were followed by the Vice-President and the Cabinet, the Supreme Court Justices, United States Senators, and a Committee of the House. Governor Hill and his suite and a Committee of the State Legislature were of the cortege, also gentlemen who had occupied diplomatic and consular offices under Grant while President. Besides all these were of-

ficial guests filling a hundred and fifty carriages. Over the ashes of the man who had said: "Let us have peace," all bitter memories were forgotten. Speaker Carlisle and ex-Speaker Randall rode with Congressmen Hiscock and Reed, Senator Morrill with Senator Cockrell, Sherman with Ransom, Ingalls with Harris. Famous Confederates, distinguishable by their gray silk sashes, fraternized with Federal chieftains. Generals Joe Johnston and Buckner officiated with Sherman, Sheridan, and Logan among the pall-bearers. Three other gallant Southerners, Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, and Gordon, were also present at the funeral.

The tomb had been prepared in the upper city, near the North River and within sight of the Palisades. Directly opposite it, that day, lay the Despatch,



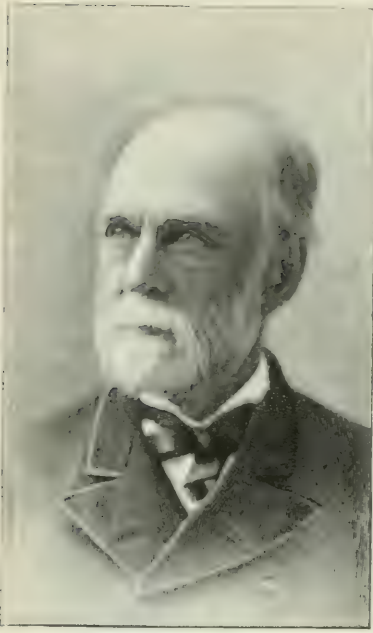
Haymarket Square Looking East, 1895, with the Statue Erected in Memory of the Murdered Police. (The bomb was thrown from the alley just behind the centre building on left.)



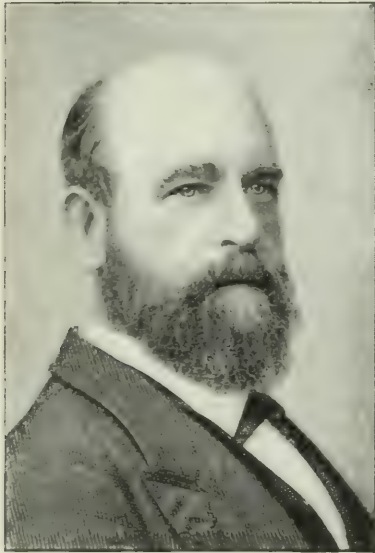
"We are peaceable."

bearing the Rear Admiral's pennant; near her the Powhatan, guns gazing from her ports; also the Omaha, the Swatara, and the Alliance. The vessels had their yards "a-cockbill" — obliquely set in token of mourning. Their brass and steel fittings, their holystoned decks, and the accoutrements of their marines shone in the bright sun. On land, too, wherever you looked, were brilliant uniforms and trappings, plumed cavalymen and artillerists, burnished cannon, and bodies of infantry with rifles stacked in sheaves.

The Tragedy in Haymarket Square, Chicago. The scene during Fielden's speech just before the bomb was thrown.



Abram S. Hewitt.



Henry George.

ing, stood nearest, then General Hancock, with President Cleveland, Vice-President Hendricks, and members of the Cabinet. Close to the head of the bier were Generals Sherman and Sheridan, ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, Admiral Porter, General Fitzhugh Lee, General Gordon, and General Buckner. Representatives from Meade Post circled the casket and went through the Grand Army ritual, after which came the burial service of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the close of this "Tattoo" was sounded, ending the ceremonies, save that three volleys of musketry and as many of artillery were let off while the Grant family re-entered their carriages.

Shortly after two, trumpets heralded General Hancock and staff. Sweeping past the tomb, they drew rein beneath trees a hundred yards north. Soon a thunder-peal from the Powhatan shook the bluff, being returned, multiplied, from the Jersey shore. The salute was repeated at intervals. Shortly after four another strain of trumpets was heard; then the sound of muffled drums, announcing the approach of the catafalque. Infantry companies which had escorted it formed a hollow square between it and the tomb, and to the middle of this the body about to be laid away was transferred. The family mourners, alighting,

stood nearest, then General Hancock, with President Cleveland, Vice-President Hendricks, and members of the Cabinet. Close to the head of the bier were Generals Sherman and Sheridan, ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, Admiral Porter, General Fitzhugh Lee, General Gordon, and General Buckner. Representatives from Meade Post circled the casket and went through the Grand Army ritual, after which came the burial service of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the close of this "Tattoo" was sounded, ending the ceremonies, save that three volleys of musketry and as many of artillery were let off while the Grant family re-entered their carriages.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE ACT

ANTAGONISTIC as Cleveland and the Republicans were, some good laws passed the Forty-ninth Congress, among them the Interstate Commerce Act, placing the great railroads of the country under the General Government's supervision. This was meant to remedy the unfair discrimination in railway facilities and charges theretofore prevalent between different persons and different places. The "dead-head" system had grown alarmingly. Favored shippers obtained rates enabling them to crush their rivals by this advantage alone; and long-haul tariffs were far too low in comparison with those for short hauls. Shippers of freight from Rochester to San Francisco had found it profitable to pay transportation charges first to New York City, their goods then going straight back through Rochester again. The act of February 4, 1887, forbade special rates to special shippers. It also inhibited charging or receiving for the carriage of passengers or a given class of freight—conditions being the same—any greater compensation for a shorter than for a longer haul over the same line, in the same direction. These provisions worked well. More questionable was the interdiction of "pooling," since almost universally evaded. The act provided for a commission of five members to administer and enforce it.

THE NEW NAVY

ANOTHER point of public policy about which the President and Congress substantially agreed, was the building up of the navy. In 1881 the grand old frigate *Constitution*, her ensign at last hauled down, was put out of commission, dismantled, and placed beside the *Ticonderoga*, slowly to fall in pieces. This step had been contemplated



Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi.



The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, from Communipaw, N. J.
Painted from nature by Otto H. Bacher.



The Second Seizure of the Schooner David J. Adams.*

Drawn by M. F. Burns from photographs by Parker and description.

down!" These rotting hulks typified our neglected and degenerate navy, with its thirty-seven cruisers, all but four of wood,

* The American schooner David J. Adams, calling at the port of Digby, Nova Scotia, May 5, 1886, to procure bait, was seized by Captain Scott of the steamer *Landsdowne*. The captain of the Adams declared he had called to see friends, and was released, but ran aground going out of the harbor, and since the truth had meanwhile been learned, the schooner was re-seized, everything movable being sold at auction to cover expenses. The matter was in dispute between England and the United States for a long time.



The "Fortune Bay Affair."†

Drawn by M. F. Burns from photographs.

twenty years before, but the poet then procured for the venerable warrior a stay of execution by the plea beginning, "Aye, tear her tattered ensign

† On Sunday, January 6, 1878, a number of American sailors were engaged in taking herring in Long Harbor, Fortune Bay, Newfoundland. They were attacked by the Newfoundlanders who destroyed one of their seines and forced them to stop fishing. The matter was for years one of the international questions in dispute between England and America.



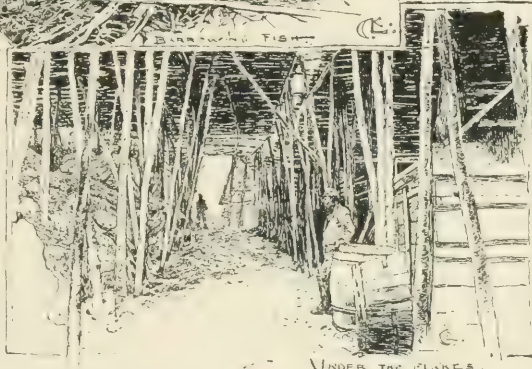
The Newfoundland Fisheries.—Fish-sheds at Quidi Vidi.

its fourteen single-turreted monitors built during the war, its guns all or nearly all muzzle-loading, and many of them smooth-bores. Hon. William E. Chandler, Secretary of the Navy under President Arthur, deserves the honor of being the first pungently to urge the building of a new navy worthy the American nation. Mr. Arthur cordially endorsed the recommendation. As a result, a Naval Advisory Board of able and experienced officers was appointed in 1881. It recommended a programme for the

either in commission or building, their cost varying from \$3,000,000 each for the battle-ships Oregon, Massachusetts, Indiana, and Iowa, to \$25,000 for the smallest torpedo-boat. The sea-going and fighting qualities of the new ships, and the comforts and even luxuries which they provide for their officers



Loading the Fish.



UNDER THE PLANKS.

Scenes in Quidi Vidi, a Typical Newfoundland Fishing Town.

next eight years, which, while involving the vast outlay of \$30,000,000, would place in commission the twenty-one iron-clads "absolutely needed," seventy

unarmored cruisers, five rams, five torpedo gun-boats, and twenty torpedo-boats. To make a beginning, Congress in 1882 authorized the construction of three unarmored cruisers, the Atlanta, the Boston, and the Chicago, and of the despatch-boat Dolphin.

The policy thus entered upon was to be permanent. The Cleveland years marked important forward steps in it, and since then progress has been continuous, rapid, and splendid. To December 4, 1894, forty-seven vessels were

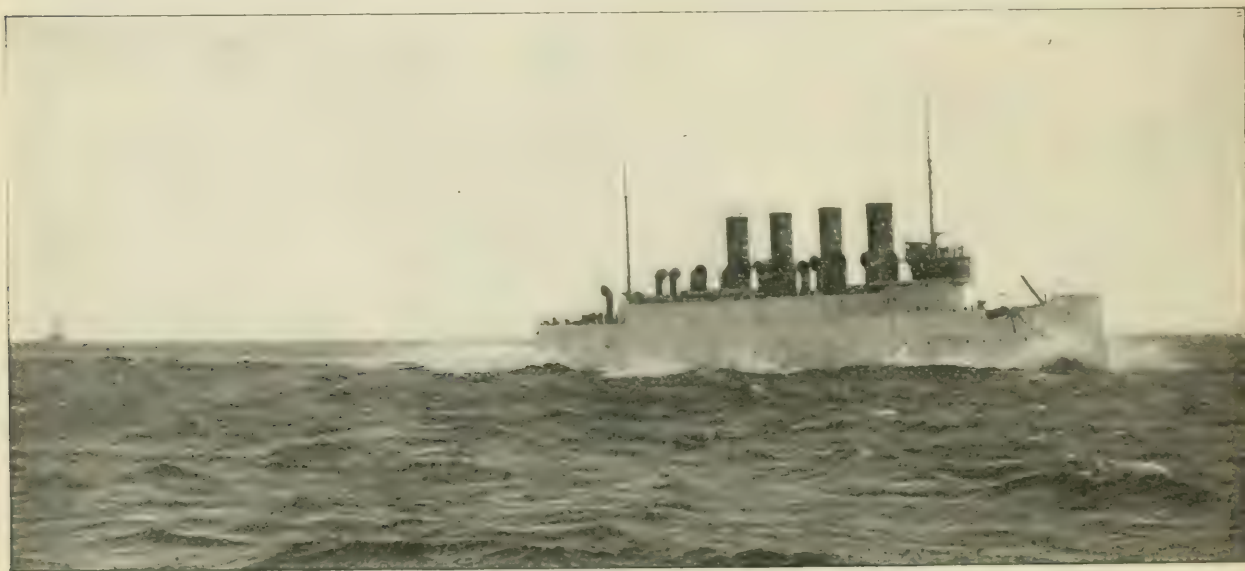
and crews, have evoked admiration both at home and abroad. Their plate is an alloy of nickel and steel, superior to any yet produced in Europe. The old Constitution could, with her best guns, at 1,000 yards, pierce twenty-two inches of oak, about the thickness of her own hull at water-line. The $\frac{5}{8}$ -inch steel covering at the Atlanta's water line had nearly the same resisting power as the Constitution's twenty-two inches of oak. The Atlanta's 6-inch guns will, at 1,000 yards, bore through a surface having

twenty times the resisting power of her own or the Constitution's hull at water-line. At the same range her 8-inch guns pierce fourteen inches of iron. The Atlanta is about half as large as the Constitution, but their duties in war are the same. Both are, technically, "frigates," a sort of naval cavalry, to accompany and assist battle-ships as scouts, or to convoy friendly commerce and destroy that of the enemy. This predatory rôle is indeed a cowardly one, like privateering, or like

land warfare upon civilians and their property: but so long as naval tactics admit such barbarism, ships able to perpetrate it will be prized. The Atlanta can riddle her like when hull down on the horizon, while battle-ships, like the immense Iowa, which displaces 11,300 tons, to make any serious impression on one another must approach to within at least 4,000 yards.

At the international naval *fête* in 1895, when the Kiel Canal was opened, our New York and Columbia were objects of utmost curiosity. The Columbia is a protected cruiser 348 feet long on the water-line, 69 feet broad, and of 24 feet mean draught, with a displacement of 10,231 tons, about the size of the old Constitution. Her armament consists of one 8-inch breech-loading rifle, two 6-inch and eight 4-inch rapid-fire guns, twelve 6-pounder and four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, and four Gatlings. Built for a commerce destroyer, though closely resembling a merchantman, she can, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, draw fatally near her victim without exposing her true character. After the naval *fête* referred to, *La Patrie*, of Paris, said: "What has struck France and all Europe with surprise mixed with fright, is the speed of one of the vessels of the American fleet. The Columbia will be able to accept or refuse combat according to her wishes. She will thunder forth

shot and shell or run away at will. She can with impunity cover the surface of the ocean with ruins and wrecks, or laugh at the avengers sent to pursue her. The European nation which should have the foresight to create a large number of these terrible cruisers would be unassailable, invulnerable, and invincible." Of her powers to overhaul most merchantmen or to run away from battle-ships, the Columbia soon gave signal proof, making the trip home from Southampton under natural draught and in spite of some heavy weather—though, it is said, using extra coal and exhausting her men—in 6 days, 23 hours, and 49 minutes, an average speed of 18.53 knots an hour, the best long-distance run ever made by a warship. For a shorter time she is good for 22 knots. The St. Louis, an ocean greyhound then newly built, and the swift Augusta Victoria, both starting just behind the Columbia, failed to catch her. Great was the jubilation when, on August 3, 1895, her snowy hull, stained with spots of rust, and her four buff smoke-stacks crystallized over with salt from the waves, approached her anchorage on this side. All the standing-room on the Battery and the North River front was full of people, whose cheers joined the diversified applause. "Such a chorus of screeches, grunts, toots, and shrieks is seldom heard in New York waters."



The United States Steamship Columbia on her Government Speed Trial

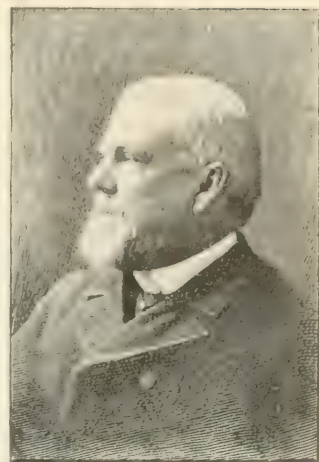
From a photograph by R. A. H.

THE CHARLESTON EARTHQUAKE

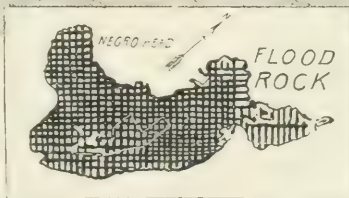
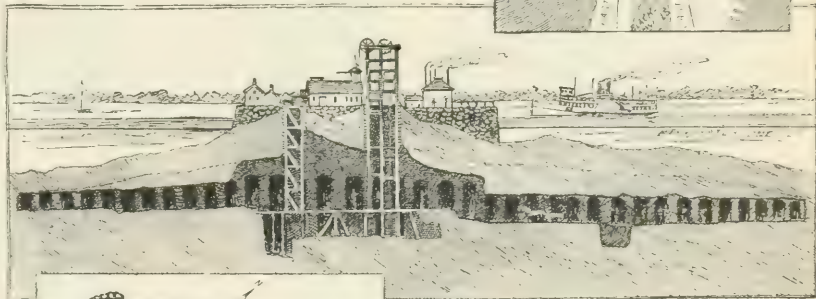
NOTWITHSTANDING this pleasant harmony of parties upon a few weighty matters, the opposition to Cleveland was resolute and bitter. Each doubtful act of his was exhibited in the worst possible light, and innumerable falsehoods forged to aggravate his discredit. If there appeared a direful portent in the sky or a deadly fever or tornado on the earth, there were not wanting persons ready to arraign the Administration therefor.

The first week of September, 1886, a destructive earthquake shook important portions of the United States. In lower New York City chandeliers were swayed and clocks stopped by the motion. Vibrations were felt from Cape Cod as far west as Chicago and Milwaukee and south to Jacksonville, Fla. The earth-dance was slight in Baltimore, alarming in Washington. The worst that occurred at other points was but a hint of the fearful fate which overtook Charleston, S. C. The horror broke upon the inhabitants in the dead of night, and so awful was the rocking and rumbling of the ground that women and children went insane. Drove of blacks rushed, frantic and half-clad, to the fields and parks. A pious old negro in the midst of one dense throng, engaged in prayer. "Good Lawd," his petition ran, "Come and help us! Oh, come now! An' come yo'self, Lawd; 'tain't no time for boys!" The first shock occurred Tuesday night. On Friday night, when all, worn out, had sought slumber under such shelter as remained, suddenly came a new convulsion advertised by a deafening alarum like thunder. Once more the shrieking multitudes rushed to the open amid showers of bricks and plaster, negroes making the night doubly hideous with their weird lamentations. Almost precisely twenty-four hours later came a third shock, milder, but sufficient to evict the people

still again. The indication that the terrestrial ague was periodic put men awatch for another disturbance on Sunday night, and they were not disappointed. At the same hour as before, the demon came amid appalling throes. Fortunately, this fourth quaking was his adieu. When the telegraph lines were again in order, permitting the world to learn what had taken place, it was found that seven-eighths



General John Newton.



Plan of the Operations at Flood Rock.

By permission of the *Scientific American*.

of Charleston's houses had been rendered unfit for habitation, scores of persons killed, and \$8,000,000 worth of property destroyed. The handsomest streets suffered most, desolation as from innumerable dynamite explosions being visible far up and down many of them. Railroad tracks were torn awry, rifts and gullies gaping in all directions. For days all highways to the city were impassable, cutting off relief.

BLOWING UP HELL GATE

MANY conjectures were uttered regarding the cause of the earthquake, none very satisfactory. Fancy, how-

ever, could hardly avoid connecting it somehow with the artificial earthquake of the preceding October, when, through a brilliant piece of engineering executed by General John Newton, the channel from East River to Long Island Sound was rid of the last Hell-gate ledge which dangerously choked it. Since 1848 this bit of coast had been the subject of many futile experiments. Strong tides sweeping back and forth over the reefs had strewn the spot with wrecks; yet the necessities of commerce, especially of the coast-wise trade, kept it a thoroughfare. Up to 1876 the expenditure of about \$1,717,000 had

dented and devised on so large a scale, that in anticipation many people living near suffered terrors as if a disastrous convulsion of nature were at hand. That the mine should be set off on Sunday, as had been arranged, was also a source of distress. General Newton, however, was unwilling to imperil life by delay. At high-tide, therefore, on Sunday September 24th, his baby daughter was allowed

to touch the electric key, and instantly the thirteen thousand potent germs were hatched. For three seconds the water foamed and



resulted in the demolition of only a few outworks. The Scylla and Charybdis, Hallett's Point Reef and Flood Rock, remained. The

former was made ready for annihilation by the novel method of tunnelling. The tunnels, corresponding to its semicircular form, radiated somewhat like the ribs of a fan, being connected with each other by concentric passages, the whole covering nearly three acres. Thus honey-combed, the rock was impregnated with above thirteen thousand cartridges, containing something like twenty-five tons of powder, and all were connected with electric batteries.

The experiment was so unprece-



TWO FOOT FISSURE
OAK FOREST



VENDUE RANGE



† ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH †



Camp of the Homeless on Colonial Lake.

tumbled at a height of forty or fifty feet, cowed in thick black smoke, and ejecting fragments of rock and mud. A shock was felt in New York City, attended by a low booming sound. The tremor extended as far to the northeast as Springfield, Mass. No damage whatever was suffered by neighboring property.

Flood Rock was next assailed. It was three times the size of Hallett's Point Reef, but the construction of the grid-iron system of tunnels was now watched without alarm, the earlier achievement having set all qualms at rest. Dynamite was the explosive used. When all was ready, General Newton's daughter, May, now eleven years of age, once more pressed the button, this time blowing 300,000 cubic yards of reef into fragments—partly, indeed, into powder. "A tremendous volume of water rose to a height of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, masses of white foam shining in the sunlight, resembling the appearance of a fantastic iceberg lifted bodily upon a solid basis of dark, frozen water. For five or six seconds it tumbled aloft, and then sank back into the river, where a yellow, sulphurous glow prevailed for a minute, after which the river resumed its wonted course."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE

THE President and the Senate first came to blows early in 1886, over the President's act in suspending from office on the preceding July 17th, G. M. Duskin, district attorney for the southern district of Alabama. When Congress reassembled, the Senate, proceeding upon the theory that the power of removal as well as that of appointment was committed to it jointly with the President, called on him to furnish the reasons for his action and the papers relating to the case. This demand Mr. Cleveland refused. In a vigorous message dated February 22, 1886, he held that for his acts of removal and suspension he was responsible to the people alone, and that the papers asked for touching Duskin were of a private nature. Reluctantly the Senate acquiesced in this position. In March, 1887, a bill

passed Congress repealing the old Tenure of Office Act, and rendering explicit and unqualified the President's independent power to remove from office.

It seemed to be the Senate Republicans' purpose in this encounter to discredit Mr. Cleveland, by showing him insincere in his avowals of sympathy with reform. His election was largely due to the stand he had taken in regard to the evil of Congressional patronage. He had given his word to abate this so far as lay in his power, and the conditions at his accession to office favored the accomplishment of that purpose. No strictly party vote had elevated him to the presidency. Moreover, there were 15,000 offices, vacancies which the Pendleton Act required to be filled by non-partisan tests, and that law authorized the President to extend this mode of appointment if he wished. The fact was that Mr. Cleveland had assumed a task greater than he anticipated. Democrats incessantly vociferated against continuing Republican monopoly of the offices, urging him, as a Democrat, to relinquish a policy which must disintegrate the party and lose him all its support. Not one recognized Democratic leader stood up for the policy. Congress betrayed no cordial sympathy with it. In June, 1886, an attempt was made practically to annul the Civil Service Law by refusing to make an appropriation for the Commissioners. Disappointing and disgusting a host of his friends, Mr. Cleveland gradually yielded. By June, 1887, nearly all the 2,359 Presidential postmasters had been replaced, as had 32 of the 33 foreign ministers, 16 of the 21 secretaries of legation, 138 of the 219 consuls, 84 of the 85 collectors of internal revenue, 8 of the 11 inspectors of steam-vessels, 65 of the 70 district attorneys, 64 of the 70 marshals, 22 of the 30 territorial judges, 16 of the 18 pension agents, and some 40,000 of the 52,609 fourth-class postmasters. Within three years from his inauguration the President had replaced not less than 75,000, perhaps 100,000, Republican office-holders by Democrats, considerably impairing the service. But, though roundly denounced as a hypocrite, he

never recanted his profession of devotion to reform, and he faithfully executed the mandatory provisions of the law.

What hurt the President most with reformers was his aid to Senator Gorman, of Maryland, in 1887, seeming to be an effort to acquit himself of the charge, often preferred, that "he was no Democrat." A Democratic authority stated that in Baltimore election after election had been carried by bare-faced fraud; that to stop a ballot in an important ward murder was recognized as a political service; that ballot-boxes were continually looted, and that in one ward nineteen men of criminal record drew pay from the city for their evil activities. Yet Mr. Cleveland's aid and comfort to representative Democratic leaders came too slowly and grudgingly to win their support in return. They thought him meanly obsequious toward Independents, and declared that he was betraying his party. Western Democrats, in particular, were never enthusiastic for Mr. Cleveland, owing partly to his views upon the civil service and partly to his hailing from New York. With them "Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana," had been the magic and drawing part of the ticket. What occurred on Inauguration Day indicated this. As the procession moved along Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol, cheers for the President-elect were at points rather faint, but the appearance of Mr. Hendricks's carriage "was the signal for a prolonged roar that testified to the love and confidence the people felt for him." Many thought that this obvious contrast piqued the President, and ascribed to it a certain lack of cordiality on his part toward the Vice-President, kept up till the latter's death. A month after the inauguration Mr. Hendricks had an interview with the President. On returning to his room at Willard's Hotel he seemed disappointed, and said: "I hoped that Mr. Cleveland would put the Democratic party in power in fact as well as in name, but he does not intend to do it." A Southern Congressman told his Democratic friends: "Gentlemen, we've got a big elephant on our hands. I fear there will be some disappointment about the

offices." Too few Republicans were turned out to suit Democratic workers, yet enough continually to keep up office-seekers' hopes. Those disappointed after long suspense were doubly unforgiving. The President would have done well to remember Machiavelli's precept: "Matters of severity should be finished at one blow, that so they may give the less distaste and be the sooner forgotten."

PAN-ELECTRIC SCANDAL

REPUBLICAN papers made all possible political capital out of the pan-electric "scandal," affecting Attorney-General Garland. One Rogers had received a patent on a telephone which he hoped would rival Bell's. He assigned his rights to Democratic members of Congress, who transferred them to a certain "Pan-Electric Company," receiving stock in return. When the Democratic party came into power the Pan-Electric managers moved the Government to institute suit inquiring into the validity of the Bell patent. Though owning Pan-Electric stock which would rise in value a round million if the Bell patent were annulled, the Attorney-General did not forbid Solicitor-General Goode to attack that patent. This Goode did, though the Interior Department soon took the case off his hands. It was argued that Garland should not have allowed his subordinate to act in the matter, or, at any rate, should have divested himself of all interest in it by disposing of his stock. That he could at worst only *argue* the case and could not *decide* it, and that the court would specially scrutinize his plea as that of an interested party, was by most people forgotten or ignored. A congressional committee exonerated Garland, Goode, and Mr. Lamar, Secretary of the Interior, from all censurable action in the premises.

When Mr. Cleveland took office the pensioning of Union soldiers was too indiscriminate, neither party venturing to advocate an economy of expenditure or a scrutiny of claims by which veterans might suffer. The Treasury surplus presented an irresistible temptation to foolish and pauperizing liberal-

ity. Greedy pension attorneys loved the "swag" which the system offered. Ultra protectionists also connived at it out of a wish to keep the high tariff intact. At that time pension attorneys were given access to soldiers' records in the War Department. Knowing that the record in any case would be appealed to in verifying the claim, they would obtain an old soldier's leave and set up on his behalf a claim for every trouble shown in his record. One attorney issued a circular announcing "Desertion marks quietly removed," the adverb being cancelled in ink. Innumerable fraudulent claims came to the Bureau, too many of them successful. A New England merchant worth \$50,000, who never smelled powder or even served so much as three months, tried for a pension on the ground that his bad health was due to catarrh contracted in the army. An application was actually received at the Bureau for injury by the chin of a comrade "while drilling on the ice near Brattleboro, Vt." A wagoner who had lost his leg tumbling off a wagon when drunk obtained a pension. In several cases men who escaped service by shooting away their fingers got pensions for this disability.

PENSION EXTRAVAGANCE

To relieve those whom for any reason the Bureau had denied, thousands of private bills were passed. The House of Representatives usually devoted one meeting each week to the passage of these personal bills, only a handful, far less than a quorum, being present. Bill after bill became law merely upon the recommendation of the Committee, without recording a vote and without discussion. The Senate was also slack. April 21, 1886, it passed 500 pension bills in two hours. Instead of doubling watchfulness upon special legislation, our bicameral system seemed to halve it; each house shifting upon the other the onus of rejecting unworthy but influential claims; both, as a result, leaving that useful but thankless task to the Executive. Little wonder that many unworthy claimants sought presidential endorsement.

But they did not any longer receive this. While favoring, for the truly worthy, pensions even more bountiful than were then allowed by law, the President insisted, both as a matter of due economy and in justice to loyal and true pensioners, on careful discrimination in making up the pension list. Till Cleveland's time but one pension bill had been rejected by the Executive, but in 1886 he vetoed 101 out of the 747 which passed Congress. The veto-messages were bold and often caustic. It was easy to represent all this as betraying hostility to old wearers of the blue, and Republican organs and orators were not slow to arraign the President thus. But, although many attempts were made to pass pension bills over the veto, only one was successful. Hostility toward the President was immensely intensified when he negatived the Dependent Pension Bill, passed in 1887, which pensioned all dependent veterans who had served three months in the Union army, and also all dependent parents of such. The veto was, however, agreeable to not a few even among the Republicans, who had begun to look with dread upon the rising tide of paternalism in our Government, a tendency which found expression in the Blair Educational Bill, meant to give governmental support to certain State schools all over the South, and in the Texas Seed Bill, to aid needy farmers, passed by the House and Senate, but vetoed by the President.

THE REBEL FLAG ORDER

MORE scathing yet was the condemnation visited upon Mr. Cleveland in consequence of his unfortunate "Rebel Flag" order. Hastily and without authority, he had given permission that the various Confederate flags in possession of the Government might be returned to the Southern States from which they were borne forth. The permission did not take effect, as these flags were public property and could be restored only by act of Congress, but the mischief was done. The rank and file of the Grand Army of the Republic felt outraged, and post after post passed reso-

lutions fiercely denouncing the order, some of them hinting at lack of patriotism in its author. General Butler styled the order, "An attempt to mutilate the archives." Just previous to the national encampment at St. Louis, in 1887, a number of posts in western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Ohio held a camp-fire at Wheeling. A banner had been suspended across the street on the line of their march, bearing the President's portrait with the inscription, "God Bless our President, Commander-in-Chief of Our Army and Navy." Most of the posts refused to pass under, marching through the gutters instead, with colors folded and reversed. The President had accepted an invitation to the St. Louis encampment, but owing to this extreme rancor toward him felt constrained to decline attendance. "I should," he said, "bear with me there the people's highest office, the dignity of which I must protect, and I believe that neither the Grand Army of the Republic as an organization, nor anything like a majority of its members, would ever encourage any scandalous attack upon it. If, however, among the membership of this body there are some, as certainly seems to be the case, determined to denounce me and my official acts, at the National Encampment, I believe that they should be permitted to do so unrestrained by my presence as a guest of their organization, or as a guest of the hospitable city in which their meeting is held."

We have seen that, spite of its little love toward him, Tammany almost unanimously voted for Cleveland. This had the unpleasant effect of leading such as inclined to be severe on him to lay all Tammany's sins at Cleveland's door. And Tammany had not changed. The boodle alderman scandal of 1886 emphasized the fact that the spirit of Tweed still haunted Manhattan Island. Jacob Sharp all but challenges admiration for the persistency of his assault upon the virtue of the New York City government. He secured from the aldermen his first franchise as early as 1851, in that case, too, over the Mayor's veto and in face of an injunction; with the result, however, of sending one al-

derman to jail in addition to the fine which he paid in common with his fellows. From that time Sharp had toiled unremittingly to secure at Albany such legislation as would enable him once more to begin hopeful conflict in New York City. Success waited upon him in 1884, bringing him privileges for which a million dollars had been more than once offered. Charges were preferred against members of the Board of Aldermen for 1884, accusing them of having granted a charter to the Broadway Surface Railroad Company in consideration of \$300,000, divided equally among them. It appeared that thirteen members had combined for the purpose of selling their votes on important enterprises. Twelve of these thrifty gentlemen were formally indicted, of whom three were convicted and sentenced to years of imprisonment with heavy fines. The charter of the road was annulled by the Legislature, and Sharp prosecuted and tried for bribery. He was convicted, but granted a new trial, before the conclusion of which, in the spring of 1888, his health broke down completely and he died. The investigation of this scandal cost \$48,000.

THE SOUTHWESTERN STRIKE

THE year 1886 brought several labor movements which had grave political and social significance. The Texas Pacific Railroad was a bankrupt corporation in the custody of the United States Courts. Its receiver having refused to re-employ a dismissed foreman, the Executive of the Knights of Labor, in March, ordered the employees to quit work. The strike rapidly spread over the entire Gould system in the Southwest, Missouri Pacific employees making common cause with the original strikers. St. Louis was the storm centre. Here violence and terrorism were rife, and the United States troops had to be sent to restore and keep the peace. April 7th and 9th bloody riots occurred, fatal to several and destroying vast amounts of property. A crowd of three or four hundred persons gathered on a bridge near the Louisville

and Nashville Railroad crossing, which was guarded by eight special deputies brought from distant points. Taunts were freely thrown at them, especially at one who was conspicuous on account of his tall figure, surmounted by a shock of red hair. He was counselled to go shoot himself. Instead, he advanced and dragged forth his tormentor, whereupon a tumult ensued, and all the small boys set up a cry of "Rats!" The other deputies, furious, all followed the example of the red-haired one, when he levelled his gun at the crowd. Someone called out, "Don't shoot!" but the response was a volley that felled five men and a woman. Now panic-stricken in their turn, the deputies sought safety in the jail, one in his flight killing still another man. The wrathful populace dispersed to secure arms, and, once more assembling, were about to advance upon the jail. This violence was avoided and many lives saved by the leaders of the Knights of Labor, who hastened to the spot and implored the people to make no unlawful demonstrations. That evening, however, some \$50,000 worth of property was destroyed by incendiarism. Perishable goods spoiled, the St. Louis flour industry was stopped, and the price of provisions greatly increased. When coal rose from \$5.50 to \$40 a ton, factories of all descriptions had to shut down. At last, some agreement being reached, General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights, ordered work resumed; but feeling had become so bitter that in St. Louis his mandate was disobeyed. Martin Irons, head of the St. Louis Knights, assumed the leadership and kept the conflict raging for some time. Congress raised a committee to investigate the strike, and before this, in the course of time, Irons came. He had been born in Scotland in 1832, arriving in America when fourteen. For years he was a rover, but at length settled at Sedalia, Mo., near Jesse James's old camping ground. His ultra policies, much more than his ability, had made him a labor leader. It was "a weak, irresolute, half-cunning, half-frightened face, that he turned toward the committee. He wore a dirty white shirt and a dirty white collar held in its place by a brass stud. An imitation diamond relieved

the discolored area of his shirt-front, and a heavy brass watch-chain dangled from his unbuttoned vest. His first act after taking his seat was to draw a spittoon toward him and take a huge quid of tobacco, which he chewed heavily while he listened to Chairman Curtin's opening address to him." Irons and many more were examined. It was the old story: hot heads of a lax labor organization making rash demands; stiff capitalists readier to die than yield a point. The strike worse than failed of its purpose, at least of its immediate purpose. It is estimated that the strikers lost \$900,000 in wages, and non-striking employees deprived of work not less than \$500,000. The Missouri Pacific lost nearly \$3,000,000.

CHICAGO ANARCHISTS

SERIOUS as was this disturbance, it was temporarily forgotten in the more sombre event which occurred in Chicago on the very evening when the South-western strike terminated. Chicago labor organizations had recently started a movement to secure the adoption of an eight-hour labor day. Forty thousand workmen struck to enforce the demand, in efforts to withstand which some workmen had been shot by police and by Pinkerton detectives. On the evening of May 3d was announced a public indignation meeting for next day in Haymarket Square, which "good speakers" would address. On Tuesday some 1,400 workmen assembled. Most of the addresses were comparatively mild in tone, but about ten o'clock, after the Mayor had gone and part of the audience dispersed, Samuel Fielden gave utterance to vehement incendiary remarks: "John Brown, Jefferson, Washington, Patrick Henry, and Hopkins said to the people: 'The law is your enemy. We are rebels against it.' The skirmish lines have met. The people have been shot. You have been robbed, and you will be starved into a worse condition." At this point a body of 180 policemen marched up. Halting within a few feet of the wagon Captain Ward said: "I command you, in the name of the People of the State of Illinois, to immediately and peaceably disperse." Fielden said: "We

are peaceable." He was arrested. As the police were carrying him off a gleaming missile was seen to curve in the air and fall among them. A deafening explosion ensued, and a third of their number fell writhing, seven being fatally wounded. "Fall in; close up!" The officers still on their feet obeyed instantly, and, not knowing the extent of the disaster or whether the cowardly attack would be repeated, dashed against the mob, of whom over fifty fell, the rest fleeing. Such magnificent courage in the presence of a sudden, mysterious, and horrible danger, of a nature specially calculated to breed panic, won for the Chicago police force admiration at home and abroad. Army-disciplined *gendarmes* or regular troops could have behaved no better. The Chicago people have done well to commemorate the deed with a monument.

A storm of wrath fell upon the Anarchists, who had thus for the first time tried their methods in America. The actual thrower of the bomb was probably Rudolph Schnaubelt; but by shaving off his beard immediately after the event he avoided identification, though twice arrested, and finally escaped to unknown parts. Excitement was increased by the discovery in Cincinnati of Anarchists to the number of 600, organized and armed with rifles. Efforts were redoubled to bring the heads of the Chicago conspiracy to justice. The bomb used was probably the production of Louis Lingg, who all the afternoon before the riot had, with his assistants, been filling bombs similar to the one thrown. Besides Lingg seven other men were indicted, connected with two anarchist sheets, *The Alarm*, Albert R. Parsons's paper, and the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, conducted by Augustus Spies. An extract from the *Alarm* of February 21, 1885, runs as follows: "DYNAMITE! Of all the good stuff, this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe (gas or water pipe), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate neighborhood of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other people's brow, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will fol-

low. The dear stuff can be carried around in the pocket without danger, while it is a formidable weapon against any force of militia, police, or detectives that may want to stifle the cry for justice that goes forth from the plundered slaves. A pound of this good stuff beats a bushel of ballots all hollow, and don't you forget it." When this passage was read in court the accused seemed greatly amused at the wit of it.

It was mainly upon such extracts from Anarchist papers that the prosecution was based. As accessories before the fact, equally guilty with the unknown principal, having by speech and print advised the commission of murder, Augustus Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg were, on August 20, 1886, sentenced to death. Oscar Neebe was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor. With the approval of Judge Gary and District Attorney Grinnell, Governor Oglesby commuted Schwab's and Fielden's sentence to life imprisonment. Lingg escaped the gallows by suicide, or, as his friends maintained, by murder at the hands of the police, a bomb, his chosen weapon, being exploded in his mouth. Four more bombs were found in his cell. Engel failed in an attempt to kill himself by poison. On November 11, 1887, Engel, Parsons, Fischer, and Spies were hanged, remaining defiant to the last. Their bodies were buried two days later. A procession of Anarchists followed them to the grave, singing the Marseillaise and disporting red ribbons.

There were people of intelligence, standing, patriotism, and high courage who, then and later, differed from the prevailing opinion touching the proper method for dealing with the convicted. Some believed that Anarchy would be more effectively discouraged by mildness than by severity; others thought that all the condemned, though guilty, were proper objects of executive clemency; still others were convinced that the seven were unjustly convicted. Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago, Mr. Howells, and many others strongly favored clemency. Even Judge Gary, who pre-

sided at the trial, wrote: "In copying these fierce denunciations, these recitals of alleged tyranny and oppression, these seemingly pitying descriptions of the hardships and wrongs of the humble and the poor, written with apparent sincerity and real intellectual ability, I have occasionally lost sight of the atrocity of the advice given by the Anarchists, and felt a sort of sympathy with the rioters who would have praised my assassination as a virtuous act." Mr. Black, of the counsel for the defence, was deeply touched by what he considered the wrongs of his clients. Speaking at the graves of the executed, he confessed that he "loved these men" when he came to know "of their love for the people, of their patience, gentleness, and courage."

Between eight and nine years after the Haymarket riot, Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, pardoned the three Anarchists still in the penitentiary, thus bringing upon himself unmeasured and lasting condemnation, increased by the fact that he chose for his act the day of the dedication of a monument to the dead Anarchists. His Excellency declared that the pardon was not mercy, for which there was no place, but tardy justice. He insisted that the men had not been legally convicted. Their conviction proceeded solely upon the ground that they had generally, by speech and print, advised classes, not particular individuals, to commit murder, and that, in consequence of such advice *somebody not known* threw the bomb. There was no evidence that any of the accused threw it, or that the one doing so, whoever he was, ever read or heard a word that proceeded from the mouth or pen of any of the accused. Governor Altgeld was thought by many to have established that the jury was prejudiced, and that their admission to the panel, as also the principle upon which conviction was had, was a legal novelty. He charged that the jury was packed, and the judge not judicial in conducting the trial or in delivering sentence. He suggested that the murder was not upon the seditious advice of those obscure Anarchist sheets, but was an act of personal retaliation for some of the several instances of police

or Pinkerton shooting and brutality which he alleged.

In 1886, labor strife stirred New York City as well as Chicago. Here, in June, Johann Most and three other Anarchists were convicted of inciting to riot and imprisoned. Several members of labor unions were also sentenced for boycotting. The same year Henry George ran as Labor Candidate for the office of mayor, polling nearly seventy thousand votes. In this campaign the foreign element for once deserted Tammany. To stem such adverse tide the braves nominated Abram S. Hewitt, a gentleman of courage, ability, and integrity. It thus came to pass that one of the best mayors New York ever had, was the official choice of Tammany Hall. Never previously had he been in even ostensible alliance with that body, and he has not been so since. Indeed, he was one of the famous 1894 Committee of Seventy, of whose work the reader will learn later.

REVENUE REFORM AGITATION

THE tariff problem was little discussed in the campaign of 1884. The platform on which Cleveland was elected did not speak strongly regarding it, and the Republicans had then by no means agreed upon the extreme form of protection embodied in the McKinley Act of 1890. When elected, Cleveland had no definite purpose concerning this subject, but the condition of the Treasury, present and prospective, soon drew his thoughts thereto. This History has already remarked that the Government's inability to pay its four-and-a-half per cent. bonds before 1891, or its fours before 1907 was unfortunate, and that the threes of 1882 were happily made payable at the Government's option. A call for the last of these was issued on May 20, 1887, interest to cease on the next July 1st. After this time no bonds were subject to par payment at the Government's discretion, and surplus piled up ominously. December 1, 1887, after every possible Government obligation had been provided for, \$55,258,701 remained—a sum increased

by the end of that fiscal year, June 30, 1888, notwithstanding considerable purchases of long-term bonds at high rates, to \$103,220,464. There was no method at once legal and economical for paying this out. The Secretary could of course buy long bonds in the open market, and during 1888 he to some extent did so; but, obviously, if entered upon in a large way, this course must carry up the price of those bonds considerably. The President could not but foresee that the question, how to keep the money of the country from becoming locked up in the Treasury and sub-treasuries of the United States, was destined to be grave.

In his message to Congress in December, 1885, he said: "The fact that our revenues are in excess of the actual needs of an economical administration of the Government, justifies a reduction in the amount exacted from the people for its support. . . . The proposition with which we have to deal is the reduction of the revenue by the Government, and indirectly paid by the people, for customs duties. The question of free trade is not involved. . . . Justice and fairness dictate that in any modification of our present laws relating to revenue, the industries and interests which have been encouraged by such laws, and in which our citizens have large investments, should not be ruthlessly injured or destroyed. We should also deal with the subject in such a manner as to protect the interests of American labor. . . . Within these limitations a certain reduction should be made in our customs revenue. . . . I think the reduction should be made in the revenue derived from a tax upon the imported necessities of life."

The Forty-ninth Congress did nothing to carry out these suggestions, but the Morrison and the Randall bill, reported and discussed in the House, revealed among the Democrats a rapidly strengthening current of sentiment for lower duties. The President's convictions meantime became more pronounced. In his bold and candid message of 1887, he said, referring to the Treasury situation: "It is a condition which confronts us—not a theory.

. . . The question of free trade is absolutely irrelevant, and the persistent claim made in some quarters that all efforts to relieve the people from unjust and unnecessary taxation are schemes of so-called Free-Traders, is mischievous and far removed from any consideration of the public good. The simple and plain duty which we owe to the people, is to reduce taxation to the necessary expenses of an economical operation of the Government, and restore to the business of the country the money which we hold in the treasury through the perversion of governmental powers."

This message recommended the taxing of luxuries, the free-listing of raw wool, the radical reduction of duties on all raw materials, and the lowering or total abrogation of the tariff on necessities. On the convening of the Fiftieth Congress, surplus revenue being more and more a menace, the House felt forced to attempt a reduction of the Government's income. The Mills Bill resulted, hotly denounced and violently opposed by the Republicans as a Free-Trade measure. It was far from being this, though many of the arguments adduced in support of it would have been equally valid against all protection. The bill passed the House, 169 to 149. In the Senate a Republican substitute was reported but never pushed.

PRESENTATION OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

WE pass from domestic affairs to a pleasant event of international interest. June 19, 1885, the New York Aldermanic Chamber, late witness of the presidential count, might have been seen tricked out with our red, white, and blue, and with the French tri-color, to welcome the bringers of Bartholdi's statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, presented by Frenchmen to the people of America. M. Bartholdi had conceived this enterprise before the Second Empire fell. Obeying a hint of M. Labouleye touching American love for Lafayette, he wished that French and American effort might erect a monument typical at once of

American independence and of liberty itself. Soon after the re-establishment of the Republic, a French-American Union was formed in France to realize this idea. Bartholdi's plan being approved, a popular subscription from 100,000 Frenchmen brought in more than \$200,000, the cost of the statue, to which Americans added \$300,000 for base and pedestal. The United States set apart as the site of the statue Bedloe's Island, now Liberty Island, in New York Harbor, occupied since early in the century by the star fort which forms so suitable a part of the base beneath the statue. Upon the soil of the island was laid a solid block of concrete, the largest in the world, 90 feet square at the bottom, 65 at the top, and 52 feet high, and this was surrounded by a concrete arch covered with turf. Above rose the masonry of the pedestal proper, with huge, rough-hewn quoins.

The work of art was formally made over to our Minister in Paris on July 4th. When the *Isère*, bearing it, approached our shores, Senator Evarts, chairman of the Pedestal Committee, Mayor Grace, the French consuls of New York and Chicago, with many invited guests, steamed down to meet her. The naval progress up the harbor was led by the *Despatch* with Secretary Whitney on board. Other American men-of-war followed, behind them the French frigate *Flore*, and then the *Isère*, with an American vessel on each side. Over a hundred excursion boats, big and little, sail and steam, brought up the rear. Clouds of smoke and incessant thunder from the forts reminded one of the Yorktown celebration. This noise gave place to a bedlam of shrill steam whistles when the fleet reached Bedloe's Island. Here the American Committee and their French guests landed, while French choral societies of three hundred voices sang the *Marseillaise* and *Hail Columbia*. All then crossed to the Battery, whence a grand procession moved to City Hall. Three regiments of the New York State Guard, sixteen hundred strong, mounted policemen, delegations from the Chamber of Commerce and other New York bodies, prominent residents, the alder-

men, with Admiral Lacombe, Captain De Saune, and other guests of honor, were formally of the procession, while thousands upon thousands of on-lookers moved as it moved. Roofs and windows along the line were densely filled. In the Governor's room at City Hall a lunch was served to the guests. Over the old-fashioned desk once used by Washington was his full-length portrait, *vis-à-vis* with that of Lafayette. The table bore a model of the *Isère*, of the statue on its pedestal, and an emblematic figure of France, wearing a tricolor cap and bearing a French flag. At the formal reception, in the chambers, a number of addresses were made.

The goddess was not unveiled till October 28, 1886. When in place she stood 151 feet high, the tip of her torch extending 305 feet above low water. Her weight was 440,000 pounds. Beside her the Colossus of Rhodes would seem a good-sized boy. The statue's only rivals in size are certain figures in India cut from the living rock, but they are hardly works of art or of engineering. The frame consists of four heavy corner posts, joined by horizontal and diagonal braces. The contour is approximated by similarly braced struts, with a flying truss to support the arm. The cuticle is of copper plates, 3-32 inches thick, strengthened by iron strips on the inside.

In contrast to the bright June day of her arrival, the day for the unveiling was chilly and drizzling, with mud in the streets and mist over the harbor. President Cleveland and his Cabinet, from a shelterless platform at Madison Square, reviewed a procession twenty thousand strong, as it marched to the Battery. The sidewalks were packed with humanity in two solid columns. Simultaneously with this pageant a grand naval parade of nearly three hundred vessels, led by French and American men-of-war, wended toward Bedloe's Island, where at last, though with face still hidden, stood the goddess, beautiful indeed. Afternoon saw the island crowded with distinguished guests. The head of the French Cabinet, the Minister of Public Instruction, members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and the vice-president

of the Paris municipal council, were of the number. Comte de Lesseps spoke for France, when Senator Evarts, in a more extended address, delivered the statue to the President as representing the people. When M. Bartholdi removed the veil cannon roared on every side. President Cleveland in a few words accepted the gift. Addresses by M. Lefèvre and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew followed. Unfortunately the weather prevented the intended pyrotechnic display in the evening, though the harbor craft were all illuminated.

THE FISHERIES DISPUTE

WHILE these happy events cemented the old good-will between us and the French Republic, our relations with England were in danger of being strained over the inveterate Fisheries Dispute, which had come down from the very birthday of the nation. On July 1, 1885, the fishery clauses of the Treaty of Washington ceased to be operative. Canadian salt fish was now taxed by us, who, on the other hand, found, to our sorrow, the cruel provisions of the 1818 Treaty again legally binding, and the Canadian authorities bent on their strict construction and enforcement. Our citizens could not now fish "within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, and harbors of her Britannic Majesty's dominion in North America." In determining this limit England "measured from the headlands or extreme points of land at the entrance of bays or indents of the coast," forbidding Americans to fish in such bays even if more than three miles from shore. American vessels could not enter Canadian ports for bait. During the season of 1886 thirty-two of our vessels were detained at Canadian ports, some of them under most aggravating circumstances, though but two were condemned. Crews were refused water, on the ground that they had not conformed to certain port or customs regulations. For weeks the dispute greatly excited our country. Threats of war with Canada were uttered, and careful estimates made of the force we could throw across our northern border in case of need. In

May, Congress placed in the President's hands power to suspend commercial intercourse between ourselves and Canada. Later a bill was introduced in the House cutting off all commercial relations with Canada by land or water. The Senate advanced a more moderate proposition, to limit the proposed arrest of traffic to water commerce and to Canadian vessels, also to leave its enforcement optional with the President. This became law on March 3, 1887. Under this legislation the President, on being assured that fishing-masters or crews were treated in Canadian ports any less favorably than masters or crews of trading vessels from the most favored nations, could, "in his discretion, by proclamation to that effect, deny vessels, their masters and crews, of the British dominions of North America any entrance into the waters, ports, or places of or within the United States."

The President did not think best at once to use this fearful power, likely enough to lead to war. He preferred to make another attempt at a peaceful settlement through a new treaty. This had constantly been the wish of the British Government. Accordingly, late in 1887, a joint commission, consisting of Secretary Bayard, President Angell, of Michigan University, and Hon. William L. Putnam, of Maine, on the part of the United States, and of Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Charles Tupper, of Canada, and Sir Lionel West, the British Minister, on the part of Great Britain, met at Washington. The commission toiled nearly all winter, and passed to the President the result of its deliberations on February 16, 1888. The treaty which it drafted was necessarily a compromise. Canada thought the British commissioners had yielded too much; many in the United States believed our commissioners to have done the same. The document, approved by the President, went to the Senate, where, after long debate, it was refused ratification, August 21st.

The commission had agreed upon a *modus vivendi*, to hold good, unless revoked by the Governor-General and Council of Canada, till February, 1890, under which our fishermen might ob-

tain in Canadian ports, on payment of a license, the privileges of merchantmen. Many such licenses were taken out during the season of 1888. Most of the fishing-masters, however, did not seek licenses and were averse to the new treaty, preferring the terms of 1818 to granting their rivals any further rights in our markets. Fresh fish, including frozen and slack-salted, was already free in our ports, competing sharply with our own catch. No one longer cared to fish inside, or, except in emergencies, to provision at Canadian towns.

Convenient as would be the power to obtain bait near the fishing-grounds and to transship fish home in bond, neither was indispensable. Cod are still caught with trawls and baited hooks. The best bait is squid, whose abundance upon the banks is what causes the cod so to frequent them. The squid can be had freshest as well as cheapest from the peasantry of the Newfoundland and Nova Scotia coasts; but clams carried from home were found to do nearly as well.

Accordingly, few collisions occurred in 1888, and as the season of that year closed there was a prospect that, even without a new convention, no necessity for American retaliation would arise.

Besides the northeastern fisheries imbroglio, the seal fisheries of the North-

west gave trouble. The occasion was the Treasury Department's attempt in 1886 to treat Behring Sea as a *mare clausum*, assuming that the United States had jurisdiction over it all, whereas British sealers claimed the right to hunt seals wherever they pleased if over three miles from land. In 1886 the British schooners *Carolina*, *Onward*, and *Thornton*, though beyond the three-mile limit, were seized, taken to Sitka, condemned, their skins confiscated, and their masters fined. The British Government demanded the release of the prisoners and vessels and an indemnity of \$160,000. The release was ordered by President Cleveland in January, 1887, though the order was not immediately executed. In the summer of 1887 other British vessels, together with American seal-poachers, were taken from thirty to seventy miles from land. On August 19, 1887, Secretary Bayard sent circular letters to the United States ministers in England, France, Germany, Japan, Russia, and Sweden, directing representations to be made to these governments that action was desirable for the better protection of the seals in Behring Sea. All the powers appealed to, except Sweden, began conference with the United States in the interest named, and for the present no more British vessels were seized.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

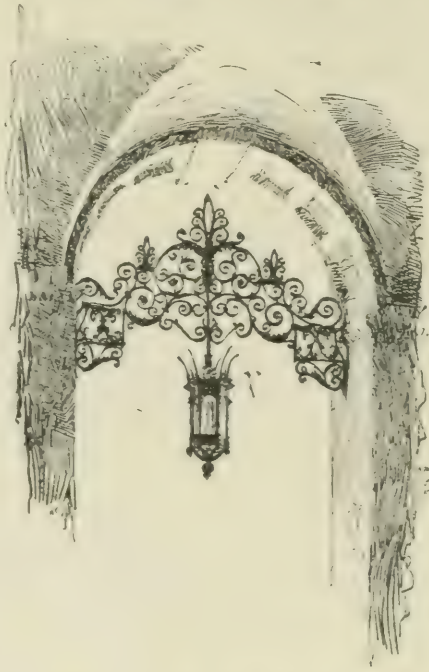
By T. R. Sullivan

WHEN one turns from Clarendon Street or Boylston Street toward Boston's new Public Library building it is difficult at first to realize its capacity to contain a million and a quarter of volumes. Across the open space of Copley Square the dark roof-tiles and their cresting stand out against the sky, so far detached from the neighboring roofs and towers that none among them will serve the eye as a gauge of measurement. A glance shows the architectural style to be that technically known as Italian Renaissance, but at this distance an extreme sim-

plicity of outline makes the dominant impression. Upon a nearer approach, however, the dimensions begin to assert themselves with monumental force and dignity. The walls are of granite, peculiarly warm in tone, faintly tinged with rose-color; and the ornamental details, coming out little by little, are seen to be not only in perfect harmony with the design of the building and its use, but also interesting in themselves, as well as of great beauty; until, long before reaching the doors, one stops instinctively to study them.

Just over the bust of Pallas, carved

upon the keystone of the central arch, is the library seal in white marble relief of heroic size, designed and executed by Augustus St. Gaudens. The shield has for device an open book with the motto "Lux Omnium Civium," and it is supported by two boyish figures holding lighted torches. The sculptor of the Farragut and the Lincoln has surpassed himself in these supporting torch-bearers, strongly original in their treatment, faultlessly modelled with indescribable grace and delicacy. Flanking this work are the city and State seals, from the same hand, upborne by plunging dolphins. And to right and left along the front, continued also in the side façades, stretches away a double line of tablets bearing their host of noble names cut deep into the granite—a fitting memorial to the gods and heroes of the temple inscribed upon its outer walls. Above this level rise the high-arched windows of the principal reading-room, and between the arches is a series of stone medallions faithfully reproducing the emblems of famous printers from the earliest times to our own day. These printers' marks, full of suggestion, prove admirably decorative. Here are the dolphin and anchor of Aldus, Elzevir's sage, Caxton's cipher, old Thomas Woodcock's chanticleer, praising the Lord "in full-throated ease;" and among modern devices the Riverside rising sun and Pandean piper stand pleasantly conspicuous. Higher still, in letters so large that it seems as if the world might read them, a broad band of inscription states the fact that the library was built by the people and dedicated to the advancement of learning. The heavy stone cornice is relieved by carved ornament which accentuates the lines with due regard for light and shadow; and the bronze-work surmounting it repeats in little the marble dolphins of the seals. These details



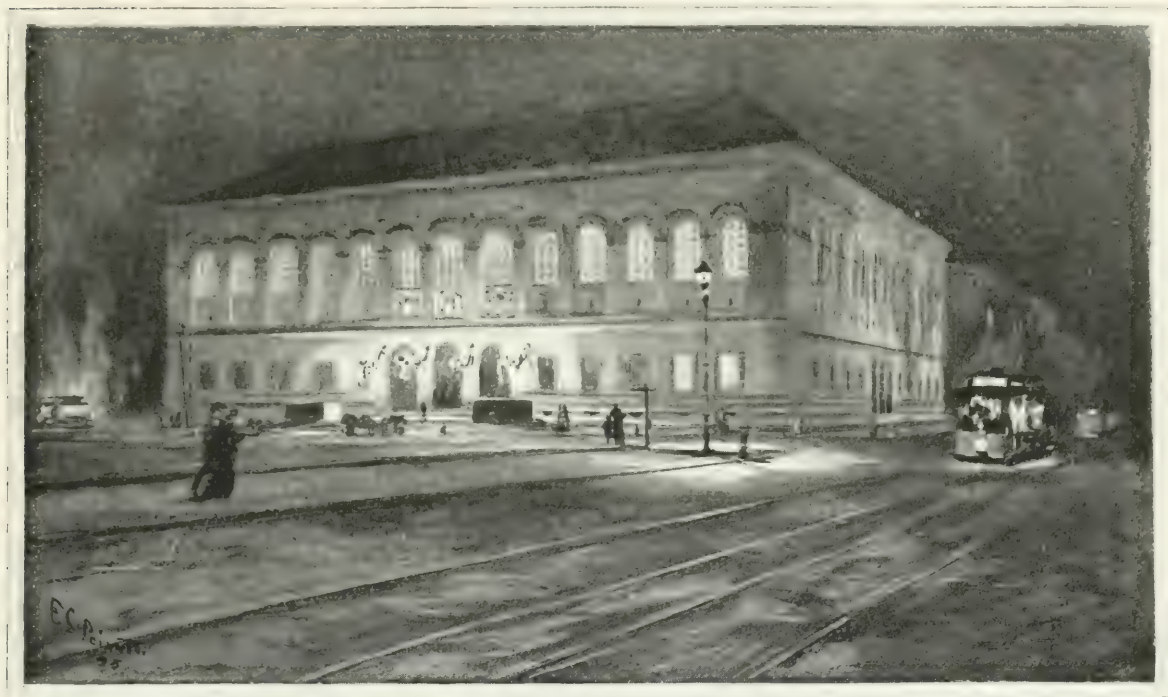
help the eye to determine the scale of the building, and only those who have followed its growth day by day can be aware how carefully all were considered in their relation to the general effect; how models were made, tested, and destroyed; how new ones were set up only for new rejection; the very stones, afterward, being cut and recut, until the zealous ardor that combined them seemed to have something mediæval in its constancy. The architects, McKim, Mead & White, should follow a good French fashion and sign their work. That trifling honor is not only accorded to the painter or the sculptor, but demanded of him. Architecture like this is a fine art. Why should the hand and brain excelling in it be denied the poor privilege of a name which those who come after us may read?

The building stands upon a broad platform of granite six steps in height, and the huge blocks on either side are vacant pedestals for groups of sculpture upon which St. Gaudens is now engaged. Passing between them, under clustered lamps suggesting the early Florentine *fanali*, we cross an arched vestibule of Tennessee marble to its inner threshold, where the doors, not yet in place, are to be of bronze from a design by Daniel Chester

French. Another step brings us to the lower entrance-hall.

This hall is divided into three aisles by piers of Iowa stone. The signs of the zodiac gleam from the marble pavement in shining brass, and the ceiling, arched and domed, is adorned with mosaic of delicate tints and graceful patterns.

This modern Italian work, unique of its kind in America, recalls the Pompeian fragments in the Naples museum, and is used as a setting for the names of men linked by birth or later fortunes with the State of Massachusetts, though



The Library at Night.

the fame surviving them is world-wide. The bays of the centre aisle are given to Hawthorne, Franklin, Longfellow, Adams, Peirce, and Emerson; while the six small domes in the side-vaults record eminent local historians, jurists, theologians, artists, scientists, and statesmen, numbering twenty-four in all. The fitness of this record is at once apparent. All these established a claim "rightly to be great;" all have passed away from earth, and are now honored with a lasting remembrance in the outer precincts of this great Valhalla of Learning.

Intersecting passages lead from the side aisles to the Periodical and Catalogue Rooms, which occupy the remainder of the front upon the ground floor. These spacious, airy rooms, with tiled and vaulted ceilings supported by columns, are well adapted to their purpose. But a flood of light draws us by them along the main aisle to the beautiful arch of Siena marble through which the staircase springs.

A great hall opens up before us to the full height of the second story, lined throughout with the same Siena marble, in color a deep golden yellow, so lustrous and resplendent that the light streaming through the long windows seems to proceed from it. Mould-

ing and wainscot, panel-arch, pilaster, and balustrade are all of this rich material, highly polished, massed in broad, plane surfaces, in solid pillar-shaft and in carved Corinthian capital. But the scheme has been worked out so skillfully that there is no suggestion of heaviness. Even the colossal couchant lions of Louis St. Gaudens on the first landing look ready to leap up lightly. These lions were given by two Massachusetts regiments in memory of comrades who fell in the battles recorded upon their pedestals. As we turn by them to follow either of the two branches into which the stairs divide, the whole place seems steeped in sunshine, and the library motto, "*Lux Omnium Civium*," is borne in upon our minds at every step that brings us nearer to the light's true source. The vacant panels here are to contain decorations of the French artist, Puvis de Chavannes. With all complete this glowing stairway will be, surely, one of the finest in the world.

The stairs have brought us to a wide gallery upon the main floor of the building. We are now on a level with the windows under which we passed, and leaning over the marble rail can look back across the intervening hall into the open court beyond,



The First Landing of the Main Staircase.

toward the huge clock-face on its farther side. This is the stranger's point of view unquestionably, and it may be doubted if even the most studious frequenter of the library will ever proceed to his work without lingering a moment here. The decorations of the gallery-wall which closes in the staircase have likewise been entrusted to the famous Frenchman. This portion of his work, already finished, has lately been exhibited in Paris; and, most happily, he has chosen for its subject the Muses acclaiming Genius, the Messenger of Light. The central door, between the panels, is the principal entrance to Bates Hall; while at either end the gallery expands into a small vaulted corridor. That on the right leading to the Delivery Room door, above which stands a winged Venetian lion of early date, is brilliantly decorated by Elmer E. Garnsey, who also supplied the paler tints for the raised staff-work in the staircase and Bates Hall ceilings.

Here the style is Pompeian, with a deep-red ground-work and elaborate borders in lighter colors, similar to those designed by Raphael for the *loggie* of the Vatican. The details, exquisitely drawn, attract the eye at once, and the color scheme is harmonious and pleasing. Passing through this corridor, we stand in what may be called the centre of the whole system—the service-room from which the forces of enlightenment are drawn for home use.

The Delivery Room is a rectangular hall with a high oaken wainscot and ceiling, the latter painted in colors of which the prevailing hues are

blue and green relieved by gold. On one side the wainscot is broken by a porphyry fireplace and by two pillared doorways to Bates Hall. All the main doors on this floor are similarly recessed with a combination of polished marbles, those employed here being porphyry and Levantine. Opposite is a long table over which the books are distributed from an inner room communicating with the stacks. At one end is the card-catalogue, with two or three smaller tables where the applicants may refer to its bound volumes; or, waiting for their names to be called, may study to their hearts' content the chief glory of the room—The Quest of the Holy Grail—in a series of pictures filling the wall-space above the wainscot. The finished half of Abbey's great work has been often described. Speaking in general terms, one need only say now that repeated inspection fully warrants the praise bestowed upon it. The subject was singularly well se-



THE MAIN STAIRCASE, LOOKING DOWN.

The Monumental Lions Designed by Louis St. Gaudens were given by two Massachusetts Regiments in Memory of Comrades who Fell in the Battles Recorded upon their Pedestals.

lected for its place and purpose. This is a story that all may understand: the eyes of young and old alike follow with ever-increasing interest the youthful Galahad to the Seat Perilous, and go forth with him upon his holy mission into the mysterious, enchanted castle of Amfortas. The great hall of

the Round Table with its thronged knights and encircling angel-host is a wonder of composition, toward which one turns again and again to admire it as a whole or to consider individual figures. The scene is nobly dramatic, the treatment masterly. A more suggestive and inspiring theme than this



THE READING-ROOM, "BATES HALL."



GALLERY OF THE STAIRCASE HALL ON THE MAIN FLOOR.

The Decoration on the Right by Puvis de Chavannes.

for such a waiting-room could scarcely be conceived. We leave it reluctantly, with a feeling of gratitude for the earnest toil and the thoroughness of research by which so much has been accomplished, and with an impatient longing for that half of the story still to be told.

Returning to the gallery, we enter Bates Hall by the central door, at a point where its fine proportions make immediately their full effect. It is two

hundred and eighteen feet in length, forty-two feet wide, and fifty feet high. The ceiling is an elliptical arch, with half-domed ends, and the rich mouldings of its coffers are accentuated by delicate shades of color—ivory and pale green. The cornice bears the names of famous men from Homer to Newton in golden letters. Dark marbles encase the stately doorways; but the walls are of sandstone, and their gray tone, which is the predominant

one, unrelieved by any striking ornament, seems at first severe in its simplicity. There is nothing which catches the eye at any single point; but, sitting down to read, one soon perceives this to be intentional, and discovers that these quiet, well-subdued surroundings are most appropriate to the uses of the place. The light is superb, yet there is no glare, no obtrusive detail to distract the mind. This is the reference reading-room of the library, and its seven thousand volumes are free to all who care to take them down, without the intervention of an attendant. At the southern end, always open for con-

sultation, is the card-catalogue of all the books contained in the building; any one of these will be furnished upon application, and brought from the main library to the designated table at a few moments' notice. There is room for hundreds of readers to sit here from early morning to a late hour of the night in undisturbed pursuit of knowledge. Those who have tried to work in the overcrowded libraries of Europe, hampered by annoying restrictions and wearisome delays, will fully comprehend the blessing which such freedom brings. The humblest creature that ever learned to read and write



THE DELIVERY-ROOM, WITH THE ABBEY FRIEZE: "THE SEARCH FOR THE HOLY GRAIL."



"The Religions of the World."

THE SARGENT DECORATION IN THE STAIRCASE HALL ON THE SECOND FLOOR.

has but himself to blame if he yields supinely to the darkness of ignorance in the face of advantages like these.

The vaulted corridor on the left of the staircase-gallery, larger than the right-

hand one, is lighted by a window overlooking the court. As in the former case, the door is surmounted by an old Venetian lion; and the decorations of walls and ceiling, by Joseph Lindon



The Main Entrance on Copley Square.

Smith, in the style of the Renaissance, symbolize the golden age of Venice. The "white swan of cities," embodied in a graceful female figure, sits enshrined above the window between a kneeling Saint Theodore and a genius of the Adriatic, against a background of mountain and lagoon. The side niches record her artistic triumphs in colors emblematic of the sea and sky. A fleet of ships circles in the central vault, and the walls are hung with those heavy garlands of fruit, woven to this day in Venice for the Redentore feast. An inner alcove, brilliant with gold, silver, and peacock blues and greens, commemorates the Eastern conquests of the Planter of the Lion. Here the emblems and devices, chosen from her crumbling palace-walls, are all Byzantine. Viewed from the centre of the gallery, these Pompeian

and Renaissance corridors, opening out on either hand, present agreeable vistas of color, and their details demand close and careful study. The hanging lanterns in them are modern reproductions of an old design made in Venice.

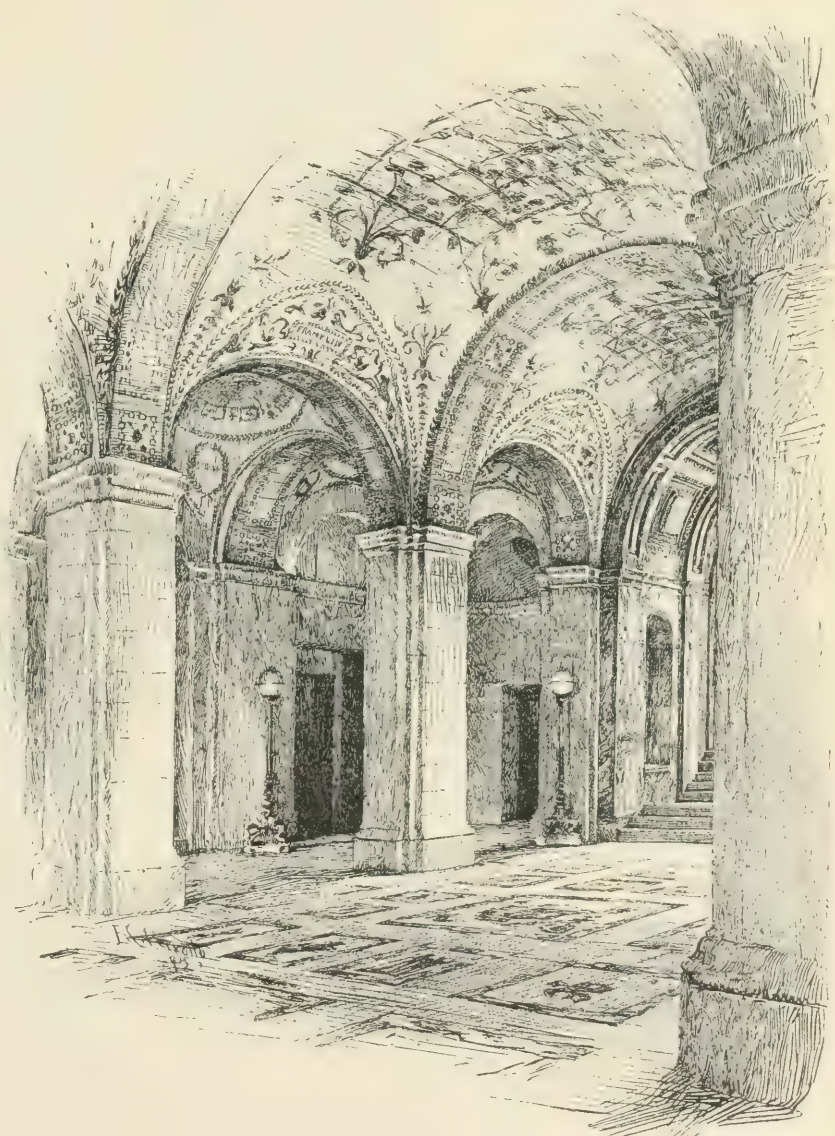
Beyond the Venetian corridor follow in order three large halls, designated respectively as the Registration, Patent, and Newspaper Rooms. Mr. John Elliott has been chosen to decorate the Patent Room, and is already at work upon it; the other decorations are not yet assigned. From the Byzantine alcove, just mentioned, a staircase ascends to the third story; and the door on the first landing leads into a stone balcony, overhanging Bates Hall above its main entrance in the centre of the western wall. At this point a fine view may be obtained, not only of the hall itself and

its silent company of readers, but also through the great façade windows, out across the open square, where the Romanesque towers of Trinity Church rise grandly in the distance. All the stir and hubbub of the city are shut out. Standing in this clear light, one is doubly impressed by the fitness of the place for study, and the voice sinks with a natural impulse to a whisper, lest, through inadvertence, the study should be interrupted.

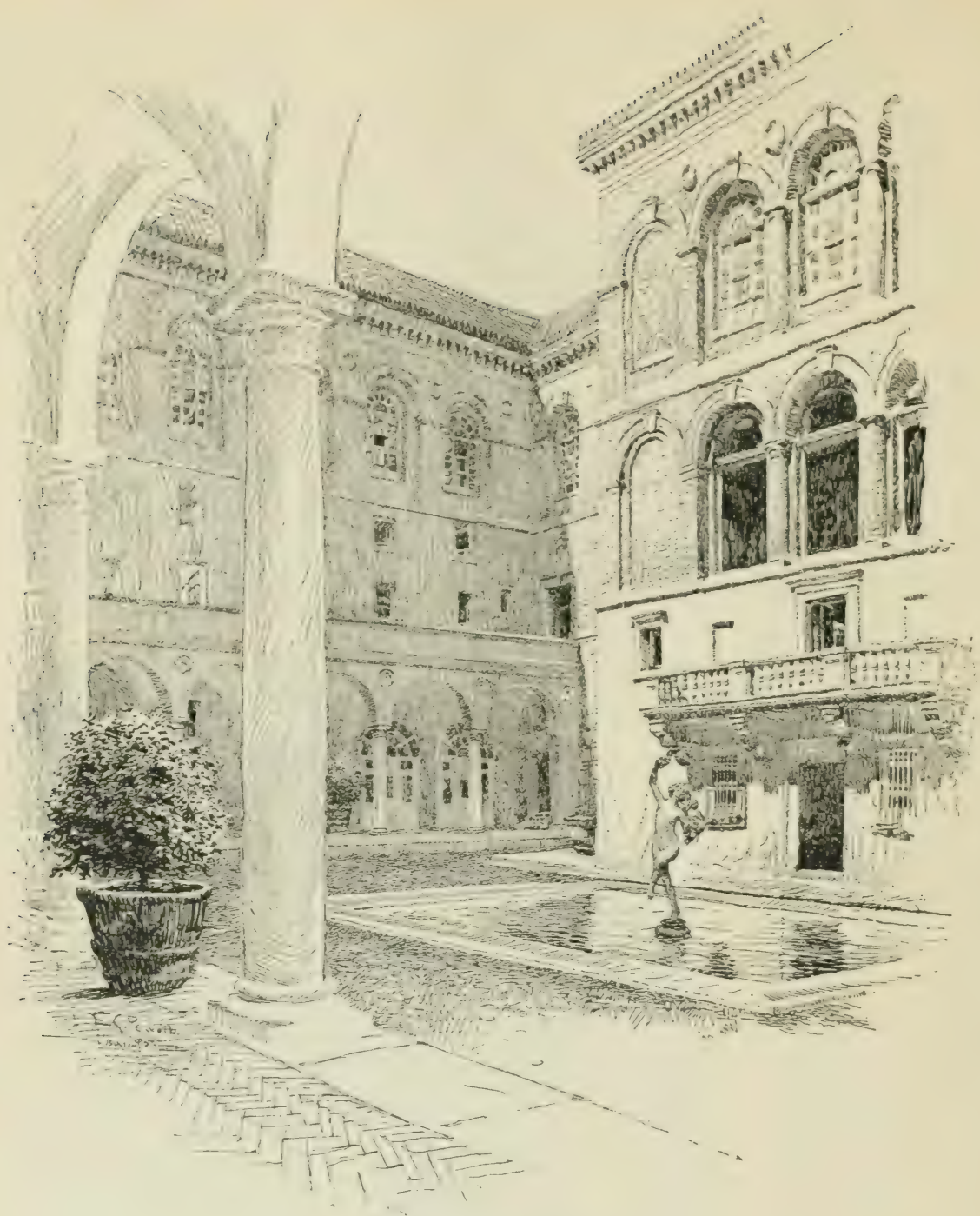
The staircase brings us out upon the third floor, which is entered by a corridor leading to the special libraries. This is a vaulted hall, wide and lofty, without windows, but well lighted from above. The arched ends, deeply recessed, are destined for Sargent's decorations illustrating the world's religious history. The north end only is finished, and we turn toward it to be overwhelmed by the splendor of its color, before our first attempt to grasp the full force of the painter's conception. Upon drawing nearer we observe that the space is divided into three parts—a lunette, an arched ceiling, and a frieze—treated separately, yet interdependent. The central foreground of the lunette is filled by a group of Israelites pleading for release from the rod of Egypt and the yoke of Assyria, whose mighty figures trample upon the slain and threaten the living with uplifted arms. On either side are the royal attributes and idols of oppression—Pasht, the cat-headed goddess, the ibis

of the Nile, the Assyrian lion. The crimson wings of seraphs flame through all the background, and the hand of Jehovah issues from a cloud, checking the sword in its downward stroke. Red and gold are used freely, their illuminating effect being heightened by the sombre gray of the accessories. The kneeling group in bondage is splendidly composed, and the fierce Assyrian tyrant is drawn with extraordinary power and skill.

The arched ceiling before the lunette displays a confusion of pagan beliefs and symbols, combined with startling originality. Above and behind, dimly discernible, but dominating them all, appears the Vault of Heaven goddess, Nut, as suggested in certain of the Egyptian temples, a colossal blue-black figure, curved along the firmament with



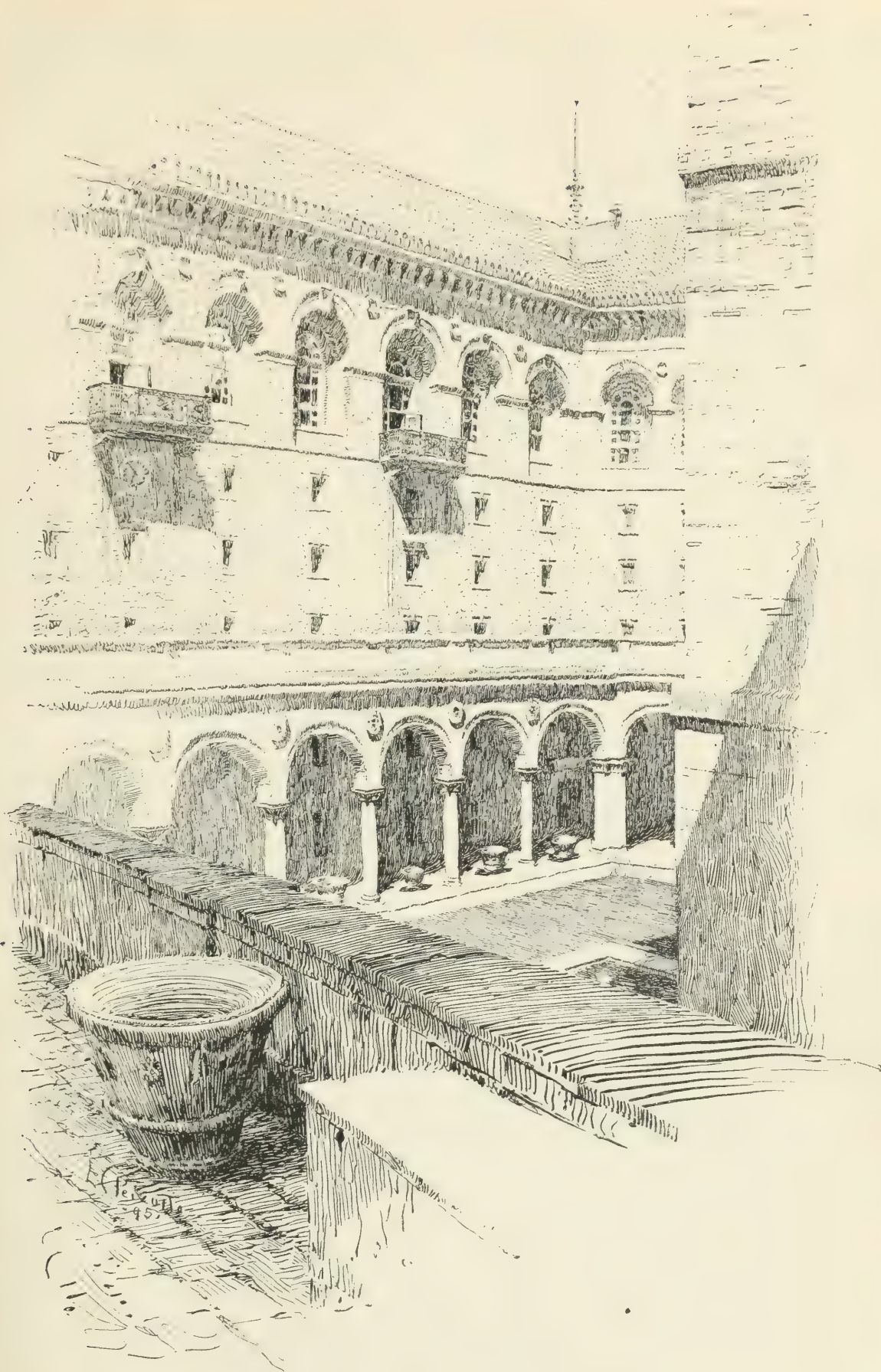
In the Vestibule.



The Courtyard and Fountain.

hands and feet stretching downward to the earth. The signs of the zodiac in a golden circle surround her breast-plate of the stars. In the higher foreground, Tammuz, the Phœnician Apollo, attacks the python, figuring both as the slayer and the slain in their deadly conflict, according to a myth of the recurrent seasons; lower down, on the right, rises the jewelled presence of Astarte, the moon-goddess, attended by her votaries and enveloped in her pale-blue web of Death. She stands upon a

crescent, with a cobra coiled at her feet. Upon the left sits the idol Moloch, the Sun-god and Devourer, in a blazing glory, the rays of which are tipped with golden hands. His gigantic human shape has a bull's head, triple-eyed; and his attendants are rampant lions. Lower still, between two solemn Egyptian deities, the soul escapes, phoenix-like, from its mummy case in the guise of a bird fluttering over the winged sun-disk that typifies resurrection. The ornaments and attributes in relief, heav-



Looking Down on the Courtyard, from the Outer Gallery.

ily gilded, give unexampled richness to this part of the decoration. Below lunette and arch is the frieze, representing the Old Testament prophets; those on the extreme left are grouped in attitudes of despair, while the corresponding group at the right hails the light with outstretched hands. All the painter's best qualities of technical method, color, and distinction seem reunited here in this band of heroic figures, which are exceptionally strong in their simplicity. Moses alone, in the central place holding the tablets of the law, stands out from the wall in high relief adorned with gold, as if to bind together the component parts of the design. Though complete in itself, this is really but a fragment of Sargent's scheme, which includes a similar combination of mediæval doctrines already ordered for the southern recess, and the decoration of the intervening sides. The long eastern wall, devoted to a single scene from the New Testament—that light toward which the hopeful prophets turn—will thus form the central, fundamental point of the whole composition, expressing the faith that abides, that subdues the old and controls the new. The artistic importance of all this mural decoration deserves much more than the passing word given to it here. The work of Sargent and Abbey is of a very high order, ranking with the best that modern Europe has produced. Whatever may be the final judgment passed upon it generations hence, the painters have certainly approached their task in the reverent spirit of the old masters, which seems to shine through the result of studious years.

Doors open from the corridor into the special libraries extending around the building on all four sides of the court. Here are the Bowditch, Ticknor, Barton, and Brown collections, with other of the more valuable books in a series of fine rooms furnished with tables for students. In the Barton Library now stands the bronze statue of Sir Harry Vane, by MacMonnies—an interesting work which looks somewhat too large for its present position, and will probably be placed elsewhere.

The great central court, open to the

sky, is not only a well-spring of light, but also a most satisfactory addition to the vast resources of the building. The public is admitted at all times to its marble arcade, which through many months of the year will serve as an open-air reading-room of delightful retirement. The cloistered enclosure, like an old Italian courtyard, with the wide grass-plot stretching inward to a central basin, is extremely dignified and beautiful. A Bacchante, the gift of Mr. McKim, will adorn the fountain; this is the original by MacMonnies, a replica of which has been sold to the French Government for the Luxembourg. The arcade supports a marble balcony, always accessible from the main floor. Above this, the walls are of yellow brick, with deep-set windows, ornamental cornice, and medallions. On one side a church-tower, cutting into the sky, overhangs them picturesquely. There is no other suggestion of the outer world.

In the arrangement of the main library its growth has been carefully considered, and there is ample room for extension as need requires. It is now shelved in six stories of stacks between Blagden Street and the court. To these stacks the public is not admitted; but all are provided with pneumatic tubes through which written orders for books pass from Bates Hall and the Delivery-room. An automatic railway of extraordinary ingenuity conveys the books thus ordered to an inner service-room on the main floor. These inventive triumphs supplement and concentrate the labor of the working force which is graded by competitive examination. The attendants in the highest grade are specialists, standing ready to put their knowledge and training at the disposal of any student who may consult them.

Other working departments of the library (not open to the public) include the Librarian's Room, on the main floor; the Trustees' Room above, with panelled doors, wainscot, and ceiling from an old château in France; the Ordering, Correspondence, and Binding Rooms; and, finally, the cellars, fitted up with the machinery for light, heat, and ventilation. The mechanism of the

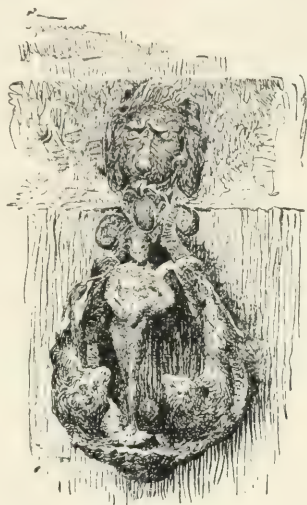
latter is especially interesting. A huge electric fan keeps the current in active motion, and all the air so introduced is filtered through long shafts of sackcloth before distribution, after which it is withdrawn by means of a corresponding fan directly under the roof. Visiting in turn these *arcana* of the building, one is speedily convinced that no modern contrivance tending to insure comfort has been overlooked.

Comfort, as all must allow, is eminently desirable; but the critic may question the need of so rare a setting for it. Why, he may ask, would not a simpler reading-room serve the rank and file of the public as well as the arched grandeur of Bates Hall? Why ransack the quarries of Carrara for costly marbles? Why employ famous hands to paint the intermediate wall-surface? To all such shallow criticism there can be but one emphatic answer. The builders have dedicated this great library to the advancement of learning, in due remembrance of the fact that familiarity with things ideally beautiful is an education in itself. With this purpose in view they have dared to

build not for a day but for the time to come, and the purpose has been so well achieved that their work takes high rank at once among the few examples of architectural inspiration in America. As time goes on its influence will grow

with the growth of the accumulating treasure it contains. Here, at least, is a public library where the eye may share its pleasure with the mind, and our popular taste may gain that impulse in the right direction for which, with us, the opportunity is still far too meagre. We have had no Medici to adorn our streets, and often our public buildings have been the deplorable issue of inexperience and political scheming. Now, for once, we have an enduring monument, worthy

of our material prosperity and progress. Turning away, we linger and look back at the long inscription of its northern façade—THE COMMONWEALTH REQUIRES THE EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE AS THE SAFEGUARD OF ORDER AND LIBERTY—and we are profoundly grateful to the commonwealth which has justified itself so nobly that all the world may learn from it a useful lesson.



Venetian Bronze Knocker.

MADAME ANNALENA

By Bliss Perry

I COASTED down the long hill into Slab City just at sundown, the brook roaring at my right, and the sudden coolness of the valley bathing my face and aching wrists like water. As I dismounted at Dakin's—post-office, general store, and tavern all in one—the cyclometer ticked off its fortieth mile since noon. Over Green Mountain roads that means rather steady pedalling. Dakin himself, smooth-shaven and

loose-lipped, sauntered out of the L part, in his shirt-sleeves, and looked first at the wheel, then at me.

"Pretty light," he volunteered. "There was a feller through here last week on one of that make. Stands up all right, does she?"

"First rate," said I. "Can you take care of me for the night?"

"I guess so. Seems to me you'd oughter have a brake, though," he continued, judicially, as I unstrapped my bundle. "We put up a consid'able few wheelmen here, week in and week out, and I ain't hardly seen a brake all sum-

mer." He was still shaking his gray, close-cropped head, as he led me upstairs.

At supper I enjoyed a most amiable conversation with Amanda Dakin, who waited on the table, and afterwards I stood in the doorway a while, surveying Slab City. At the right of Dakin's was a blacksmith's shop of rickety brick; at the left a dozen story-and-a-half white houses were scattered along the road before it dipped again into the forest; opposite lay a dam and saw-mill, and above the dam, on the steep hillside, was a square frame-house, with a Mansard roof. That was all, except the encompassing mountains, the plangent voice of the brook, and the darkening green of the August sky.

Dakin came out of the L with his coat on, and seated himself communicably upon the long steps before the door.

"Gettin' along toward mail time," he remarked, and at that I joined him.

"Do you handle much mail here?" I inquired.

"Well, no. No great sight; but more'n you'd think for. There's a good many folks drive in here for their mail two or three times a week, and then there's most always some letters for Slab City. Dunham"—he waved his hand toward the saw-mill and the slope above it—"he takes two daily papers, but he don't scarcely ever get a letter."

"Is that Dunham's place?" I asked, glancing up at the house with the Mansard roof. Dakin nodded. "Considerable of a house, ain't it?"

The conversation flagged. Presently the blacksmith, a handsome fellow of thirty, joined us, and then three or four old men hobbled up the road from the tiny houses, and greeting Dakin noiselessly, took their accustomed places on the steps. The blacksmith and I exchanged some observations on the state of the roads, the distance to the Junction, and the approaching end of the trout season. Then we relapsed into silence, and the crickets began to chirp in the grass around the mill-dam. It seemed like fall.

All at once a lamp gleamed from an uncurtained window of the square house upon the hillside; then another,

in a room apparently across the hall; and a moment later a man's figure, as I thought, passed from one chamber-window to another, leaving a lamp in each.

"Jabez is lightin' up," piped one of the wizened old loungers. "Time for the mail now."

"Lightin' up for Annerlener," said Dakin, jocosely, glancing at me as if he half expected to be questioned.

"He's spiled a sight of kerosene, first'n last," commented the octogenarian, severely. "And no one to wash up them lamps for him either."

"Who is she?" I ventured, with a stranger's privilege of impertinence.

"Ain't you never heard of her?" demanded Dakin. "She's a singer—kind of perfessional opery singer, they say. I guess she's about as high-priced as they make 'em, too. Down to Boston, a spell ago, they say she was drawin' her thousand dollars a night right along, whether she sung or not."

"You don't mean—" I exclaimed, and at that instant I recalled some obscure newspaper paragraph—or was it a gossip at the club?—about the birthplace of the prima donna. "You mean that Madame Annalena——"

"Belonged right here in Slab City," exclaimed Dakin, with ill-concealed local pride. "And does yet, I guess, 'cordin' to law. That's her legal husband, puttin' them lamps in the windows now." As he spoke the solitary figure appeared for an instant at the tiny windows in the Mansard roof, leaving a lamp upon each sill. "He's been doin' that for nigh on to ten years, regular."

"Awful sight of oil," repeated the octogenarian, "for a man as close as Jabez."

I was on my feet, I think, gesticulating. For Madame Annalena is simply the greatest soprano now alive, save Patti. For twenty years—ever since her *début* in London as *Marguerite*—all that the world can offer to a prima donna has been hers. Four times, at least, has she announced her farewell season, yet her full-orbed voice has seemed to grow more glorious with every year. She has never lingered long in America, and I had fancied, for some reason or other, that she was

Welsh. And to come upon her traces here, in the heart of the Green Mountains!

"Ever see her?" demanded Dakin.

"Twenty times!" I cried. "Not five months ago, the last time." And I felt as if it were not five minutes ago. She had sung in oratorio, after the close of the opera season, and in a hall crowded to the stairway I had stood on tiptoe to watch her as she came in to sing her first aria. The grim conductor had smiled for once, as he led her past the front of the applauding chorus, and the first violin moved his chair to make room for the long folds of her ermine wrap—the gift, it was said, of a Grand Duke—and the audience quite forgot they were listening to the "Creation," and stormed as they always do when Madame Annalena comes on in "Tannhäuser."

"Well," said Dakin, deliberately, "for hosses and church-singin' the Green Mountains claim to beat the world."

"Not for hosses," put in the blacksmith, who was not a native.

"I want to know the rest of it," said I, facing around to Dakin. "Where did she get her name?"

"Annerlener? Ann Ellen—see? Ann Ellen Darby was her maiden name, and now, by rights, it's Ann Ellen Dunham—Mis' Dunham."

"Mis' Jabez Dunham—that's right," said the octogenarian.

"But how did she ever come here, in the first place?" I demanded. "And how did she ever get to London, and how in the world did she ever marry Dunham?"

"Well, she got to London—or Boston—in the first place, because she did marry Dunham. I guess that's the how of it. She went on his money, and what's more, he told her to go. She was raised up here in the Hollow: one of Sam Darby's girls—they're all moved away now. And Ann was the liveliest of 'em, I tell you! She up'n married Jabez all of a sudden, when there was two other fellers payin' attention to her. I dunno but there might 'a been some spite in it, and then again I dunno *as* there might. Anyhow she up'n married him, for all he was a good ten years older'n she."

"Jabez allus was old," interrupted the octogenarian. "He was born old. There wa'n't no *boy* to him."

"Used to work hard all day, and read nights," explained Dakin. "Couldn't hardly get him to go to cattle-show. Well, Ann Ellen married him, and they took a trip to Niagry Falls, and put up at the best hotel. They hadn't been back more'n a week before I see Jabez a settin' on a log over there at the mill one mornin', and the log was clamped on the carriage, and Jabez was travellin' straight toward that six-foot circular saw and never moved. I hollered, and run over, and he got up, just in the nick of time. 'She's goin' to Boston for a while to study singin',' says he, kind o' foolish, for I hadn't said nothin' about Ann Ellen. 'And I'm kind o' favorin' it, Dakin,' says he. 'She'll be more contented after she's tried it. She's a young thing, you know,' says he, 'and after she's kind o' had her fling in Boston she'll settle down and like Slab City first-rate.'"

"No, Mr. Dakin," put in the old man, querulously, "that wa'n't quite it. 'When I've had my turn, Jabez, I'll come back.' That's what Annerlener said."

"You've got it all mixed up, deacon," replied Dakin, commiseratingly. "That's what Jabez said in here to the store, the next day. I'm talkin' about what he said over to the saw-mill."

The octogenarian grumbled, but was silenced.

"And of course she has never come back," said I.

"Once," said Dakin, "sure, and maybe twice. For over-night, that's all."

"Curious critters," said the blacksmith; "aint they?"

I sat looking at the flaring windows of the solitary house on the hillside.

"The first time she came back," Dakin went on, "she'd been gone well on to three years. Been livin' in Boston, they say—I guess that must 'a been before she went to Europe—and some say she got good pay, and some say she didn't. Anyhow Orrin Waterman brought her up from the Junction one night on the stage—that was old Orrin—father to this one—and left her up to Jabez's house. The next mornin' he

see her take the Boston train, down to the Junction, but there didn't no one bring her down. She must 'a walked it. Guess she found she couldn't go Jabez, after all."

"And the other time?" I asked.

"Well," said Dakin, "the other time wa'n't more'n ten years ago. We didn't know nothin' about Annerlener's bein' home, but young Orrin's boy was prowlin' round Jabez's house after pears one night, and said he saw a black-haired woman, with diamonds on, settin' on Jabez's lap."

"That boy of Orrin's," chirped the deacon, excitedly, "he's dead now, but when he was alive he'd lie the bark off a tree. Why, the minister at the Hollow wa'n't scarcely willin' to preach his funeral sermon! There can't nobody make me think Annerlener'd come back twice, without stayin' a spell."

"She could come to the Junction in one of those parlor-cars," argued the blacksmith, "and get some feller to drive her over here and back by the Hollow road. Who'd know anything about it?"

"The curi's thing is," continued Dakin, ignoring the blacksmith's query, "that just about that time Jabez got this trick of lightin' up the house an hour after the express is due down to the Junction. That looks to me as if she had come after all, and it had kind o' turned the cuss's head, after waitin' so long, so that now he expects her every night. You notice how he'll be dressed up when he comes down for his mail. Orrin's late to-night, ain't he, Marcus?"

The blacksmith pulled out his watch. "No," he drawled. "Guess that's Orrin now."

There was a clatter upon the bridge above the mill-dam, and a Concord buggy swung up to the rail in front of Dakin's. The big black horse began to gnaw the rail the instant the reins were flung upon his back. Orrin Waterman pulled the mail-bag from under the seat. No one spoke to him until he had pitched it on to the steps for Dakin to pick up; then the interchange of greetings grew active. The postmaster disappeared to sort out the mail for the Hollow, and Orrin went behind the

counter and helped himself to a five-cent cigar. Then he sat down with us to wait.

"Jabez is well lighted up to-night," he observed to the blacksmith.

"Yes," said the latter, nodding toward me, "we've been telling this gentleman about Jabez."

Orrin Waterman pulled away at his cigar. "What did you think of that liniment?" he inquired.

"Well, Orrin, it aint no *sure* cure for spavin, but then, what is?"

"A bullet in the head," said Orrin, gloomily, whereat the deacon tittered.

I wanted to hear more about Jabez Dunham. "I suppose nobody ever says anything to Dunham about—about this?" I asked.

An oath that sounded almost solemn escaped from under Orrin's morose mustache. "I guess not! Why, there was a Canuck once, workin' for Jabez, who gave him a little lip about it, just for a joke, and Jabez grabbed a cold-chisel and come at him like a cat. Came d——n near killin' him. No, we don't none of us say nothin' to Jabez. It's kind o' mean, you know, and he ain't just right." He lifted his cigar toward his forehead. "Sort of a learned cuss, too," he went on, "for a man who runs a saw-mill. Takes a New York and Boston paper right along, and they say he cuts out everything he finds on Annerlener."

"Sh!" said the blacksmith.

A black-clothed figure was crossing the bridge and turning toward us.

"Good-evening, Mr. Dunham," chirruped the octogenarian. No one else spoke. The husband of Madame Annalena stopped in front of us, with a quick glance at the delivery window of the post-office. He was a smallish man of fifty odd, scrupulously dressed, with clean-shaven upper lip, long grayish beard, drooping mouth, and gentle blue eyes that shifted uncannily in their sockets.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," he said. His voice was slightly husky. The intonations were those of a man of refinement, but they had that curious detachment which is sometimes to be noticed in the voices of the insane. I was rather glad, for one, to hear the

delivery-window rattle, and as by a common instinct we all rose and filed inside.

"Much to-night?" inquired the deacon.

"Well, no," said Dakin, tossing the mail-bag for the Hollow over the counter to Orrin Waterman. "I guess Mary Witherbee's got another letter from that Bellows Falls feller. Likely feller, too. And Sam's got a postal from that mower 'n' reaper drummer sayin' he'll be round next week. You hear that, Marcus? You want to see him too, don't you? Hold on, Orrin; throw out Mis' Bennett's Sunday-school paper as you go by, will you? she wants it to-night. And here's that fish-hook for the Trow boy. It's one cent; make him pay you."

The black horse and Concord buggy disappeared into the dusk.

"Here's your papers, Mr. Dunham," said the postmaster.

"Is there—perhaps—a foreign letter?" inquired Dunham. The blacksmith nudged me, cautiously.

"Not to-night, Jabez," was the kindly answer.

Three or four Slab City girls came in, glanced at the mail-boxes, then at me, and went out giggling.

Jabez Dunham unfolded one of his papers, and his eye ran furtively over two or three columns, by the light of the one kerosene lamp. The loungers pretended not to watch him.

"I observe that the St. Louis has made a very quick westward passage," he remarked, turning to me with a bow.

"Yes?" I replied. "The St. Louis is a good boat."

"She brought over a large number of well-known people," he continued, letting his eye traverse the column once more. "Literary and musical celebrities; not the most distinguished, perhaps, but still well-known people. You are interested in such things, sir?"

"Very much."

"Oh, are you? I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir. You anticipate a brilliant winter in New York? I notice there will be Italian opera, and German opera besides."

"I believe so," said I.

"I should like to see that big opera-house since it was renovated. How do you think," he asked, tentatively, almost confidentially, "it compares with the one in Paris?"

"The exterior," said I, "is not so imposing, but there are some people who prefer it for other reasons."

"Indeed," he replied. "So I have read. And at Berlin; how is it there? Could you tell me?"

I told him, and we went on to Milan, while the crowd watched us dispassionately.

"I suppose," he said at last, "you have been at St. Petersburg?"

"No," said I; "not at St. Petersburg."

He looked disappointed. "I have never seen a man who has attended the opera in St. Petersburg. I should like to, very much indeed."

"Do you travel yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed, with a sort of fright in his voice. "I went to western New York once, when I was a young man, but since then it has been very important that I should be here every day. I have no one to leave my house with, you see," he added, cunningly.

I nodded.

"I must bid you good-night, sir," said he. "It has given me pleasure to make your acquaintance. We have common interests, sir. Do you remain long in Slab City?"

"Only till morning."

"Perhaps I may see you. I should like to leave you my card. Good-evening, gentlemen." And he folded his papers, buttoned his black coat carefully, and walked out.

"I swan!" ejaculated the blacksmith, "he was great on language to-night!"

"When Annerlener gets back," quoted one of the loungers coarsely, and I inferred that the phrase had grown proverbial at Slab City.

"Half-past eight, gents," announced Dakin, succinctly, beginning to empty the change from the counter drawers into his trousers pockets. The loungers rose reluctantly. As I stood on the steps watching them disappear into

the shadows of the maples, my arm was clutched by the octogenarian deacon.

"Dakin kind o' shut me up," he whispered, eagerly, "but I know what Annerlener said, just as well as he does. 'When I've had my turn, Jabez, I'll come back.' That's what she said, and Dakin knows it. It wa'n't what Jabez said; she said it herself. It was a *promise*. And that's what makes me think she'll come, some day, when she gets sick o' singin'. Jabez could give her a good home. Just look at that big house up there, and not a soul in it but Jabez. She'll come back. Why, it ain't right for her to stay away nigh on to twenty-two years! Don't you think a real *woman*, now, would want to come back? Ann Ellen used to be a likely girl—wild as a hawk, but fond of her folks, and I allus held to it she was fond of Jabez. Little ashamed of the saw-mill, most likely, when she found out how much money she was makin', but kind o' sneakin' fond, just the same. She wouldn't never have come back that once, if she hadn't been. And I'm sayin' that when she gets tired o' singin'—kind o' makes her farewell tower, you know—she'll be back here; don't you think so?"

He moved off, still shaking his cane emphatically, as Dakin locked the L door.

"When Annerlener gets back," echoed an ironic repartee of one of the loungers, far down among the maple shadows.

I went up to my room in time to watch the lamps extinguished, one by one, in the big house beyond the mill-dam, and another night settle down solemnly upon that lonely hollow in the hills. Would she ever come back? Could she? Could the Madame Anna-lena who had queened it for so long, the artist finished to the finger-tips,

come back to Slab City and to Jabez Dunham, after all? She had come once, it seemed. Perhaps she had come twice. Would the woman in her be deeper than the *prima donna*, at the end? And I fell asleep, still wondering over it, with two or three of her notes in "Fidelio" chiming in my ears like some great golden-hearted bell.

The next morning, as I was strapping my bundle to the handle-bar, preparatory to starting, Dunham crossed over from the saw-mill. He wore overalls and a flannel shirt, and there was sawdust caught in his gray beard. His manner was less excited than it had been the night before, but in his eyes there was the unchanged, unworldly light, the same persistent hallucination.

"You are the young gentleman I conversed with last evening? I am sorry you are to leave us. This is a beautiful section of country. I would like, sir, to give you my card."

He took one out of the pocket of his overalls. On it was printed,

JABEZ DUNHAM.

SAWING.

SLABS AND SHINGLES.

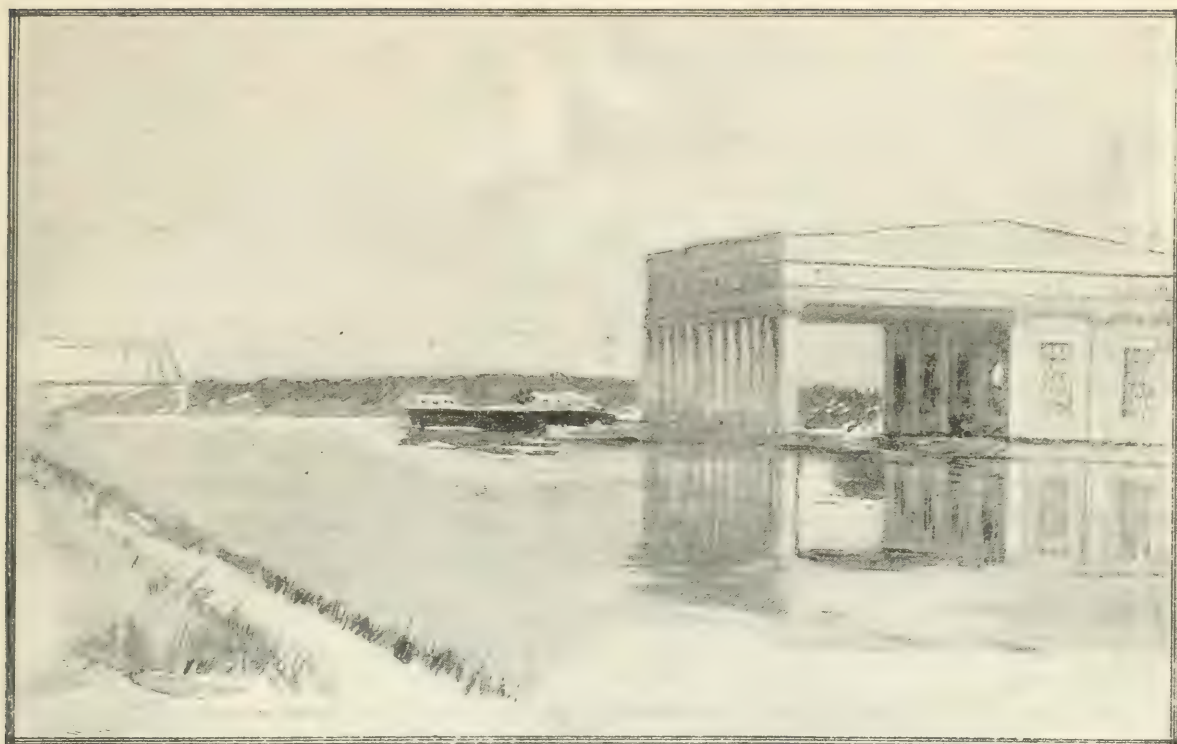
TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

"Possibly you understand," he said, with a cunning shift of his eyes into mine, "that all this"—he waved his hand deprecatingly toward the saw-mill—"is a temporary occupation—only temporary. Some day, possibly any day, I expect to enjoy the pleasures of life. Meantime," he added, his eyes falling to the ground, "I saw wood. Terms strictly cash."

"We are all in that business more or less," said I.

He looked up swiftly, almost joyously, and nodded.





WATER-WAYS

FROM THE OCEAN TO THE LAKES

By Thomas Curtis Clarke

KING ALFONSO of Castile contented himself by merely saying, in his royal manner, that if *he* had been consulted, he could have shown God how to make a much better world than this. The men of our day prefer deeds to words.

Africa has been made an island, and it is hoped that South America soon will be. While enthusiasts are talking of making Lake Erie, or the St. Lawrence, flow into the Hudson, the men of Chicago are actually turning Lake Michigan into the Mississippi.

Such schemes appeal strongly to the imagination; and among that sanguine part of mankind which "listens with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursues with eagerness the phantoms of hope" are those who dream of piercing every isthmus by ship-canals.

Oriental trade has fascinated the minds of men from the days of Vasco de Gama and Columbus down to the present time. Although the value of

its teas, silks, and other merchandise is great, its tonnage is small, as compared with that of the great lakes of North America.

This is shown by the often quoted comparison between the tonnage passing through the St. Mary's Falls Canal, at the outlet of Lake Superior, and that of the Suez Canal, which is exceeded by the former; although hardly fifty years have passed since Superior was a lonely lake, traversed only by the Indian canoe and the sail-boat of the Mackinac voyageur.

Although everybody appreciates the success of the Erie Canal, few consider what a remarkable piece of engineering it is; leaving, as it does, natural lines of water communication, and creating a purely artificial one.

This grand idea of a canal, directly from Lake Erie to the Hudson, avoiding locking down into Lake Ontario, and back again, seems from the strongest evidence to have been first conceived

mentioned this plan, was an energetic person named Jesse Hawley. He was so much interested that he went all over the proposed route, and, having satisfied himself of its practicability, wrote many letters in the newspapers to influence public opinion. In one of these letters, printed in the *Ontario Messenger* at Canandaigua, in 1807, he actually describes the route of the Erie Canal, as well as anyone could do to-day.

The only difference between it and the real canal is, that both Morris and Hawley proposed to feed the canal entirely from Lake Erie. From motives of economy this was not done, and trouble has always been caused from a want of water on the middle division of the canal, which is fed from local streams.

As we ride in a railway train through the rich valleys of central New York it is plainly to be seen that here is an easy route for a canal. When Mr. Hawley struggled through the mud, there were few roads and bridges, and the country was mostly covered with dense woods. For his efforts he deserves the highest praise.

The glory of the building of the Erie Canal belongs to De Witt Clinton, whose political strength and determined energy enabled him to complete it in spite of all opposition and difficulties. Nothing can rob him of the proud title of "Father of the Erie Canal." The names of Wright and Geddes, the original engineers, and that of Hawley, the volunteer engineer, should not be allowed to pass into oblivion. None of these men were trained as engineers, and they had never built any canals, but their strong practical sense carried them through; they learned as they went along, and their work does them the greatest credit.

The original Erie Canal was but a small ditch, forty feet wide and four feet deep, and only able to pass boats of seventy-six tons. Its original cost when opened in 1825 was a little over seven millions of dollars, or about one-third of the cost of the State Capitol at Albany. Its success was so great that it could not do the business that offered; and from 1846 to 1862 it was enlarged, or rather reconstructed, being widened to seventy feet and deepened to seven. Its locks were enlarged to pass boats of two hundred and fifty tons burden, and doubled, so that boats could pass in both directions without detention.



De Witt Clinton.

(From the portrait in Colden's Memorial on the Completion of the Canal.)

No public work has ever produced such important results. Besides building up the State and City of New York, and making it what it was before the introduction of our railway system, the actual cost of the Erie Canal in money has been much more than repaid.

The cost of the original Erie Canal was \$7,143,789.86; of the enlarged canal was \$31,834,041.30. The State has expended since 1862 in lengthening locks, maintenance, repairs and other improvements \$33,948,761.37. The estimated cost of deepening the canal to nine feet is \$9,000,000 (voted for by the people on November 5, 1895), thus making a total cost of \$72,926,591.73. The total amount received for tolls on the Erie Canal from its opening to the close of 1882, when tolls ceased, was \$120,684,587.35, showing a surplus in its favor of \$47,757,995.62.*

Meantime, however, our system of railways had been constructed. At first the amount of freight carried by them was small in comparison with that which

* The above figures are from official sources, having been kindly furnished by the Comptroller of the State of New York in response to inquiry for purposes of this article, and not before published.



Benjamin Wright.



James Geddes.

The Two Original Engineers of the Erie Canal.

From Stuart's "Civil and Military Engineers of America."

went by canal. While modern inventions have been constantly applied on the railways, the means of transport on the canal stood still for many years.

In 1851 the State engineer of New York stated in his annual report that it would take six double track railways to do the business of the Erie Canal. At that time ten tons, or three hundred and thirty bushels of wheat was a standard car-load, and ten or twelve cars a train-load. Owing to the easy grades of the New York Central, one locomotive could draw twenty cars, carrying about six thousand bushels of grain. Directly alongside, one canal boat, drawn by two sorry mules, carried as large a load.

The great invention of steel rails by Sir Henry Bessemer allowed the use of heavier and more powerful locomotives; and now you may see on the railway beside the canal, one engine drawing forty to fifty cars, and carrying forty to fifty thousand bushels as a train-load.

Conditions have now been reversed; and it would require at least ten canals equipped with the old horse-boats to move the freight tonnage of the New

York Central, West Shore, and Erie railways, which in 1893-94 was 45,442,000 tons as against 4,275,662 tons by canal. This larger amount of freight is carried by rail, notwithstanding the cost by all rail from Chicago to New York is often more than double that by lakes and canal. The railway cars move five times as fast as the canal boats, and work twelve months, against seven months of open navigation. This enables merchants to take a quick advantage of the markets at all seasons.

The same thing holds good all over the United States. Mr. T. J. Vivian, Statistician of the United States Census of 1890, states the total movement of freight by vessels, steamers, and barges, as

	Tons.
Great Lakes	53,424,432
Mississippi and tributaries	29,405,046
Atlantic and Pacific Coasts	80,817,251
All canals	20,747,932
Total	185,394,661

Poor's Manual reports for the same year a total movement of freight by rail of 620,000,000 tons.



Cornelius Vanderbilt.

(To whose introduction of extra tracks on the New York Central was due the decline of freight rates between 1870 and 1875.)

From the steel engraving on the Railroad Stock Certificates, by permission of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

Notwithstanding the less tonnage of the canals they have been great regulators of rates. The cost of conveyance of a bushel of wheat (or of flour reduced to bushels) between Chicago and New York has fallen from $12\frac{7}{10}$ cents by lake and canal in 1857 to six to seven cents in 1893; and by all rail from $38\frac{6}{10}$ cents in 1857 to $14\frac{6}{10}$ cents in 1893, and the end is not yet.

The amount saved in transportation of grain alone through the State of New York by the Erie Canal during the last thirty years is at least two hundred millions of dollars.

There is no higher authority on railway transportation than Mr. Albert Fink, and he is reported to have said that the trunk lines could well afford to

keep the Erie Canal open at their own expense as a regulator of freight rates, if it could not be done in any other way. We shall see however that there is no danger of the Erie Canal being closed; and that all it wants is the application of modern methods of transportation to bring it back to its old standard.

After the completion of the enlargement in 1862 single boats of two hundred and forty tons burden, drawn by horses or mules, were used. In 1877 a plan was adopted of coupling two boats together, called "double headers," which required no increase of men and but two more horses. This reduced the cost of transport by doubling the cargo.

In 1874 steam-towing was introduced, being encouraged by the offer of a premium of \$100,000 by the State, which was paid to the successful boat. A steam tow-boat now draws generally three consorts, besides carrying some cargo herself. This increases the cargo to over nine hundred and thirty tons, and has further reduced rates, so that the owners of the horse-boats find it difficult to make a living, and reserve enough money for depreciation and repairs.

An experiment was lately tried which may give them relief—that of electric towing. A cable suspended from poles on the bank carried a trolley, supplied with current from a second wire, and controlled from the boat, which is

Diagram showing

1. Tonnage Erie Canal 1855 to 1894
2. " Welland " " "
3. New York Trunk Railways " "
4. Freight rates by lake & canal, Chicago to N.Y. 1855 to 1894
5. " " by R.R. " " " "

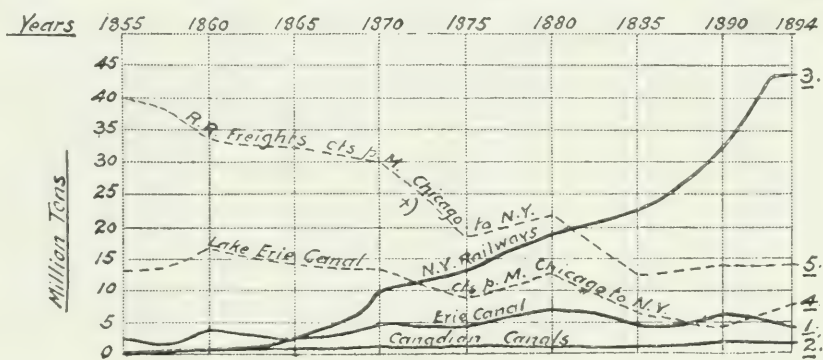


Diagram of Traffic Curves.

(The sharp decline in railway rates (5) between 1870 and 1875 was due to the increased economy resulting from the introduction of the third and fourth tracks on the New York Central by Commodore Vanderbilt.)

hitched to the trolley, and is drawn through the canal, and into the locks. It is hoped that this can be done quicker, and at less cost than by animals. If this electric current can be taken from the dynamos of Niagara Falls, that cataract, after having been so long an obstruction to navigation, will by human ingenuity be forced to help it.

An experiment, so far successful, has lately been tried, which promises very important results. Fleets of steel barges, of a size that will go through the present Erie Canal, and made strong enough to be towed on the lake, are running between Cleveland and New York. There has been no difficulty in getting insurance upon them. The great trouble now is want of depth of water, and when the Erie Canal has been deepened to nine feet, and its few remaining short locks have been doubled in length, the size and strength of such barges can be increased and their decks can be made like those of whale-back boats, so that it will be possible to get insurance over the whole length of the lakes from Buffalo to Chicago and Duluth.

The present cost of transportation of a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York is about four and three-quarter cents. This includes the cost of elevating grain from steamers at Buffalo, spouting it into canal boats, and trimming cargo. This amounts to over a cent a bushel, or more than one-fifth of the whole cost of carrying it 1,363 miles. To save this heavy tax upon commerce, there has been a loud cry for ship-canal, which would enable steamers to go from the upper lakes to New York, without breaking bulk, and do away with the cost of transshipment.

Considering the very low rate at which freight is now carried on the lakes in vessels of fifteen to sixteen feet draft, it has been supposed that if this navigation could be extended to the ocean, great economy would result. A large lake steamer is a very expensive machine and carries freight economically on account of her considerable speed when in motion, the full cargoes which she gets both ways, and from the short time she is delayed in the few ports where she gets her full cargoes. These conditions would be reversed if she went 350 miles through a canal. She could not move fast. She would be detained by the many locks, and in order to get cargoes she would have to make more stops, and be detained longer in port.

It can be demonstrated by figures that large vessels in a ship-canal, even if free of tolls, cannot compete with fleets of barges also running without transshipment. Before this is shown, it will be well to examine the general questions of the best water-route from the lakes to the ocean.

The first proposition is that New York is the only economical terminal port. The experience of the Canadian canals shows this. They were begun about the same time as the Erie Canal and have been gradually enlarged until they can pass vessels of four times the



The First American Canal-boat, The Chief Engineer, which made the Trip from Rome to Utica, October 22, 1819.

(Built at Rome from a design by Canvass White, and named in honor of Benjamin Wright, the chief engineer of the Erie Canal.)

capacity that can go through the Erie. The distance from Chicago to New York by the Erie Canal and the lakes is 1,363 miles, of which 350 miles is artificial navigation. The distance from Chicago to Montreal is 1,273 miles, of which but seventy is artificial navigation. Owing to these advantages grain was carried from Chicago to Montreal in 1893, for an average rate per bushel of $5\frac{5}{8}$ cents, while the average rate from Chicago to New York by lakes and canal, during the same year, was $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents per bushel, and as we have shown the all-rail charge was $14\frac{6}{10}$ cents.

Notwithstanding the higher cost of the New York route, the tonnage of the Erie Canal in 1893 was 4,275,662 tons, and of the three New York trunk lines of railway over forty-five millions of tons, while the tonnage of the Canadian Welland Canal was only 1,294,823 tons, of which but 663,156 tons went to Montreal, while the rest crossed Lake Ontario and went to New York.

The reason why so much more freight goes to and from New York rather than by the cheaper route to and from Montreal, is because the great part is intended for domestic use and not for ex-

port, and New York is a better market than Montreal.

The second proposition has been well expressed by Mr. Cooley, the engineer of the Chicago drainage canal — that “the line of export must follow the line of domestic transportation.” That is to say, that in order to carry grain at least cost from the lakes to the ocean, it is necessary to follow a route that will give as large cargoes as possible. Hence the route must pass through Lake Erie, and by the rich and growing cities of Detroit, Cleveland, and Buffalo, and those along the Erie Canal.

This rules out the Canadian routes, such as the Toronto and Georgian Bay, and the Ottawa canals, and also the proposed conversion of the Champlain Canal to a ship-canal. Whatever merit they may have from an engineering standpoint is entirely overbalanced by the fact that they run through a district which can furnish but very little freight in either direction.

We have said that fleets of barges, able to run on the lakes and the canal, without transshipment, can beat large lake steamers on a ship-canal, and it can be proved by figures. The yearly ex-



A View of the Erie Canal at West Troy.



A Typical Lake Freight Steamer.

penses of one of the largest class of lake steamers, including interest at ten per cent. on the cost of the ship, is about one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Running at a speed of 13 miles an hour in the lakes, and at 7 miles an hour through a ship-canal in the State of New York, and allowing for detention at locks and 13 days in port, she could make her round trip between Chicago and New York and return in 26 days, or 8 trips per season. One-eighth of \$120,000 is \$15,000, and we will assume that half of it is earned by carrying grain East, and half from miscellaneous freight going West. Her full capacity at 20 feet draft would be 7,000 tons, or 233,500 bushels of grain, and the rate would have to be $3\frac{2}{10}$ cents per bushel to earn \$7,500.

The lake ports would have to be deepened to 21 feet, and the canal would have to be at least 25 feet deep to allow her to move 7 miles an hour. The cost of such a ship-canal would not be less than two hundred millions of dollars.

If the Erie Canal were deepened to 9 feet, and its few remaining short locks doubled in length, a fleet of four steel barges, 180 feet long, $17\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and loaded to $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet draft, could carry 80,000 bushels of grain. They

could move 6 miles an hour on the lakes and on the Hudson River, and 4 miles an hour on the canals, and adding the time of detention at locks and 13 days in port, they could make their round trip from Chicago to New York and back in 36 days, or 6 trips per season. The yearly expenses would be \$24,000, also including interest on the cost of the fleet, or \$4,000 per trip. To earn half of that, or \$2,000, from her cargo of grain, her rate would be $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per bushel, or

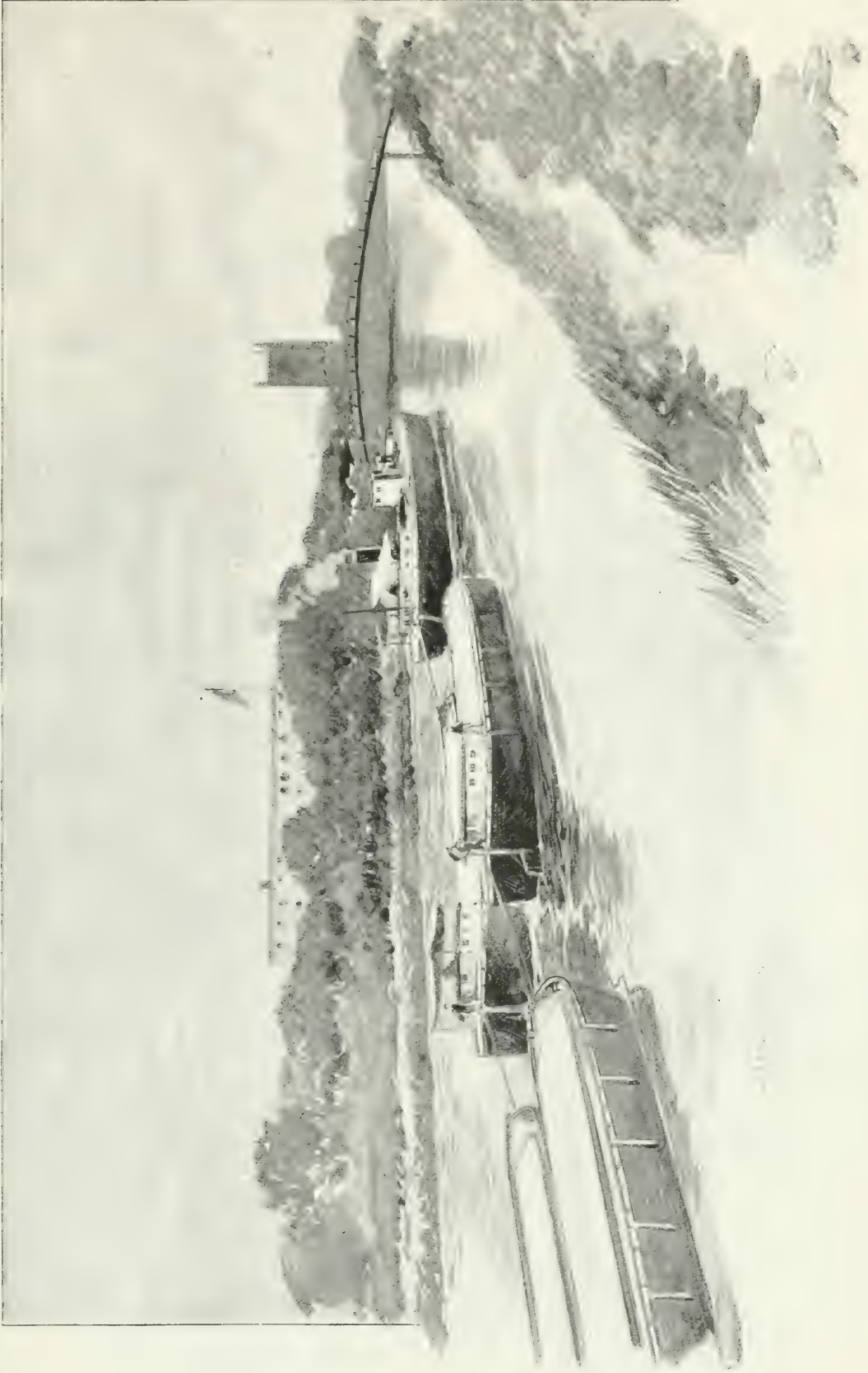
nearly three-fourths of a cent less than by ship-canal.

The total cost of deepening the Erie and Oswego Canals to 9 feet, and the Champlain to 7, is estimated at \$9,000,000. If these calculations are true—and their correctness depends only upon whether insurance can be got upon barges that can run on canal and lakes—they lead to some very far-reaching results.

First: It is not necessary to expend two hundred millions or more to build a ship-canal along the line of the Erie Canal. It would be wise to build a ship-canal around Niagara Falls on our own territory, to allow lake vessels to reach the Lake Ontario ports, from which freight could be transshipped by canal and rail. The cost of this has been estimated, from careful surveys of the United States Engineers, at from twenty-five to thirty millions, according to depth.

Second: Chicago would gain everything she wants if her drainage canal was only ten or twelve feet deep. Barges could then go to New Orleans without spending great sums in trying to deepen the Mississippi beyond ten or twelve feet. They could go to New York, with only the small cost of deepening the Erie Canal.

Third: It would be possible to build



A VIEW OF THE ERIE CANAL, NEAR WEST TROY, SHOWING THE MODERN STEEL BARGES

a barge canal of these dimensions from Lake Erie to the Ohio, while a ship-canal is visionary. There are other places where similar canals could be built, such as along our Atlantic coast.

It should be observed that all these

fore committing ourselves to the Isthmian or any other ship-canal scheme to look back and see what has been the past history of ship-canal.

The estimated cost of the Suez Canal was \$40,000,000. Its cost when opened for traffic was \$92,000,000, and nearly forty millions more have been spent since in widening and deepening it. Not only was the cost of the engineering works proper largely exceeded, but items not thought of—such as administration, surveys, telegraphs, sanitary service, transport service, etc.—amount-

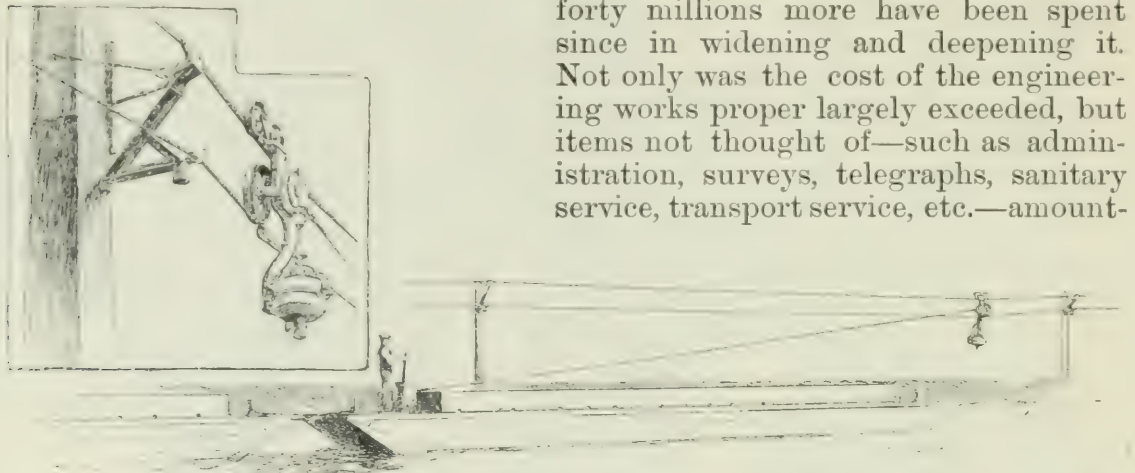


Diagram Showing the Method of Towing by Electricity.

Drawn from photographs.

internal water-ways will do our railway system no harm. Anything that vastly increases commerce during seven or eight months of the year, must be advantageous to railroads who can monopolize it during the rest of the year.

We have considered the question of domestic canals only, as the amount of exports, now not exceeding one-fifth of the whole amount transported, would not justify the cost of a ship-canal to give unbroken navigation from the lakes to the ocean.

When the time comes that such a canal must be built, there is but one place where it can be built for any reasonable expenditure, and that is along the St. Lawrence River from Montreal to Lake Ontario, that lake being connected with Erie by a ship-canal around Niagara Falls. We shall then have to face the difficulties of its running through a foreign country as best we can.

If the United States Government now had millions of surplus revenue, such as she once had, and which we hope she will have again at no late date, it would not be a great extravagance to build the canals we have described, and the canal at Nicaragua also. But in the present condition, it would be well be-

ed to forty per cent. of the original estimates, or \$26,000,000. It pays so well that these mistakes have been forgotten, and the Semitic shrewdness of Beaconsfield, in acquiring the Khedive's shares for England, has been fully justified.

The insufficient estimates of the Suez Canal did not warn the enthusiastic De Lesseps when he provided capital for his Panama Canal. His engineering commission estimated its cost at \$153,400,000, which he cut down to \$128,000,000, at the meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers in 1879, saying, in his airy way, that he was a diplomate and not an engineer.

We all have heard of the melancholy result. After eight years of work, one hundred and seventy-eight millions of dollars had been spent, to raise which three hundred and fifty millions of capitalization and obligations had been incurred. The difficult part of the work, the great Culebra cutting, had only been scratched—and nothing done toward controlling the Chagres River—while the money had nearly all been spent. The younger De Lesseps and others were fined and imprisoned, and the old man, bankrupt in fame and fortune, was spared the humiliation of

further punishment only on account of his great age and past services.

Englishmen are considered more practical than the French and less likely to be led away by sentiment, and Manchester men are not less shrewd than other Englishmen. They started to build a ship-canal to turn Manchester into a seaport. It was but twenty-seven miles long and had only four locks.

The estimated cost, including the purchase of the existing Bridgewater Canal, was fifty million dollars, and the cost when opened for traffic was seventy-seven millions. This vast increase is stated to have been due "chiefly to items which were unexpected and unprovided for." The canal is not finished yet and the city of Manchester, which has provided the greater part of the capital, will have to provide the rest.

With three such portentous warnings before the financial world, it is not strange that capital declines to invest in any more ship-canals, but calls upon Uncle Sam to put his hand in his pocket and build them for general benefit—as a military necessity—or any other reason that may seem to justify the expenditure.

As to the Nicaragua Canal, it would certainly be gratifying to national pride to have Americans succeed where the French have made such a disastrous failure. Without discussing the questions of commercial or military necessity three things are worth considering:

First: That if the United States builds this canal, they should own the territory through which it passes, by

purchase outright from Nicaragua. Perhaps here is a use for some of the silver that is hoarded in our treasury.

Second: That there should be no underestimating the cost. All the various contingent items, so foolishly overlooked in the instances quoted, should be liberally provided for.

Lastly: The United States should make it a free canal, with no tolls except sufficient for maintenance, and open to all nations both in peace and in war. This should be her gift to the world.

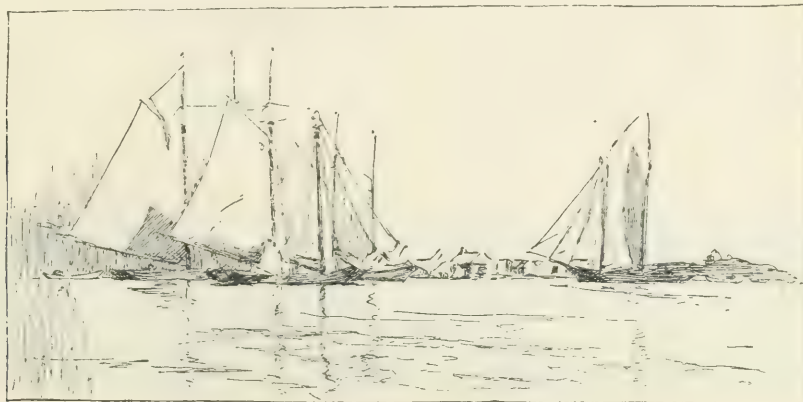
Looked at in this generous way, we need not consider the question of the number of vessels that would pass through it, or the tolls that they could pay. We do say that the amount of commerce that passes the Suez Canal, and would pass the Nicaragua Canal, is insignificant in proportion to the domestic commerce of the lakes.

The amount of freight passing through the Detroit River last year is more than double that which would pass both Isthmian canals, and it is increasing much faster than that would do.

The wealth of the Orient appeals to the imagination; but the more prosaic products of our own land—the grain, the lumber, the ores, the coal, and the myriads of manufactured articles which float down the Great Lakes, and through the rich valleys of central New York,* far exceed in importance and in value

The wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

* The writer believes that the recent vote of the people of New York to deepen the canals is nearly as important a decision as the original vote to construct them.





LOVE'S CRYPTOGRAM

By Andrew Lang

[The author (if he can be so styled) awoke from a restless sleep, with the first stanza of the following piece in his mind. He has no memory of composing it, either awake or asleep. He has long known the perhaps Pythagorean fable of the bean-juice, but certainly never thought of applying it to an amorous correspondence. The remaining verses are the contribution of his Conscious Self.]

ELLE

I CANNOT write, I may not write,
I dare not write to thee,
But look on the face of the moon by night,
And my letters shalt thou see.
For every letter that lovers write,
By their lovers on the moon is seen,
If they pen their thought on the paper white,
With the magic juice of the bean!

LUI

Oh, I had written this many a year,
And my letters you had read.
Had you only told me the spell, my dear,
Ere ever we twain were wed!
But I have a lady, and you have a lord,
And their eyes are of the green,
And we dared not trust to the written word,
Lest our long, long love be seen!

ELLE

"Oh, every thought that your heart has thought,
Since the world came us between,
The birds of the air to my heart have brought,
With no word heard or seen."
*T'was thus in a dream we spoke and said
Myself and my love unseen,
But I woke and sighed on my weary bed,
For the spell of the juice of the bean!*





SEPTEMBER 13, 1894—ON THE N. P. R.

By John Heard



DURING the thirty-one long days of August not a drop of rain had fallen. The vast pine-forest and the muskeg swamps that surrounded them were dry as tinder. The little rock-rimmed lakes had shrunk under the fierce heat, so that the water arteries that bound them together, now trickled feebly where a month since they rushed in glittering, tittering streams. Here and there a white, heavy cloud hung in strong relief from the blue Wedgwood sky; but not a drop of water fell to earth. The whole country was crackling in the dry, torrid heat that caused the air to quiver lazily through the long hours of the day, and to close in like a hot pall at night-time. Even the great boulders of gneissoid granite seemed to crack and peel under the sting of the relentless sun.

September brought no relief. Not a shower fell, not a drop of rain. But, instead, September brought the heavy, yellow haze and the pungent smell of distant forest fires; and to all the inhabitants of Notman's Junction it brought also a physical nervousness, akin to pain, that intensified the mental nervousness of the community. The brooks had ceased to babble, and the wells were drying up, but the frightened imaginations babbled on unconscious of their cruel work, and the

anxious watchers gazed in vain into the well of truth, for they saw therein no reflection of present or future relief. In spite of the dun-colored curtain that hung across the sun the heat had not abated, and the mercury kept its level above three figures.

The arrival of the vice-president of the road, in his special train, had caused a momentary excitement in camp, and certainly thrust an unusual amount of work on the operator who, on this well-remembered thirteenth of September, his arm half numb from incessant ticking, dozed contentedly before the office table, yet withal, listening mechanically to the uninterrupted cricketing of his instrument. Suddenly he gave a start, sat up and jotted down on a regulation blank:

"Send help at once. We are surrounded by fire. Be on us four hours latest. Wind hard this way. Pass it along."
PERDITAVILLE."

Hopkins dared not leave the room, so he yelled for the chief, and flung a paper-weight against the door of the private office to startle him up more quickly. For a moment the old man stroked his beard, perplexed, and looked at the yellow strip of paper first through his glasses, then holding it a little farther away and bending his head, above them. Hopkins watched him, wondering, until he laid the paper down and said, with sudden energy:

"Order the special!"

"What! the vice-president's?"

"Yes, d—— it! The vice-president's. There's no other engine here that can do it. Call up his crew and send for Charley Hampton."

"You ain't a-goin' to give *him* the job? Why the man's drunk twenty-three hours out of twenty-four."

"Mebbe he is, and mebbe again he isn't," the chief answered, shortly. "All the same he's the only man I know that's got the nerve to put it through, and, drunk or sober, he's a good driver. Now brace up, man, and hustle; this ain't no time for talking. Stop! what's that?"

The instrument clicked out again.

"Send help—help—the fire is swooping down on us."

In answer the station-master dictated rapidly:

"O. K. Special leaves right off. Can make it in two-thirty; stop wiring."

For a few minutes the dismal little yard was galvanized into life; the train crew were at work shunting the special, pulling down the blinds, fastening the door, and filling bucket after bucket, which they stored in the rear car, for all the tanks were full. A half dozen shop hands were wiping and oiling the engine, like grooms curry-combing a race-horse. The platform was crowded with lounging, lazy men, startled for a moment out of their habitual laziness and suddenly eager to help, for—how? who shall tell?—the news had spread through the village. Both the station-master and the operator could conscientiously have sworn that they had not—to the best of their knowledge—spoken a single word that might suggest the destination of the train they were making up, and yet the whole male population of the village was gathered before the little brown building, talking, smoking, chewing, spitting and speculating as to the result of the venture; and bets were many—hingeing—as in a horse-race, largely upon the jockey—or, in this case, on the driver.

When Hampton reached the office the chief looked up at the fine, clean-cut

face of the giant before him and said, sharply:

"Charley, are you drunk or sober?"

"Half and half, sir," the man answered, smiling. "What for?"

"Well, Charley, it's just this. Perditaville has wired for help; the whole country is a-fire, and I want you to take the special in. It's three thousand lives to save and—and . . . perhaps *yours* to pay. Will you go? It's got to be right off. *You've* got to get there; we'll attend to the rest."

A sudden light came into the man's blue eyes as he straightened himself, conscious of his power, and ennobled suddenly by the thought of having "a thing to do."

"I'm there," he said, shortly, "and I'll take my boy Joe to fire. Give me five minutes, sir; time to get the boy, and kiss the old woman; and," he added, pausing in the doorway, "wire the track clear, for I guess we'll have to rustle."

And so fifteen minutes after the first call for help had flashed over the wire, the *Special Relief* pulled out; in the cab, Hampton and his boy Joe; in the rear car, the regular train gang; every shutter closed, every door protected. On the station-platform the operator and the old chief stood side by side, looking down the endless, converging lines of the track until the train disappeared behind a curve far away. Both were wondering whether they should ever see that crew again; but neither spoke, and, silently, they strolled back into the quiet little office. The whole thing had been done so quickly that it hardly seemed real, and yet these two men, humble employees of a great corporation, had, without permission, assumed a great responsibility. More than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of rolling stock and eight human lives—besides their own positions to lose—against three thousand lives to save. It was a fine wager and a noble one, and it is on record that when Charley Hampton climbed into his cab he called back in his cynical way to a friend on the platform who was entreating him not to go: "Whoo! Johnny, it's just a stand-off atween the Lord a'mighty and me. Ef I win, I've yanked a heap of white folk outen the fire. Ef I lose—

wal, they gotten to go, too—but it wouldn't be fair—'nless for some reason what's b'yond *my* understanding, and any way it'll stand for me in the long account. So I'm going to make a break for it, and jest don't you worry!"

A few minutes later the Vice-president flung himself into the office, bawling: "Where's my train? Where's my engine? ——— you! I'll ship every man in this God-forsaken hole, if that's the way you attend to business! Who's the station-master? You? Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

The old chief picked up the dispatch calling for help, and handed it to him. "We had no other engine that could do the work," he answered, quietly; "there was three thousand lives at stake, sir, and so I sent her out."

The vice-president fairly choked with rage. "So—you—sent—her—out!" he yelled. "Here, you there!" he added, turning to the operator; "Sit down and wire to—to—— Where is she now?—about Coney's ranch, eh? Well, wire to the next station above Coney's to stop the special and fire her back. Come, my man, hurry! What's the matter with you?"

Hopkins took off his hat, slowly, laid it on the table; and his voice quavered a little as he answered, after a pause, and shaking his head, "I can't do it, sir!"

The chief walked over, and clapped the young man on the shoulder. "Shake, Johnny," he said, nodding approvingly, and with a pleased smile. Then he turned to the vice-president, and went on: "It's all right for me, Mr. Smith; for though I have got six, we can take care of ourselves; but this boy hasn't much laid by, and he's expecting a baby this very week. I guess you could fix it so's to keep him on. It was me did the whole business, and it would seem kind of fair to have me foot the bill alone."

But the vice-president was beside himself with rage, and argument could not move him; without a word he motioned the two men aside, and sat down before the table. He was a rough, self-made man who had risen from the ranks, and could handle the ticker against most

operators on the line. For a moment he glanced over the time-table and made a cross with his thumb-nail against the station to which he meant to wire, but, before he could begin his message, the instrument spelled out "H—E—L—P," and was dumb. The only wire west was down; and the curious coincidence struck the railroad king more forcibly than the ablest logical statement. He was a man whom success had rarely if ever betrayed; utterly lacking in sentiment; shrewd, hard, unyielding, dogged in purpose, full of resource, ever undismayed, and an indefatigable worker, he had rarely been thwarted, not often checked, never decisively balked in his designs for more than a short spell. And here, suddenly, unexpectedly, he found himself check-mated, in a dismal little lumber-camp in the wilderness of pines. It was a new sensation and, to do the man justice, he grasped the situation and submitted to it without resentment. What was less comprehensible to him was this fact—that two of his men, his *own* men, had bearded him in one of his dens when they had nothing to gain and a great deal to lose, and had succeeded in their bold attempt! For two or three minutes he paced the room quickly, nervously clutching his fingers behind his back. It was the first time in his life of upward struggle and success that he experienced the benumbing sensation of absolute helplessness, and, vaguely there dawned upon him the possibility, nay the consciousness, of the existence of a power beyond the control of human energy. However, he was not a man to remain long thwarted. He had lost his battle, but there yet remained enough time to retrieve his defeat, and a new plan of action flashed through his brain, complete in all its details. For a half hour he dictated message upon message to Hopkins, mostly addressed to the General Manager in Chicago. All traffic was suspended in the fire district; all private messages suppressed until further orders. Relief trains loaded with provisions and water were ordered out from various Western points. Look-outs, signals, sidings—everything was detailed with a promptness and preci-

sion that fairly astonished the two men in the office and obliged them to acknowledge that the vice-president knew his road even better than they knew their section of it; so that, when he had dictated his last sentence "*personal expense, G. H. Smith, V. P.*," they looked up at him with a feeling akin to awe.

"Well, boys," he said, tipping his tall white hat back. "Lucky Smith ain't the man to forget that he was checkmated by two little employees on his own road. If we pull them people out of the fire you are not the sort of lumber to rot in a jumping-off place like Notman's; you've taught me a lesson and I owe you something for it. As for you youngster, you've got more grit than you know; it takes grit to run against me, and you didn't flinch worth a cent. When that child of yours comes I want to stand godfather and that means that—well, you needn't worry about it. Now," he continued, turning to the station master, "this is the way I've figured it. My train will take all the women, children, and a lot beside, run down beyond the big wash at Compton's, unload, and make back for Perditaville with as many flat cars and engines as they can manage. We have a lot there for the grading of the new branch. There won't be much time to spare, but we can't help that. If I had wired them to go in ahead of the special they would probably not have been ready and have blocked the road. I think it ought to work; for, once they are beyond the wash, they'll have plenty of time before them. But what have you got on hand for me? Forty-four drivers? Well—she'll have to do: any coaches?"

"Only an old smoker, sir."

"Pull them out then. Keep the track clear—I'll wire as I go. Now get a crew together while I hunt up my people. S'long!"

II

HAMPTON had started rather slowly. He was feeling his new "toy," and he smiled with pleasure as he watched the huge iron monster, docile as a piece of wax in his skilled hands. For forty

miles the road was clear, and in the last car the other engineer, watch in hand, figured out the speed by the bumps of the rail joints—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—fifty-five. . . . The trainmen had discovered some dice, and in spite of the swaying were playing for pennies in the half-lighted rear end of the car, or stumbling about examining the gorgeous fittings of their vice-president's travelling palace. The other four cars were empty and closed, save for the end doors. Over the new, unsettled roadbed the train swayed fearfully, but, beyond an occasional jump or jar, the travelling was not unusual for railroad hands, though, probably, much faster than the local iron had ever known.

So the first hour passed without incident or excitement. Ahead a thick haze as heavy as a fog clung to the horizon; the acrid smell of the smoke of burning green wood, saturated with pyroligneous acid, began to grip the throat and, suddenly, they reached the *brulé*. Instinctively the boy Joe pulled a flask from his pocket and loosened the cork, but Hampton snatched it from him and flung it out.

"Water on this trip, boy," he said, curtly. "The fire's yonder and we'll be into it soon; keep cool."

Gradually the desolate, blackened landscape began to smoke, and here and there a dull glow in the underbrush or a pennant of flame from the top of a hollow tree warned them that their real work was near at hand. Little eddies of spark-sprinkled smoke whirled about them at intervals and the sparks stung—a short, sharp, hot sting. Hampton had been astonished and rather taken aback when his boy had pulled out his flask at the sight of the fire; for, though he himself was accounted a drunkard—not altogether wrongly—he only drank when there was no real work to do, just as he always lied when it was merely a question of killing time, yet was incapable of telling a falsehood where it might mean anything more serious than a rough joke—no uncommon type in our West. As they approached the danger-belt he looked the boy over out of the corner of his eye and shook his head;

not that Joe showed any fear or bungled over his work, but he was more excited than he should have been, and this was not right, according to Hampton's views; for he held that the most unsteady nerves grow quiet when the fight begins and the real stuff is there. So without further explanation he yelled above the din of the rushing train, "Fire up a bit hotter, Joe, and take the manhole off the tank. How much?"

The boy held up the stick and Hampton nodded back. "It'll do!" There was a level stretch of several miles before them and for a few minutes he felt at ease, but he knew that this was the last respite and, without hurry he prepared himself for the wrestle with the fire-fiend. There were no prayers, for it was more than forty years since he had kneeled down; but, as he wetted his jumper and tied the sleeves over his head he was conscious of a deeper feeling than he had known since his childhood. No more fearless man had ever grappled with a deadly peril, and in that momentary deeper feeling there was nothing of dread, only a certain gathering up of himself for a supreme effort that might be his last. At this moment not one of the vices that stigmatized his ordinary life had the slightest hold upon him, nor could it have offered the most remote temptation.

He called the boy and arranged a simple code of signals between them. Then he added, "Joe, we'll be in it in a few minutes, so you get back into the tank, and, when I'm afire, souse me down. You ain't got the sand to stand here, and it's best that-a-way. When I shake my left hand jump out and fire for all you're worth . . . and keep your cap wet."

In the rear car the engineer had counted up to sixty-five and shook his head as he put his watch back. "Here, boys," he cried out in his high-pitched nasal voice, "quit your playing and hang on. We're getting to it now and that hell-fired cuss in the cab is *driving*. There's no dead bones in him . . . yet."

So the men gathered about their chief and braced themselves in their seats. The speed over the rough track

had become appalling even for trained hands, and the car slammed and banged and rocked with a fierce uneasiness that silenced them.

For they had struck the fire-strip and were running the death-race. Alone in the cab, his bright, clear, dilated eyes fixed on the shining track ahead Hampton held his lever, proud for the first time in his life of having met a foe worth fighting. Around him right and left and before and behind the raging, tumultuous sea of fire seethed and writhed, flared up in gigantic tides of flame that surged upward and fell back again smothered in smoke amid a hurricane of sounds that no human pen can describe. It bellowed, and shrieked, and howled, and moaned, it whistled, and thundered, and crashed, and wailed; the glass panes were shattered and here and there a shutter crashed in; the day became night and that night again a lurid day, for the fiery hail rained down in continuous sheets and the huge, tattered banners of red and black leaped from hill to hill—across the track—across the ditches, and brooks, and rivers, in their mad onslaught, smothering the rushing train in a wild impotent spasm of anger. Then, for a moment, lulled into seeming indifference, the red sea parted and the black moving monster thing that represented the salvation of so much human life sped on unharmed. But for a moment. For with a roar the fire-fiend asserted himself once more. Great trunks fell across the carriage-tops crashing into the roofs and shattering the lamps and windows. At intervals, more and more frequent, the rails had spread, but the speed was so tremendous that the train dashed through like a solid bolt and the tree-trunks on the track were swept away like straws.

Alone in the cab Hampton guided his gasping, snorting, galloping machine. From time to time the boy in the tender behind threw a bucket of water at him, and he shivered slightly as the cold struck down with a sizzle of extinguished sparks. From time to time, as his father signalled to him, Joe sprang out and fired feverishly, furiously, for a half minute, then rushed back to his refuge in the tank, for the heat was

fearful. Into the chaos of fire the engine vomited its stream of reddish colored smoke and steam, and the rumbling of the rolling wheels vied with the scattering, low-toned thunder of the fire-flood. Even in the rear car the men had ceased to talk, for each felt a tightening string strung just above his eyebrows, and unconsciously glanced about him, slowly awaiting some unforeseen emergency that might call for sudden action.

Through Snelling's, through White Fish Lake, they smashed as no other train had ever run before—and beyond White Fish lay the most dangerous ground. For a mile or two Hampton slowed up and the boy stoked and fired with a drunken energy. Instinctively he had understood that this was the pause before the last dash into eternity or—immortality. Behind them the cars were on fire here and there and the train crew were doing firemen's duty as well as the swaying allowed them.

Then, the ninety-foot trestle half a mile long and badly curved; Hampton looked out, and below in the black gap between the roaring furnaces he saw the climbing bluish flames licking the long legs of timber. For a brief moment he half closed his eyes, beckoned to the boy to lie low, and, throwing off the jacket that was tied about his head, he pulled the lever back as far as it would go.

In the rear car the engineer stood up and braced himself between the seats. "Boys," he said, somewhat solemnly, "we're killing ninety miles an hour, and the chief was right; there wasn't another man on the road that had the nerve to do it. *I* couldn't. That fellow in the cab is a daisy! Look out now!" For a half minute every man held his breath. The rocking and swinging had become intolerable, and the hollow, more sonorous rumbling of the wheels told them that they were no longer on solid ground. Seven, eight

minutes, the express pounded on and gradually slowed down to a fifty-mile gait. The men had nothing to say to each other, or rather they had much to say, but did not know how to say it. Every man there knew that his life had been played heads or tails, and that heads had turned up. Through the chinks of the shutters they could see the bright light outside; and then, suddenly, it went out.

The race was run, the fight was won.

Alone in the cab, Hampton guided his monster machine. But the strain had been too great and he needed help; rather than call for it he would have died as he stood; but half-consciously he turned, and the boy, understanding, sprung out from his refuge and, after flinging a few shovelfuls on to the muttering white-hot coals, he closed his arms around his father and held him. Blood was telling, and they should stand or fall together, but game to the end. A few miles more to go before God gave His decision, and then the low red-brown station buildings and the crowded platforms came into sight in the forest clearing. The whistle belled three times in rising inflections, the brakes rubbed and pounded the hot tires, and the "fire express" pulled up before the office. On the floor of the cab the boy lay unconscious, and the giant driver, rigid at his lever, stark, staring mad, was yelling:

Glory! glory, hallelujah!
For Charley's going home!

.

But the next day through the broad United States many a man's heart beat high when he unfolded his paper and read how a brave man and a brave boy had taken that train through the forest furnace and saved three thousand human lives.

THE POINT OF VIEW



AFTER all, to say nowadays that a contemporary civilized man is free from hatred, envy, malice, and uncharitableness is only a faint and negative sort of praise.

Charity is not quite a common virtue yet, for we still sit up and carp at one another a good deal, especially when we have indigestion, though our censure of one another's shortcomings is commonly neither bitter

"From envy, hatred, and malice."

nor harsh. But hatred and malice seem to have been Christianized out of the common run of us. We don't

hate. It makes us uncomfortable. We oppose one another often enough, but that arises out of a conflict of purposes, not from malice. It is rather competition and part of the struggle for our share of the loaves and fishes than a true hostility. I know of a rising and somewhat pugnacious young lawyer, with a turn for politics, who has been heard to say somewhat darkly that he has enemies. His acquaintances laugh at him, so foreign it is to our common experience that anyone out of the story-books should want to harm another person merely for the sake of harming him. The enemies we recognize and fight are in ourselves—sloth, vanity, thriftlessness, and all that crew of intimate opponents that strive to keep us back and balk our efforts. Even jealousy is rarer than it used to be, and one has to look pretty sharply to find a case of it sufficiently pronounced to make a useful showing in a stage play. And as for envy—how is it about that? We want the earth, but we don't want the earth that someone else possesses. We want another for ourselves. We are ambitious, no doubt, and perhaps greedy. We may want a good French cook, and due carriages and horses, and the luxu-

ries of life, because we take comfort with those pleasant superfluities; but I believe it rarely occurs to the normal American who has enough to eat and drink, and can keep dry and warm, to envy another who has more luxuries than himself. Differences in estate and manner of living contribute so much to make life interesting that the majority of us would far rather take our chances in an unequal division of all that is worth having than have the distribution more nearly just. If one is hungry or cold or ill clad, and cannot find the necessities of life for his children, his philosophy is apt to be upset, and envy, or something akin to it, may become something like a virtue; but when one is fairly comfortable, to be envious is such a great piece of folly that it gets little encouragement to exist.

Not long ago we had in New York a wedding on such a scale of magnificence that it excited very nearly as much popular interest and attention as the election which had happened to come on the day before. There was an astonishing display of wealth, and it seemed a proper enough occasion for envy to be rife and rampant, if envy is a prevalent fault. Perhaps envy was excited by that remarkable display, but at least it found very limited expression. There was a prodigious amount of tattle, some criticism, many jokes, some commiseration, and a lot of elbowing to see the show, but no overt appearance of envy. For my part I own that the processes and evolutions of our highly prosperous families during the height of their prosperity form a very engaging spectacle. One sees in the world so many traces of prosperity that has gone by, the ribs of stranded hulks sticking up out of the sands, palaces empty and falling into decay, people who

"once had money" and their descendants, that it is highly agreeable, from time to time, to watch people about whom one has no material regrets, who have had money and have it still in great abundance, who are not working their way through untimely extravagance to ruin and repentance, but are simply making a conscientious endeavor to spend a decent proportion of their incomes. There are so many grand fountains in the world through which the waters no longer play that there is refreshment to the spirit in watching those where the water is still turned on, and spurts up vigorously and plentifully from a sufficient reservoir that keeps ever running over at the top. This pleasure in looking on at the abundantly rich, while they manipulate their various apparatus, may not be a particularly elevated or praiseworthy sort of enjoyment, but at least it costs nothing and it carries no sting with it; nor does it in the least interfere in one's simple, personal, mathematical gratification in adapting more limited means to desirable ends and making the ends meet. It is a great deal better than envy, for that costs one his peace of mind. It is a great deal more prevalent than envy, too, and it speaks well for the common-sense of the common people that this should be true.

THERE are two kinds of literature, and especially two kinds of verse. There is the kind that one wants some one else to read and tell him whether it is good or not; and there is the kind that one is willing to read himself and make personal appraisal of its merit. To writing of this latter sort belonged almost all of the voluminous output of Eugene Field. Field was persistently — incorrigibly, if one may dare to say it — a newspaper man. Perhaps no one appreciates so well the quality of his deliverances as the little army of exchange editors in newspaper offices whose duty it is to glance through piles of newspapers, scissors in hand, and clip out the paragraphs that seem good to read, and the verses of merit enough to bear transplanting. Day after day in his column in the *Chicago Record* Field kept saying something, and saying it with humor and animation. It was usually something with a local bearing; a skit, or a jibe, or a little story, but it was all touched with his person-

ality, and whether it was important or not, and whether it was wise or not, it was almost always readable. Field's personality was very pleasant. He had an imperfect equipment of culture (though of that he had far more than many more pretentious men) and a very imperfect outfit of conformity. That pleasant information which he is said to have given in reply to a question of Mrs. Humphry Ward, "When they caught me I was living in a tree," might almost have been credible, so very different was he in his habits and his estimates of things from the conventional man of letters of his day. He was closely tied to a newspaper through most of his working years, but somehow he seemed to manage to keep his spirit out of bondage. He would think anything he chose about anything that happened to interest him, and what he thought he would write down and print. He never undertook, so far as appears, to write to the taste of anyone but himself, or to express any opinions but his own. He wrote voluminously and quickly, as newspaper men must, and with little or no chance for revision; he was a great joker, too, and made game of all sorts of people and things with unterrified levity; yet he wrote very little that he ever had serious occasion to repent of, and the reason was that he expressed *himself*, and that the self he expressed was full of good-nature, good-temper, and sincerity and loving-kindness. That was the great charm about Eugene Field. He was a real person, a real Western American, with a great deal of fun in him, a great deal of talent, and a sincere liking for his fellow-creatures. They say in Cambridge that one of the chief causes of the characteristic called Harvard indifference is the fear of "giving one's self away," or doing or saying something not quite up to the prevalent standard. That sentiment seems never to have curbed Field's energies in a perceptible degree. Often enough he took his work seriously, but himself never. He had, to be sure, the essentials of self-respect, but while he lived up to them he didn't trip over them and didn't stand still for fear he should. In his newspaper work he was always making fun of someone or fighting somebody—denouncing the inadequacy of the Yerkes's Street railways, poking fun at the Prairie Avenue aristocracy—but there was no venom in him at all. All his life he kept a child's heart, and envy, malice,

hatred, and uncharitableness seemed to have no part in his nature. He even loved Chicago, and it is very much to Chicago's credit that it undoubtedly loved him.

The man was in many ways more remarkable than his work. Yet some of his work was very good. All his verse has the quality already spoken of of being eminently readable, and some of it is admirably good poetry, charming in spirit and fancy and finished in style. His paraphrases of Horace, good as they are, have probably too much of the prairie air in them to become classics, but some of his poetry about children—as "Little Boy Blue" and "Wynken Blynken and Nod"—must go into any book of the poetry of childhood which includes all that is best. No doubt Eugene Field spent a vast amount of time and energy and talent in writing what was not worth while, but that was part of his daily task and brought its necessary recompense. He was a remarkable man and did some remarkable things, and got a great deal out of life. It is a satisfaction to think that his reward was not all deferred until he had gone to his rest.

DO young men read Henry Kingsley nowadays? Or men of any age, in fact? And if not, why does not some one of our essayists use his opportunity to call renewed attention to three or four of the best books of their kind in the language? For if "Austin Elliot" and "Ravenshoe"

Henry Kingsley. and "Geoffrey Hamlyn" do not belong, with "Tom Brown at Oxford" and a few more, in the first rank of the expressions of young manhood, let us have an overhauling of the standards, and see what we have done to improve them so that these books no longer appeal to us. The publication of a new and excellent edition of Henry Kingsley's works not long ago led me to hope they were to have a large renewal of popularity, and perhaps this may have followed; certainly I think no man ever made his first acquaintance with them, at any time of life between eighteen and thirty, without handing them on to at least one other.

Looked at as novels for any time of life, and as literature pure and simple, they are by no means to be talked of with patronage even by end-of-the-century critics. I do not

know, for instance, where Henry Kingsley is greatly surpassed in one respect—the extraordinary vividness with which he sketches in the background of his action, especially in cities. The streets in which some event at the very crises of his story is taking place, bustle all the while with by-play and ordinary human action as they do in reality about all our crisis—see for example the scene in South Audley Street where old Lord Davenry catechizes the boot-black while Charles Ravenshoe's fate is trembling in the balance; or that inimitable passage where Robin the dog runs into Gunter's the pastry-cook's, while Eleanor and Austin Elliot are within a half-dozen steps of their reunion. The interest and joy in life is so great in the storyteller, that he must supply all its full vigor of accompaniment to his main narrative; and he does it with a vivacity that is unceasing, and a realism that differs from the false article of that name in reproducing the impression that is made on the observer, instead of the things which he thinks ought to produce that impression—but which do not. The description of Lord Charles Barty's last day might serve better as an illustration of this distinction than many far better-known passages in literature.

But it is, I repeat, as the books *par excellence* of the young man's life that these three especially make their strongest appeal. I hardly know where, outside of two or three great masters, the healthy normal side of that life is better done. If the love-story of a man in the twenties were the whole of it, this would not be true—that is better told by itself in an indefinite number of places; but the whole set of interests and ambitions is another thing. And especially the note of a thorough-going, healthy young friendship is struck by Kingsley with the rarest kind of truth—more successfully than almost anywhere outside of Thackeray.

I have been reading some schemes of lectures on recent literature by certain of the younger instructors in a leading university, in which the lists of authors and books showed a determination to send men to the best work of their own time, with a healthy disregard of tradition and of academics; and it was, on the whole, refreshing to see with what judgment and in what spirit excursions had been made outside the ranks of the acknowledged masters. But I did not find the name of

Henry Kingsley among these gatherings-in of men who, if not of the first order or even of the second, ought to be pointed out among the makers of the real thing—the men who have written books to be read. If I had such a course in hand I would devote an hour to him, with considerable certainty that I was doing a wise thing and should earn the gratitude of many readers to whom his books are hardly names.

IT is one of the whims of Fate that I shall study, rather desultorily and superficially, but pretty constantly, current discussion of economic questions, and Fate has had its way with me in this matter now for quite the average life-time of a generation. Perhaps it is because the study is not very fascinating and has never tempted me to become a specialist in it, that I am often struck with the amusing side of the discussion—with the odd way in which the traits of human nature, too

An empty
menace.

familiar really to be well known, show themselves and influence what is meant and believed to be impartial reasoning. That is not a new thing in the more speculative branches of attempted thinking, but it is more obvious and more entertaining when it occurs in a science supposed to deal with the realities in the most practical fashion.

Ever since the Japanese folded up their fans, laid aside their silken wrappers, and emerging from the lovely and puzzling screen that had so long hidden them from the view of modern Europe, waged a brief, fierce conquering campaign as brilliant and conclusive as that which closed at Sadowa, writers in English, and German, and French have been discoursing with great gravity on what they agree in terming the "industrial menace" involved in this sudden appearance of a formidable competitor with the great trading nations. I shall not try even to indicate their many arguments, I merely wish to remark the note of naïve alarm that runs through all their predictions. It is precisely the note of the village shop-keeper at the appearance of a rival; precisely, too, the note of the child who complains that another child has set up another "pin-show" in the next courtyard. And this chorus of anxiety is just as sharp and querulous in free-trade England as in pro-

ductive France, or in Germany, which is half-way between the extremes. Everywhere there is the feeling that here are forty millions of alert, ingenious, laborious, and, above all, wonderfully frugal and abstemious human beings, who, having shown that they can manage the most complex and difficult processes of modern civilization—those of war on land and sea—with skill, and energy, and foresight, will now enter the vast field of commerce and industry, and may easily check, if they do not vanquish, the armies of the West now operating there.

It does not seem to occur to these quivering philosophers that what has happened suddenly and on a great scale in Japan has been going on more or less regularly ever since the Phœnicians crept along the shores of the Mediterranean, and that the present stage of development of the inter-communication of human interests is no more the final one than the isles of Britain were really the Ultima Thule. If the capacity, constantly increasing since the race began, of men and peoples to produce things that could be sold had not been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the capacity to use and in the need of buying, the human family would have remained, browsing or carnivorous, on the level of other animals. The wide and infinitely varied trade of the world, with its marvellous machinery and organization, is, after all, but barter, and the myriad currents that course through its intricate channels must finally accomplish that rhythmic and complete exchange of sale and purchase, that endosmose and exosmose on which the life of the organism depends. And since for so many centuries the organism has not only lived but grown, what occasion is there now to suppose that the laws of its being and progress are to be suspended?

On the other hand, I suppose that this general shudder of timidity at the sudden appearance of novel conditions is but the reflex action of the eager desire for gain, the immortal greed, of human beings which has been the most effective motive power in the development of the race. It is not on that account the less amusing—it is, indeed, rather more so, for it does not contradict that optimism which is almost an essential condition of real enjoyment of the frailties of our fellow-beings.

THE FIELD OF ART

CLAUDE MONET — ART FOR ART'S
SAKE — MISS BESSIE POTTER'S FIGU-
RINES — HIGH BUILDINGS — VERMEER
DE DELFT



CLAUDE MONET was born in Havre, and most of his life has been passed in painting the river and valley of the Seine. He knows that country well, by long explorations since his early boyhood, on foot or in canoe — at all seasons of the year and all hours of the day. And what a noble total of work he has given the world, characterized from the first by an independence of vision and uncompromising honesty, accompanied by an unquenchable enthusiasm and love for his *motif*.

A winter evening, the sun going down a red globe, gilding cakes of floating ice; fog lifting, disclosing a mediæval village with church and towers, fairy-like, wonderful; fields with ripening grain, bordered by gray-green trees; hill-sides with their patchwork divisions, or with fruit-trees, blossom-covered; little towns, their walls and houses reflected in the water, while a long line of deep-laden barges passes slowly by; a river-side inn frequented by yachtsmen, a gay mixture of boats, brilliant costumes and flags, the whole twinkling and dancing in the rippling water; islands gorgeous with autumn coloring—these are a few glimpses in the long panorama evoked by the painter's magic.

In the "View of Rouen," with what directness and justness of vision has a *chef-d'œuvre* been created! Everything moves and vibrates in the delicious summer air, the little

boats rock gently at anchor, the tall poplars nod, and clouds sail across the luminous sky. One likes his work of this period for its youth and gayety; never has landscape painting, unhampered by non-essentials, spoken so directly to the heart of the charm of nature and the joy of living.

ART for Art's sake, of course. For what else? and why not? But do those who make this phrase their Shibboleth always reflect that its prohibitions cut two ways? If art is to be practised for its own sake alone, does it not exact from the artist that he shall use his highest and noblest powers in that practice? If the art that points a moral and adorns a tale is in so far forth not true art, what of the art that exists for the purpose of sensationalism and yellow-bookishness? Art is not to be moral and instructive, agreed—but neither shall it be immoral or instructive in vice. Art deals only with beauty, and the higher the kind of beauty it shows us the better the art. The *fleurs du mal* are not the loveliest blossoms. Art for art's sake, the work for the work's sake, is the motto of every true artist, and he who follows it truly will do the noblest and purest work it is in him to do, and will shun the ugly and the degrading, not because to dwell upon them is a crime against morals, but because it is a crime against art. Art for art's sake means not merely that we are not to preach or to tell stories in our pictures, but that we are not to follow fads or catch at sensations, not to try for money or for notoriety; that we are to think not what is profitable or fashionable, but what is good. Practise it so, and, in the long run, even the Philistines will forgive us.

AN entirely new light was thrown on Greek sculpture by the discovery of the Tanagra figurines. The new light was mellow as well. Along with the final conviction that the Greeks were devotees of highly colored statuary, it robbed Hellenic art of its last claim to frigid austerity, and credited it rather with the intimate appeal and the warmth of humanity that were always the acme of its endeavor.

Where reality is already potent with charm, there art should doubly succeed. It would be strange indeed if sculpture could find no inspiration in these modern women and these modern costumes, which are so effective in real life. But to distil the essence, to reproduce the effect and resemble the actuality—this is the problem. The consequent truth is that, while a mediocre talent can attain what passes for success in a subject of remote manners and environment, only a most exceptional refinement of insight can ferret out and suggest the real charm of every-day life. The highest art, the finest romance, is always the sublimation of the real.

In sculpture, abstractly beautiful and robbed of the support of color and background as it is, the success of a realist is so rare, and failure is so dire, that even the attempt is infrequent. The tiny size of the figurines, however, establishes such a favorable prejudice, and offers so much opportunity for a bewitching sketchiness of treatment, that it is surprising to note how few sculptors have taken a hint from the delicious fancies of Tanagra—fancies capable of being embodied into such entrancing shape in delicate statuettes of young women of modish gowns and manners.

So far as I know, the only artist devoting a whole individuality to the figurine, is Miss Bessie C. Potter, of Chicago. The very rarity of her work challenges attention, and its happy treatment explains its genuine success. At the last exhibit of the Sculpture Society, her tiny and original works were far from being overwhelmed by the colossal figures about them. A visit to Paris won from the leading artists there much encouragement; but the influence of the galleries and studios could not dislodge her Americanism.



A Girl.



The Chrysanthemum Girl.



The Rose.



Portrait.

I would not imply that Miss Potter has consciously imitated the Tanagra figurines, but her work displays that nationalistic feeling and that almost worshipful delight in contemporary existence which is so rich a trait of the Greeks. The breezy freedom and frank patriotism of her native city and the West generally leaven all her moods, and evidence an individuality and courage amazing in the work of one who is just past the lintel of the Twenties. It is interesting to note that all Miss Potter's tuition has been gained in the Art Institute of Chicago, and under the well-known sculptor, Mr. Lorado C. Taft.



and all the feminine graces of pose and air. Her rugged bust of Professor Swing, and the fine sweeping technic and spirit of her portrait of Hamlin Garland, disclose versatility without being typical. Her real self is to be

found in the idyllic reverie of young womanhood, as in "The Rose," "The Chrysanthemum Girl," and many of the "Portraits;" or, still more strongly, in the American sophistication and nervous vivacity of "A Girl of the Period," "Lingering," and, most impudently winning of all, "An American Girl."

Raffaelli called Miss Potter "an impressionist in plaster," and her work thus far has been

In the art output of women there is all too rare a display of real feminine charm. Miss Potter's works, however, show no effort at concealing the sex of their author. They vaunt it rather in the woman's keen understanding of woman, her sure eye for effect,

one of sketchily perpetuated moods; but her individuality, her instinct for the music of harmonious lines, her neat suggestiveness, her ability to imply largeness in the small, and, above all, her studious enthusiasm, are big with prophecy.

The above illustrations are from photographs of figurines by Miss Bessie C. Potter.



One Mile of New York.

THE picturesque quality of the new high buildings has not failed to attract some attention. As they rise above the old sky-line of our streets, so they are seen from the rivers which bound New York and from the prairie and the lake at Chicago, like the towers of a gigantic fortress. Steeped in sunshine when the streets below are in shadow, catching the colored light of sunset when the streets below know nothing of it, lost in fog or rain-cloud as to their highest parts—they are impressive when looked at from the town itself; but this is as nothing to their beauty when seen from a point a mile beyond the houses. There is, of course, no architectural merit in all this, it is as buttes or other startling natural formation that we may look upon them.

Towers of mediæval fortresses were as nothing compared to the "elevator buildings" of to-day in size and bulk. The donjon of Coucy, which Viollet-le-Duc has made famous,

did not rise quite one hundred and seventy feet from the court-yard nor two hundred from the bottom of the moat, and yet that is a giant among the fortresses of antiquity, excelling everything of its time, and so far as we know, everything of classical antiquity even more decidedly. The highest tower of the donjon of Pierrefonds is as high as the Coucy tower, if you include the conical roof.

The new buildings are rising to heights of three hundred feet and over, and the reader hardly needs to be reminded how vast is the difference made by adding one hundred feet to an already lofty structure. The twelfth century cities of Italy were crowded with towers of defence, representing the private warfare of the time; San Gimignano, in Tuscany, retains thirteen of its ancient forest; but these towers of defence were seldom one hundred and fifty feet in height, and in bulk they were what we of the manufacturing age should call factory chimneys. In New York

the as yet unfinished building of the American Surety Company, at Pine Street, is not more than eighty-five feet square and is over three hundred feet in height, and this is therefore a real tower, containing ten times the bulk of even a very large tower of the Middle Ages or of the time of Roman wars.



The Coucy Tower.

But these huge modern buildings are light and slender, with thin walls and innumerable windows. Far from being massive, they are



The American Surety Building.

faultily slight, and built like packing-boxes with holes in them. True; and therefore it is not as architectural structures that we consider them here, but as media for nature to work upon. Those who love Gothic archi-

tecture and know how to love it, are not very fond of the western towers of Cologne, modern, cold, formal, with as few ideas in proportion to their bulk as so elaborate a structure can contain; but when the autumn rains come down over the Rhine, and the huge spires are half lost in a cloud from which a slow drizzle is descending on the slippery stones of the square, and when perhaps the thunder of



The Donjon of Pierrefonds.

the bells comes out of the clouds to help in the magic, it appears that there is something in architecture besides architectural merit, and that the man may deserve well of his kind who merely piles his building high.



A Half-mile of San Gimignano.

IT has often been said that the greatest artists are not the best teachers, and this is as true of the influence exercised by their work as of their personal instruction. The great personal forces in art, the Michel-Angelos and the Rembrandts, are one-sided and unbalanced, as full of faults as of virtues, and the faults are imitable while the virtues are not. They are dangerous models; it is the smaller men who are quietly perfect. Send your pupils to Terburg or Chardin, not to Tintoretto or Delacroix. But if I were to select one master from all the masters of painting, whom a student might safely contemplate forever, sure to learn all good and no evil from him—if I were asked, not who is the greatest of painters, but who is the most exemplary—I think I should name Vermeer de Delft. One of his few pictures is in the Metropolitan Museum, and it is not one of his best, yet for the student it is a pearl

without price. Go and look at it and see what painting can be: sound and sober, without trickery or brilliancy, accurate in drawing, quiet in color, nugatory in subject—a model of Dutch simplicity and naturalness, but—but filled with an exquisite refinement which is eternally art. Go and look at it, and learn that fashion is but for a day, and truth and beauty are forever.

IT is regrettable that a poster, particularly referred to in our issue of last October, should, through erroneous information, have been credited to American art. The poster for "The New Woman" is but an American reprint of an English original designed by Mr. Albert Morrow and executed by Messrs. David Allen & Sons, of Belfast, for Mr. Comyns Carr, of the Comedy Theatre, London.

ABOUT THE WORLD



NOW that the flying-machine has for the time folded its wings, save in the workshops of industrious Darius Greens, the public attention is engaged with innovations in the art of

travelling somewhat nearer the earth. The most marvellous of these, to be sure, come to perfection only on "reportorial" pads, where brilliant and generous imaginative powers are not hampered by ignoble facts. Setting aside such more brilliant and journalistic prospect-

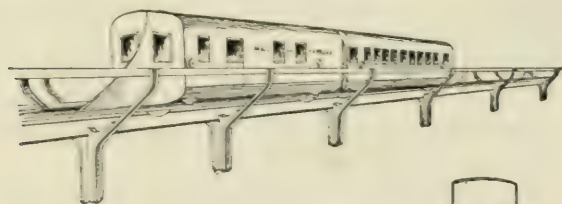
Gains in the
speed of travel.

uses as the running of all the railroads, and goodness knows what other machinery into the bargain, by electricity developed from the "harnessed" Niagara, one notes the magnificent run of a record-breaking train from Chicago to Buffalo, five hundred and twelve miles, at a speed of something more than sixty-five miles per hour, stops excluded. The chief significance of this feat, aside from the mere punishment of a record—always certain to find a responsive thrill in the citizens of this republic—is the proof that the second lap of the New York-Chicago thousand-mile race over the Lake Shore route is quite as fast as the first half, east of Buffalo, and by way of the New York Central tracks. This newest long-distance record brings us one step nearer the not distant day when New Yorkers shall be able to see the same sun rise over Long Island and set over Chicago. Indeed, one of the gentlemen who left Chicago at 3.30 A.M., on this very trip just mentioned, spent the evening of the same day in a New York theatre.

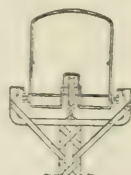
A well-planned attack is seriously discussed, too, on the time between two even more important termini—New York and London.

For the moment it would seem that the great transatlantic steamships are breathing after victories, hopeless of a further decisive increase of speed. But the fertile and enthusiastic brain of Mr. Austin Corbin, the railroad genius of Long Island, has approached from a different direction the task of bringing the Old World and the New nearer to each other. With Montauk Point, at the extreme end of Long Island, the western terminus of the North Atlantic post-road, and with Milford Haven substituted for Southampton, Liverpool, and Queenstown, Mr. Corbin maintains that no less than fifteen hours will be saved in the transportation of mails and passengers between New York and London. Not only will the ocean liners have a much clearer course in the approaches to these proposed termini; the greater speed obtainable on the Long Island railroad, and its more direct route, will also save precious time. After the considerable gains made by such shifts as the Queenstown mail service, there is no reason apparent to a layman that this larger improvement should not be made. If it is, the indefatigable transatlantic lines will find but comparatively few obstacles to a final reduction of the passage to the coveted five-day point. One of the arguments addressed to the patriotism and the purses of the Yankees in furtherance of this plan is the decisive superiority it would give the new American port over any of the threatened Canadian termini. One of the large steamship companies has already ordered two monster passenger vessels to be built in Germany, which will equal or exceed in power anything that floats to-day, and which would be exceedingly ready to avail themselves of the new route, provided its advantages are as real as Mr. Corbin thinks.

So much for the highways from New York to Chicago and to London. Between New York and Washington, D. C., another crowded line of feverish passenger travel, the fast express trains of two magnificent railroad systems now run in about five hours time. A corporation has been projected in the National capital for the construction of a mail and passenger road to the metropolis which shall shoot over the two hundred and forty miles in two hours! Congress is consider-



ing a bill to grant this company a charter and right of way, on condition that this almost incredible speed of one hundred and twenty miles per hour shall be maintained, and the promoters offer to demonstrate on a test line between Washington and Chesapeake Bay their ability to meet such an extraordinary requirement. The track is to be elevated above the earth on a single line of upright beams. The trains are to weigh one-fourth as much as an ordinary express train, and are to be driven by electricity, each car carrying its own motor machinery. The most distinctive mechanical feature of the enterprise is the so-called "bicycle" arrangement by which a single line of wheels runs on a single rail. The train is to be kept upright by an auxiliary rail on either side, which will not, however, come into play except in rounding curves. The fathers of the enterprise point to its safety—since no grade crossings will be possible—and the economy of land appropriation. They propose to carry passengers, mail, and express parcels, leaving the freight traffic to the surface lines which limp along at a paltry thirty to fifty miles per hour. If the engineers are right who have proved on paper the practicability of this twentieth century tramway, the intelligent New Yorker should find himself in a position to run over to Washington for some important senatorial discussion, and return to lunch, while the musically inclined in Washington and Baltimore need only dine a trifle



earlier than usual to manage an evening at the Metropolitan Opera House, and a return the same night to their virtuous couches at home.

IT had been thought that one principle evolved from the gradual perfection of such "racing machines" as the Herreshoff sloops might be applied in some modified degree to the construction of steamers. Those queer, spoon-shaped bows of Defender and her immediate predecessors are designed to slip over the water, instead of cutting through it. Even a layman perceives at once that this operates to lessen the friction and increase the speed. People closely interested in the improvement of the great ocean steamships, are of the opinion that, so far as the hull can influence the question of speed, some such modification of the bow is the only change likely to avail in the nip-and-tuck struggle for more knots per hour. But it is also easy to see that the flat-tish bow leads toward an increased draft by concentrating the keel action, and as a matter of fact we do not find in the most recent products of the shipyards any appreciable move in the direction of Gloriana bows. The Forban, the new French torpedo boat, which drives through the water at the railroad speed of 30.2 knots or nearly 35 miles, depends on tremendous engine power, rather than on any departure in her lines, to hold her place as the swiftest vessel in the world. The two ocean steamships, St. Paul and St. Louis, first vessels of their class to be built in American shipyards, do not show that the Cramps had any lessons to learn from the wonderful blind yacht-builder of Narragansett Bay. These two fine steamers from the Delaware, whose creditable maiden performances we have recently been watching with such interest, are distinguished from the English-built "ocean greyhounds" in the greater beam; affording a solidity which to the nervous and patriotic American lessens the rack of the titanic engines. Hints of this superiority, as well as other unusual provisions for creature comfort which the American vessels boast, are thrown out to us in advance of the anxious inquiries we might make concerning the records they have not broken.

What will the new ships be?

The building at home of such large ships and of the war vessels ordered by the United States Government, is attended by an eco-

conomic fact of considerable importance : it is true of nearly all manufacturing industries, but most especially ship-building, that successful management depends on constant employment of plant and force at their full capacity. An army of workmen, and highly specialized appliances, are necessary to build a battle-ship Minneapolis or a cruiser New York. When those vast jobs are off the stocks it is necessary to give the expert mechanics and costly machinery something to do, for Government contracts are not on tap ; so it turns out that in the intervals between the occasional lucrative contracts ships must be built whether anyone wants them or not ; and in England, for instance, trading steamers do not fetch in the market what is actually spent in their construction. Hence, too, there comes about the scramble of the ship-builders of America, England, Germany, and France for the contracts which Japan is now awarding for a dozen or more modern war vessels. The unfortunate Oriental officials are fairly besieged by the specious representatives of the art of ship-building in two continents ; according to the latest reports, Count Ito is hesitating between the monster battle-ships of England and the swifter, lighter type of American cruisers.

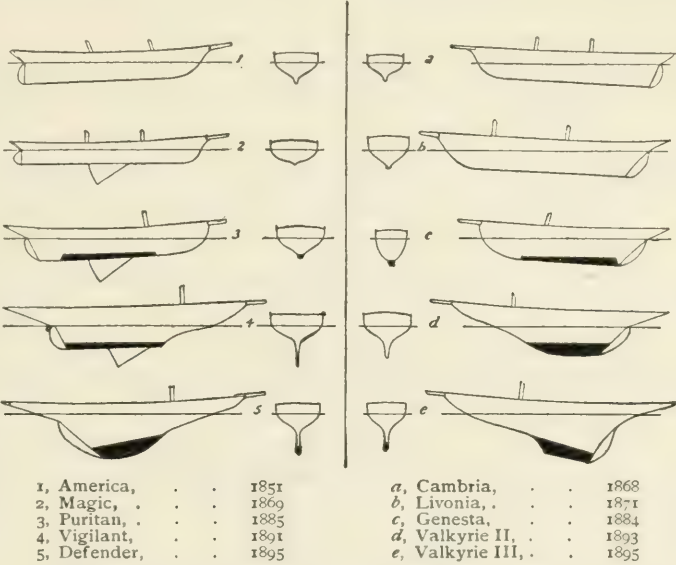
English and American athletes.

MR. HARRY WARRINGTON'S victory over my Lord March in the broad jump, some four generations ago, was not more decisive than the all-around drubbing which the visiting English team received at the hands—and legs—of the New York athletes ; and the late unpleasantness which was to have been the International Yacht Race sufficiently proved, to Americans at least, the superiority of the Yankee boat. Stranger than all, England lowered her colors even in the sacred game

of cricket, when the Pennsylvania batsmen made that glorious closing rally against the bowlers of the Cambridge-Oxford eleven. And yet it is fortunate that these various contests were exciting enough to be ends in themselves ; for so far as giving any data for useful generalizations concerning the tendencies of physical development or boat-building on the two sides of the Atlantic, respectively, they were singularly inconclusive. The average well-grown Briton with out-of-door proclivities, is equipped with a handsome straight back, and a pair of square, solid shoulders, that would of themselves be sufficient hint of his nationality in the streets of New York ; yet at the shot and hammer the trans-atlantic putters and throwers were as babes in the hands of Gray and Hickok.

Then one would have argued that the slender, nervous, and wiry race of Americans should produce runners of greater speed and endurance than the more solid men of the Old Country ; while, as a matter of fact, the running events, outside of sprinting, were generally conceded to the English, the teams being nearly equal, and at the longer distances they were practically invincible. Indeed, if anything is determined by the Anglo-American contests, it is that Englishmen can run a quarter mile, a half mile, a mile, or anything over that, in less time than we can. The jumping honors seem as likely to remain on this side of the Atlantic as if Warrington and his friend Mr. George Washington were still with us.

THE South is to be heartily congratulated on her Exposition in all save its official title ; which has committed the less offence, however, because its amorphous dimensions make paraphrasing inevitable in every-day use. The contemplative citizen of the United States who has visited this latest world-spectacle, or conceived of it from the



A Diagram showing the Evolution of the Modern Yacht Hull.

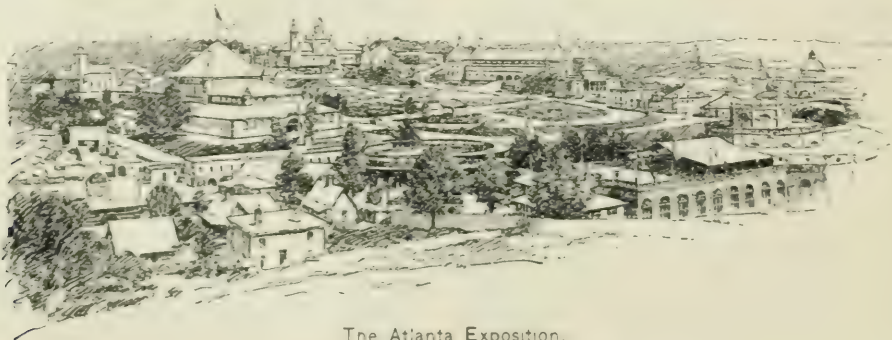
The Atlanta
Exhibition.

profuse descriptions in the papers, is less impressed by the magnitude of the undertaking—though this is second only to Chicago's effort—than by the fact that it is a town in the heart of the South that has planned and carried out such an arduous and tremendous enterprise. Where did Atlanta, with her paltry 65,000 population, in the midst of languorous Georgia crackerdom, get the energy, money, and daring to achieve thus quietly and completely what mammoth Chicago, whose delight is in hustling, found such a strenuous task? And has the New South already produced a New Woman, clamorous for reform and the lecture platform, that we read of Boards of Women Managers, and their divers activities, five hundred miles south of Mason and Dixon's Line? Exactly what, too, is the spirit of such a display of negro progress, in a Cotton States Exposition midway between the birthplace of the Mississippi Test and the State now meditating the adoption of that successful means of maintaining white supremacy at the polls?

Atlanta is the least Southern of all Southern cities, geography to the contrary notwithstanding. Her journalists, politicians, and business men are closely *en rapport* with the journalists, politicians, and business men of the North and West. The rhythm of her life is that of New York City rather than of Richmond. The generation of men upon whom fell the mantle of Henry Grady, are instinct with nervous energy and dashing enterprise. They are constantly rushing off, full of business, to Washington, to New York, or to Chicago, bent on button-holing Congressmen, or raising the voice of authority in nominating conventions. They think the South is a good place to live in, but are entirely willing that it should be further improved by the co-operation of their Northern and Western brethren, for whose

ears they have irresistible statistics concerning resources, mileage, cotton products, the best harbors in the world, and paradisiacal climates. Whether these bustling *mores* are consistent with the peculiar grace which we have learned to associate with Southern life, is beside the mark; they account for the Cotton States and International Exposition. And as for the Woman's Building, and all that therein is—they have not been at all the work of rathe females, with aggressive convictions about their rights. In fact, it has been the wives and mothers and sisters of the "best" people who have enthusiastically borne the toil of begging money, drumming up the sisters who had done things worthy of being exhibited, and providing the varied programmes of their departments.

Besides this assurance that the Southern woman is very useful as well as highly ornamental, visitors to Atlanta are considerably impressed by the sincerity and good sense which mark the Negro's share of the Exposition. When one has been periodically harrowed by newspaper reports from the Gulf regions of murders *en masse*, prompted by the victims' possession or lack of pigment, it is comforting to see, for instance, the work that Booker T. Washington is doing at Tuskegee, aided and abetted by Southern whites. No speech was ever before made by an American negro which won the admiration and concurrence of so many white people of different sectional views, as did Mr. Washington's at the opening of the Exposition in the fall. This auspicious beginning gave the greatest effectiveness possible to the Atlanta exhibition of what the Southern colored people are doing to raise the standards of useful citizenship, and especially to the samples of work at Tuskegee, which is based on the theory that it is better to teach the average negro boy to be a good shoemaker than to be a rascally politician or a farcical preacher.



The Atlanta Exposition.

From a photograph by Arnold.



DRAWN BY DANIEL VIERGE.

THE BULL FIGHT. (See *Servilliana*, page 152.)

ENGRAVED BY FLORIAN.

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THE HERMIT AND THE PILGRIM

By Clifford Howard

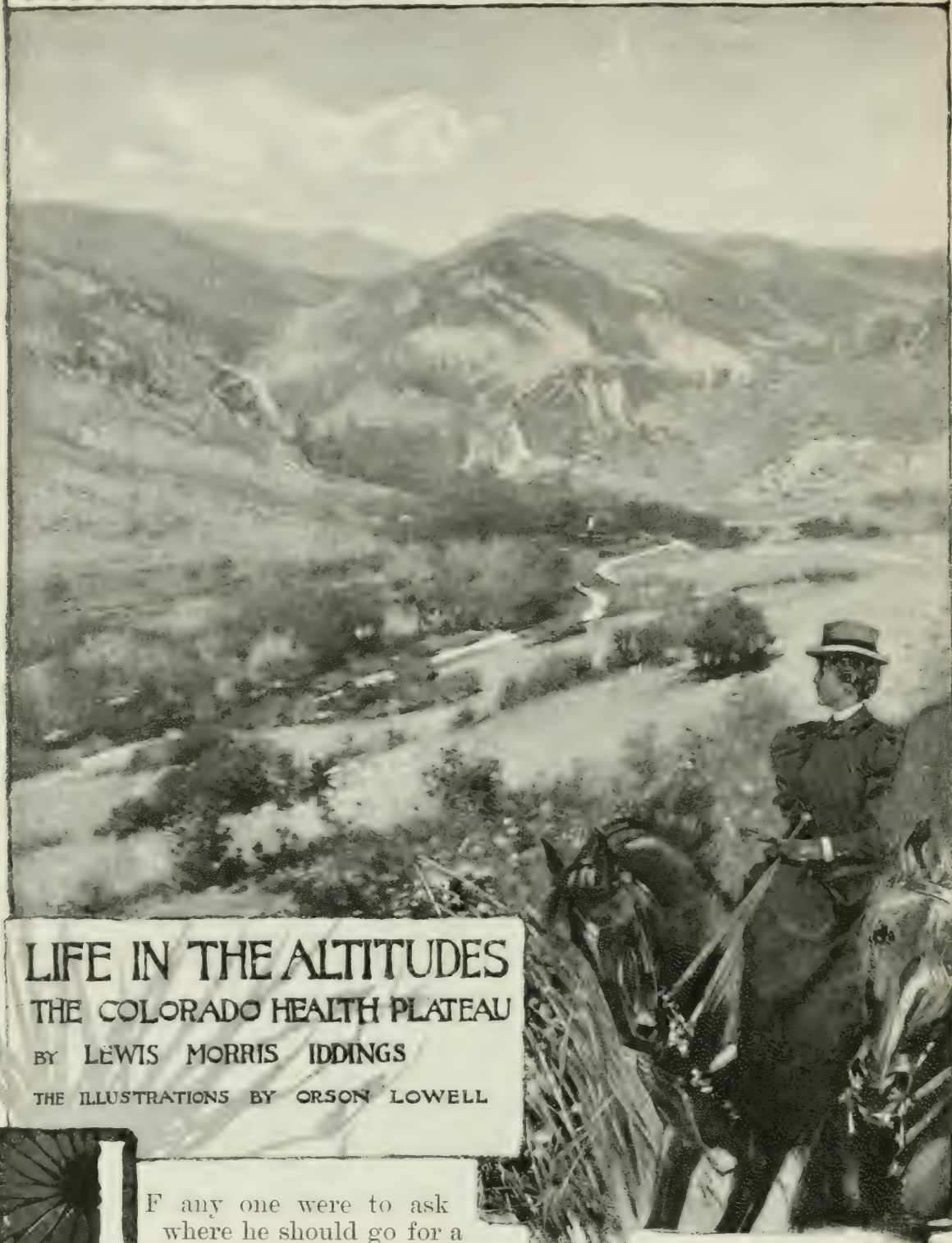
WITHIN, the holy hermit knelt and prayed.
With arms upraised above his bended form,
He called aloud amid the beating storm,
Invoking, for the homeless, Heaven's aid.

"O God," he cried, "if in this bitter night
There be but one who seeks a shelt'ring rest—
E'en as Thou givest to the birds a nest,—
Lead Thou, O Lord, his falt'ring steps aright."

Without, a lonely pilgrim, faint and sore,
Drawn thither by the laura's flick'ring light—
A star amid the tempest-ridden night,—
Stood knocking at the hermit's welcome door.

"O man of God, take pity ere I die
And grant to me the refuge of thy care!"
But to the anchorite, absorbed in prayer,
There came no sound of knock nor pleading cry.

When darkness with its stormful wrath had sped,
His duty done, the weary hermit slept;
While he for whom that night he'd prayed and wept
Lay at the door, unrecognized and dead.

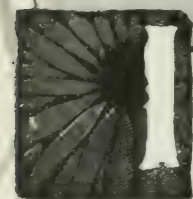


LIFE IN THE ALTITUDES

THE COLORADO HEALTH PLATEAU

BY LEWIS MORRIS IDDINGS

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL



If any one were to ask where he should go for a month to enjoy a change of climate, it would not be well to suggest Colorado, because there is no certainty that during his stay he would have good weather. But for a visit of twelve months, or even six, it would be hard to name a better place. Taking the year through, he would enjoy more fine, clear days of sunshine in Colorado,

and in one or two other nearby States, lying on the great plateau of the Rocky Mountains, than in any other part of this country, or, indeed, in any part of any other convenient country. The climate is only fairly equable, but this disadvantage is offset by other condi-

tions. The summers one can count upon. They begin about the first of June, while yet it is pretty cool. By that time the native cotton-wood tree has put on its coarse but effective foliage, and flowers have begun to appear conspicuously in the fields. As the month wears on the weather becomes as fine as possible—hot in the sun in the middle of the day, but always cool in the shade, and at night. Farther in the mountains, of course, it is cool all the time, for the convenient mountain places are at a greater altitude than resorts on the plateau. Toward the middle of July, and during August, in Colorado at least, one expects a thunder-shower at noon daily, and is rarely disappointed. Both the thunder and the lightning are emphatic. Autumn weather and a great part of the winter are as perfect and satisfactory as the best golden days of October in the East; fires night and morning, and open doors at mid-day. It gets very cold at night, occasionally, in January and February. Some years ago it was cloudy for seventeen consecutive days in January at Colorado Springs, and the discomfort was great; but such periods are exceptional. My informant was a clergyman. Wind-storms are

often violent, and have grip enough to pick up gravel from the roads and dash it in one's face with disagreeable force. It blew so hard one night that it blew the cover off my bed;* and in the spring, from the last of March until the middle of May, one seldom can describe the weather as agreeable. It is often pretty bad then, so far as my personal experience goes; but there are places in the south where it is warm and agreeable, and April, or the last of March, is the best time to travel toward them, or it will be when towns in New Mexico cater to invalids, and are provided with more comfortable hotels and better markets. Although there may be snow-storms in winter, the snow does not melt away. It evaporates; often overnight. I have frequently seen the edge of the snowdrift resting on a bit of dusty road, and while the snow was disappearing fast, it was leaving no muddy place. There is rarely any sleighing.

This description of climate is not such as one generally considers best adapted to delicate people. Its vagaries are trying to the temper even of the most amiable and robust visitor. But

* Came down the chimney.



Pike's Peak and a Bit of Colorado Springs

compensation is found in the dryness of the air, its purity and invigorating quality, in the long hours of sunshine, and in the altitude at which one lives — in most places at least a mile above sea-level. The sufferer from delicate or actually diseased lungs or throat has no need to fear cold weather; what he requires, according to most medical authorities now, is dryness, and an altitude which makes the healthy lung do work enough for two, in a place where he is able to lead an out-of-door life, and is never enervated with heat or depressed with humidity. There is, therefore, in my judgment,

based upon considerable personal experience and much talk with invalid travellers from all parts of the world, no better place on earth for the sufferer from pulmonary trouble than the eastern plateau of the Rocky Mountains. It is all good, but parts of it are better than others, and with these let me deal particularly. The part of the plateau best adapted to the pursuit of health with pleasure is bounded on the north by the line between Wyoming and Colorado. This may be a little arbitrary, but that appears to be regarded by



The Casino at Colorado Springs.

most physicians as the northern limit. Far be it from me to insinuate anything against the perfection of the climate of Cheyenne. Still the transfer of the army head-quarters from Cheyenne to Denver has been explained as due to the superiority of the climate of Denver over that of Cheyenne, both in summer and winter. To the east the boundary would perhaps be a line running parallel with the mountains and within sight of them. Southward the region stretches, limitless, to Mexico; and to the west to about the middle of the



The Casino at Night.

ening of children, it kills off many who with care might survive. Sick people, therefore, must confine themselves most of the time in places where there are good hotels or boarding-houses, or comfortable houses to rent. This means chiefly in those towns of Colorado and New Mexico where there is a certain degree of civilization. Such are Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou Springs, Pueblo, Cañon City, and Glenwood Springs in Colorado; Las Vegas and Santa Fé in New Mexico; and, still farther south, El Paso and San Antonio in Texas. There are other towns on the plateau, well situated, to be sure, but they must develop farther in the direction of comfort in life before they will be really acceptable as health-resorts. Of those which I have mentioned Colorado

range, taking in Glenwood Springs, which is a twelve hours' journey west of Denver. Sunshine, dryness, and just enough altitude, but not too much, are the standard by which to measure the healthfulness of different places.

Such are the actual limits, perhaps, of the health plateau, but practically at the present time they are narrower. An invalid needs not only good climate, but the best of food and many comforts. Roughing it for sick people has been much over-estimated. Like the hard-

Springs easily leads as answering most requirements. Next comes Denver, which some people prefer to the Springs. Manitou Springs and Glenwood Springs follow after. Las Vegas has nothing to recommend it but a good hotel, belonging to the Atchison Railway people. The town of Santa Fé is an admirable place for climate, and when it gets a good hotel I do not see how it can help becoming celebrated as a refuge for the invalids of Denver and the Springs, especially during March, April,



The Casino from the Lake

and May. What I shall have to say hereafter will therefore relate principally to Denver and Colorado Springs. What they are now many other towns soon may be when their authorities and their business people realize that catering to invalids pays.

The general landscape of the Rocky Mountains plateau in Colorado is devoid of many points of beauty familiar and dear to most of us in the East. It lacks verdure, and the impression of the plains is brown. The barren mountains and the tremendous and curious ledges of rock which crop out frequently are ragged and of violent outlines. They possess the beauty of desolation and of solitude, which must be admired in lieu of more gentle loveliness. Delicate haze and softening tints are lacking, and owing to the clear atmosphere there is little or no perspective, and few fine cloud effects. Distant peaks seem as near as those close

at hand, a condition which greatly exasperates an artistic amateur photographer. The mountains lie to the west, so that the rosy tints which soften the edges are visible only in the early morning when the sun's rays touch the loftiest peaks before his full splendor appears in the east; and they cannot be enjoyed, therefore, by sick or well, as they would be if the great range lay to the east, and were painted by the rays of the setting sun. This makes a difference in the landscape



The Colorado Springs Country Club.



The Golf Links at the Country Club.

which will be especially appreciated by any one familiar with the beauties of sunset light on the coast range as seen from

Santa Barbara in southern California. Snow lingers long on the mountains in patches, but one sees no really snow-clad peaks. The lack of effective green in the landscape I have mentioned; but many persons, doubtless, would find compensation in the gorgeousness of the fields in midsummer, spattered, like some French paintings, with masses of yellow blossoms, and crimson, white, and blue in vivid tones. It is said that, according as the rains come early or late, so will the species of flowers for the season vary. In the deep crevices of the mountain-sides, in the cañons, the beauty is of a kind more familiar to Eastern eyes. For part of the year, at least, a clear stream runs down the centre, and furnishes moisture enough to keep alive upon the banks many beautiful bushes, flowers, and trees. The rocky sides and overhanging cliffs are softened by pine-trees in bunches. There is also, generally,

in cañons lying in districts called settled, a rough road winding along by the side of the stream, the means of approach to the level country beyond and above, the so-called mountain-parks; and in cañons near to the towns, as, for instance, near to Colorado Springs, an effort is made to keep these roads in good repair for carriages. Occasionally toll is taken. Generally speaking, the roads in the Rocky Mountain region are good by nature. One of the most beautiful spots I know of in Colorado is the cañon called Glen Eyrie. It has been improved into the appearance of an English country place, with lawns, a porter's lodge, and roads which bring up finally at the house of the owner. The cañon is open to visitors in carriages at all times save on Sunday, as the proprietor and his family live much abroad. I never heard the most captious exile criticise the beauties of Glen Eyrie, or of North Cañon. Cañons of more public resort near Colorado Springs and Manitou Springs are North and South Cheyenne Cañons, Ute Pass and Bear Creek Cañon. For beauty, some points in North Cañon would be hard to match anywhere in the world. An additional charm about these mountain-crevices is

that they are much shut in, and therefore not penetrated by the wind which may be blowing on the plain. Extensive views are obtained by climbing different peaks, and a wagon-road and a cog-railway ascend Pike's Peak from Manitou. But one cannot dine on views, nor sup on landscape, nor live on air only, no matter how fine these things may be. Comfortable houses, good food, and something to occupy their minds are necessary if sick people are to have the environment which is to cure them. Such conveniences are not so thickly scattered over Colorado as over New York State, but Colorado does pretty well in this respect.

Existence at Denver or at Colorado Springs may be very agreeable. The latter place, in which the proportion of nice people to the population is large, is no pioneer town. It is a charming big village, like the well laid out suburb of some large Eastern city. It has fine wide streets, with irrigating ditches on each side ; sometimes with

to live there for his health. All the dwellings have an air of comfort. Here and there in many streets are vacant lots, with ragged wire-fences, or no fences, showing a fine crop of weeds. These are disfigurements, of course ; but the eye soon ignores them and sees only the more attractive features. Public schools and churches abound—more, indeed, than the town needs or can well support. And there is a college, small, but growing, where the delicate boy and girl may be as well educated as in the East, by the graduates of Eastern and English schools.

I might enlarge a great deal upon the college. Its president is a graduate of Amherst, a cultivated student of fine character and attainments, to which is added the tact of a man of the world. He has to do the work of about four men, but he finds time in some way to cultivate the social side of life, to the great advantage of the town and of the institution over which he presides. Men like himself generally fill the other



Looking North on Cascade Avenue, Colorado Springs.

trees and grass-plots down the centre thereof, and shaded walks on the side. Many of the houses are surrounded by green lawns which are well irrigated and carefully clipped. Some of them are the admirable work of a young Eastern architect who has been obliged

places in the faculty, and they contribute much to the excellence of tone in the place. In all the college work due regard is paid to the probability that many of the students are delicate creatures, and care is taken not to press them with too much study. The insti-

tution is hampered by lack of money, but it has a small endowment, and the management is too wise to pester people about its poverty; and in some way the president seems to be gathering in bequests and gifts to an encouraging amount. In July and August a summer school is carried on at the expense of the residents, and lectures by well-known men in the sciences, in languages, and philosophy are well attended by people from all over the State, including a good many teachers. As the town grows the college seems likely to play a more and more important part in behalf of everything that is good. It has a large tract of ground for a campus, and its buildings—already four or five substantial structures—will increase as needed. I can hardly imagine a better place to put a child of delicate health, where he could learn and at the same time grow strong. Doubtless, in time the advantage of the Springs in this respect will be better appreciated. The residents are Eastern people of considerable wealth, in spending which they strive to please themselves at least, and their scheme of life is intended to take in such means of enjoyment as they have been accustomed to at home. It is Eastern life in a Western environment. They therefore have built a country club-house called the Cheyenne Mountain Country Club, at Broadmoor, three miles from town, so as to have some place to drive to. It is an unpretentious but attractive house, with large grounds (there seems always to be more ground stretching away in every direction in Colorado than elsewhere), in which are set up all the appliances of country club sports. There is pigeon-shooting on many afternoons, and polo when the team does not play nearer town. There are “meets” under club direction, to chase the coyote, or a live fox, or sometimes an anise-seed bag only. Races and some native horseback sports are held at certain times in the season, and luncheons and dinner-parties are popular. The Countess of — gave a ball there one winter which was a bit of charming entertainment that one would hardly expect to find in the Rocky Mountains. Almost everyone drives out, but the club is easy of access by a line of electric railway

which runs past the entrance, half a mile farther on, to Broadmoor Casino, an attractive place of public resort in summer, where, for several seasons, a Hungarian band played twice a day, and where for some months an excellent *table-d'hôte* dinner was served.

The Casino is large, fine, and appropriately furnished and finished. Its grounds are well cared for, and it is a pretty spot, liberally patronized, when one considers the small population upon which it has to depend. Financially it has not been successful—or was not up to a recent date, though it ought to be. It was built as a private enterprise, and went down when the hard times of 1893 struck the State. Of late the townspeople have kept the Casino open by private subscription. There are one or two comfortable dwelling-houses in the grounds, and it was originally intended to be a kind of villa-suburb to the Springs. It is to be hoped that so agreeable a scheme as the Casino enterprise has shown itself to be, will not be allowed to perish through neglect. At Broadmoor, too, is a celebrated dairy, one of the town's expensive sources of supply for milk, cream, and butter. The pats of butter are stamped with a coronet, and by right, too. Another dairy well worth a visit is visible from this point, but as far away to the north as Austin Bluffs; it is the Springs Garden Ranch. The background of Broadmoor is Black Cheyenne Mountain, by far the finest peak visible, notwithstanding its proximity to Pike's Peak, which is tall and bald, but otherwise not remarkable. It should be said of all these mountains that, as they rise from an elevated plateau itself six or seven thousand feet high, their effect is that of mountains projecting from five to eight thousand feet above the surrounding country. Black Cheyenne is heavily wooded, and its outlines are beautiful. Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.), the poetess, used to spend her Sundays at a spot on its slope which she called “My Garden,” and when she died she was buried on one of the northern spurs, close by which now runs a road to Cripple Creek. The grave became, however, a kind of





picnicking place, and her husband, knowing that this would have been repugnant to her, wisely had her remains removed to the cemetery. As one

stands at the club-house and gazes south, his eye always sweeps over the graceful eastern slope of Black Cheyenne, which is part of a ranch of many thousand acres, owned by a daughter of one of the late justices of the United States Supreme Court, who lives there part of each year to the great satisfaction of friends who have the entrée of her hospitable ranch-house. I have often wondered why the Club did not preserve all this great stretch of fine country along Black Cheyenne, and stock it with game to hunt at their exclusive pleasure. Probably some arrangement to this effect could be easily made with the ranch owners.

In town there is an excellent club, called El Paso, to which most of the nice men belong, and where some social festivity occurs in the course of the winter. It has an acceptable restaurant, where supper-parties after the theatre were often given, at least during the winters of my stay. For some reason smoking-concerts were not deemed successful. These clubs in town and out of town exist not primarily as advertisements or means of drawing strangers to the place. They help the town in that way; but the first object of the managers is to supply the needs of the regular, permanent population. The sunflower parade in midsummer is a most entertaining spectacle.

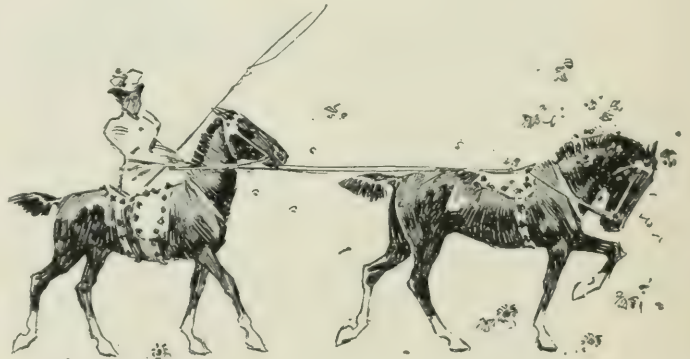
The general round of life in the Springs is agreeable. The large leisure class, gathered from so many parts of the world, makes it a practice to laugh and be gay, to ride or drive in the morning, to arrange luncheons and dinner-parties, picnics, teas, bicycle or plain, and receptions for the afternoon; and now and then dances in the evening, although dancing in the altitudes is breathless work, and often unwise. Driving and

riding are the best things one can do for health, and from time to time all kinds of equipages appear in the streets—phaëtons, four-in-hands, buckboards, victorias, tandem-carts, and trotting-wagons. The finer types of carriages are, of course, not numerous; but when one considers, there is cause for wonder that they should be seen at all in a town half-way up to the top of Pike's Peak. While saddle-horses are in reasonable supply, they are not cheap, and there is great room for improvement in their quality. The people who are conspicuous in this kind of life are not more difficult to approach than such people elsewhere.

Letters of introduction naturally open doors; and a diplomatic and circumspect course of life often accomplishes the same end for the visitor who can contribute to the general fund of entertainment.

Children do immensely well, because they can have just as much out-of-door life as they need. The offspring of consumptive parents—so far at least—thrive as they never seem to thrive in the East. The chances of their de-

veloping lung trouble later in life are small apparently, so long as they live in such an environment as Colorado offers. The questions which heredity raises in these cases cannot now be regarded as settled definitely, because the children of consumptives, born in the Springs, have not yet, in enough instances to prove anything, reached the time of life when the disease should manifest itself; but the physicians are watching them with much interest, and expect to see them live long and beget children without the terror of people





The Flower Carnival at Colorado Springs, August 22, 1895.

who dwell elsewhere, and know that consumption runs in the family. The presence of sick people is not particularly depressing. They soon get browned by the sun, and are in a minority anyway, there being generally only one sick member in each family.

Some months ago there appeared in Eastern newspapers statements, possibly not intended to injure the Springs, in effect that there were so many consumptives in the place that the lives of others were endangered by probable contagion. As a matter of

fact, carefully gathered statistics prove that the annual mortality from phthisis (originating in the Springs) is $\frac{13}{100}$ per 1,000. The statistics extend over a period longer than fifteen years, and are based on an estimated average population of five thousand each year. Apparently the Colorado climate modifies the danger of contagion.

The markets are superior to those in



most places outside the larger Eastern cities—game, good poultry, meat, eggs, butter, milk and cream, and some fruit; but I draw the line at fish at that altitude, and at that distance from the sea. Shops filled with acceptable stuffs, certainly with all staples of high class, are numerous enough. Dressmakers, milliners, and tailors may not be equal to those in the East; but in some way it does not seem to matter. The men and women are always smartly dressed; at least I have heard women say so, and add that Denver could turn out a very decent tailor-made gown. It

is obvious that a country of so much sunshine might be a fine spot for the hot-house flower industry, and the conservatories not only do a thriving business, supplying the demand from Denver, Pueblo, and even Salt Lake, but find profit in selling choice blossoms at retail. In few towns, if any, are finer flowers seen at dinners and teas than in Colorado Springs. The American beauties in mid-winter are as choice as any I have admired elsewhere, and less expensive for a wonder than in many cities.

The place is not without perils, especially for young men who go there adrift from family moorings, and with plenty of money. Even those who have little too often seem tempted to spend too much. It is possible to be a trifle fast in Colorado, and the ante is sometimes more than five cents; so that the idle

young man with slight lung trouble frequently dies, when, if he had behaved himself and had taken care of his health he might have lived to old age. The Springs is a temperance town, without a self-confessed liquor-saloon. It is easy to get a drink, however, by the exercise of a little diplomacy, though one rarely sees an intoxicated person in the streets. Practically it is a place of high license. Public sentiment is elevated and correct, and I was never before in a small town in America where wine was so universally offered at dinner. No open attempt to evade the liquor law seems to be successful. The tale is told that an unprincipled person once tried to do this. He provided a vacant room, wherein the thirsty man proclaimed his choice in a loud tone, and presently saw a panel in the wall



Seventeenth Street, Denver—Looking North.



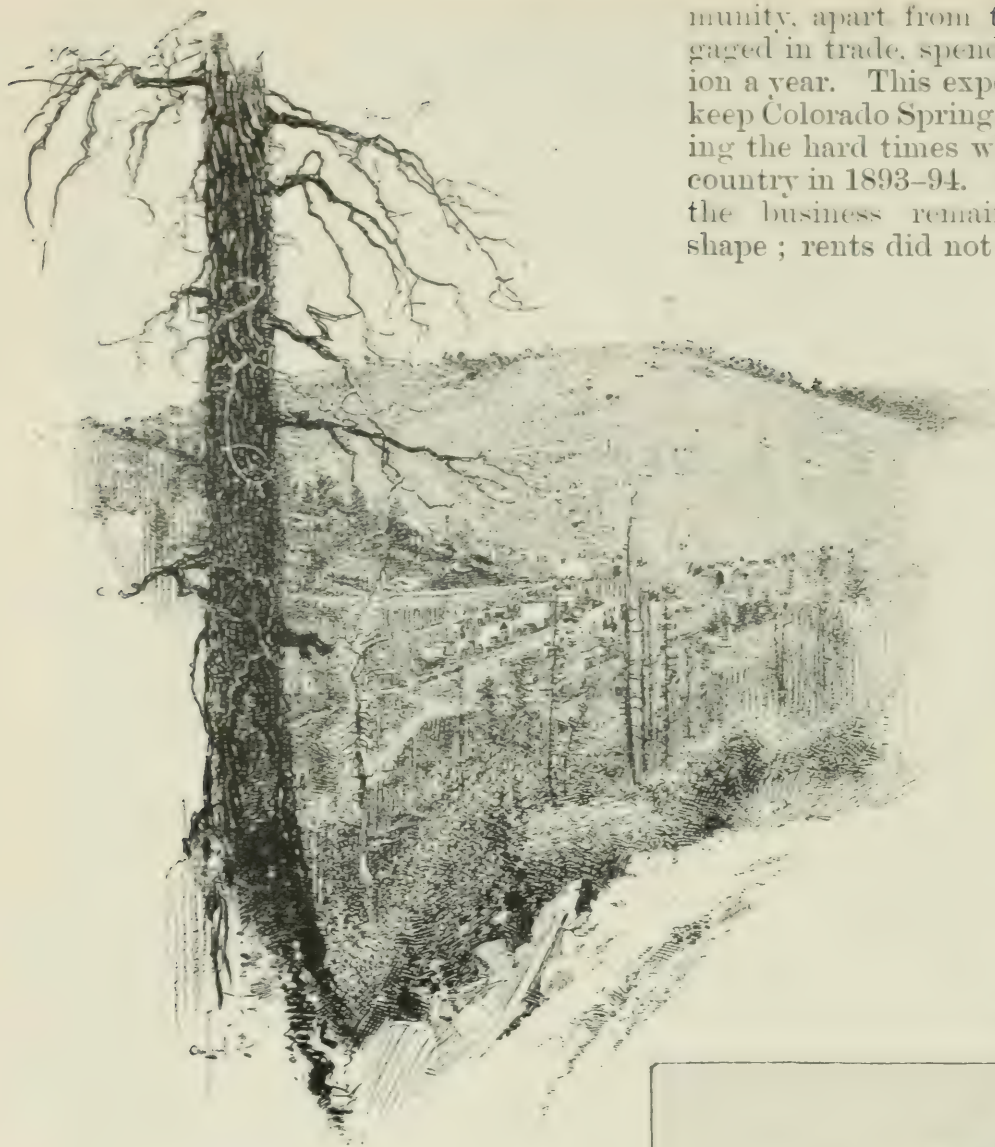
A View Toward the Capitol along Sherman Avenue, Denver.

open, disclosing his drink, standing there as if prepared by no human hand. This device only answered for awhile, the law-breaker finally coming to grief through not sufficiently guarding the rear. All property is sold under restriction against the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drinks. The public buildings are numerous; indeed more money than is necessary is spent on them, apparently to please the Populist party, who allow few public improvements unless there is especial advantage therein for their followers. Even the new jail had to be of fine brick and stone, and I don't know but that the fittings were of bronze, to answer the requirements of the alderman who declared that the old jail was no "fit place for *any* lady who might be taken up intoxicated in the street." The scope of this article precludes even a reference to the various public institutions of the town and State which are full of significance to the intelligent visitor.

Colorado Springs is not a cheap place. The Antlers is an acceptable hotel, constantly improving, but expensive. There are other hotels and comfortable boarding-houses. The markets as already said, are dear, but good. House-rents strike a new-comer as ap-

palling—\$250 to \$350 a month is pretty steep, even for a well-furnished, commodious house, anywhere outside a large city; and when it comes to paying that sum for one which stands on the Rocky Mountains, six thousand feet or more above the sea, and over two thousand miles from New York, it seems still more excessive; but people pay these rents calmly after a little preliminary grumbling; and last winter, despite the hard times, desirable furnished dwellings were hard to find. Some small places are rented for about \$50 a month. It is becoming more common to take a house. Servants are expensive and haughty, but fairly competent—twenty-five dollars for a waitress, the same for a chamber-maid, and more for a good cook. But one must take out his own coachman; the native talent draws the line at livery. The housewife who dared to communicate with her cook, when she wanted a change of sweet for dinner, by postal-card only, may easily have lived in the Springs. It is well to be gentle with all the servants, and at all times, for if some of the influential ones should become offended, the offending employer might find herself the victim of a boycott.

The value of the invalid population to



The Gold Mining Country near Cripple Creek.

the town is pretty generally understood by the authorities. Some foolish talk is occasionally heard in the Board of Aldermen about snobs and "North-End" people; but when it comes to an issue not much is neglected which tends to make life agreeable for the leisure class. Therein the business people of the town show their good sense. A prominent banker estimates that the invalid com-

munity, apart from those who are engaged in trade, spends over half a million a year. This expenditure helped to keep Colorado Springs from greatly feeling the hard times which oppressed the country in 1893-94. Not a bank failed; the business remained in excellent shape; rents did not come down materially, and the town went through the panic years without much danger.

On the western slope of Pike's Peak, about twenty miles away in a direct line, lies Cripple Creek, now the leading gold-mining camp of Colorado. It is not to be mentioned as a health-resort, as it is 9,500 feet high, and much exposed; nor should the inva-



The Pool at Glenwood Springs.

lud even visit it without his physician's consent. But it is an interesting place for a robust man. Its mines, which for so long were looked upon as not likely to amount to much, really do amount to a good deal, as any one who cares for statistics may learn by consulting a mining broker. Lying as it does, within the limits of El Paso County, it has thrown much business into Colorado Springs, the county-seat. Some people near and far have made money out of these mines. One, a carpenter, who used to work in the Springs for \$3 a day, now owns the whole Independence Mine, and draws from \$40,000 to \$100,000 from it each month. During the first four months of 1895 his income from various mining properties was \$600,000. As an offset to this man's luck, it should be said that many persons, visitors in Colorado as well as permanent residents, have invested much money in mines which they could not well afford to lose. More have lost than have gained any, so that travellers about to start for Colorado should firmly resolve not to join that band of "suckers" for whose coming the exploiters of mines daily pray. This will require great resolution, for the fever of mining speculation runs high, and in Colorado Springs a lively and seductive business is done in the Mining Exchange; larger, it is said, than in Denver, where people are warier. So high does the excitement rise sometimes, that women have been known to raffle their diamond rings, horses, and buckboards to get money to buy shares. I regret to say that I never knew a woman to sell mining stock when she had a profit. She invariably decided, after consulting other female friends who also dabbled in stocks, that at such a price she could not afford to sell; and then waited until the stock was selling lower than when she bought. Mention should be made of the right of women to vote in this State. Generally speaking they avail themselves of the privilege, drive their husbands to the primaries, and altogether have won praise for the way they exercise the function. The overthrow of the Populist government in 1894 was said to be due in large measure to women's votes. They appear well at

the polls; do not fight or swear or become intoxicated.

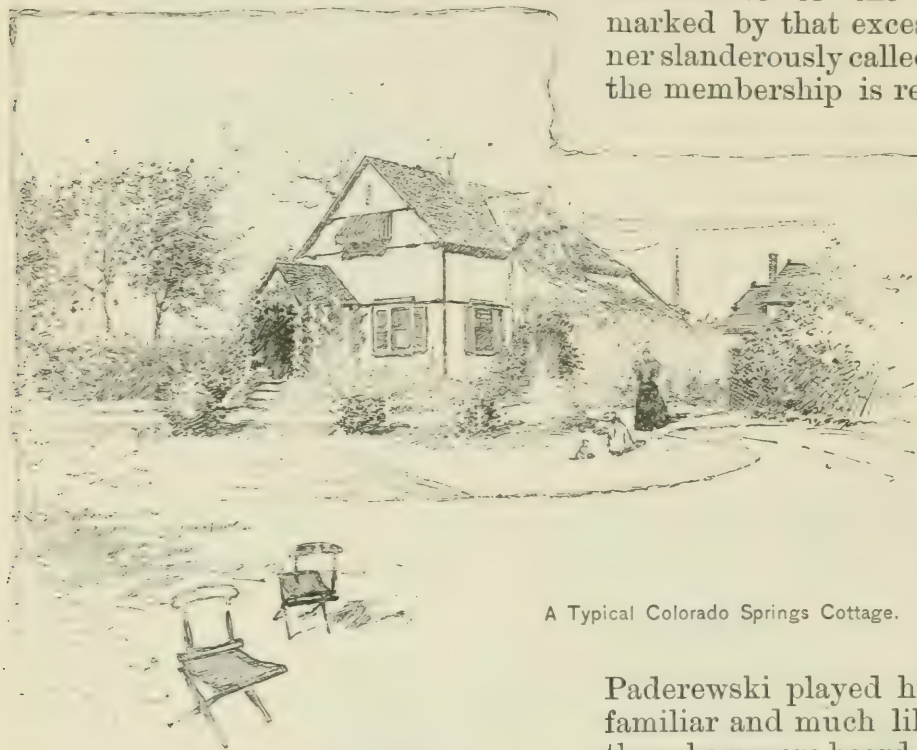
A very pleasant drive from Colorado Springs, on the boulevard across the high land, past Colorado City (the place where the first legislature of the Territory met) brings one to Manitou Springs, a town in a cañon. This is one of the best-advertised places, especially in railway leaflets, in the State, and deserves nearly all that is said in its favor. It did not suit my taste so well as Colorado Springs, though from many points of view it is prettier. I object to it principally because its houses are built one above another on the mountain-side, and because its hours of sunshine are fewer than in more exposed towns; yet I am bound to say that many people prefer it to any other place. It lends itself well to the work of the artist and amateur photographer, and furnishes an excellent point of view to observe how a railroad train can climb a mountain. There are iron springs and soda springs. The water from the latter, impregnated with its own gas, deserves such free advertising as it can get from my assertion that it is infinitely superior as a table-water to most of the fluids sold for that purpose. The price, however, is ridiculously high. Manitou Springs abounds in boarding-houses and hotels, generally of an acceptable character. In the so-called club-house, which is conspicuous and attractive, roulette and other forms of gambling flourish. The whole business ought to be banished to Colorado City. The toleration of gambling in Manitou Springs and elsewhere in the State is a survival of the days when the Territory was first settled. I think no town in the State is so free from the evil as Colorado Springs. The much-written-about Garden of the Gods, a curious outcropping of rock, is generally inspected on the way to Manitou, and is well worth visiting. It is interesting but not beautiful. There are other alleged attractions in the shape of springs and caves which no traveller need fear that he will be allowed to miss. On through the Ute Pass runs a good road leading far into the mountains. If one of its branches is followed it brings the visitor to Manitou Park, past the attractive log camp of the Met-

calf family, to the little Manitou Park Hotel. This is at an altitude of 7,500 feet, and is always cool. The hotel, in my time there, was exceedingly comfortable and well kept. The Park, like all the so-called mountain parks, is a broad dale not heavily wooded. It is not extensive, but exceedingly pretty. Naturally there is nothing to do, and many people do not care for the Park; but it is noted as being the resort of smart people from the Colorado Springs and Denver.

Denver, which lies seventy-five miles north of Colorado Springs, is a city of more than one hundred thousand people now, and is destined to be much larger within a few years. It was never on a healthier basis than at present, be-

vania is to the country east of the Alleghanies. It is not always easy to get a start in some occupation in Denver unless one has a little capital; yet it is, perhaps, not harder than elsewhere, if one has perseverance, energy, and is not too particular. While Denver is a much larger place than the Springs, it does not furnish so numerous a leisure class of men, and an idler, therefore, sometimes finds less company than he wishes for. But with a little painstaking one can kill time comfortably. A better appointed club than the principal one in the town, the Denver Club, would be difficult to find. The restaurant is excellent, the building is attractive, and except for the early hour of the day at which bibitory courtesies begin, the visitor finds little to criticise. The intercourse of the members is not marked by that excessive ease of manner slanderously called Western, because the membership is really cosmopolitan.

There is a good deal of amusement in the way of theatres and music. Paderewski filled the house to overflowing both afternoon and evening. It will illustrate the intelligent character of the audience when I tell you that in response to appreciative applause



A Typical Colorado Springs Cottage.

cause the recent hard times sifted out all the weak enterprises. It was heavily struck by the panic of 1893, and in two days in July twelve banks shut their doors. Those that re-opened later, and survive to this day, are no worse off for a loss of competition. There is no need to enlarge upon the causes of Denver's prosperity. It is a great railroad centre, and is the capital and chief city of a State of wonderful resources. Colorado will presently be to the country west of the Mississippi what Pennsyl-

Paderewski played his minuet, then so familiar and much liked. After two or three bars were heard the listeners broke into applause again, showing that only the first few notes were needed to intimate to them what was coming. Much social courtesy is exchanged among the residents who occupy the fine houses on Capitol Hill, which is the smart part of town. Dinner-giving and the afternoon-tea habit prevail, and dinner at 7.30 seems to strike no one as late. What for lack of a less offensive phrase one must call the best society is not numerically so large as in Colorado Springs, but its quality would not offend

even those people from the East who are often dreadfully afraid that some one will be too civil to them. Denver hospitality is graceful and frank, but not sloppy. Household life is luxurious, refined, and not often showy without and mean within; there are few houses in which the drawing-room is hung with rose-colored silk, and only one servant is kept. Rents are less, but one cannot so often hire a really good house as in Colorado Springs. Nor is it, generally speaking, so expensive a place to live in. There is a seamy side to life in Denver, which may be found in numerous gambling-houses and their attendant evils, which seem to be inherent in mining towns and mining head-quarters, such as Denver is. Violence not due to miners, but to ordinary ruffians, broke out in July, 1893, when an Italian was taken from the jail and hanged to a lamp-post in the principal street. Hold-ups, as highway robberies are called, do occur at night occasionally in good parts of the town both in Denver and the Springs; but I remember of reading not long ago about the robbery of a woman at the point of a revolver in a New York stage. Pistols are certainly not worn in one's belt or stuck in the side of one's boot; but I suspect many men go armed—a fact which, being taken for granted, keeps the ruffianly element quiet. The moral tone of the business community is as high as in the East; and this remark applies to the whole State of Colorado.

The reason why Denver and Colorado Springs are such acceptable places to live in is easily explained. They are so new, and so recently settled by Eastern people of affluence that Eastern standards of life and manners still prevail. Inter-course with Eastern cities is constant, because the people of Denver are well-to-do and travel a great deal. One's nerves require an occasional descent to sea-level. Moreover, a stream of people of wealth, culture, and refinement, continuously flows to them because both these places are health-resorts. What the result would be if such additions by immigration ceased, and if the gener-

ations now growing up should hoist standards of their own, can readily be imagined.

Now that an altitude is considered necessary to the most successful treatment of pulmonary trouble, American sufferers are sure to have altitude resorts in Switzerland—St. Moritz and Davos especially—suggested to them. It cannot be denied that both Davos and St. Moritz are excellent places, and that many remarkable cures are effected there; but differences exist which, in my judgment, are vastly in favor of Colorado. During several months in winter and summer, both Davos and St. Moritz are as good as Colorado Springs, and less windy; but the last-named place always has more hours of sunshine. When the snow melts in the Switzerland resorts they are not good, and the invalids have to hasten away, whether or not they have been doing well. The Alpine valley is then deserted. The Rocky Mountains plateau, on the contrary, offers an all-the-year-round place for invalids. The English appreciate Colorado better than Americans. A distinguished London physician once informed me that in his opinion there was no resort in the world better than the Springs; but if one tired of it and needed a change he might go to St. Moritz for awhile. I have indeed suggested a change in the late spring to the south; but experience, some physicians say, shows that at Colorado Springs, for instance, the sick people do well without a change even at that season; and if they decide upon it, it is less of an undertaking than the descent from the mountains of Switzerland. They simply shift their situation to the south, where they find the same general conditions. St. Moritz and other Alpine resorts are limited in area; but the great plateau west of the Mississippi is practically unlimited. If one State is too narrow, if Colorado Springs, Denver, Manitou or Pueblo, or Cañon City, or Glenwood Springs is not agreeable, surely at some point in that great stretch of country one might find it endurable to exist. Moreover, it is better to live anywhere than to die in the place of your choice.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER VII

COMIC OVERTURE TO A TRAGEDY

JEAN MYLES bides in London was the next remarkable news brought by Tommy from Thrums Street. "And that ain't all, Magerful Tam is her man; and that ain't all, she has a laddie called Tommy; and that ain't all, Petey and the rest has never seen her in London, but she writes letters to Thrums folks and they writes to Petey and tells him what she said. That ain't all neither, they canna find out what street she bides in, but it's on the bonny side of London, and it's grand, and she wears silk clothes, and her Tommy has velvet trousers, and they have a servant as calls him 'sir.' Oh, I would just like to kick him! They often looks for her in the grand streets, but they're angry at her getting on so well, and Martha Scrymgeour said it were enough to make good women like her stop going reg'lar to the kirk."

"Martha said that!" exclaimed his mother, highly pleased. "Heard you onything of a woman called Esther Auld? Her man does the orra work at the Tappit Hen public in Thrums."

"He's head man at the Tappit Hen public now," answered Tommy; "and she wishes she could find out where Jean Myles bides, so as she could write and tell her that she is grand too, and has six hair-bottomed chairs."

"She'll never get the satisfaction," said his mother, triumphantly. "Tell me mair about her."

"She has a laddie called Francie, and he has yellow curls, and she nearly greets because she canna tell Jean Myles that he goes to a school for the children of gentlemen only. She is so mad when

she gets a letter from Jean Myles that she takes to her bed."

"Yea, yea!" said Mrs. Sandys, cheerily.

"But they think Jean Myles has been brought low at last," continued Tommy, "because she hasna wrote for a long time to Thrums, and Esther Auld said that if she knowed for certain as Jean Myles had been brought low, she would put a threepenny bit in the kirk plate."

"I'm glad you've telled me that, laddie," said Mrs. Sandys, and next day, unknown to her children, she wrote another letter. She knew she ran a risk of discovery, yet it was probable that Tommy would only hear her referred to in Thrums Street by her maiden name, which he had never heard from her, and as for her husband he had been Magerful Tam to everyone. The risk was great, but the pleasure——

Unsuspicious Tommy soon had news of another letter from Jean Myles, which had sent Esther Auld to bed again.

"Instead of being brought low," he announced, "Jean Myles is grander than ever. Her Tommy has a governess."

"That would be a doush of water in Esther's face?" his mother said, smiling.

"She wrote to Martha Scrymgeour," said Tommy, "that it ain't no pleasure to her now to boast as her laddie is at a school for gentlemen's children only. But what made her maddest was a bit in Jean Myles's letter about chairs. Jean Myles has give all her hair-bottomed chairs to a poor woman and buyed a new kind, because hair-bottomed ones ain't fashionable now. So Esther Auld can't not bear the sight of her chairs now, though she were windy of them till the letter went to Thrums."

"Poor Esther!" said Mrs. Sandys, gayly.

"Oh, and I forgot this, mother. Jean Myles's reason for not telling whaur she bides in London is that she's so grand that she thinks if auld Petey and the rest knowed whaur the place was they would visit her and boast as they was her friends. Auld Petey stamped wi' rage when he heard that, and Martha Scrymgeour said, 'Oh, the pridefu' limmer!'"

"Ay, Martha," muttered Mrs. Sandys, "you and Jean Myles is evens now."

But the passage that had made them all wince the most was one giving Jean's reasons for making no calls in Thrums Street. "You can break it to Martha Scrymgeour's father and mither," the letter said, "and to Petey Whamond's sisters and the rest as has friends in London, that I have seen no Thrums faces here, the low part where they bide not being for the like of me to file my feet in. Forby that I could not let my son mix with their bairns for fear they should teach him the vulgar Thrums words and clarty his blue-velvet suit. I'm thinking you have to dress your laddie in corduroy, Esther, but you see that would not do for mine. So no more at present, and we all join in compliments, and my little velvets says he wishes I would send some of his toys to your little corduroys. And so maybe I will, Esther, if you'll tell Aaron Latta how rich and happy I am, and if you're feared to say it to his face, tell it to the roaring farmer of Double Dykes, and he'll pass it on."

"Did you ever hear of such a woman?" Tommy said, indignantly, when he had repeated as much of this insult to Thrums as he could remember.

But it was information his mother wanted.

"What said they to that bit?" she asked.

At first, it appears, they limited their comments to "Losh, losh, keeps a', it cows, my certie, ay, ay, sal, tal, dagont," the meaning of which is obvious. But by and by they recovered their breath, and then Baker Lumsden said, wonderingly:

"Wha that was at her marriage could have thought it would turn out so weel? It was an eerie marriage that, Petey!"

"Ay, man, you may say so," old Petey answered. "I was there; I was ane o'

them as gaed in ahint Aaron Latta, and I'm no' likely to forget it."

"I wasna there," said the Baker, "but I was standing at the door, and I saw the hearse drive up."

"What did they mean, mother?" Tommy asked, but she shuddered and replied, evasively, "Did Martha Scrymgeour say onything?"

"She said such a lot," he had to confess, "that I dinna mind none on it. But I mind what her father in Thrums wrote to her; he wrote to her that if she saw a carriage go by, she was to keep her eyes on the ground, for likely as not Jean Myles would be in it, and she thought as they was all dirt beneath her feet. But Kirsty Ross—who is she?"

"She's Martha's mother. What about her?"

"She wrote at the end of the letter that Martha was to hang on ahint the carriage and find out where Jean Myles bides."

"Laddie, that was like Kirsty! Heard you what the roaring farmer o' Double Dykes said?"

No, Tommy had not heard him mentioned. And indeed the roaring farmer of Double Dykes had said nothing. He was already lying very quiet on the south side of the cemetery.

Tommy's mother's next question cost her a painful effort. "Did you hear," she asked, "whether they telled Aaron Latta about the letter?"

"Yes, they telled him," Tommy replied, "and he said a queer thing; he said, 'Jean Myles is dead, I was at her coffinin.' That's what he aye says when they tell him there's another letter. I wonder what he means, mother?"

"I wonder!" she echoed, faintly. The only pleasure left her was to raise the envy of those who had hooted her from Thrums, but she paid a price for it. Many a stab she had got from the unwitting Tommy as he repeated the gossip of his new friends, and she only won their envy at the cost of their increased ill-will. They thought she was lording it in London, and so they were merciless; had they known how poor she was and how ill, they would have forgotten everything save that she was a Thrummy like themselves, and there were few but would have shared their all with her. But she did not believe this, and there-

fore you may pity her, for the hour was drawing near, and she knew it, when she must appeal to someone for her children's sake, not for her own.

No, not for her own. When Tommy was wandering the pretty parts of London with James Gloag and other boys from Thrums Street in search of Jean Myles, whom they were to know by her carriage and her silk dress and her son in blue velvet, his mother was in bed with bronchitis in the wretched room we know of, or creeping to her work, coughing all the way. A linen rag, for the phlegm she brought up after exhausting fits of coughing, was seldom out of her hands now, and she hung strings across the room, on which a score of them might be drying at a time. So many of these rags did she need that a new one was a valuable thing to her; she tore up pieces of linen, even of wearing apparel, and still she had not a sufficiency of rags. There came a time when to get a few of these was more vital to her than anything else in the world; they were all she asked for now, but she asked too much. A face distorted with spasms of coughing, one hand pressing a flat chest while the other hunted ever for rags—that was to be Elspeth's only memory of her mother, and through it the smell of cloths steaming on a string.

Some of the fits of coughing were very near being this woman's last, but she wrestled with her trouble, seeming at times to stifle it, and then for weeks she managed to go to her work, which was still hers, because Shovel's old girl did it for her when the bronchitis would not be defied. Shovel's old slattern gave this service unasked and without payment; if she was thanked it was ungraciously, but she continued to do all she could when there was need; she smelled of gin, but she continued to do all she could.

The wardrobe had been put upon its back on the floor and so converted into a bed for Tommy and Elspeth, who were sometimes wakened in the night by a loud noise, which alarmed them until they learned that it was only the man in the next room knocking angrily on the wall because their mother's cough kept him from sleeping.

Tommy knew what death was now, and Elspeth knew its name, and both were vaguely aware that it was looking for their mother; but if she could only hold out till Hogmanay, Tommy said, they would fleg it out of the house. Hogmanay is the mighty winter festival of Thrums, and when it came round these two were to give their mother a present that would make her strong. It was not to be a porous-plaster. Tommy knew now of something better than that.

"And I knows too!" Elspeth gurgled, "and I has threepence a'ready, I has."

"Whisht!" replied Tommy, in an agony of dread, "she hears you, and she'll guess. We ain't speaking of nothing to gie to you at Hogmanay," he said to his mother with great cunning. Then he winked at Elspeth and said, with his hand over his mouth, "I hinna twopence!" and Elspeth, about to cry in fright, "Have you spended it?" saw the joke and crowed instead, "Nor yet has I threepence!"

They smirked together, until Tommy saw a change come over Elspeth's face, which made him run her outside the door.

"You was a going to pray!" he said, severely.

"'Cos it was a lie, Tommy. I does have threepence."

"Well, you ain't a going to get praying about it. She would hear yer."

"I would do it low, Tommy."

"She would see yer."

"Oh, Tommy, let me. God is angry with me."

Tommy looked down the stair, and no one was in sight. "I'll let yer pray here," he whispered, "and you can say I have twopence. But be quick, and do it standing."

Perhaps Mrs. Sandys had been thinking that when Hogmanay came her children might have no mother to bring presents to, for on their return to the room her eyes followed them wofully, and a shudder of apprehension shook her torn frame. Tommy gave Elspeth a look that meant "I'm sure there's something queer about her."

There was also something queer about himself, which at this time had the

strangest gallop. It began one day, with a series of morning calls from Shovel, who suddenly popped his head over the top of the door (he was standing on the handle), roared "Roast-beef!" in the manner of a railway porter announcing the name of a station, and then at once withdrew.

He returned presently to say that vain must be all attempts to wheedle his secret from him, and yet again to ask irritably why Tommy was not coming out to hear all about it. Then did Tommy desert Elspeth, and on the stair Shovel showed him a yellow card with this printed on it: "S. R. J. C.—Supper Ticket;" and written beneath, in a lady's hand: "Admit Joseph Salt." The letters, Shovel explained, meant Society for the somethink of Juvenile Criminals, and the toffs what ran it got hold of you when you came out of quod. Then if you was willing to repent they wrote down your name and the place what you lived at in a book, and one of them came to see yer and give yer a ticket for the blow-out night. This was blow-out night, and that were Shovel's ticket. He had bought it from Hump Salt for fourpence. What you get at the blow-out was roast-beef, plum-duff, and an orange; but when Hump saw the fourpence he could not wait.

A favor was asked of Tommy. Shovel had been told by Hump that it was the custom of the toffs to sit beside you and question you about your crimes, and lacking the imagination that made Tommy such an ornament to the house, the chances were that he would flounder in his answers and be ejected. Hump had pointed this out to him after pocketing the fourpence. Would Tommy, therefore, make up things for him to say; reward, the orange.

This was a proud moment for Tommy, as Shovel's knowledge of crime was much more extensive than his own, though they had both studied it in the pictures of a lively newspaper subscribed to by Shovel, senior. He became patronizing at once and rejected the orange as insufficient.

Then suppose, after he got into the hall, Shovel dropped his ticket out at the window; Tommy could pick it up, and then it would admit him also.

Tommy liked this, but foresaw a danger: the ticket might be taken from Shovel at the door, just as they took them from you at that singing thing in the church he had attended with young Petey.

So help Shovel's davy, there was no fear of this. They were superior toffs, what trusted to your honor.

Would Shovel swear to this?

He would.

But would he swear dagont?

He swore dagont; and then Tommy had him. As he was so sure of it, he could not object to Tommy's being the one who dropped the ticket out at the window?

Shovel did object for a time, but after a wrangle he gave up the ticket, intending to take it from Tommy when primed with the necessary tale. So they parted until evening, and Tommy returned to Elspeth, secretive but elated. For the rest of the day he was prepossessed, now waggling his head smugly over some dark, unutterable design and again looking a little scared. In growing alarm she watched his face, and at last she slipped upon her knees, but he had her up at once and said, reproachfully:

"It were me as taught yer to pray, and now yer prays for me! That's fine treatment!"

Nevertheless, after his mother's return, just before he stole out to join Shovel, he took Elspeth aside and whispered to her, nervously:

"You can pray for me if you like, for, oh, Elspeth, I'm thinking as I'll need it sore!" And sore he needed it before the night was out.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BOY WITH TWO MOTHERS



LOVE my dear father and my dear mother and all the dear little kids at 'ome. You are a kind laidy or gentleman. I love yer. I will never do it again, so help me bob. Amen."

This was what Shovel muttered to himself again and again as the two boys made their way through the lamp-lit streets, and Tommy asked him what it meant.

"My old gal learned me that ; she's deep," Shovel said, wiping the words off his mouth with his sleeve.

"But you got no kids at 'ome !" remonstrated Tommy. (Ameliar was now in service.)

Shovel turned on him with the fury of a mother protecting her young. "Don't you try for to knock none on it out," he cried, and again fell a-mumblin'.

Said Tommy, scornfully : "If you says it all out at one bang you'll be done at the start."

Shovel sighed.

"And you should blubber when yer says it," added Tommy, who could laugh or cry merely because other people were laughing or crying, or even for less reason, and so naturally that he found it more difficult to stop than to begin. Shovel was the taller by half a head, and irresistible with his fists, but to-night Tommy was master.

"You jest stick to me, Shovel," he said, airily. "Keep a grip on my hand, same as if yer was Elspeth."

"But what was we copped for, Tommy ?" entreated humble Shovel.

Tommy asked him if he knew what a butler was, and Shovel remembered, confusedly, that there had been a portrait of a butler in his father's news-sheet.

"Well, then," said Tommy, inspired by this same source, "there's a room a butler has, and it is a pantry, so you and me we crawled through the winder and we opened the door to the gang. You and me was copped. They caught you below the table and me stabbing the butler."

"It was me what stabbed the butler," Shovel interposed, jealously.

"How could you do it, Shovel ?"

"With a knife, I tell yer !"

"Why, you didn't have no knife," said Tommy, impatiently.

This crushed Shovel, but he growled sulkily :

"Well, I bit him in the leg."

"Not you," said selfish Tommy, "You forgets about repenting, and if I let yer bite him, you would brag about it. It's safer without, Shovel."

Perhaps it was. "How long did I get in quod, then, Tommy ?"

"Fourteen days."

"So did you ?" Shovel said, with quick anxiety.

"I got a month," replied Tommy, firmly.

Shovel roared a word that would never have admitted him to the hall. Then, "I'm as game as you, and gamer," he whined.

"But I'm better at repenting. I tell yer, I'll cry when I'm repenting." Tommy's face lit up, and Shovel could not help saying, with a curious look at it :

"You—you ain't like any other cove I knows," to which Tommy replied, also in an awestruck voice :

"I'm so queer, Shovel, that when I thinks 'bout myself I'm—I'm sometimes near feared."

"What makes your face for to shine like that? Is it thinking about the blow-out?"

No, it was hardly that, but Tommy could not tell what it was. He and the saying about art for art's sake were in the streets that night, looking for each other.

The splendor of the brightly lighted hall, which was situated in one of the meanest streets of perhaps the most densely populated quarter in London, broke upon the two boys suddenly and hit each in his vital part, tapping an invitation on Tommy's brain-pan and taking Shovel coquettishly in the stomach. Now was the moment when Shovel meant to strip Tommy of the ticket, but the spectacle in front dazed him, and he stopped to tell a vegetable barrow how he loved his dear father and his dear mother, and all the dear kids at home. Then Tommy darted forward and was immediately lost in the crowd surging round the steps of the hall.

Several gentlemen in evening dress stood framed in the lighted doorway, shouting : "Have your tickets in your hands and give them up as you pass in." They were fine fellows, helping in a splendid work, and their society did much good, though it was not so well organized as others that have followed in its steps ; but Shovel, you may believe, was in no mood to attend to them. He had but one thought : that the traitor Tommy was doubtless at that moment boring his way toward them, underground, as it were, and "holding his

ticket in his hand." Shovel dived into the rabble and was flung back upside down. Falling with his arms round a full-grown man, he immediately ran up him as if he had been a lamp-post, and was aloft just sufficiently long to see Tommy give up the ticket and saunter into the hall.

The crowd tried at intervals to rush the door. It was mainly composed of ragged boys, but here and there were men, women, and girls, who came into view for a moment under the lights as the mob heaved and went round and round like a boiling potful. Two policemen joined the ticket-collectors, and though it was a good-humored gathering, the air was thick with such cries as these :

"I lorst my ticket, ain't I telling yer? Gar on, guv'nor, lemme in!"

"Oh, crumpets, look at Jimmy! Jimmy never done nothink, your honor; he's a himposter."

"I'm the boy what kicked the peeler. Hie, you toff with the choker, ain't I to step up?"

"Tell yer, I'm a genooine criminal, I am. If yer don't lemme in I'll have the lawr on you."

"Let a poor cove in as his father drowneded hisself for his country."

"What air yer torking about? Warn't I in larst year, and the cuss as runs the show, he says to me, 'Allers welcome,' he says. None on your sarse, bobby. I demands to see the cuss what runs——"

"Jest keeping on me out 'cos I ain't done nothin'. Ho, this is a encouragement to honesty, I don't think."

Mighty in tongue and knee and elbow was an unknown knight, ever conspicuous; it might be but by a leg waving for one brief moment in the air. He did not want to go in, would not go in though they went on their blooming knees to him; he was after a viper of the name of Tommy. Half an hour had not tired him, and he was leading another assault, when a magnificent lady, such as you see in wax-works, appeared in the vestibule and made some remark to a policeman, who then shouted :

"If so there be hany lad here called Shovel, he can step forrard."

A dozen lads stepped forward at once, but a flail drove them right and left, and

the unknown knight had mounted the parapet amid a shower of execrations. "If you are the real Shovel," the lady said to him, "you can tell me how this proceeds, 'I love my dear father and my dear mother——' Go on."

Shovel obeyed, tremblingly. "And all the dear little kids at 'ome. You are a kind lady or gentleman. I love yer. I will never do it again, thank you, so help me bob. Amen."

"Charming!" chirped the lady, and down pleasant-smelling aisles she led him, pausing to drop an observation about Tommy to a clergyman: "So glad I came; I have discovered the most delightful little monster." The clergyman looked after her half in sadness, half sarcastically; he was thinking that he had discovered a monster also.

At present the body of the hall was empty, but its sides were lively with gorging boys, among whom ladies moved, carrying platefuls of good things. Most of them were sweet women, fighting bravely for these boys, and not at all like Shovel's patroness, who had come for a sensation. Tommy, falling into her hands, she got it.

Tommy, who had a corner to himself, was lolling in it like a little king, and he not only ordered roast-beef for the awe-struck Shovel, but sent the lady back for salt. Then he whispered, exultantly: "Quick, Shovel, feel my pocket" (it bulged with two oranges), "now the inside pocket" (plum-duff), "now my waistcoat pocket" (three-pence); "look in my mouth" (chocolates).

When Shovel found speech he began, excitedly: "I love my dear father and my dear——"

"Gach!" said Tommy, interrupting him contemptuously. "Repenting ain't no go, Shovel. Look at them other coves; none of them has got no money, nor full pockets, and I tell you, it's 'cos they has repented."

"Gar on!"

"It's true, I tells you. That lady as is my one, she's called her ladyship, and she don't care a cuss for boys as has repented," which of course was a libel, her ladyship being celebrated wherever paragraphs penetrate for having knitted a pair of stockings for the deserving poor.

"When I saw that," Tommy continued, brazenly, "I bragged 'stead of repenting, and the wuss I says I am. she jest says, 'You little monster,' and gives me another orange."

"Then I'm done for," Shovel moaned, "for I rolled off that 'bout loving my dear father and my dear mother, blast 'em, soon as I seen her."

He need not let that depress him. Tommy had told her he would say it, but that it was all flam.

Shovel thought the ideal arrangement would be for him to eat and leave the torking to Tommy. Tommy nodded. "I'm full, at any rate," he said, struggling with his waistcoat. "Oh, Shovel, I am full!"

Her ladyship returned, and the boys held by their contract, but of the dark character Tommy seems to have been let not these pages bear the record. Do you wonder that her ladyship believed him? On this point we must fight for our Tommy. You would have believed him. Even Shovel, who knew, between the bites, that it was all whoppers, listened as to his father reading aloud. This was because another boy present half believed it for the moment also. When he described the eerie darkness of the butler's pantry, he shivered involuntarily, and he shut his eyes once—ugh!—that was because he saw the blood spouting out of the butler. He was turning up his trousers to show the mark of the butler's boot on his leg when the lady was called away, and then Shovel shook him, saying: "Darn yer, doesn't yer know as it's all your eye?" which brought Tommy to his senses with a jerk.

"Sure's death, Shovel," he whispered, in awe, "I was thinking I done it, every bit!"

Had her ladyship come back she would have found him a different boy. He remembered now that Elspeth, for whom he had filled his pockets, was praying for him; he could see her on her knees, saying, "Oh, God, I'se praying for Tommy," and remorse took hold of him and shook him on his seat. He broke into one hysterical laugh and then immediately began to sob. This was the moment when Shovel should have got him quietly out of the hall.

Members of the society discussing him afterward with bated breath said that never till they died could they forget her ladyship's face while he did it. "But did you notice the boy's own face? It was positively angelic." "Angelic, indeed; the little horror was intoxicated." No, there was a doctor present, and according to him it was the meal that had gone to the boy's head; he looked half starved. As for the clergyman, he only said: "We shall lose her subscription; I am glad of it."

Yes, Tommy was intoxicated, but with a beverage not recognized by the faculty. What happened was this: Supper being finished, the time had come for what Shovel called the jawing, and the boys were now mustered in the body of the hall. The limited audience had gone to the gallery, and unluckily all eyes except Shovel's were turned to the platform. Shovel was apprehensive about Tommy, who was not exactly sobbing now; but strange, uncontrollable sounds not unlike the winding up of a clock proceeded from his throat; his face had flushed; there was a purposeful look in his usually unreadable eye; his fingers were fidgeting on the board in front of him, and he seemed to keep his seat with difficulty. The personage who was to address the boys sat on the platform with clergymen, members of committee, and some ladies, one of them Tommy's patroness. Her ladyship saw Tommy and smiled to him, but obtained no response. She had taken a front seat, a choice that she must have regretted presently.

The chairman rose and in a reassuring manner announced that the Rev. Mr. — would open the proceedings with prayer. The Rev. Mr. — rose to pray in a loud voice for the waifs in the body of the hall. At the same moment rose Tommy, and began to pray in a squeaky voice for the people on the platform.

He had many Biblical phrases, mostly picked up in Thrums Street, and what he said was distinctly heard in the stillness, the clergyman being suddenly bereft of speech. "Oh," he cried, "look down on them ones there. for, oh, they are unworthy of Thy mercy, and, oh, the worst sinner is her ladyship, her sitting

there so brazen in the black frock with yellow stripes, and the worse I said I were the better pleased were she. Oh, make her think shame for tempting of a poor boy, forgetting suffer little children, oh, why cumbereth she the ground, oh——”

He was in full swing before anyone could act. Shovel having failed to hold him in his seat, had done what was perhaps the next best thing, got beneath it himself. The arm of the petrified clergyman was still extended, as if blessing his brother's remarks; the chairman seemed to be trying to fling his right hand at the culprit; but her ladyship, after the first stab, never moved a muscle. Thus for nearly half a minute, when the officials woke up, and squeezing past many knees, seized Tommy by the neck and ran him out of the building. All down the aisle he prayed hysterically, and for some time afterward to Shovel, who had been cast forth along with him.

At an hour of that night when their mother was asleep, and it is to be hoped they were the only two children awake in London, Tommy sat up softly in the wardrobe to discover whether Elspeth was still praying for him. He knew that she was on the floor in a nightgown some twelve sizes too large for her, but the room was as silent and black as the world he had just left by taking his fingers from his ears and the blankets off his face.

“I see you,” he said, mendaciously, and in a guarded voice, so as not to waken his mother, from whom he had kept his escapade. This had not the desired effect of drawing a reply from Elspeth, and he tried bluster.

“You needna think as I'll repent, you brat, so there! What?”

“I wish I hadna told you about it!” Indeed, he had endeavored not to do so, but pride in his achievement had eventually conquered prudence.

“Reddy would have laughed, she would, and said as I was a wonder. Reddy was the kind I like. What?”

“You ate up the oranges quick, and the plum-duff too, so you should pray for yoursel' as well as for me. It's easy to say as you didna know how I got them till after you eated them, but you should have found out. What?”

“Do you think it was for my own self as I done it? I jest done it to get the oranges and plum-duff to you, I did, and the threepence too. Eh? Speak, you little besom.”

“I tell you as I did repent in the hall. I was greeting, and I never knowed I put up that prayer till Shovel told me on it. We was sitting in the street by that time.”

This was true. On leaving the hall Tommy had dropped to the cold ground and squatted there till he came to, when he remembered nothing of what had led to his expulsion. Like a stream that has run into a pond and only finds itself again when it gets out, he was but a continuation of the boy who when last conscious of himself was in the corner crying remorsefully over his misdeed; and in this humility he would have returned to Elspeth had no one told him of his prayer. Shovel, however, was at hand, not only to tell him all about it, but to applaud, and home strutted Tommy chuckling.

“I am sleeping,” he next said to Elspeth, “so you may as well come to your bed.”

He imitated the breathing of a sleeper, but it was the only sound to be heard in London, and he desisted fearfully. “Come away, Elspeth,” he said, coaxingly, for he was very fond of her and could not sleep while she was cold and miserable.

Still getting no response he pulled his body inch by inch out of the bedclothes, and holding his breath, found the floor with his feet stealthily, as if to cheat the wardrobe into thinking that he was still in it. But his reason was to discover whether Elspeth had fallen asleep on her knees without her learning that he cared to know. Almost noiselessly he worked himself along the floor, but when he stopped to bring his face nearer hers, there was such a creaking of his joints that if Elspeth did not hear it she—she must be dead! His knees played whack on the floor.

Elspeth only gasped once, but he heard, and remained beside her for a minute, so that she might hug him if such was her desire; and she put out her hand in the darkness so that his should not have far to travel alone if it chanced to be on

the way to her. Thus they sat on their knees, each aghast at the hard-heartedness of the other.

Tommy put the blankets over the kneeling figure, and presently announced from the wardrobe that if he died of cold before repenting the blame of keeping him out of heaven would be Elspeth's. But the last word was muffled, for the blankets were tucked about him as he spoke, and two motherly little arms gave him the embrace they wanted to withhold. Foiled again, he kicked off the bedclothes and said: "I tell yer I wants to die!"

This terrified both of them, and he added, quickly:

"Oh, God, if I was sure I were to die to-night I would repent at once." It is the commonest prayer in all languages, but down on her knees slipped Elspeth again, and Tommy, who felt that it had done him good, said, indignantly: "Surely that is religion. What?"

He lay on his face until he was frightened by a noise louder than thunder in the daytime—the scraping of his eyelashes on the pillow. Then he sat up in the wardrobe and fired his three last shots.

"Elspeth Sandys, I'm done with yer forever, I am. I'll take care on yer, but I'll never kiss yer no more.

"When yer boasts as I'm your brother I'll say you ain't. I'll tell my mother about Reddy the morn, and syne she'll put you to the door smart.

"When you are a grown woman, I'll buy a house to yer, but you'll have jest to bide in it by your lonely self, and I'll come once a year to speir how you are, but I won't come in, I won't—I'll jest cry up the stair."

The effect of this was even greater than he had expected, for now two were in tears instead of one, and Tommy's grief was the more heartrending, he was so much better at everything than Elspeth. He jumped out of the wardrobe and ran to her, calling her name, and he put his arms round her cold body, and the dear mite, forgetting how cruelly he had used her, cried, "Oh, tighter, Tommy, tighter; you didn't not mean it, did yer? Oh, you is terrible fond on me, ain't yer? And you won't not tell my mother 'bout Reddy, will

yer, and you is no done wi' me forever, is yer? and you won't not put me in a house by myself, will yer? Oh, Tommy, is that the tightest you can do?"

And Tommy made it tighter, vowing, "I never meant it; I was a bad un to say it. If Reddy were to come back wanting for to squeeze you, out I would send her packing quick, I would. I tell yer what, I'll kiss you with folk looking on, I will, and no be ashamed to do it, and if Shovel is one of them what sees me, and he puts his finger to his nose, I'll blood the mouth of him, I will, dag-ont!"

Then he prayed for forgiveness, and he could always pray more beautifully than Elspeth. Even she was satisfied with the way he did it, and so, alack, was he.

"But you forgot to tell," she said, fondly, when once more they were in the wardrobe together—"you forgot to tell as you filled your pockets wif things to me."

"I didn't forget," Tommy replied, modestly. "I missed it out on purpose, I did, 'cos I was sure God knows on it without my telling Him, and I thought He would be pleased if I didn't let on as I knowed it was good of me."

"Oh, Tommy," cried Elspeth, worshipping him, "I couldn't have doned that, I couldn't!" She was barely six, and easily taken in, but she would save him from himself if she could.

CHAPTER IX

AULD LANG SYNE



WHAT to do with her ladyship's threepence? Tommy finally decided to drop it into the charity-box that had once contained his penny. They held it over the slit together, Elspeth almost in tears because it was such a large sum to give away, but Tommy looking angelic, he was so proud of himself; and when he said "Three!" they let go.

There followed days of excitement centred round their money-box. Shovel introduced Tommy to a boy what said as after a bit you forget how much

money was in your box, and then when you opened it, oh, Lor'! there is more than you thought, so he and Elspeth gave this plan a week's trial, affecting not to know how much they had gathered, but when they unlocked it, the sum was only the eightpence they had known it to be all the time; so then Tommy told the liar to come on, and they fought while the horrified Elspeth prayed, and Tommy licked him, a result due to one of the famous Thrums left-handers then on exhibition in that street for the first time, as taught the victor by Petey Whamond the younger, late of Tilly-loss.

The money did come in, once in spate (twopence from Bob in twenty-four hours), but usually so slowly that they saw it resting on the way, and then, when they listened intently, they could hear the thud of Hogmanay. The last halfpenny was a special aggravation, strolling about, just out of reach, with all the swagger of sixpence, but at last Elspeth had it, and after that, the sooner Hogmanay came the better.

They concealed their excitement under too many wrappings, but their mother suspected nothing. When she was dressing on the morning of Hogmanay, her stockings happened to be at the other side of the room, and they were such a long way off that she rested on the way to them. At the meagre breakfast she said what a heavy teapot that was, and Tommy thought this funny, but the salt had gone from the joke when he remembered it afterwards. And when she was ready to go off to her work she hesitated at the door, looking at her bed and from it to her children as if in two minds, and then went quietly downstairs, her pocket full of the rags that were to help her through the day.

The distance seems greater than ever to-day, poor woman, and you stop longer at the corners, where rude men jeer at you. Scarcely can you push open the door of the dancing-school or lift the pail; the fire has gone out, you must again go on your knees before it, and again the smoke makes you cough. Gaunt slattern, fighting to bring up the phlegm, was it really you for whom another woman gave her life, and

thought it a rich reward to get dressing you once in your long clothes, when she called you her beautiful, and smiled, and smiling, died? Well, well; but take courage, Jean Myles. The long road still lies straight up hill, but your climbing is near an end. Shrink from the rude men no more, they are soon to forget you, so soon! It is a heavy door, but soon you will have pushed it open for the last time. The girls will babble still, but not to you, not of you. Cheer up, the work is nearly done; the hunt for rags is almost ended. Her beautiful! Come, beautiful, strength for a few more days, and then you can leave the key of the leaden door behind you, and on your way home you may kiss your hand joyously to the weary streets, for you are going to die.

Tommy and Elspeth had been to the foot of the stair many times to look for her before their mother came back that evening, yet when she re-entered her home, behold, they were sitting calmly on the fender as if this were a day like yesterday or to-morrow, as if Tommy had not been on a business visit to Thrums Street, as if the hump on the bed did not mean that a glorious something was hidden under the coverlet. True, Elspeth would look at Tommy imploringly every few minutes, meaning that she could not keep it in much longer, and then Tommy would mutter the one word "Bell" to remind her that it was against the rules to begin before the Thrums eight-o'clock bell rang. They also wiled away the time of waiting by inviting each other to conferences at the window where these whispers passed.

"She ain't got a notion, Tommy."

"Dinna look so often at the bed."

"If I could jest get one more peep at it!"

"No, no; but you can put your hand on the top of it as you go by."

The artfulness of Tommy lured his unsuspecting mother into telling how they would be holding Hogmanay in Thrums to-night, how cartloads of kebbock cheeses had been rolling into the town all the livelong day ("Do you hear them, Elspeth?"), and in dark closes the children were already gathering, with smeared faces and in eccentric dress, to sally forth as guisers at the clap of

eight, when the ringing of a bell lets Hogmanay loose. ("You see, Elspeth?") Inside the houses men and women were preparing (though not by fasting, which would have been such a good way that it is surprising no one ever thought of it) for a series of visits, at every one of which they would be offered a dram and kebbock and bannock, and in the grander houses "bridies," which are a sublime kind of pie.

Tommy had the audacity to ask what bridies were like. And he could not dress up and be a guiser, could he, mother, for the guisers sang a song, and he did not know the words? What a pity they could not get bridies to buy in London, and learn the song and sing it. But of course they could not! ("Elspeth, if you tumble off the fender again, she'll guess.")

Such is a sample of Tommy, but Elspeth was sly also, if, in a smaller way, and it was she who said: "There ain't nothin' in the bed, is there, Tommy!" This duplicity made her uneasy, and she added, behind her teeth, "Maybe there is," and then, "O God, I knows as there is."

But as the great moment drew near there were no more questions; two children were staring at the clock and listening intently for the peal of a bell nearly five hundred miles away.

The clock struck. "Whisht! It's time, Elspeth! They've begun! Come on!"

A few minutes afterward Mrs. Sandys was roused by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of two mysterious figures. The female wore a boy's jacket turned outside in, the male a woman's bonnet and a shawl, and to make his disguise the more impenetrable he carried a poker in his right hand. They stopped in the middle of the floor and began to recite, rather tremulously,

Get up good wife, and binna sweir,
And deal your bread to them that's here,
For the time will come when you'll be dead,
And then you'll need neither ale nor bread.

Mrs. Sandys had started, and then turned piteously from them; but when they were done she tried to smile, and said, with forced gayety, that she saw they were guisers, and it was a fine night, and would they take a chair. The

male stranger did so at once, but the female said, rather anxiously: "You are sure as you don't know who we is?" Their hostess shook her head, and then he of the poker offered her three guesses, a daring thing to do, but all went well, for her first guess was Shovel and his old girl; second guess, Before and After; third guess, Napoleon Buonaparte and the Auld Licht minister. At each guess the smaller of the intruders clapped her hands gleefully, but when, with the third, she was unmuzzled, she putted with her head at Mrs. Sandys and hugged her, screaming, "It ain't none on them; it's jest me, mother, it's Elspeth!" and even while their astounded hostess was asking could it be true, the male conspirator dropped his poker noisily (to draw attention to himself) and stood revealed as Thomas Sandys!

Wasn't it just like Thrums, wasn't it just the very, very same? Ah, it was wonderful, their mother said, but alas, there was one thing wanting: she had no Hogmanay to give the guisers.

Had she not? What a pity, Elspeth! What a pity, Tommy! What might that be in the bed, Elspeth? It couldn't not be their Hogmanay, could it, Tommy? If Tommy was his mother he would look and see. If Elspeth was her mother she would look and see.

Her curiosity thus cunningly aroused, Mrs. Sandys raised the coverlet of the bed and—there were three bridies, an oatmeal cake, and a hunk of kebbock. "And they comed from Thrums!" cried Elspeth, while Tommy cried, "Petey and the others got a lot sent from Thrums, and I bought the bridies from them, and they gave me the bannock and the kebbock for nuthin'!" Their mother did not utter the cry of rapture which Tommy expected so confidently that he could have done it for her; instead, she pulled her two children toward her, and the great moment was like to be a tearful rather than an ecstatic one, for Elspeth had begun to whimper, and even Tommy—but by a supreme effort he shouldered reality to the door.

"Is this my Hogmanay, guidwife?" he asked in the nick of time, and the situation thus being saved, the luscious feast was partaken of, the guisers listening solemnly as each bite went down. They

also took care to address their hostess as "guidwife" or "mistress," affecting not to have met her lately, and inquiring genially after the health of herself and family. "How many have you?" was Tommy's masterpiece, and she answered in the proper spirit, but all the time she was hiding great part of her bridie beneath her apron, Hogmanay having come too late for her.

Everything was to be done exactly as they were doing it in Thrums Street, and so presently Tommy made a speech; it was the speech of old Petey, who had rehearsed it several times before him. "Here's a toast," said Tommy, standing up and waving his arms, "here's a toast that we'll drink in silence, one that maun have sad thoughts at the back o't to some of us, but one, my friends, that keeps the hearts of Thrums folk green and ties us all thegither, like as it were wi' twine. It's to all them, wherever they may be the night, wha' have sat as lads and lasses at the Cuttle Well."

To one of the listeners it was such an unexpected ending that a faint cry broke from her, which startled the children, and they sat in silence looking at her. She had turned her face from them, but her arm was extended as if entreating Tommy to stop.

"That was the end," he said, at length, in a tone of expostulation; "it's auld Petey's speech."

"Are you sure," his mother asked wistfully, "that Petey was to say *all* them as have sat at the Cuttle Well? He made nae exception, did he?"

Tommy did not know what exception was, but he assured her that he had repeated the speech, word for word. For the remainder of the evening she sat apart by the fire, while her children gambled for crack-nuts, young Petey having made a teetotum for Tommy and taught him what the letters on it meant. Their mirth rang faintly in her ear, and they scarcely heard her fits of coughing; she was as much engrossed in her own thoughts as they in theirs, but hers were sad and theirs were jocund—Hogmanay, like all festivals, being but a bank from which we can only draw what we put in. So an hour or more passed, after which Tommy whispered to Elspeth: "Now's the

time; they're at it now," and each took a hand of their mother, and she woke from her reverie to find that they had pulled her from her chair and were jumping up and down, shouting, excitedly, "For Auld Lang Syne, my dear, for Auld Lang Syne, Auld Lang Syne, my dear, Auld Lang Syne." She tried to sing the words with her children, tried to dance round with them, tried to smile, but—

It was Tommy who dropped her hand first. "Mother," he cried, "your face is wet, you're greeting sair, and you said you had forgot the way."

"I mind it now, man, I mind it now," she said, standing helplessly in the middle of the room.

Elspeth nestled against her, crying, "My mother was thinking about Thrums, wasn't she, Tommy?"

"I was thinking about the part o't I'm most awid to be in," the poor woman said, sinking back into her chair.

"It's the Den," Tommy told Elspeth.

"It's the Square," Elspeth told Tommy.

"No, it's Monypenny."

"No, it's the Commonty."

But it was none of these places. "It's the cemetery," the woman said, "it's the hamely, quiet cemetery on the hillside. Oh, there's mony a bonny place in my nain bonny toon, but there's nain so hamely like as the cemetery." She sat shaking in the chair, and they thought she was to say no more, but presently she rose excitedly, and with a vehemence that made them shrink from her she cried: "I winna lie in London! tell Aaron Latta that; I winna lie in London!"

For a few more days she trudged to her work, and after that she seldom left her bed. She had no longer strength to coax up the phlegm, and a doctor brought in by Shovel's mother warned her that her days were near an end. Then she wrote her last letter to Thrums, Tommy and Elspeth standing by to pick up the pen when it fell from her feeble hand, and in the intervals she told them that she was Jean Myles.

"And if I die and Aaron hasna' come," she said, "you maun just gang to auld Petey and tell him wha you are."

"But how can you be Jean Myles?" asked astounded Tommy. "You ain't a grand lady and ——"

His mother looked at Elspeth. "No' afore her," she besought him; but before he set off to post the letter she said: "Come canny into my bed the night, when Elspeth's sleeping, and syne I'll tell you all there is to tell about Jean Myles."

"Tell me now, if the letter is to Aaron Latta?"

"It's for him," she said, "but it's no' to him. I'm feared he might burn it without opening it if he saw my write on the cover, so I've wrote it to a friend of his wha will read it to him."

"And what's inside, mother?" the boy begged, inquisitively. "It must be queer things if they'll bring Aaron Latta all the way from Thrums."

"There's but little in it, man," she said, pressing her hand hard upon her chest. "It's no muckle mair than 'Auld Lang Syne, my dear, for Auld Lang Syne.'"

CHAPTER X

THE FAVORITE OF THE LADIES

THAT night the excited boy was wakened by a tap-tap, as of someone knocking for admittance, and stealing to his mother's side, he cried, "Aaron Latta has come; hearken to him chapping at the door!"

It was only the man through the wall, but Mrs. Sandys took Tommy into bed with her, and while Elspeth slept, told him the story of her life. She coughed feebly now, but the panting of the dying is a sound that no walls can cage, and the man continued to remonstrate at intervals. Tommy never recalled his mother's story without seeming, through the darkness in which it was told, to hear Elspeth's peaceful breathing and the angry tap-tap on the wall.

"I'm sweer to tell it to you," she began, "but tell I maun, for though it's just a warning to you and Elspeth no' to be like them that brought you into the world, it's all I have to leave you. Ay, and there's another reason: you may soon be among folk wha ken but half

the story and put a waur face on it than I deserve."

She had spoken calmly, but her next words were passionate.

"They thought I was fond o' him," she cried; "oh, they were blind, blind! Frae the first I could never thole the sight o' him."

"Maybe that's no' true," she had to add. "I aye kent he was a black, but yet I couldna put him oot o' my head; he took sudden grips o' me like an evil thought. I aye ran frae him, and yet I sair doubt that I gaed looking for him too."

"Was it Aaron Latta?" Tommy asked.

"No, it was your father. The first I ever saw of him was at Cullew, fower lang miles frae Thrums. There was a ball after the market, and Esther Auld and me gaed till't. We gaed in a cart, and I was wearing a blue print, wi' a white bonnet, and blue ribbons that tied aneath the chin. I had a shawl abune, no' to file them. There wasna a mair innocent lassie in Thrums, man, no, nor a happier ane; for Aaron Latta—Aaron came half the way wi' us, and he was hauding my hand aneath the shawl. He hadna speired me at that time, but I just kent."

"It was an auld custom to choose a queen of beauty at the ball, but that night the men couldna' gree wha should be judge, and in the tail end they gaed out thegither to look for ane, determined to mak' judge o' the first man they met, though they should ha'e to tear him aff a horse and bring him in by force. You wouldna believe to look at me now, man, that I could ha'e haen ony thait o' being made queen, but I was fell bonny, and I was as keen as the rest. How simple we were, all pretending to ane another that we didna want to be chosen! Esther Auld said she would hod ahint the tent till a queen was picked, and at the very time she said it, she was in a palsy, through no being able to decide whether she looked better in her shell necklace or wanting it. She put it on in the end, and syne when we heard the tramp o' the men, her mind misga'e her, and she cried: 'For the love o' mercy, keep them oot till I get it aff again!' So we were a' lauching when they came in."

"Laddie, it was your father and Els-

peth's that they brought wi' them, and he was a stranger to us, though we kent something about him afore the night was oot. He was finely put on, wi' a gold chain, and a free w'y of looking at women, and if you mind o' him ava, you ken that he was fair and buirdly, wi' a full face, and aye a laugh ahint it. I teli ye, man, that when our een met, and I saw that triumphing laugh ahint his face, I took a fear of him, as if I had guessed the end.

"For years and years after that night I dreamed it ower again, and aye I heard mysel' crying to God to keep that man awa' frae me. But I doubt I put up no sic prayer at the time; his masterful look fleid me, and yet it drew me against my will, and I was trembling wi' pride as weel as fear when he made me queen. We danced thegither and fought thegither a' through the ball, and my will was no match for his, and the warst o't was I had a kind o' secret pleasure in being mastered.

"Man, he kissed me. Lads had kissed me afore that night, but never since first I gaed wi' Aaron Latta to the Cuttle Well. Aaron hadna done it, but I was never to let none do it again except him. So when your father did it I struck him, but ahint the redness that came ower his face, I saw his triumphing laugh, and he whispered that he liked me for the blow. He said, 'I prefer the sweer anes, and the more you struggle, my beauty, the better pleased I'll be.' Almost his hinmost words to me was, 'I've been hearing of your Aaron, and that pleases me too!' I fired up at that and telled him what I thought of him, but he said, 'If you canna abide me, what made you dance wi' me so often?' and, oh, laddie, that's a question that has sung in my head since syne.

"I've telled you that we found out wha he was, and 'deed he made no secret o't. Up to the time he was twal year auld he had been a kent face in that part, for his mither was a Cullew woman called Mag Sandys, ay, and a single woman. She was a hard ane too, for when he was twal he flung oot o' the house saying he would ne'er come back, and she said he shouldna run awa' wi' thae new boots on, so she took the boots aff him and let him go.

"He was a grown man afore mair was heard o' him, and syne stories came saying he was at Redlintie playing queer games wi' his father. His father was gauger there, that's exciseman, a Mr. Cray, wha got his wife out o' Thrums, and even when he was courting her (so they say) had the heart to be ower chief wi' this other woman. Weel, Magerful Tam, as he was called through being so masterful, cast up at Redlintie frae none kent whaur, gey desperate for siller, but wi' a black coat on his back, and he said that all he wanted was to be owned as the gauger's son. Mr. Cray said there was no proof that he was his son, and syne the queer sport began. Your father had noticed he was like Mr. Cray, except in the beard, and so he had his beard clippit the same, and he got haud o' some weel-kent claethes o' the gauger's that had been presented to a poor body, and he learned up a' the gauger's tricks of speech and walking, especially a droll w'y he had o' taking snuff and syne flinging back his head. They were as like as buckies after that, and soon there was a toon about it, for one day ladies would find that they had been bowing to the son thinking he was the father, and the next they cut the father dead, mistaking him for the son; and a report spread to the head office o' the excise that the gauger of Redlintie spent his evenings at a public house, singing 'The De'il's awa' wi' the Exciseman.' Tam drank nows and nans, and it ga'e Mr. Cray a turn to see him come rolling yont the street, just as if it was himsel in a looking-glass. He was a sedate-living man now, but chiefly because his wife kept him in good control, and this sight brought back auld times so vive to him, that he a kind of mistook which ane he was, and took to dropping, forgetful-like, into public-houses again. It was high time Tam should be got oot o' the place, and they did manage to bribe him into leaving, though no easily, for it had been fine sport to him, and to make a sensation was what he valued abune all things. We heard that he gaed back to Redlintie a curran years after, but both the gauger and his wife were dead, and I ken that he didna trouble the twa daughters. They were Miss Ailie and Miss Kitty, and as they werena

left as weel aff as was expected they came to Thrums, which had been their mother's town, and started a school for the gentry there. I dinna doubt but what it's the school that Esther Auld's laddie is at.

"So after being lang lost sight o' he turned up at Cullew, wi' what looked to simple folk a fortune in his pouches, and half a dozen ontrue stories about how he made it. He had come to make a show o' himsel' afore his mither, and I daresay to gi'e her some gold, for he was aye ready to gi'e when he had, I'll say that for him; but she had flitted to some unkent place, and so he bade on some weeks at the Cullew public. He cared-na whether the folk praised or blamed him so lang as they wondered at him, and queer stories about his doings was aye on the road to Thrums. One was that he gave wild suppers to whae'er would come; another that he gaed to the kirk just for the glory of flinging a sovereign into the plate wi' a clatter; another that when he lay sleeping on twa chairs, gold and silver dribbled oot o' his trouser pouches to the floor.

"There was an ugly story too, aboot a lassie, that led to his leaving the place and coming to Thrums, after he had near killed the Cullew smith in a fight. The first I heard o' his being in Thrums was when Aaron Latta walked into my granny's house and said there was a strange man at the Tappit Hen public standing drink to ony that would tak', and boasting that he had but to waggle his finger to make me gi'e Aaron up. I gaed wi' Aaron and looked in at the window, but I kent wha it was afore I looked. If Aaron had just gone in and struck him! All decent women, laddie, has a horror of being fought about. I'm no sure but what that's just the difference atween guid anes and ill anes, but this man had a power ower me; and if Aaron had just struck him! Instead o' meddling he turned white, and I couldna help contrasting them, and thinking how masterful your father looked. Fine I kent he was a brute, and yet I couldna help admiring him for looking so magerful.

"He bade on at the Tappit Hen, flinging his siller aboot in the way that made him a king at Cullew, but no molest-

ing Miss Ailie and Miss Kitty, which all but me thought was what he had come to Thrums to do. Aaron and me was cried for the first time the Sabbath after he came; and the next Sabbath for the second time, but afore that he was aye getting in my road and speaking to me, but I ran frae him and hod frae him when I could, and he said the reason I did that was because I kent his will was stronger than mine. He was aye saying things that made me think he saw down to the bottom o' my soul; what I didna understand was that in mastering other women he had been learning to master me. Ay, but though I thought ower muckle aboot him, never did I speak him fair. I loo'ed Aaron wi' all my heart, and your fathor kent it; and that, I doubt, was what made him so keen, for, oh, but he was vain!

"And now we've come to the night I'm so sweer to speak aboot. She was a good happy lassie that gaed into the Den that moonlight night wi' Aaron's arm round her, but it was another woman that came oot. We thought we had the Den to oursel's, and as we sat on the Shoaging Stane at the Cuttle Well, Aaron wrote wi' a stick on the ground 'Jean Latta,' and prigged wi' me to look at it, but I spread my hands ower my face, and he didna ken that I was keeking at it through my fingers all the time. We was so ta'en up with oursel's that we saw nobody coming, and all at once there was your father by the side o' us! 'You've written the wrong name, Aaron,' he said, jeering and pointing with his foot at the letters; 'it should be Jean Sandys.'

"Aaron said not a word, but I had a presentiment of ill, and I cried, 'Dinna let him change the name, Aaron!' Your father had been to change it himsel', but at that he had a new thait, and he said, 'No, I'll no' do it; your brave Aaron shall do it for me.'

"Laddie, it doesna do for a man to be a coward afore a woman that's fond o' him. A woman will thole a man's being onything except like hersel'. When I was sure Aaron was a coward I stood still as death, waiting to ken wha's I was to be.

"Aaron did it. He was loath, but your father crushed him to the ground,

and said do it he should, and warned him too that if he did it he would lose me, bantering him and cowing him and advising him no' to shame me, all in a breath. He kent so weel, you see, what was in my mind, and aye there was that triumphing laugh ahint his face. If Aaron had fought and been beaten, even if he had just lain there and let the man strike away, if he had done onything except what he was bidden, he would have won, for it would have broken your father's power ower me. But to write the word! It was like dishonoring me to save his ain skin, and your father took good care he should ken it. You've heard me crying to Aaron in my sleep, but it wasna for him I cried, it was for his fireside. All the love I had for him, and it was muckle, was skailed forever that night at the Cuttle Well. Without a look ahint me awa' I gaed wi' my master, and I had no more will to resist him—and oh, man, man, when I came to mysel' next morning I wished I had never been born!

"The men folk saw that Aaron had shamed them, and they werena quite so set agin me as the women, wha had guessed the truth, though they couldna be sure o't. Sair I pitied mysel', and sair I grat, but only when none was looking. The mair they miscalled me the higher I held my head, and I hung on your father's arm as if I adored him, and I boasted about his office and his clerk in London till they believed what I didna believe a word o' mysel'.

"But though I put sic a brave face on't, I was near demented in case he shouldna marry me, and he kent that and jokit me aboot it. Dinna think I was fond o' him; I hated him now. And dinna think his masterfulness had ony mair power ower me; his power was broken forever when I woke up that weary morning. But that was ower late, and to wait on by mysel' in Thrums for what might happen, and me a single woman—I daredna! So I flattered at him, and flattered at him, till I got the fool side o' him, and he married me.

"My granny let the marriage take place in her hoose, and he sent in so muckle meat and drink that some folk was willing to come. One came that wasna wanted. In the middle o' the

marriage Aaron Latta, wha had refused to speak to onybody since that night, walked in wearing his blacks, wi' crape on them, as if it was a funeral, and all he said was that he had come to see Jean Myles coffined. He gaed awa' quietly as soon as we was married, but the crowd outside had fathomed his meaning, and abune the minister's words I could hear them crying, 'Ay, it's mair like a burial than a marriage!'

"My heart was near breaking wi' woe, but oh, I was awid they shouldna ken it, and the bravest thing I ever did was to sit through the supper that night, making muckle o' your father, looking fond-like at him, laughing at his coarse jokes, and secretly hating him down to my very marrow a' the time. The crowd got word o' the on-goings, and they took a cruel revenge. A carriage had been ordered for nine o'clock to take us to Tilliedrum, whaur we would get the train to London, and when we heard it, as we thought, drive up to the door, ont we gaed, me on your father's arm laughing, but wi' my teeth set. But Aaron's words had put an idea into their heads, though he didna intend it, and they had got out the hearse. It was the hearse they had brought to the door instead of a carriage.

"We got awa' in a carriage in the tailend, and the stanes hitting it was all the good luck flung after me. It had just one horse, and I mind how I cried to Esther Auld, wha had been the first to throw, that when I came back it would be in a carriage and pair.

"Aye I had pride! In the carriage your father telled me as a joke that he had got away without paying the supper, and that aboot all the money he had now, forby what was to pay our tickets to London, was the half-sovereign on his watch-chain. But I was determined to ha'e Thrums think I had married grand, and as I had three pound six on me, the savings o' all my days, I ga'e two pound o't to Malcolm Crabb, the driver, unbeknown to your father, but pretending it was frae him, and telled him to pay for the supper and the carriage wi't. He said it was far ower muckle, but I just laughed, and said wealthy gentlemen like Mr. Sandys couldna be bothered to take back change, so Malcolm could keep what was ower.

Malcolm was the man Esther Auld had just married, and I counted on this maddening her and on Malcolm's spreading the story through the toon. Laddie, I've kent since syne what it is to be without bite or sup, but I've never grudged that siller."

The poor woman had halted many times in her tale, and she was glad to make an end. "You've furgotten what a life he led me in London," she said, "and it could do you no good to hear it, though it might be a lesson to thae lassies at the dancing-school wha think so much o' masterful men. It was by betting at horse-races that your father made a living, and whiles he was large o' siller, but that didna last, and I question whether he would ha'e stuck to me if I hadna got wark. Weel, he's gone, and the Thrums folk'll soon ken the truth aboot Jean Myles now."

She paused, and then cried, with extraordinary vehemence: "Oh, man, how I wish I could keep it frae them for ever and ever!"

But presently she was calm again and she said: "What I've been telling you, you can understand little o' the now, but some o't will come back to you when you're a grown man, and if you're magerful and have some lassie in your grip, may be for the memory of her that bore you, you'll let the poor thing awa'."

And she asked him to add this to his nightly prayer: "O God, keep me from being a magerful man!" and to teach this other prayer to Elspeth, "O God, whatever is to be my fate, may I never be one of them that bow the knee to magerful men, and if I was born like that and canna help it, O take me up to heaven afore I'm fil't."

The wardrobe was invisible in the darkness, but they could still hear Elspeth's breathing as she slept, and instead of answering at once, the exhausted woman listened long to it, as if she would fain carry away with her to the other world the memory of that sweet sound.

"If you gang to Thrums," she said at last, "you may hear my story frae some that winna spare me in the telling; but should Elspeth be wi' you at sic times, dinna answer back; just slip quietly away wi' her. She's so young

that she'll soon forget all about her life in London and all about me, and that'll be best for her. I would like her lassiehood to be bright and free frae cares, as if there had never been sic a woman as me. But laddie, oh, my laddie, dinna you forget me; you and me had him to thole thegither, dinna you forget me! Watch ower your little sister by day and hap her by night, and when the time comes that a man wants her—if he be magerful, tell her my story at once. But gin she loves one that is her ain true love, dinna rub off the bloom, laddie, with a word about me. Let her and him gang to the Cuttle Well, as Aaron and me gaed, kenning no guile and thinking none, and with their arms round one another's waists. But when her wedding-day comes round——"

Her words broke in a sob and she cried: "I see them, I see them standing up thegither afore the minister! Oh! you lad, you lad that's to be married to my Elspeth, turn your face and let me see that you're no' a magerful man!"

But the lad did not turn his face, and when she spoke next it was to Tommy.

"In the bottom o' my kist there's a little silver teapot. It's no' real silver, but it's fell bonny. I bought it for Elspeth twa or three months back when I saw I couldna last the winter. I bought it to her for a marriage present. She's no' to see it till her wedding-day comes round. Syne you're to gi'e it to her, man, and say it's with her mother's love. Tell her all about me, for it canna harm her then. Tell her of the fool lies I sent to Thrums, but dinna forget what a bonny place I thought it all the time, nor how I stood on many a drieck night at the corner of that street, looking so waeful at the lighted windows, and hungering for the wring of a Thrums hand or the sound of the Thrums word, and all the time the shrewd blasts cutting through my thin trails of claithe. Tell her, man, how you and me spent this night, and how I fought to keep my hoast down so as no' to waken her. Mind that whatever I have been, I was aye fond o' my bairns, and slaved for them till I dropped. She'll have lang forgotten what I was like, and it's just as weel, but yet— Look at me, Tommy, look lang, lang, so as you'll be able to call up my face as it

was on the far-back night when I telled you my mournful story. Na, you canna see in the dark, but haud my hand, haud it tight, so that, when you tell Elspeth, you'll mind how hot it was, and the skin loose on it; and put your hand on my cheeks, man, and feel how wet they are wi' sorrowful tears, and lay it on my breast, so that you can tell her how I was shrunk awa'. And if she greets for her mother a whiley, let her greet."

The sobbing boy hugged his mother. "Do you think I'm an auld woman?" she said to him.

"You're gey auld, are you no'?" he answered.

"Ay," she said, "I'm gey auld; I'm nine and twenty. I was seventeen on the day when Aaron Latta gaed half-road in the cart wi' me to Cullew, haud my hand aneath my shawl. He hadna spiered me, but I just kent."

Tommy remained in his mother's bed for the rest of the night, and so many things were buzzing in his brain that not for an hour did he think it time to repeat his new prayer. At last he said, reverently: "O God, keep me from being a magerful man!" Then he opened his eyes to let God see that his prayer was ended, and added to himself: "But I think I would fell like it."

(To be continued.)

SEVILLANA

By Mabel Thayer—Illustrated by Vierge

THRONE in mid-heaven a summer sun lay hot and burdensome on the motley roofs of Seville, riddling them with incandescent light. On the horizon, like sails becalmed in a tropical sea, careened squadrons of cloud-lets, whitish and delicate, emphasizing the implacable brilliancy of the azure.

Between whitewashed walls the verdure of the *patios* drooped lifelessly around the little fountains whose waters quivered upward, slender and silvery, to fall back into their stone basins, droning a ceaseless song—mournful paraphrase of those scorching hours. As through a veil there trembled indistinctly the flowers, the leaves and fruits of orange and lemon trees, powdered with a stinging dust that rose from the streets where the trample of feet and the pungent smells from improvised frying-booths proclaimed a feast-day—one of those days odorous and sonorous, breathing full the Bacchanalian spirit of pagan times that now and again bursts the bands with which centuries of Christianity have swathed the Spaniard.



Since morning Sevillians and country people had strolled along the streets, always in one direction. One might have thought their goal was some church whose patron saint was honored on that day, but at high noon there are no spectacular services to excite the senses, none of the organ music with tumultuous choir, none of the impassioned sermons so dear to the devout hearts of the Sevillians; the sacred edifices are left to beggars dozing in corners, while the streets have the empty look of African villages simmering under an equatorial sun.

Yet the crowd increased as the hours grew, all classes elbowing each other good-naturedly, unmindful of the stifling air, the fiery baptism of heat from above, and the sharp cobble-stones beneath, which made of those winding lanes a veritable martyr's way. They sauntered, gossiping along, giving the delighted attention of children to any small incident of the moment, and when some youth, lifting his sombrero from his head, would whirl it in the air, shouting, at the top of his voice, a name, "Gallito!" they answered with quickened movements and guttural "Ole, Ole!" That name and the echoing "Ole!" coming more frequently, seemed to wake the passionate element in these indolent natures of the South. Measured gestures, decorous stolidity gave place to vehement motion; the blood ran quickly, flushing the cheeks of the men and unveiling the fire in women's eyes.

On the wide boulevard above the bridge that joins the city with its suburb, Triana, a human river flowed riotously by the side of the silent Guadalquivir. There all were Trianans, for none others would have risked being caught in such company—Cigar-makers, muleteers, gitanos, smugglers, surged in boisterous rout. Past the white walls against which stood out, like pigments on a painter's palette, the party-colored gowns of the women, whose only head-gear was the mantilla, which at once so charmingly betrays and conceals an Andalusian face.

In the midst of that tumult a band of men and girls, shoulders locked, were pushing forward, their rapid chatter

broken by shouts and scuffling. A tall, swarthy fellow coming suddenly from behind seized on one of the band, and drew her to one side. Surprised and angered the girl struggled fiercely, swinging her lean arms till her captor caught and held them down. Unmindful of the incident her companions had already closed their ranks and were gone.

"You must not go so fast, dearie," the man drawled, in a jeering tone; "there's time enough for seeing Gallito. What a pity he'll never know how far and fast you've run for a sight of him."

His words and an instant's tightening of his grasp made the girl, who had kept her face turned away, look up and catch his eye. Freeing a hand with a swift wrench, she struck it across his cheek.

"Caramba! Pepe, take that for your jealous fooling. What a dolt you are, anyway, fit only to lie in the sun and sleep your wits away, if so be it you have any. Are you just out of bed? Did you think I'd sit in the house all day to wait for your pleasure? When you have to do with me remember the late are losers."

She laughed, shaking the big gold hoops in her ears, to see the frown that drew the man's heavy brows together.

A market-woman passing by took up the badgering:

"Hi! there, Pepe," she called over her shoulder, "stir your long legs, we are bound to the bull-fight and you're just in time to help Pepita get along faster to her hero."

Pepe stood still in sudden confusion at this jeering, and the girl, leaving him, linked her arm in that of the market-woman.

"What sport to have Gallito back," she said. "They say he's returned as rich as a prince. Eh, Carmen! it's a fine thing to be first toreador of Spain, with pockets full of Mexican dollars and sombreros full of presents. Come, my poor Pepe, when will you get up courage to face a bull, a real Asturias, not the yearlings you prate about?"

Making a parting grimace at her lover she darted off, and with prods of her sharp elbows and retorts from a tongue as sharp, fought her way through the thickening crowd. And when it



beat against the closed doors of the bull-ring she had wedged herself to its front, that she might head the stampede up the passage-ways as the gates swung open. Scrambling, pushing, cursing, the swarm of figures issued from the outlets to scatter far and wide over the ascending tiers, subsiding by slow degrees and murmuringly, in a flutter of fans and petticoats, like the bubbling froth of a spent wave.

Pepe, following fast the glint of gold earrings, was at the heels of his nimble tormentor as she pounced upon and defended a seat on one of the benches in that popular portion of the plaza open to the glare of the sun. He sat down silent beside her, watching as she patted the kerchief about her neck into decorous folds and settled her bodice pulled askew in the scuffle.

"Pepe? But, aren't we in luck to be here to-day!" Pepe was silent. "We're

going to have a great show," the girl continued with complacent emphasis. "Father saw the arrival of the bulls, and he says four of them are murderous. I'll wager Gallito will make them dance."

"Perhaps so, perhaps not, one can't tell what bulls are like till they face the music," answered Pepe, argumentatively.

"True! *you* couldn't; but any one with sense could by watching them when they are driven in. One sees how little you know about the thing from the way you talk. Boy, you speak wisest when you keep silent."

"No one can tell," Pepe recommenced; but finding Pepita paid him no further attention he continued his speech with shrugs of the shoulders.

The girl, aware only of the place and the moment, moved restlessly on her seat, the dark red of excitement burning on her high cheek-bones. Her eyes, jet in mother-of-pearl, roved over the arena among the thousand fans that fluttered like frightened birds about to

take their flight, and above whose gaudy wings the eyes of the women shot glances, brusque, keen, resembling nothing so much as the twinkling reflections cast by wavelets dancing in the sun. The girl tapped her companion's arm and pointed at the tier of boxes set apart for the aristocracy.

"Look there, above the President's box, at the blond señora with the head of yellow hair. Do you see?"

The man nodded. "Well! what of her?" he said.

"Only that though she is a lover of the sport she has not been to the bull-fights since Gallito went to Mexico. But now he is back again, *seguida*, so is she. She would not miss this first day for all the rings on her fingers. Pepe mine, can you get that through your noddle?"

"She is only one of a dozen."

"Just so, the women are all love-mad about him. I love him myself. *De veras!* isn't it a pity that Gallito will never know how far and fast I have run to see him." And tilting her head to one side she surveyed her comrade out of the corner of her eye.

"Yes, you amuse yourself finely as it happens, but you would sing another song if it had been you he married in the Sierras instead of that Mercedes, his fellow-goatherd. Come, now, what if I left you alone in the mountains and turned bull-fighter with a love in every house?"

"What if?"—his companion struck her arms akimbo, her eyes twinkling with savage humor—"why, this," and she drew her thumb across her throat.

"That you would," he answered, stirring involuntarily as though the knife-blade had tickled him, and throwing away his cigarette he bit his teeth in an obstinate silence.

Suddenly the girl sat upright and alert.

The first notes of the royal march sounded strident and vibrating on the pulseless air, and at that blare of trumpets the gates of the arena swung back before the brilliant procession of the cuadrilla. With exaggerated dignity and

an air of chevaliers of past days the bull-fighters advanced in superb order to salute the President, dispersing after this ceremony like the atoms of a kaleidoscope. Some retired, while those remaining disposed themselves here and there and waited, immobile and indifferent, their brave costumes, laced with gold, reflecting a thousand points of light. The President, rising, threw a heavy key to a mounted alguacil, who galloped with it to the bull-pen. The music ceased. By common impulse the audience craned forward as the low,



wooden gate moved up. There was a rush of hoofs, a waving of handkerchiefs and the roar of many voices proclaimed "El toro!"

The dusky bull of Asturias stood facing the clamor, a red line rimming his eyes, his spongy nostrils dilated in fierce astonishment. A moment he paused, his forehoofs planted, swaying his head from side to side, at the next, venting a low bellow, he charged forward, and a blinded horse in his path reared in agony falling heavily back on its rider. Chulos, with waving cloaks, hurried to the rescue, but the bull, sharply turning, scattered them to the barriers like mosquitoes before a wind.

With frightful rapidity two other horses were gored to death, and beneath one lay a picador, wounded and unconscious. The banderillos, teasing the bull with their beribboned arrows watched his movements now with anxious eyes; there was an air about him, a wiliness that meant he was of the true breed and would fight to kill.

The amphitheatre was in tumult! "Bravo toro!" shrieked the populace, jumping on the benches. "Bravo toro!" laughed a blond-haired woman from the shadow of her loge. The tumult hushed to whispers as a solitary figure entered the ring and came forward. "Gallito!"—the name was roared from fourteen thousand throats, feet beat a frantic tattoo, hats were thrown in the air. The toreador bowed, standing quietly, as his eyes first seeking the woman whose fair head had drooped aside in shadow ran over the benches where gaudy kerchiefs fluttered in the uplifted hands of young girls.

The bull, irritated by the continuous din, tossed his head in defiance. On seeing suddenly the toreador before him, he lowered his blood-stained front. Gallito, with sword under his capa, awaited the onward rush, and when it came slipped aside like a summer lightning flash from a dun cloud booming thunder. Again and again the man twisted and turned just beyond the tips of the plunging horns, flirting his capa across his pursuer's eyes, and once tapping him insultingly on the sweating hide.

Wearied with resultless fury the bull stopped often to pant and blow the foam from his nostrils, while the tense muscles of his chest relaxed, and his eyes grew dull. Presently he stumbled to his knees. A torturing prick on the flank roused him to a last fury, and then the toreador, bounding back, stood alert and steeled for the final effort. With a bellow that was half a groan the brute gathered himself and came forging heavily forward against the poised sword. The blade darted into his neck but failed to check the fury of the onset. It had struck a bone—it snapped—in the sideward jerk the man's foot slipped and in a flash he was caught and flung in air.

A gurgle of horror strangled in the mouths of the people as Gallito struck the ground and lay inert. But in a moment he moved, raised himself on his elbows and instinctively struggled to his feet. The bull had wheeled and was charging down on him again. There came a cry of warning from the crowd. With a swift look over his shoulder the man turned and tried to make for the barrier.

Out of her loge leaned a woman, her features sharpened with terror, her lips drawn back from her teeth. Supporting herself with rigid arms she stared downward at the flying figure. The light swirled before her eyes, but through the blur she saw Gallito reach the barrier staggering, draw himself up and fall in a heap on the other side.

THE toreador lies dying in his hotel. In the square without knots of people watch the windows, and passers-by stop to ask the news. The warm air vibrates with a low mutter of lamentation and grumbling, sharpening at times into hoarse imprecations against the devil of a bull that has brought this calamity. Servants of grave demeanor come out to pin bulletins on the door, which some fellow able to decipher reads aloud to those nearest, and as ripples widen when a stone is dropped in water, so the word is repeated from mouth to mouth across the square and throughout the city.

Impassioned comments follow each bulletin.

"What is that? Holy Virgin! is he worse?"

"Oh! he'll come out all right yet. Gallito is tough."

"He has only himself to thank for it. He lost his nerve, anyone could see that."

"Be quiet, can't you? and let people hear."

"Worse, worse! No hope for him. What will become now of our sport? There's only one Gallito."

"They think he'll die then?" questions the black-eyed girl of yesterday.

"So the doctors say," answers Pepe, who has just caught the last news.

The girl gazes moodily at the piece of foolscap on the door.

"Go along, Pepe, tell me what it says on the paper," and Pepe, obedient,

moves forward. In his wake there hurries a woman with the bewildered look of one strange to the place. Her clumsy clothes, her feet encased in rope sandals bespeak a peasant from the mountains. From the folds of her dusty shawl issues the whine of a baby. She lays hold of Pepe's sleeve as he turns away after reading.

"He is not dead—Gallito?" she cries, so shrilly that all around turn their heads.

"Be quiet! What are you screaming about?" says Pepe, staring at her.

"But I must see him," the woman mutters, trying, with nervous fingers, to open the door.

"See him? You? You beggar! Do you want to pester a dying man? Be off!"

Moved by the same feeling and with angry looks the people about draw close to the woman, when the rapid approach of a carriage scatters them. A footman springs to the ground, while the high-stepping horses lie back on their haunches at the jerk of the reins. Then the hotel door opens and a liveried servant, half stumbling over the peasant, hurries to answer a beckoning hand at the carriage window. But the peasant

catches his arm. In a broken voice, imperative with her anguish, she cries:

"Let me see the señor Gallito, my Gallito!"

The valet turns an indignant glance on the dirty hand grasping his sleeve.

"Let go!"

"But I am his wife, señor."

"His wife! What of that?"

Pushing her away he runs down the steps, smoothing his vexed countenance into respectful deference as he whispers the last news of the sick room to the blond patrician who does not deign to conceal her pallid face behind the curtains of her carriage window.

The peasant hesitates before she turns slowly away, hugging tightly the infant that clutches her bosom, as much to feel its caress as to bestow her own passionate ones. . . .

Going she knows not where, and with uncertain steps, she crosses the square. The people eye her with a feeling—half-curiosity, half-admiration—that she with all her ragged misery yet belongs to the toreador—and exhales in her passing something of that dying hero—

"Poor creature!"—and then—"but she is *his* wife, and it is *his* child on her arm!"



A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

THE NEO-REPUBLICAN ASCENDANCY

THE CAMPAIGN OF '88
HARRISON'S CAREER
DEMOCRATIC DEFEAT
THE SACKVILLE-WEST INCIDENT
"CZAR" REED

THE BILLION DOLLAR CONGRESS
THE MCKINLEY BILL
INDIAN GHOST DANCES
DOWNFALL OF THE LOTTERY
LYNCHING OF ITALIANS

APPROACHING the presidential campaign of 1888 the Democrats found their programme ready made. Cleveland's administration, silencing his enemies within the party, made him the inevitable nominee, while his bold advocacy of reform in our fiscal policy determined the line on which the campaign must be won or lost. To humor the West and to show that it was a Democratic, not a Mugwump ticket, Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, was named for Vice-President. The Republicans' path was less clear. That they must lift the banner of high protection was certain; but who should be the bearer of it was in doubt till after the Convention sat. At the last moment Mr. Blaine refused to run. The opening ballot revealed Sherman in the lead, Gresham next. The second and third ballots brought Alger to Gresham's side. On the fourth, Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, loomed into prominence, falling only eighteen votes short of Sherman. Mr. Harrison was the grandson of President William Henry Harrison, therefore great-grandson of Governor Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, the ardent Revolutionary patriot, signer of the Declaration of Independence. Thoroughly educated and already a successful lawyer, Mr. Harrison was, in 1860, made Reporter of Decisions to the

Indiana Supreme Court. When the war came on, obeying the spirit that in his grandfather had won at Tippecanoe and the Thames, he volunteered and was appointed colonel. Gallant services under Sherman at Resaca and Peach Tree Creek made him a brevet brigadier. Owing to his character, his lineage, his fine war record, his power as a speaker, and his popularity in a pivotal State, he was a prominent figure in politics not only in Indiana but, more and more, nationally. Defeated for the Indiana governorship in 1876, by a small margin, he was afterward elected United States Senator, serving from 1881 to 1887. In 1880 Indiana presented him to the Republican National Convention as her favorite son, and from this time, particularly in the West, he was thought of as a presidential possibility. Eclipsed by Blaine in 1884, he came forward again in 1888, this time to win. He was nominated on the eighth ballot, and the name of Levi P. Morton, of New York, was at once placed beneath his on the ticket.

In the campaign which succeeded, personalities had no place. Harrison's ability was much underrated in the East, for which reason, it was thought, the managers kept him mainly near home. But his reputation was above reproach; while, fortunately for the

party, no Republicans cared to revive the mean charges against Cleveland so assiduously circulated four years before. Instead of defamation both sides resorted to a cleaner and more useful device, the political club, whose evolution was a feature of this campaign. By August, 1887, 6,500 Republican clubs were reported, claiming a membership of a million voters. Before the election Indiana had 1,100 Republican Clubs, New York 1,400. The Democrats, less successful than their opponents, yet organized about three thousand clubs, which were combined in a National Association, to correspond to the Republican League of the United States. Numerous reform and tariff reform clubs, different from the clubs just mentioned, worked for Democratic success. This, for most of the campaign, seemed assured, and the reverse outcome surprised many in both parties. The causes of it, however, were not far to seek.

The Federal patronage, as always, benumbed the activities of the Administration and whetted the Opposition. The office-holder army, of course, toiled and contributed for the Democracy's success; but operating as counter-weights to office-holders were an equal or greater number of soured office-seekers, each with his little following, who had been "turned down" by the Administration. The Opposition, on the other hand, commanded a force of earnest and harmonious workers, some impelled by patriotism, more, perhaps, by hopes of "recognition" in case their cause won. Thus the craving of both sides for political "swag" worked against the Democratic Party. Though the tone of the campaign gave little hope of improvement should Harrison be elected, a large number of civil-service reformers indignantly deserted Cleveland owing to his practical renunciation of their faith. The public at large resented the loss which the service had suffered through changes in office-holders. Democratic blunders thrust the sectional issue needlessly to the fore. The Rebel flag incident, Mr. Cleveland's fishing trip on Decoration Day, the choice of Mr. Mills, a Southerner, to lead the tariff fight in

Congress, and the prominence of Southerners among the Democratic campaign orators at the North, were themes of countless diatribes.

THE SACKVILLE-WEST INCIDENT

A CLEVER Republican ruse, to exhibit Mr. Cleveland as "un-American," was played by means of the following "fake" letter to the British Minister at Washington, D. C., dated Ramona, Cal., September 4, 1888:

"SIR: The gravity of the political situation here, and the duties of those voters who are of English birth, but still consider England the motherland, constitutes the apology I hereby offer for intruding for information. Mr. Cleveland's message to Congress on the fishery question justly excites our alarm and compels us to seek further knowledge before finally casting our votes for him as we intended to do. Many English citizens have for years refrained from being naturalized, as they thought no good would accrue from the act, but Mr. Cleveland's administration has been so favorable and friendly toward England, so kind in not enforcing the retaliatory act passed by Congress, so sound on the free-trade question and so hostile to the dynamite schools of Ireland, that by the hundreds—yes, by the thousands—they have become naturalized for the express purpose of helping to elect him over again, the one above all of American politicians they considered their own and their country's best friend. I am one of these unfortunates with a right to vote for President in November. I am unable to understand for whom I shall cast my ballot, when but one month ago I was sure that Mr. Cleveland was the man. If Cleveland was pursuing a new policy toward Canada, temporarily only and for the sake of obtaining popularity and continuation of his office four years more, but intends to cease his policy when his re-election in November is secured, and again favor England's interest, then I should have no further doubt, but go forward and vote for him. I know of no one better able to direct me, sir, and I most respectfully ask



Levi P. Morton.



Thomas B. Reed.



William McKinley.

your advice in the matter. I will further add that the two men, Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison, are very evenly matched, and a few votes might elect either one. Mr. Harrison is a high-tariff man, a believer on the American side of all questions, and undoubtedly an enemy to British interests generally. This State is equally divided between the parties, and a mere handful of our naturalized countrymen can turn it either way. When it is remembered that a small State (Colorado) defeated Mr. Tilden in 1876, and elected

Hayes, the Republican, the importance of California is at once apparent to all.

"As you are the fountain-head of knowledge on the question, and know whether Mr. Cleveland's policy is temporary only, and whether he will, as soon as he secures another term of four years in the Presidency, suspend it for one of friendship and free trade, I apply to you privately and confidentially for information which shall in turn be treated as entirely secret. Such information would put me at rest myself, and if favorable to Mr. Cleveland enable me on my own responsibility to assure many of my countrymen that they would do England a service by voting for Cleveland and against the Republican system of tariff. As I before observed, we know not what to do, but look for more light on a mysterious subject, which the sooner it comes will better serve true Englishmen in casting their votes.

"Yours, very respectfully,
"CHARLES F. MURCHISON."

The Minister replied :

"SIR : I am in receipt of your letter of the 4th inst. and beg to say that I fully appreciate the difficulty in which you find yourself in casting your vote. You are probably aware that any political party which openly favored the mother country at the present moment would lose popularity, and that the party in power is fully aware of the fact. The party, however, is, I believe, still desirous of maintaining friendly rela-



Benjamin Harrison.

tions with Great Britain, and still desirous of settling all questions with Canada which have been, unfortunately, reopened since the retraction of the treaty by the Republican majority in the Senate and by the President's message to which you allude. All allowances must, therefore, be made for the political situation as regards the Presidential election thus created. It is, however, impossible to predict the course which President Cleveland may pursue in the matter of retaliation should he be elected; but there is every reason to believe that, while upholding the position he has taken, he will manifest a spirit of conciliation in



Harry W. Grady.
From a photograph by Mott.

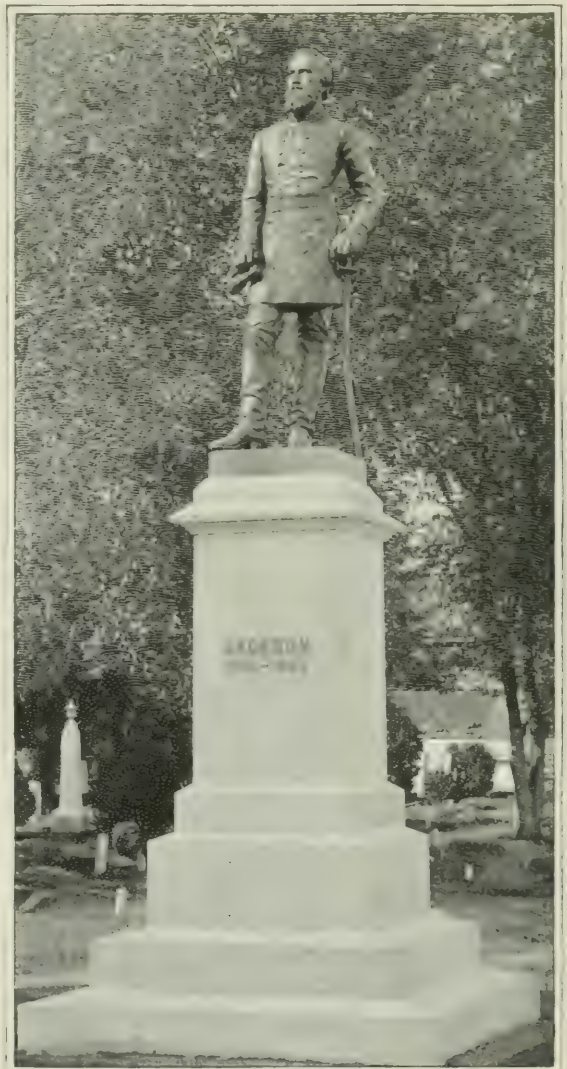
dealing with the question involved in his message. I enclose an article from the *New York Times* of August 22d, and remain yours faithfully,
"L. S. SACKVILLE-WEST."

This correspondence was published on October 24th, and instantly took effect. Sir Sackville-West was famous. His photographs were in demand, and a dime museum manager offered him \$2,000 a week to hold two *levées* daily in his "palatial museum." The President at first inclined to ignore the incident,



The Equestrian Statue of Robert E. Lee on the Allen Plot, West End, Richmond, Va. Unveiled May 29, 1890. Antonin Mercié, Sculptor. Shows Lee as he appeared at the Battle of Gettysburg.

(The pedestal is forty feet high, and the statue twenty. The picture shows the pedestal cut on both sides.)



The Statue of Thomas J. Jackson at Lexington, Va. Unveiled July 21, 1891, the Thirtieth Anniversary of the First Battle of Manassas, where he gained his sobriquet of "Stonewall." E. B. Valentine, Sculptor.

(The face is from a death-mask by Volk, and the pedestal covers the vault where are the bodies of Jackson and his two daughters.)



The Statue of Henry Ward Beecher in the City Hall Park, Brooklyn, N. Y.
John Q. A. Ward, Sculptor. Unveiled June 25, 1891.

but changed when a member of the Cabinet received from the Democratic National Committee the following: "Does the President know that the Irish vote is slipping out of our hands because of 'diplomatic shilly-shallying'? See Lamont at once. Something ought to be done to-day." Something was done. On October 30th the Minister was notified that he was a *persona non grata*. His recall was asked for but refused, whereupon his passports were delivered to him. The English Government resented this, and refused to fill the vacancy during the remaining months of Cleveland's administration. An influential newspaper, friendly to the President, has said: "If President Cleveland had resisted the clamor he could not have suffered any more complete defeat than that which he was called upon to endure, while he would have had the consciousness of having acted in a manly, upright, and courageous manner, with full appreci-

ation of the courtesy which one friendly government should extend to another. But this was one of the instances in President Cleveland's career in which the cunning of the politician outweighed the judgment of the statesman, and he caused the recall of Minister Sackville for reasons and in a manner that will always stand in history as an instance of contemptible personal weakness. The other side played a demagogic trick to capture the Irish vote; the President of the United States tried to outwit them by a piece of trickery of even larger dimensions, and, as in this instance he deserved, failed of his purpose."

THE TARIFF ISSUE

THE election, after all, turned mainly upon the tariff issue. Smarting under his defeat in 1884, Mr. Blaine had written: "I was not sustained in the canvass by many who had personally a far greater stake than I. They are likely to have leisure for reflection and for a cool calculation of the small sums they were asked in vain to contribute." This prophecy came true. In 1888 the Republicans screamed that protection was on trial for its life. Many Democrats held the same view of the contest, inveighing against protection as pure robbery. Others, to be sure, taking cue from Mr. Cleveland's 1887 tariff message, urged simply a reduction in protective rates; but they usually did this with arguments which would have served equally well in a plea for out and out free trade. The Mills Bill was to a great extent constructed on the tariff-for-revenue theory, dutying at snug rates good revenue articles that needed no protection, and at low rates many which, it was alleged, could not be produced in the United States without protection. Henry George, who

"Boomers" in Camp just Outside the Line, April 21, 1889, Waiting for the Opening of the Oklahoma Lands Next Day.

From a photograph by C. P. Rich.



wished every custom-house in the land levelled, took the stump for Cleveland. Republican orators and organs pictured "British free trade" as the sure consequence of a victory for Cleveland. "British goods would flood us; our manufacturers, the Home Market gone, would be driven to a competition—in which they must fail—with the pauper-made products of Europe; farming would be our sole great industry; wages would vastly fall or cease altogether." Whether solid argument, or

sophistry, which a longer campaign of education would have dispelled, these considerations had powerful effect. Startled at prospects so terrible, people voted to uphold the "American System." The worst tug of war occurred in New York State. "I am a Democrat," said Governor Hill on every occasion; yet he and his friends disliked the Administration, and were widely believed to connive at the trading of Democratic votes for Harrison in return for Republican votes for Hill.



A General View of the Town of Guthrie on April 24, 1889, the Second Day After the Opening.

From a photograph by C. P. Rich.



A View along Oklahoma Avenue, Guthrie, on May 10, 1889.

"Harrison and Hill" flags waved over liquor-saloons in nearly every city and large town of the State. Many a Democratic meeting was addressed by one speaker who extolled the President but would not say a word for the Governor; then by another who eloquently lauded the Governor but ignored the President.

To all this it is unfortunately necessary to add that the 1888 election was among the most corrupt in our history. The campaign is estimated to have cost the two parties \$6,000,000. Assessments on office-holders were largely relied upon to replenish the Democrats' campaign treasury, though goodly sub-

sidies came in from other sources. But with "soap," recurring to President Arthur's figure, the Republicans were better supplied than their rivals. The manufacturers of the country regarded their interests and even their honor as assailed, and contributed generously as often as the Republican hat went round. Special store of "the needful" was laid out in Indiana, where no resource which could assist the Republican victory was left untried.

The National Republican Committee, wrote the party managers in that State, "Divide the floaters into blocks of five and put a trusted man with necessary funds in charge of these five, and make



Oklahoma Avenue, as it Appeared on May 10, 1893, during Governor Noble's Visit.



Sioux Indians about to Take Part in a "Ghost Dance." (During the "Messiah Craze")

From a photograph in the possession of H. F. Denton.

him responsible that none get away, and that all vote our ticket." William W. Dudley, Treasurer of the Committee, was alleged to have written this. After election a complaint was brought against him for bribery, but the grand jury found no indictment. The mandate to the State workers was obeyed. In one place, on "the night before election, more than a hundred of the 'floaters' had been collected in various buildings, with sentries to guard them against surprise by the foe." Wagon-loads of them were taken into the surrounding country, ready to be rushed to the polls at sunrise before they could fall into the hands of the enemy. In this particular market the price of votes had risen since 1880 from \$2 to about \$15. Experts referred the advance not to diminution in the supply of purchasable voters, but rather to increase in the demand for them occasioned by the importance of Indiana's vote. At the election more than eleven million ballots were cast, yet so closely balanced were the parties that a change

of ten thousand in Indiana and New York, both of which went for Harrison, would have re-elected Cleveland. As it was, his popular vote, of 5,540,329, exceeded Harrison's, of 5,439,853, by 100,476. The Republicans held the Senate and won a face majority of ten in the House, somewhat increased by unseating and seating subsequently. In New York, because, apparently, of the trading referred to, Hill was re-elected Governor.



A Disbeliever in the "Messiah."

From a photograph by H. F. Denton.

A NEW ERA IN POLITICS

In 1890 and 1891 an old cycle appears distinctly merging into a new. Memorials rising on every hand shocked one with the sense that familiar figures and recent issues were already of the past. These two years saw monuments raised to Horace Greeley, Robert E. Lee, Henry Ward Beecher, Stonewall Jackson, Garfield, and Grant. The year of Grant's death was also that of Hendricks's, to whom

a statue was speedily erected in Indianapolis. The next year Logan, Arthur, and Hancock departed. General



The Crook Commission Holding a Conference with the Sioux Indians at Lower Brule Agency, S. D., July 3, 1889.

(The negotiations led to the opening for settlers of nine million acres of the Sioux reservation on February 10, 1890.)

Sheridan died in 1888. In 1891 General Sherman and Admiral Porter fell within a day of each other. General Johnston, who had been a pall-bearer at the funeral of each, rejoined them in a little over a month. All these heroes of the war followed Grant to the tomb in 1885, and had now followed him beyond it. A monument just

reared at Atlanta was a reminder of Henry W. Grady's recent death, in which the morning star of the New South faded from our sky. The fraternal strife ending in 1865 began to seem a far memory. The locality of Lee's monument at Richmond, amid streets and avenues, was farm-land at the time Lee and his army were protecting the city.



Settlers Passing Through Chamberlain, S. D., on their Way to the Lands Acquired by the Treaty with the Sioux.

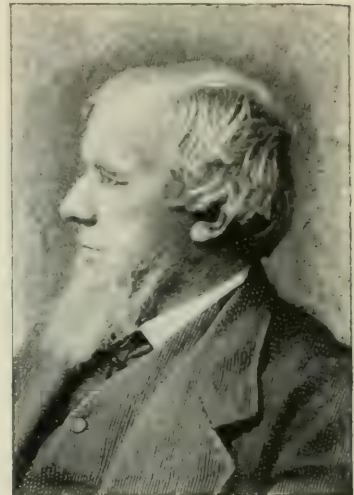


Robert E. Pattison.

From a photograph by Gutekunst



Roger Q. Mills.



Allen G. Thurman.

The unveiling, May 29, 1890, was indeed no little of a Confederate occasion. Fitzhugh Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Jubal Early, Longstreet, and Gordon were all in attendance and warmly received. The Lost Cause was mentioned, but little was said or done to indicate that any regretted its loss. The Confederate flag was displayed, but not in derogation of the Stars and Stripes. Grady's death was lamented nowhere more sincerely than at the North. His clever speeches at the New England Society's New York dinner, in 1886, and at the Merchants' Club dinner in Boston, shortly before his death, December 23, 1889, had brought him fame.

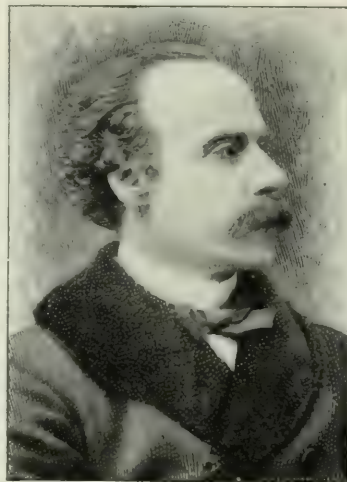
THREE REPUBLICAN MEASURES

MR. BLAINE was the most eminent of the older statesmen surviving, and President Harrison could not do otherwise than make him Secretary of State; but even he was now hardly so conspicuous as the younger leaders, McKinley, Lodge, and Reed. This became noticeable when the election of Harrison and a Republican House yielded the Republicans power to initiate their policy. This policy was mainly embodied in three measures, the Federal Elections

Bill, the Dependent Pensions Bill, and the McKinley Tariff Bill. Only the last two became laws, and but one of these now survives.

To enact any of those bills required certain parliamentary innovations, which were triumphantly carried through by the Speaker of the House in the Fifty-first Congress, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine. One of them was this Speaker's practice of declining to entertain dilatory motions; another, more important, his order to the clerk to register, as "Present and not voting," those whom he saw endeavoring by stubborn

silence to break a quorum. The Constitution provides that a majority of either House shall be a quorum for the transaction of business. Although the Sergeant-at-Arms is empowered to compel the presence of members, yet, hitherto, unless a majority of the House answered to their names, no majority was recorded as "present," and legislation could be blocked. As the traditional safeguard of minorities and as compressed air-brake on majority ac-



President Balmaceda, of Chili.

tion, silence was indeed golden. Under the Reed theory, since adopted, that the House may, through the Speaker, determine the presence of a quorum in its own way, the Speaker's or the



A View After the Johnstown Flood. Looking Across the Great Drift to the Pennsylvania R. R. Bridge.

From a photograph by Rau.

Clerk's eye was substituted for the voice of any recalcitrant member in demonstrating the member's presence. The most strenuous opposition met the attempt to enforce this new rule. On the "Yeas-and-Nays" or at any roll-call some Democrats would dodge out of sight, others start to rush from the Chamber, to be confronted by closed doors. Once Mr. Kilgore, of Texas, kicked down a door to make good his escape. Till resistance proved vain, the minority would at each test rave round the Chamber like so many caged tigers, furious but powerless to claw the "tyrant from his throne." Yet, having calculated the scope of his authority, Mr. Reed coolly continued to count

and declare quorums whenever such were present. The Democratic majority of 1893 somewhat qualified the newly discovered prerogative of the Speaker, giving it, when possible, to tellers from both parties. Now and then they employed it as a piece of Democratic artillery to fire at Mr. Reed himself; but he each time received the shot with smiles.

The cause which the Reed "tyranny" was



Main Street, Johnstown, After the Flood. Wreckage piled up thirty or forty feet high.

From a photograph by Rau.

in 1890 meant to support, made it doubly odious to Democrats. For years negroes in parts of the South had been practically disfranchised. To restore them the suffrage, the Republicans proposed Federal supervision of Federal elections, supported, in last resort, by Federal arms. A "Force Bill" being introduced into Congress, sectional bitterness re-awoke. The South grew alarmed and angry. One State refused to be represented at the Chicago Fair, a United States Marshal was murdered in Florida, and a Grand Army Post was mobbed at Whitesville, Ky., on Memorial Day. Against the threatened legislation Northern phlegm co-operated with Southern heat. Many who were not Democrats, viewed the situation at the South as the Republican just retribution for enfranchising ignorance and incompetence, and preferred white domination there to a return of carpet-bag times. Others dreaded the measure as sure to perpetuate the Solid South. The House passed the bill, but in the Senate it encountered obdurate opposition. Forced over to the second session, where its passage depended on some form of *clôture*, it was finally lost through a coalition of free silver Republican Senators with those from the South, standing out against so radical a change in the Senate rules.

THE BILLION DOLLAR CONGRESS

THE Republican majority in the Fifty-First Congress found the overflowing Treasury at once embarrassing and tempting. Their policy touching it, involving vast expenditures, won for this Congress the title of the "Billion Dollar Congress." The most prominent and permanent among its huge appropriations was entailed by the Dependent Pensions Act, passed June 27, 1890, which was substantially the same as the one vetoed by President Cleveland three years before. In it culmi-

nated a course of legislation. Our well-meant pension system had its evil side. The original intention of it was easily perverted. In 1820 our less than 10,000,000 people were alarmed that pensions to revolutionary soldiers aggregated \$2,700,000. "The revolutionary claimant never dies," became the proverb. Investigation revealed that one-third of the admitted claims were fraudulent. This was the result of a Dependent Pensions Act, for the relief of all indigent Revolutionary veterans who had served nine months. His history repeats itself.



David C. Hennessy, the New Orleans Chief of Police.

The numerous pensionable cases originated by the Civil War raised up a powerful class of pension attorneys, able to control, to a great extent, public opinion and legislation. Their agency was at the root of the demand which induced Congress in 1880 to endow each pensioner with a back pension, equal to what his pension would have been had he applied on the date of receiving his injury. Unsuccessful

in the Forty-fourth Congress the bill was in 1880 sent with all speed to President Hayes, who gave it his approval in spite of the vastly increased expenditure which the act must entail. Outgo for pensions under the old law had reached its maximum in 1871. It was then \$34,443,894.88. In 1878 this item of our national expenditure was only \$27,137,019.08. The next two years doubled the amount. In 1883 it exceeded \$66,000,000; in 1889 it was \$87,624,000. But the act of 1890 was the most sweeping yet, pensioning all Unionists who had served in the war ninety days, provided they were incapacitated for manual labor, and the widows, children, and dependent parents of such. At the beginning of the fiscal year 1891-92, the Commissioner of Pensions informed the chiefs of division in his office that he wished one thousand pensions a day issued for each working day of the year; 311,567 pension certificates were issued that



Drawn by W. R. Leigh.

AN EPISODE OF THE LYNCHING OF THE ITALIANS IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Citizens Breaking Down the Door of the Parish Prison with the Beam brought there the Night Before for that Purpose.

From photographs and descriptions.

year. Rejected claimants by no means abandoned hope, but assaulted the breast-works again and again, many at last succeeding on some sort of "new evidence." Stirred up by attorneys, old pensioners could not rest content, but put in pleas for increase. Thus impelled the pension figure shot up to \$106,493,890, in 1890; \$118,548,960, in 1891; and to \$158,155,342, in 1893. The maximum seemed thus to have been reached, for the pension outgo for the fiscal year ending with June, 1894, was but \$140,772,164.

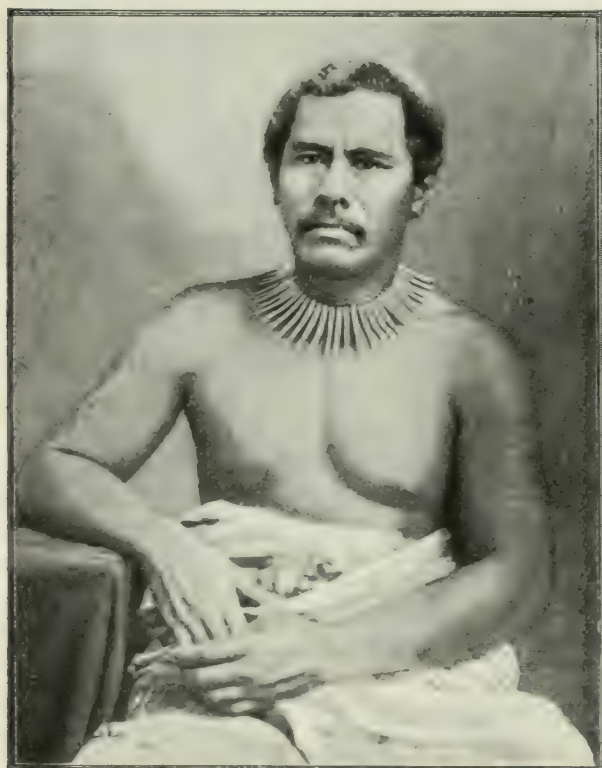
THE MCKINLEY BILL

UNDER Cleveland's leadership the Democrats would have reduced the revenue by lowering tariff imports. The Republicans proposed to reach the same end by a method precisely the reverse, pushing up each tariff rate toward or to the prohibitive point. This was the policy embodied in the McKinley Bill, which became law October 1, 1890. Sugar, a lucrative revenue article, was made free, and a bounty given to sugar producers in this country, together with a discrimi-

nating duty of one-tenth of a cent per pound on sugar imported hither from countries which paid a bounty upon sugar exportation. The reciprocity feature of this bill proved its most popular grace, though it was flouted in the House, and not enacted in the form in which its best-known advocate, Mr. Blaine, conceived it. Reciprocity treaties were concluded with several countries, considerably extending our trade. Those with Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy resulted in relieving American pork from the embargo placed upon it in those lands. These successes did not wholly reconcile Mr. Blaine to the bill. By his hostility to the McKinley phase of protection and by his opposition to the idea of a Force Bill, the Secretary of State stood for the time in opposition to the younger Republican leaders, though he probably had with him a majority of his party.

OPENING OF OKLAHOMA

THE growth of population still continued to force back the barriers of the



Ma'etua Laupapa



Tamasese.

The Two Rival Claimants for Power in Samoa.

From photographs in the possession of Lieutenant W. R. King.

Indian reservations. Pressure was now hardest against that part of Indian Territory known as Oklahoma. This consisted of a large tract which shortly after the Civil War the Seminole Indians sold to the Government with the understanding that no white men but only colonies of Indians and freed men should settle there. Nevertheless, the great cattle kings had inclosed large tracts of the territory. This imposition, helped by the eviction of small prospectors, raised up the species known as Oklahoma "boomers" or "raiders," who incessantly clamored that this land be opened for settlement. Western nomads called "movers" rallied to every filibustering enterprise into the reservations. One David L. Payn was the first and most famous of the "Oklahoma raiders." He and his allies made repeated forays into the forbidden region, but were each time driven off at the tails of their carts. Kansas real estate men found business dull and added their voices to the cry that Oklahoma must be opened; but they sought their end by legislation rather than by raids.

It at length became obvious that the conditions on which the lands had been bought could not be complied with, and in 1888-89 Congress gladly appropriated \$4,000,000, to obtain a fee simple. The sluice-gates were opened one after another by proclamation. The first one was appointed to give way on April 22, 1889. The incidental advertising which preceded the event spread excitement from Denver to New York. The General Land-Office and the Post-Office Department made hasty preparations for the rush, which involved five times as many people as could obtain foothold. In spite of utmost efforts on the part of the military the woods and valleys of Oklahoma were full of "sooners" before the opening day. But the vast majority lined up on the borders awaiting the bugle-call at noon of April 22d. When it sounded there was a sudden cloud of dust and a wild scurry of hoofs, wheels, and feet, spreading out frontward like a fan. It is said that one man on foot, carrying his kit, ran six miles in sixty minutes to reach his choice claim, where he fell down ex-

hausted. Those in, or rushing in at the opening, were followed later by heavily loaded trains from a distance. All went armed, and bloodshed was prevented only with difficulty. Liquor-selling within the territory had to be totally prohibited. At noon on the eventful day Guthrie was only a town site; at nightfall it was a city of 10,000 and had taken steps toward forming a municipal government. Oklahoma City grew less rapidly, but perhaps more solidly. By June business blocks and residences had risen there, the wonder of all residents. On so short notice the Promised Land had gotten ready for the pilgrims no milk or honey—not even water, though a yellow brackish fluid by that name was peddled on the streets. Sandwiches were hawked for twenty-five cents each, and in the restaurants a plate of pork and beans sold for seventy-five cents. In a day or two the vast majority of the rushers left in disgust at the dust, heat, and hardships, many of them being on the point of starving. Yet by December the territory was estimated to hold 60,000 people, who boasted eleven schools, nine churches, three daily and five weekly newspapers. Guthrie had 8,000 and Oklahoma City 5,000 souls, both towns being governed by voluntary acquiescence in the ordinances. Under acts of Congress proclamations from time to time opened other tracts, when in each case similar scenes were enacted. The Sioux reservation in South Dakota was unlocked on February 10, 1890. From the towns of Chamberlain and Pierre troops of boomers galloped and ran to locate claims. Carts and wagons loaded with building materials were hurried forward. In one case a house on wheels was dragged across a river on the ice.

INDIAN GHOST DANCES

IN this settlement of their old hunting-grounds Indians saw a new imposition by the whites. Their lands had been seized piece by piece, and their attempts to get justice or revenge had only added to their misery. Many savages passed the winter of 1890 on the verge of starvation because of the Government's failure to provide rations.

In South Dakota twelve hundred were in this condition. In such extremity many tribes ordinarily hostile to each other together gave up to the so-called "Messiah craze," a belief that the Great Spirit or his Representative would soon appear with a high hand and an outstretched arm to deliver the Red men from their White oppressors. Six thousand braves in North Dakota, and as many in the Indian Territory were infected. General Miles thought that this conviction, spreading so steadily and far, indicated "a more comprehensive plot than anything inspired by Tecumseh or even Pontiac." Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Osage, Missouri, and Seminole Indians took part in the ghost dances, which were an invariable part of the cult. Several accounts of the delusion may all be authentic. They seem versions of Christ's second coming brought to the Indians by missionaries, which fanatics or charlatans had distorted and mixed with vulgar spiritualism. Certain of the prophets had it that the Mighty Spirit promised to put all the Indians behind him and all the whites in front, then bury the whites with their tallest works deep underground, while the prairie would thunder with the tramp of buffalo and the gallop of wild horses. To others the Messiah appeared and said, "I will teach you a dance, and I want you to dance it." They obeyed, uttering weird chants and cries of "The buffaloes are coming!" Here and there an Indian was above the superstition. Red Cloud prophesied: "If it (the new gospel) is true it will spread all over the world; if not it will melt like snow under the hot sun." Little Wound said they would dance till spring, but stop if the Messiah did not then appear. Sitting Bull, the whites' inveterate enemy, the old schemer who had stayed behind and made medicine during the Custer fight, now had a characteristic interview with the Indian Messiah, who wished to know what he would like. He replied that he would take a little buffalo meat, as he had not had any for a long time. In response, as he reported, a herd of buffaloes appeared, when, shooting one, he cooked and ate its hump. Elated by the confidence of the Superior Pow-

er Sitting Bull grew troublesome. In December the Indian police arrested him with others, and in attempting to escape he was killed.

THE JOHNSTOWN FLOODS

ON May 31, 1889, western Pennsylvania was visited by one of the most awful catastrophes ever chronicled. A flood from a burst reservoir annihilated the city of Johnstown with its numerous suburbs, destroying some 8,000 lives and \$10,000,000 worth of property. The reservoir was two and a half miles in length, one and a half broad at places, one hundred feet deep in places, and situated two hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of Johnstown. Heavy rains had fallen and the dam was known to be weak; yet the people below, who were repeatedly warned during the day, took no alarm. When, starting just before the break, about 3 P.M., Engineer Park galloped down the valley shouting to all to run for their lives, it was too late. Hard behind him came thundering along at a speed of two and a half miles a minute, a mountain of water fifty feet high, thirty feet wide at first, and widening to half a mile, bearing upon its angry crest, whole or in fragments, houses, factories, bridges, and at length villages, and growing wilder, higher, swifter, deadlier, and more powerful as it moved. Trees, brush, furniture, bowlders, pig and railway iron, corpses, machinery, miles and miles of barbed wire, and an indescribable mass of miscellaneous wreckage, all inextricably mixed, also freighted the torrent. Immense mills were knocked from their foundations, and whirled down stream like children's block-work. Pig iron by the hundred tons was borne away, the bars subsequently strewn for miles down the valley. Engines weighing twenty tons were tossed up and on as if the law of gravity had been repealed. One locomotive was carried a mile. At Johnstown, where the shape of the valley generated an enormous whirlpool, the roar of the waters and the grinding together of the wreckage rent the air like lost spirits groaning in chorus. Hundreds who had clambered to the

roofs of houses floated about on that boiling sea all the afternoon and night, shot hither and thither by the crazy flood. Most who met death were, we may hope, instantly drowned, but many clung to fragments, falling into the waters only when their strength gave way; their limbs were broken, or their brains dashed out. A telegraph operator at Sanghollow saw one hundred and nineteen bodies, living or dead, float by in an hour. Early next morning many corpses had reached Pittsburg, seventy-eight miles distant. A little boy was rescued who, with his parents, a brother, and two sisters, had sailed down from Johnstown in a small house. This went to pieces in going over the bridge, and all were drowned but he. A raft formed from part of a floor held a young man and two women, probably his wife and mother. As they neared Bolivar bridge a rope was lowered to rescue them, and the man was observed to be instructing the women how to catch and hold it. Himself succeeded in clutching it, but they failed, whereupon he purposely let go and regained the raft as it lurched under the bridge. Later it struck a tree, into which with preternatural skill and strength he helped his *protégées* to climb; but a great wreck soon struck the tree, instantly overwhelming the trio in the seething tide. Fate reached the acme of its malignity next day, June 1st, after the flood had begun to subside. Then the immense boom of *débris* gathered at the railway bridge just below Johnstown—an eighth of a mile wide and long, from thirty to fifty feet deep, and rammed so solid that dynamite was at last required to rend it—took fire. The flames raged for twelve hours. No effort was spared to recover the living imprisoned in the pile. Fifty or more were taken out, but it is feared that no fewer than five hundred perished. Relief work began at once, commendably systematic and thorough, and on a scale commensurate with the disaster. Philadelphia contributed half a million dollars to the relief fund; New York the same. Nearly every city in the Union aided. President Harrison was chairman of a meeting in Washington where \$30,000 was pledged. Sev-

eral sums were telegraphed from abroad, among them one of \$1,000 from Baroness Burdett-Coutts. The total of contributions reached \$3,000,000. Trainloads of supplies rolled in. The Red Cross Society, with physicians, nurses, tents, disinfectants, medicines, food, and clothing, was promptly on the ground. Rigid sanitary provisions were enforced, made specially necessary by the length of time inevitably elapsing before all the dead could be interred. Ere the gloom proceeding from this event was lifted, during the same month of June, the public was horrified afresh by an awful fire in Seattle, Wash., destroying \$20,000,000 of property, and demolishing almost the entire business part of the city. Happily, few lives were lost.

DOWNFALL OF THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY

IN 1890 the Federal power helped relieve the South from a worse blight than the enactment of the Force Bill would have been. The Louisiana Lottery Company was incorporated in 1868, as a monopoly to last twenty-five years. In 1879 the charter was repealed, but this action was rendered invalid by a judicial decision. A Constitutional Convention which soon followed reinstated the charter, providing that after its expiration all lotteries should be prohibited in the State. By 1890 the lottery had assumed towering proportions. It was estimated to receive one-third of the whole mail matter coming to New Orleans, and it cashed postal notes and money orders to the amount of \$30,000 a day. The press was won to its service and new papers started in its interest. As the year 1893, the term of its charter, drew near, the monster bestirred itself to secure a new lease of life, but it now felt the strength of the Federal arm. In September, 1890, an anti-lottery bill passed Congress, by which, being satisfied that any person or company was conducting a lottery, the Postmaster-General might cause to be returned all registered letters addressed to such person or company, and payment to be refused on postal money orders drawn in favor of such. As the express companies, however, still tolerated its patronage, the business of the

lottery was safe so long as its native State, Louisiana, continued it in existence. Its fight for life therefore was on Louisiana soil. In return for an amendment to the State Constitution enfranchising the lottery for twenty-five years, the impoverished State was offered \$1,250,000 per year, \$350,000 of this sum to maintain the levees, \$350,000 for charitable purposes, \$50,000 for Confederate pensions, \$100,000 for drainage in New Orleans, and \$250,000 for the general fund of the State. In connection with this proposal, it was ingeniously suggested that only seven per cent. of the lottery's revenue came from Louisiana itself.

A bill introduced in the Legislature to give effect to this bargain passed by a two-thirds majority in each house, but was promptly vetoed by Governor Nicholls. Liberal bribes to legislators were supposed to have supplemented the \$1,250,000 per year offered the State; yet in attempting to override this veto, voicing as it truly did the sentiment of thousands, the lottery company feared opposition in the Senate. After pushing the bill once more through the House, its promoters changed front and sent it directly to the Secretary of State for promulgation, on the ground that a proposal for a constitutional amendment, though in form a bill, did not require the governor's signature. The Secretary of State refused to take this view, but it was sustained by the Supreme Court, three to two. Let a majority of the people now vote "aye" on the proposed amendment, and the lottery was saved. Or, if the Democratic nomination, ordinarily equivalent to an election, fell to lottery candidates, the amendment could again be put upon its passage. The "pro" Democrats carried New Orleans, but most of the country parishes were swept by a fusion of "anti" Democrats and Farmers' Alliance men. The number of contesting delegations, however, placed the result in doubt. Two rival Democratic conventions met at Baton Rouge, each claiming a majority of the delegates elected. The convention of the "antis" nominated Murphy J. Foster for Governor; that of the "pros" ex-Governor McEnery, whose vote as Su-

preme Judge had been one of the three to sustain the lottery's contention. The "pro" convention having been presided over by the chairman of the State committee, thus giving that faction a show of special legitimacy, the "pro" leaders now made the party-whip sing. Politicians, little different from carpet-baggers, shouted for harmony, denouncing the "antis" as a third party working to disrupt the Democracy and restore Republican rule. The election, which occurred in April, 1892, negatived the lottery amendment and made Foster Governor. The fight for a constitutional amendment was given up. Not only so, but Foster, while Governor, was permitted to sign an act "prohibiting the sale of lottery tickets and lottery drawings or schemes in the State of Louisiana after December 31, 1893." In January, 1894, the lottery company betook itself to exile on the island of Cuanaja, in the Bay of Honduras, a seat which the Honduras Government had granted it, together with a monopoly of the lottery business for fifty years.

THE MAFIA IN NEW ORLEANS

LOUISIANA was cursed with another bane. Long schooled to appeal from bad law to what seemed righteous disorder, in the spring of 1891 the State was confronted with an occasion for such appeal that would have sorely tempted the most orderly population in the world. Certain Italians, accused of shooting some of their countrymen, had been convicted by false swearing. A second trial being secured, the New Orleans Chief of Police, David C. Hennessey, busied himself with tracing the record of their accusers, who were Sicilians. He was surprised to find evidence that the "Mafia," an oath-bound secret society indigenous to Sicily, had thriving branches in New Orleans, New York, St. Louis, and San Francisco. This dreaded organization was wont to demand of its victims sums of money, \$500, \$1,000, or \$2,000 each, the mandate in every case naming some secluded spot for the deposit. Few dared refuse.

Engrossed in his search, the Chief of

Police had no idea that he was watched. He probably knew nothing of a certain Italian neighbor of his, Monasterio by name, lately arrived from abroad, occupying a shanty fifty yards from his house. It was nearly time for the trap to be sprung and full exposure made, when, late one evening, Hennessy drew near his home. A boy ran in front of him and gave a peculiar whistle. Next moment the chief was a dying man. Bullets tore three cruel rents in his chest and abdomen, his right knee and his left hand were shot through, and his face, arms, and neck were shockingly mutilated. Though he languished till the next morning, the only explanation that passed his lips was the whispered word, "Dagoes." Within ten minutes of the shooting the immigrant was seized in his shanty. Others were arrested later, but only eleven were held and only nine finally presented. The trial proved that Hennessy's assassins hid in Monasterio's hut, and that an Italian boy was posted to notify them of Hennessy's approach. The deadly weapons were found, six shot-guns, five with barrels sawed off, and stocks hinged so that they could be doubled up and carried under the clothing.

Verdict was rendered on Friday, March 13, 1891. The judge, usually imperturbable, was observed, when the paper was handed him, to look at it for a moment in stupefaction. No wonder. Six of the culprits were acquitted; in the case of three the jury disagreed; not one was convicted. "Bribery," said some. Others whispered "Intimidation." All agreed that such a fiasco was an "outrage." Awaiting trial upon a second indictment and joyfully reckoning upon a similar result next time, the accused were again locked in their cells. At the moment the doors closed behind them a vigilance committee of well-known citizens were writing and sending to the various newspaper offices the following notice:

"Mass Meeting.

"All good citizens are invited to attend a mass meeting on Saturday, March 14th, at ten o'clock A.M., at Clay statue, to take steps to remedy the failure of

justice in the Hennessy case. Come prepared for action."

The assembly at the statue blocked the street-cars and climbed on top of them. Neighboring balconies were peopled

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes rain'd influence.

The District Attorney's words voiced the unanimous view: "When the law is powerless the rights delegated by the people are relegated back to the people, and they are justified in doing what the law has failed to do." He charged that the jury was corrupted and asked if the people were ready to follow him. The response was favorable, loud, and unanimous. The prison occupied a whole square, its main iron gates frowning upon Orleans Street. From within the deputy sheriff observed a crowd, larger and larger each moment, drifting toward the building. This, with the mass meeting at the Clay statue, warned him what to expect. The Italian prisoners, too, had heard of the meeting, and trembled. Carpenters barricading the side entrance were jeered. The small boys in the crowd set up a shout: "Who killa de chief? Who killa de chief?" Then followed the Mafia whistle, but what a new meaning it bore to its authors now! More portentous than the chattering of those gamins was the hush long maintained by the multitude. At last this gave way to rolling volleys of applause, growing louder and louder as there was heard the steady cadence of Hennessy's avengers marching hither from the meeting at the statue. A neighboring wood-pile furnished battering rams, and the work of demolishing the front gates was soon finished, a burly negro aiding with a huge stone. The vigilance committee admitted to the prison not more than sixty men, posting sentries at all exits to shoot down escaping prisoners. The Italians had been set free within the prison, to escape, if they could, by hiding. The boy who had warned them of the chief's approach on the night of the murder was found beating at the cell doors and begging to be let in. He was spared. Three poor wretches stood in

line behind a pillar as the lynchers approached. Peeping from his shelter, one was shot through the head; the second stumbled over the corpse and was at once riddled; the third seized an Indian club, and in desperation beat at a door where he hoped for egress, just as a crowd from the other direction broke in. A shot in the forehead failed to fell or dishearten him. Thinking to parry a charge aimed at his shoulder, he lost his hand. The next moment a rifle was pressed to his breast and fired. He sank, and the crowd passed on over him. In the women's yard six more, huddled in an attitude of supplication, were despatched, one body receiving forty-two bullets. Two others were hanged outside the prison. One of these had gone insane, and was kicked to the lamp-post, muttering to himself. At the first attempt to string him up, the rope broke; the second time he clutched it and drew himself hand over hand to the cross-piece, but was beaten back to the ground; the third time he repeated the attempt with the same result. When he was successfully hanged, deafening cheers went up. The wretch's clothing was stripped from him and torn in pieces, to be distributed as souvenirs.

The crowd was now satisfied with the work done, and walked quietly back to the Clay statue, whence they dispersed.

This incident opened grave international complications, which Mr. Blaine handled with skill. Three of the murdered men had been subjects of King Humbert. Our treaty with Italy, ratified in the early seventies, provided that "the citizens of each of the high contracting parties should receive in the States and Territories of the other the most constant protection and security for their persons and property, and enjoy in this respect the same rights and privileges as were, or should be, granted to the natives. The Italian Consul at New Orleans stated that while some of the victims were bad men, many of the charges against these were without foundation; that the violence was foreseen, and could have been prevented; that he had in vain requested military protection for the

prisoners; and that at the massacre he and his secretary had been assaulted and mobbed.

On the very day when the prisoners were killed, Italy sent her protest to Mr. Blaine, who expressed his horror at the deed. He at the same time urged Governor Nicholls to see the guilty brought to justice. The Italian Premier, Marquis di Rudini, insisted on indemnity for the murdered men's families, and on the instant punishment of the assassins. Mr. Blaine did not regard indemnity as a right which the Italian Government could maintain, though intimating that the United States would not refuse it in this case. Demand for the summary punishment of the offenders he declared unreasonable, since the utmost that could be done at once was to institute judicial proceedings, and this function, he explained, could not be assumed by the United States, but belonged exclusively to the State of Louisiana. "The foreign resident," said he, "must be content in such cases to share the same redress that is offered by the law to the citizen, and has no just cause of complaint or right to ask the interposition of his country, if the courts are equally open to him for the redress of his injuries."

The Italian public thought this equivocation, a mean truckling to the American prejudice against Italian immigrants. Baron Fava, the Italian minister at Washington, could not see why Italian subjects in America should not receive the same protection accorded to Americans in Italy. In vain did Mr. Blaine set forth that by our Federal system foreign residents, however shielded by treaty, cannot, any more than citizens, claim protection from the national authority direct. Baron Fava was ordered, failing to obtain assurance of indemnity and of immediate and impartial judicial proceedings, to "affirm the inutility of his presence near a government that had no power to guarantee such justice as in Italy is administered equally in favor of citizens of all nationalities." Such judicial proceedings as could be had against the lynchers broke down completely. The minister withdrew, but his government was finally

persuaded to accept \$25,000 to be distributed among the families of the murdered men.

THE SAMOAN HURRICANE

WITH Germany as well as with Italy our relations were strained during these years. In 1878 the United States obtained by treaty the Samoan harbor of Pago Pago, the finest in Polynesia, for a coaling station. The English and Germans had in the islands commercial interests far more important than ours. In 1879 the German and British consuls signed a convention to secure good local government in the town and neighborhood of Apia. The American consul co-operated in this endeavor, but was not a party to the convention. In 1884 German influence secured from King Malietoa Laupepa control of the islands, and a little later the German flag was raised over them. Persuaded by the Samoans, the United States consul assumed a protectorate in opposition, but his action was promptly disavowed at home. Our Secretary of State suggesting that a conference of German, British, and United States commissioners devise a plan for the election by the natives of a ruler who should be sustained by all three. After several bootless sittings at Washington the conference adjourned, with the express understanding that the *status quo*, Malietoa still king, should be maintained pending further deliberations. Notwithstanding this, and in spite of British and American protest, Bismarck made unreasonable demands upon Malietoa, which, not being complied with in a few hours, were followed by his summary dethronement and the elevation of the German creature, Tamasese.

Early in the spring of 1889, seven war-ships occupied the harbor of Upolu, near Apia, a body of water barred from the open ocean by a circular coral reef, with a gap in the front centre for the entrance and exit of ships. Three of the vessels were American, the Trenton, flagship, Rear-Admiral Kimberley commanding, the Vandalia, and the Nipsic. As many were German, the Adler, the Eber, and the Olga. One, the Calliope, was British, Captain Kane in command.

On March 15th falling barometer indicated the approach of a storm, yet none of the war-ships made for the clear sea. By daylight of the 16th the typhoon was on, the wind blowing inshore with fearful velocity, rolling mountainous billows into the harbor. The vessels dragged their anchors and several collisions occurred. One vessel lost her smoke-stack, another her bowsprit, but these were comparatively small injuries. Early in the morning the Eber crashed against the coral and sank. The Nipsic struck sand instead of coral, and lay stranded, but in safety. The Adler was also dragged to the reef, and the next wave would have been her ruin too; but just as she scaled the water-mountain the seamen slipped her moorings, so that she was lifted up and thrown on the reef "like a school-boy's cap upon a shelf." No longer thinking of Germans as foes, the Samoans nobly helped to rescue the survivors, being foremost in that good work all day.

There remained the Trenton, in the harbor mouth, and the Calliope farther in, threatened now on one side by the Olga, now on the other by the Vandalia, and in the rear continually by the reef. The harbor was death, the high seas salvation, and Captain Kane determined upon a desperate effort to get out. Her furnace walls red-hot and her boilers strained nearly to bursting, the Calliope matched her engines against the awful tornado. For a time she stood stationary, then crawled or rather sidled to the gap in the outside reef, close by the Trenton, which was pitching at anchor with fires drowned and wheel and rudder gone. As the Englishman at last came to the wind outside a rousing cheer went up from the American flagship, returned with a will by the British tars. The Vandalia, trying to beach herself beside the Nipsic, missed her aim, struck the reef and slowly settled to her tops, which were crowded with men. Then the Trenton parted her cables and drifted, helpless as an iceberg, into collision with the Olga. The two ships struck once or twice, when the German craft slipped her moorings and escaped, having the Nipsic's good fortune to light upon sand instead of hard reef. Impelled by the wind and

by some mysterious current, the Trenton now bore slowly but surely upon the populous tops of the Vandalia, rescuing in her approach the clinging seamen by throwing them lines. Soon she struck and stopped. By next morning she had settled to the gun-deck, but those of her men and the Vandalia's who survived successfully reached shore. Admiral Kimberley gathered the shipwrecked Americans about him, and, parading the band of the Trenton, had it strike up "Hail Columbia." The Calliope returned on the 19th to find all the other war-ships ruined. Captain Kane hastened to acknowledge the parting cheer sent after him as he put to sea. Our Admiral replied: "My dear Captain: Your kind note received. You went out splendidly and we all felt from our hearts for you, and our cheers came with sincerity and admiration for the able manner in which you handled your ship. We could not have been gladder if it had been one of our ships, for in a time like that I can say truly, with old Admiral Josiah Tatnall, that 'blood is thicker than water.' "*"

Thoughts of war were banished by the havoc Nature had wrought. The conference, renewed in Berlin, ended by a practical back-down on Bismarck's part. Tamasese was deposed, the exiled Malietoa restored. The three powers agreed that after his death the natives should elect a successor. This triangular authority did not work well. It was an annoyance to the Powers and a grievous exasperation to the natives, who regarded the weak Malietoa as merely the scalawag creature of white carpet-baggers. One rebellion, headed by Mataafa, was cut off, and the leaders deported to an island in the Marshall group. Then the younger Tamasese rose, gathering the disaffected Samoans about him. The war-vessels of the Powers were compelled to co-operate in suppressing this rebellion, which after all continued to smoulder.

THE CHILIAN TROUBLE

WHEN Mr. Blaine was for the second time made Secretary of State, a Chilean

paper, spoke of him as "that foreign minister who made us so much trouble." Aided by his own unfortunate choice of a minister thither, Chili became a cause of trouble to Mr. Blaine. The country was in the throes of a civil war between the "presidential party"—adherents of President Balmaceda—and the "congressional party." Mr. Egan eagerly espoused Balmaceda's cause, alienating the congressional party and a majority of the people. The misunderstanding was aggravated by the Itata incident. On May 6, 1891, the Itata, a Chilean cruiser in the service of the Congressionalists, was, at the request of the Chilean minister, seized at San Diego by the United States marshal, on the ground that she was about to carry a cargo of arms to the Revolutionists. The next day she put to sea, defying the marshal's injunction. Two days after the cruiser Charleston set out in pursuit, but reached Callao without having seen her quarry. On June 4th the offender surrendered to the United States squadron at Iquique. Congressionalists in Chili were angry at us for meddling with the Itata; the president's party for not making our intervention effective. Excitement ran so high in Chili that it was unsafe for American sailors to go ashore. On October 17th some sailors from the Baltimore were attacked in Valparaiso, two being killed and eighteen hurt. To Secretary Blaine's demand for an explanation, the Chilean Foreign Office replied on October 28th. Later was furnished a satisfactory indemnity.

REACTION AGAINST THE REPUBLICANS

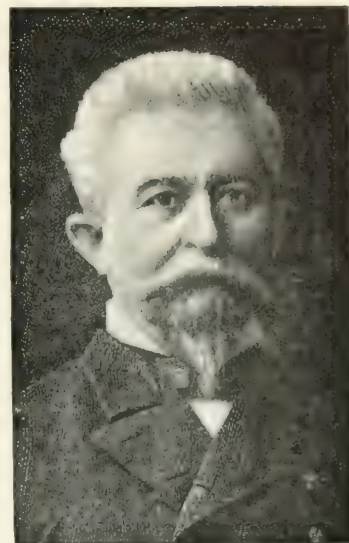
In the congressional campaign of 1890 issue upon the neo-Republican policy was squarely joined. The Republicans had interpreted Harrison's victory as a popular mandate, given *carte blanche*, and had legislated as if never to be called to account. The 1890 election, a "landslide" unprecedented in our political history, revealed their error. The House of Representatives was now overwhelmingly Democratic, having two hundred and thirty-six Democratic members to eighty-eight Republicans and eight Populists or Farmers' Alliance men.

* The description of the storm is abridged from R. L. Stevenson's.



The Stern of the U. S. S. Nipsic, showing the Bent Propeller and the Loss of Rudder, Rudder-post, and Heel!

Pennsylvania once more elected Pattison Governor, by a majority of more than ten thousand over all competitors, and also gave the Democrats three new seats in Congress. In this State the turn of the tide was partly due to the Republican dislike of Senator Quay. Early in 1890 Mr. H. C. Lea, of Philadelphia, had made charges, reiterated in leading journals with wealth of detail, to the effect that Quay had been guilty of peculation as State Treasurer. Honorable Robert P. Kennedy, a Republican member



Admiral Kimberley.

From photograph by H. W. Fay.

of Representatives, impeached Quay on the same ground. Kennedy's indictment was expunged from the record, which widened rather than narrowed its influence. But the political change was in nowise local. The Pacific slope aside, huge Democratic gains occurred everywhere. The de-



The German Gunboat Adler on her Beam-ends.



The Eber.

The Adler.

The Trenton.

A View Across the Harbor, showing the Natives Going Out to the Wrecked Vessels.

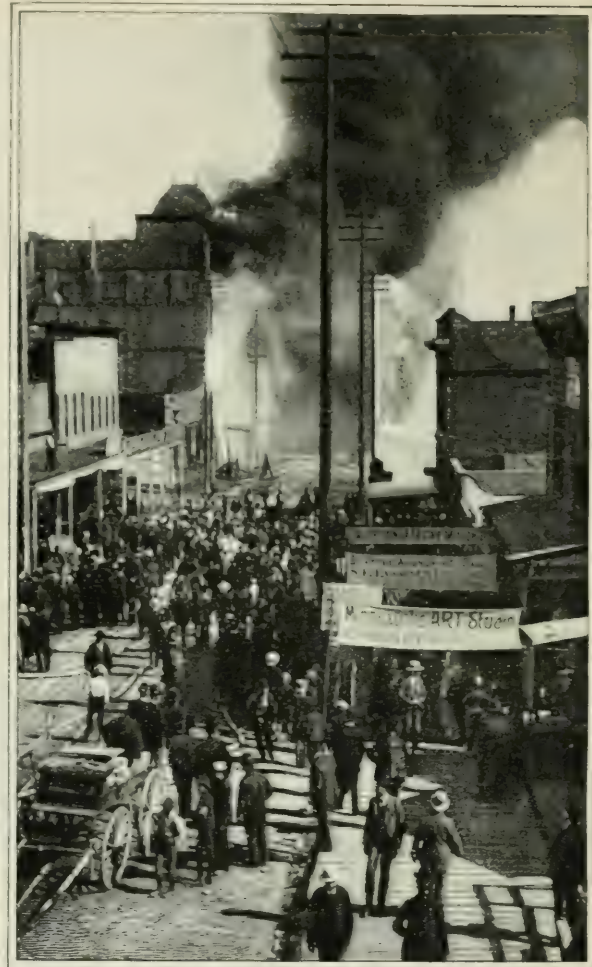
SCENES IN THE HARBOR OF APIA AFTER THE GREAT SAMOAN HURRICANE.

From photographs in the possession of Commander F. E. Chadwick, U. S. N.

feated referred their fall to "off-year" apathy, but that was not its sole or its main cause. The Billion Dollars gone, the Force Bill, and to a less extent the McKinley tariff, had aroused popular resentment. The new law so disliked at home was naturally odious abroad. France, Germany, and Austria talked of reprisals. So did Great Britain. By the tirades against him there McKinley was for a time better known in Europe than any other American. Yet so long as the sun shone Europe diligently made hay. Just as the advanced rates were about to go into effect, ocean greyhounds came racing hither to bring in, under the old duties, all the goods they could. The Etruria's speed, saving a few seconds, was said to have won the owners of her cargo no less than \$1,000,000 in this way. Vast as was its preponderance of Democrats, the new House could of course carry no low tariff measure against Harrison and the Senate; but it passed a number of "pop-gun bills" for free raw materials, as if to make "coming events cast their shadows before."

Our account of the Democratic victory in 1892 must be reserved for the next chapter. Harrison was then defeated and the Senate won for the Democracy. Reasoning from the fate of Federalism, a prominent Republican senator interpreted his party's repeated overwhelming defeat as heralding its extinction. However natural, the fear was unfounded. The Fifty-second Congress proved unwieldy and discordant, soon being no less unpopular than the Fifty-first. If that was profligate, this was more so, its expenditures reaching \$1,028,000,000.

So the new generation of voters had in store for 1894 a third tidal wave, a veritable "*trikumia*," as Æschylus would have said, bearing the Republicans once more into power in Congress. Meantime thoughts of poli-



THE SEATTLE FIRE.

The Beginning of the Fire, Looking South on Front Street, and a View Showing the Ruins Looking South from Commercial Street.

tics were banished, as all eyes were turned toward Chicago, where the matured era since the war was about to be fittingly celebrated by a splendid efflorescence of its prosperity and progress.

DESIGN IN BOOKBINDING

By S. T. Prideaux

WITH TWELVE REPRODUCTIONS OF BINDINGS DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY THE AUTHOR

IN the following remarks on the application of ornament to bindings, it is not desired to lay down any arbitrary rules. If, after the lapse of so many centuries, canons of art are still to seek, if the lesson of the Greeks in sculpture, of the Florentines in painting, of the Renaissance in decoration has still left the world without a formulated theory of æsthetics which obtains the complete concensus of opinion of civilized nations, how much less likely is it that the principles of decoration as applied to the humbler arts can have become sufficiently crystallized for universal acceptance. As a matter of fact confusion of tongues on the subject of applied ornament is far greater now, when art is more conscious and less instinctive, than in the days when the craftsman wrought out of the fullness of his inspiration.

It has been ever so in the history of the arts, the period of free creation has never been one of theory, and when art and handicraft were practically indistinguishable, the artist would have been sorely puzzled to give a reason for the faith that was in him.

Only when the instinctive moment has given way to the self-conscious attitude has the need arisen for canons of taste and for analysis of the previous products of spontaneity. Unhappily the converse is also true. When the mind is exercised upon the vital questions of art—what may be its utterances, what modes of expression are legitimate, and the like, it is a sign sure and unfailing that the fullest and freest activity, the most spontaneous inspiration is for the time in abeyance. If this is unavoidable, and indeed it seems to form part of a natural sequence, and if the attitude of self-conscious seeking belongs to our own age, as I think must be admitted, can we not at least take heart of grace and turn to

some account this very minute sifting and weighing of past achievements? If we can no longer—at least for the moment—create, in the most real sense of the word, can we not discover why, in the matter of applied ornament for instance, we should do certain things, and why we must assuredly not do certain other things?

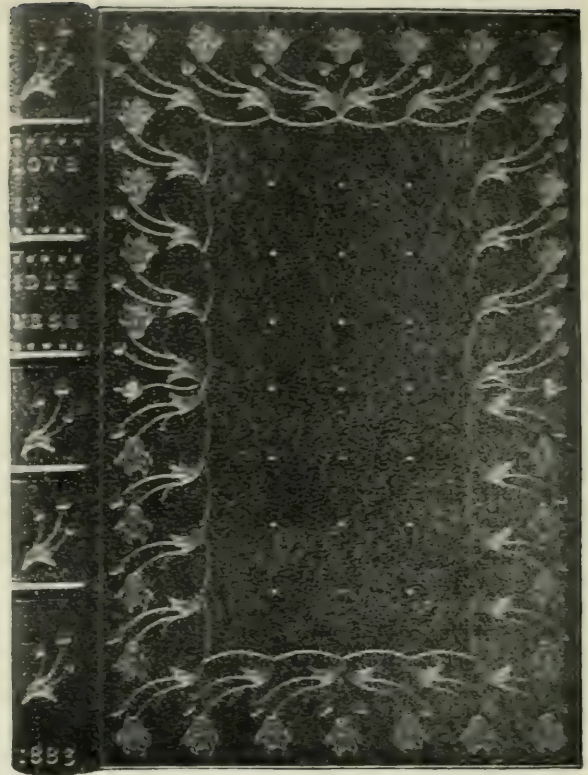
Yet on looking round at the minor arts one is tempted to despair, for the only principle one can find of universal acceptance is that there is nothing that may not be done. The extravagant, the eccentric, the bizarre everywhere prevails. Mrs. Meywell has devoted one of her slight but finely handled essays on “The Rhythm of Life” to what she calls “the obsession of man by the flower.” Is one not reminded of it by one’s chintzes and cretonnes, one’s wall-papers, carpets, and curtains? “In the shape of the flower man’s own paltriness revisits him—his triviality, his sloth, his cheapness, his wholesale habitualness, his slatternly ostentation. What the tyranny has really grown to can be gauged nowhere so well as in country lodgings, where the most ordinary things of design and decoration have sifted down and gathered together, so that foolish ornament gains accumulative force and achieves a conspicuous commonness. Stem, petal, and leaf—the fluent forms that a man has not by heart, but certainly by rote—are woven, printed, cast, and stamped wherever restlessness and insimplicity have feared to leave plain spaces.”

If we turn to our furniture is it not mostly covered with ornament—save the mark—so that the quality of its material is hidden, which perhaps as it happens may not be wholly without intent. Be that as it may, it is at least a subject for reflection that even the oak that has descended to us, in its plain simplicity, from our forefathers,

*Mauve Morocco—*inches, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$.



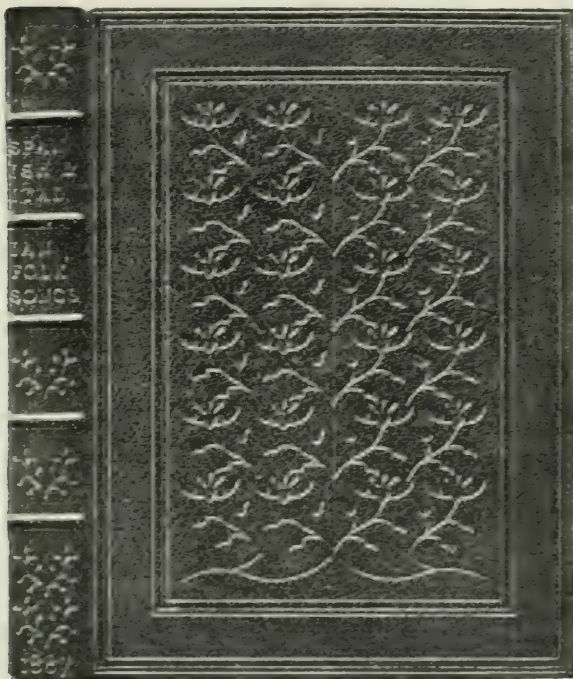
*Etruscan Red Morocco—*inches, $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$.



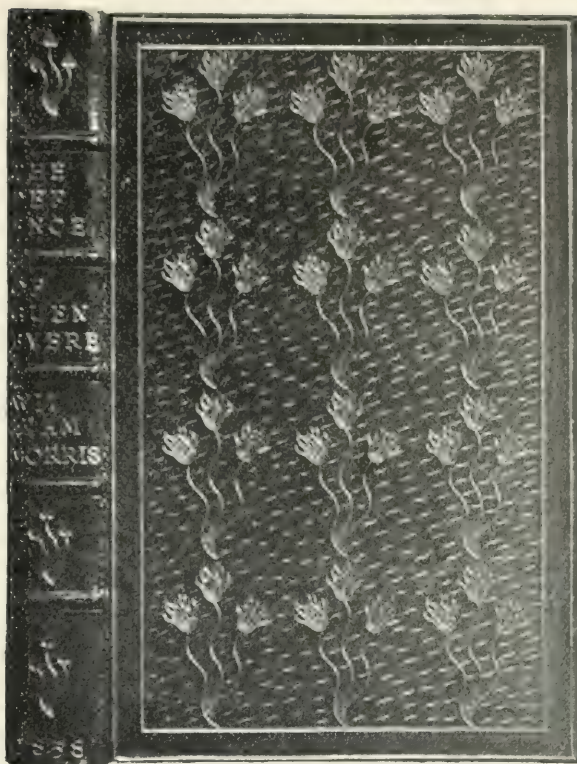
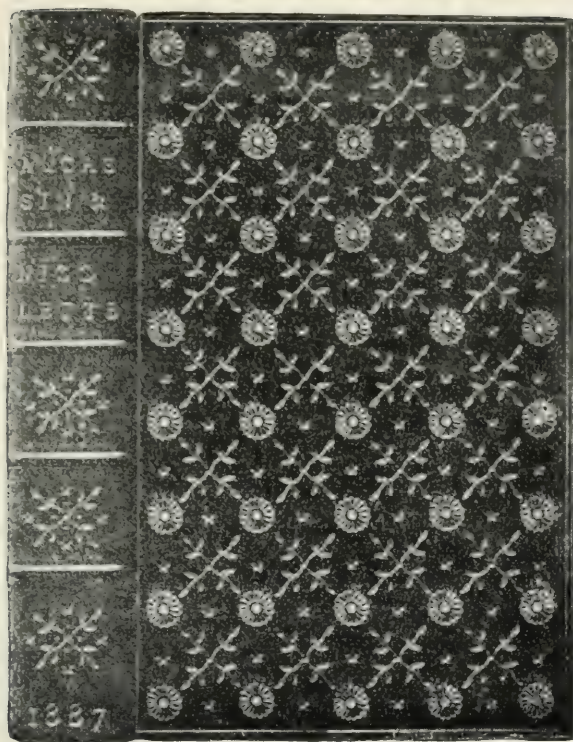
must perforce be carved upon with all manner of puerile patterns, before it can prove salable.

An early critic of Mr. Cobden Sanderson's bindings, somewhat indignant at the high prices he obtained, thus describes his work with caustic irony: "His soul is as much in what he leaves out as in what he puts in—you seem to

pay for reticence." Unconsciously this writer hit upon a great principle, almost the greatest in decorative matters, which, if it only obtained as it should do, would save us from much of the vulgar meanness that prevails in every-day minor art. How many of us would not gladly pay for reticence if so be we could find it! But, alas! the public is of the same mind as the critic. In proportion to the price must be the quantity of ornament, and so it comes about that the eye is fatigued by its presence in season and out of season, and competitors in the market of production vie with each other as to the amount that can be offered for the money. Is it wholly impossible to educate public taste in this one matter? Every year now brings its exhibition of arts and crafts in different parts of the world, and almost every month its practical hand-books, its treatises on the theory and practice of design, or on the principles and analysis of ornament. Is it not possible to teach that the due subordination of decoration is every bit as important as a feeling for beauty of form, or a grasp of the limitations imposed by the character of the material and the tools that work it. The de-



*Blue Morocco—*inches, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$.



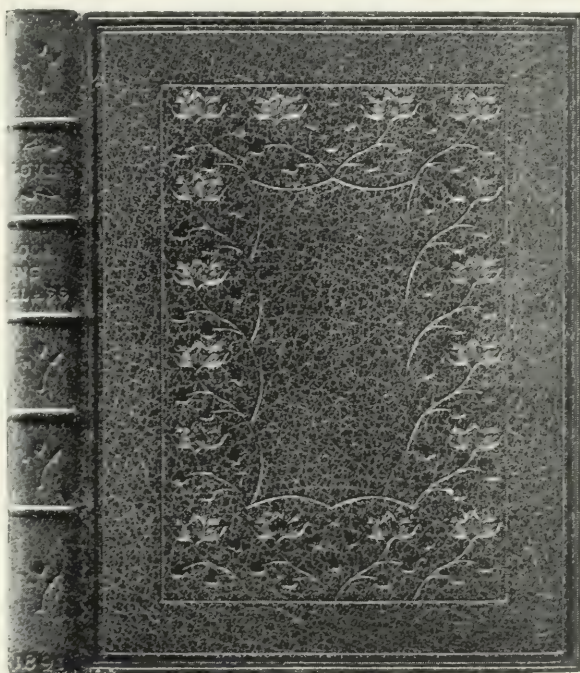
signer who does not know where and when to stay his hand fails just as much as the man who has no sense of proportion, no instinct for grace of curve, or purity of line; fails even more perhaps than the man who treats metal like wood, or stone like iron.

To learn the lesson of appropriate book decoration we must take a look at some of the early work. And by appropriate we do not mean in any way allusive. The size and relative dimensions of length and breadth (not necessarily the written or printed content), should give the key to the design on the outside of a book, though the subject-matter may often suggest the motive for a pattern. Some of the very early stamped work done in England toward the end of the twelfth century is as significant for our purpose as any that came later, in the days when binding has been justly celebrated as reaching its zenith as an art.

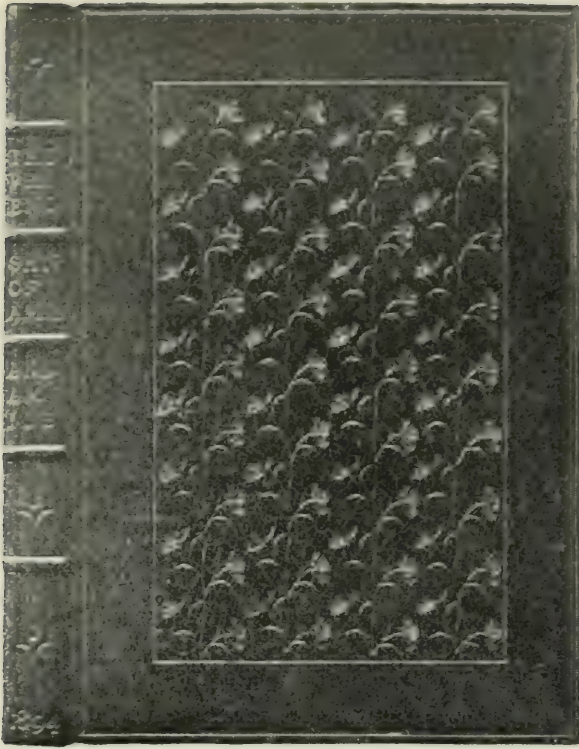
The books bound for Bishop Pudsey and still preserved in the cathedral library at Durham are decorated most frequently with dies of a varied kind representing men on horseback, fabulous animals, and formal designs. The scheme of ornament on the side is generally a parallelogram formed by lines of these designs, but in some examples

there is interlaced chain-work of Eastern character which also frames the sides in lines that run parallel with the boards.

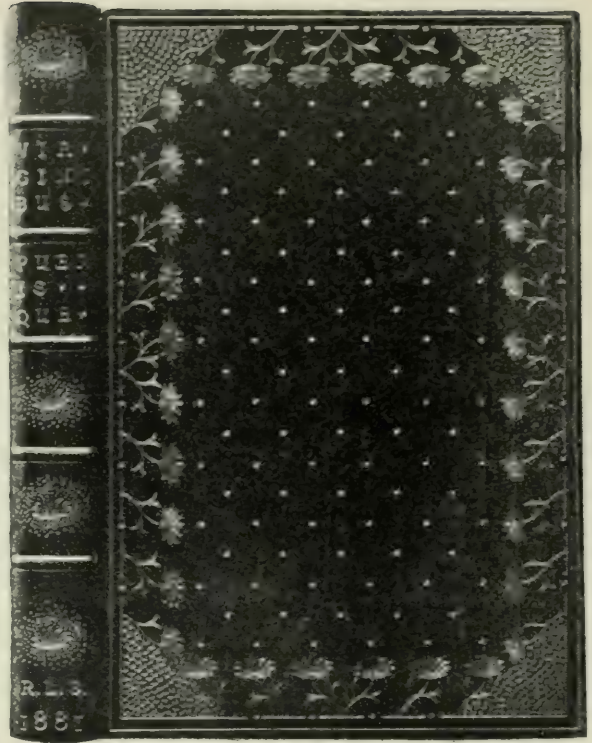
The Netherlandish bindings of the middle of the fourteenth century show us another kind of decoration, strong and simple and eminently adjusted to the natural lines of the book. This is the panel stamp, sometimes occupying most of the cover, sometimes used only



Blue Morocco—inches, 6 × 4½.



Red Morocco.

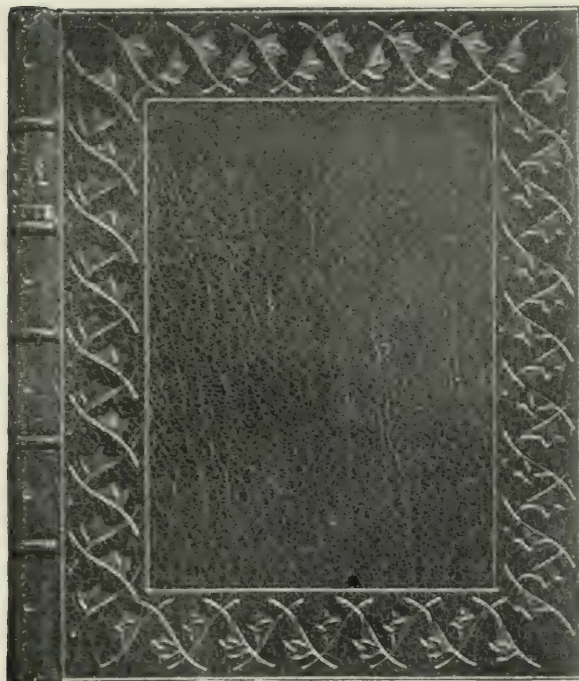


as a central ornament, sometimes again bordered by a motto or text in the decorative letters of the time, which not infrequently included the name of the binder. These panels were either composed of spiral foliage containing birds and beasts, or they were pictorial and represented scenes like the adoration of the Magi and the Annunciation. But the most attractive pictorial panel stamps are to be found on the French

bindings of the period. Most of these represent scriptural scenes, but some few are *parlant*, like the well-known one of the Rouen binder Jehan Moulin, in which the device of a miller and his sacks has a punning allusion to the name.

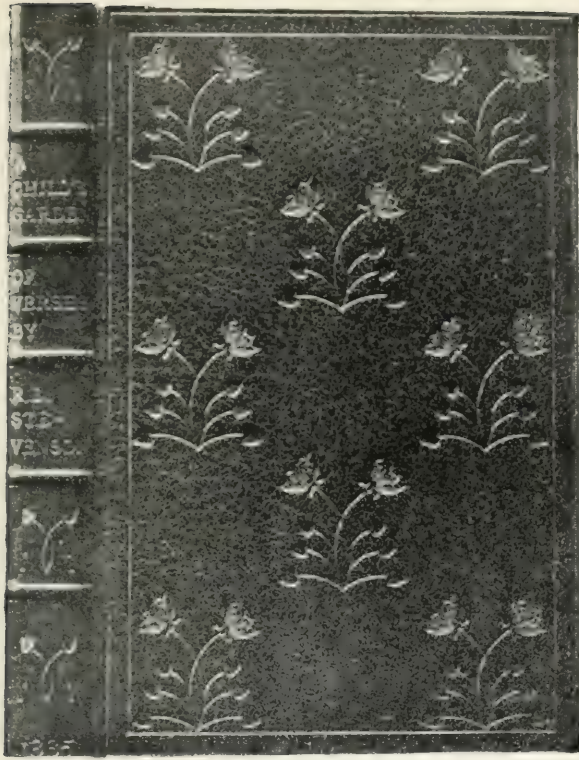
In all this early stamped work we get these two main schemes of decoration, the border, and the centre panel. The character of the designs, too, was bold and broad until degeneration set in toward the end of the sixteenth century. At its best period there was subordination of detail to breadth of effect; the main lines of the ornamentation, too, were always distinct, so that there was both balance and contrast, which in the matter of surface decoration may almost be said to correspond to light and shade in the field of pictorial art.

The next period during which the instinct for appropriateness in design seems most marked is that of the early Italian and French bindings, when gold tooling had become established. At that time the feeling for symmetry prevailed over all else, and no doubt in the specially geometrical character of many of the designs it was often carried to excess. Notwithstanding this, however, there is no time at which there was such largeness of conception, such har-

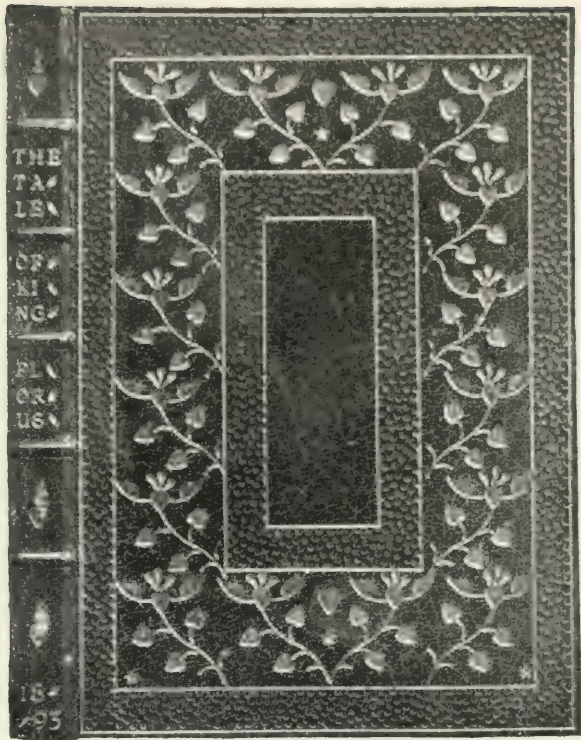


Blue Morocco—inches, 6½ × 5½.

*Blue Morocco—*inches, $6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$.



*Brown Morocco—*inches, $6 \times 4\frac{1}{4}$.

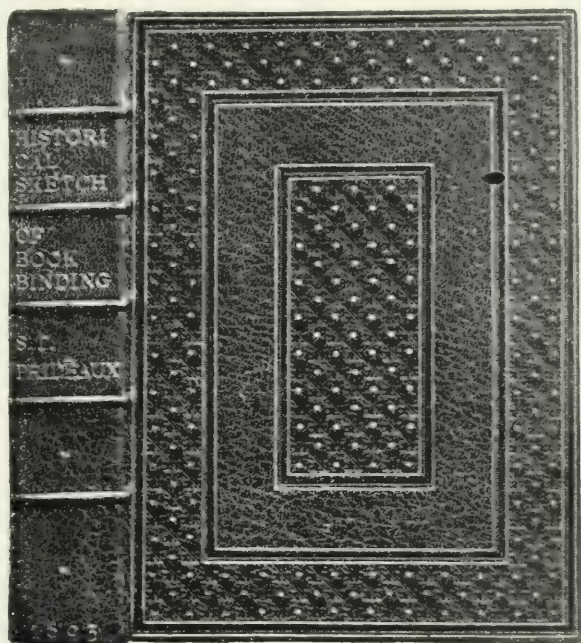


mony of line, and above all such dignity of result. Nor was there any lack of variety of treatment. Indeed one is struck by the wealth of resource shown by the designers of the time, considering that the framework was so largely geometrical. Sometimes intricate and elaborate, at others simple and severe, the interlacings are rarely repeated. The spaces are treated with admirable reticence; it is but seldom they are filled in with any detail, though occasionally in parts they are studded with gold dots. This, it may be noted, is one of the lessons we may learn from a study of the bindings of this particular time—the value to the design of those blank spaces between the lines of gold that of themselves decorate so simply yet so richly the covers of those early printed books.

There is a fine sense of proportion in the severity of many of the patterns, while grace is attained in the character of the lines and curves instead of by triviality of detail, which is so often the modern method of achieving the same end.

At this point one may perhaps be pardoned for making a slight digression on the subject of the fashion that has prevailed so long at home and abroad of reproducing the designs of early French bindings.

There is one special attraction in the old work that lies quite apart from its beauty and instinct of design. That attraction is the spontaneous handling, the freedom of treatment that characterizes all the bindings in the golden age of the art before the last part of the sixteenth century. We may find, no doubt, some explanation of this in the want of technical dexterity which has since been acquired, in the fact that the standard of finish had not



Fawn Morocco.

taken the undue position which it has since occupied, but the real reason is probably that the executor like the designer was also an artist, and in his hands the result never attained to mechanical precision, but was always instinct with movement and life. In the transfer of the design to the cover the spirit of the designer was in a measure transferred. The present-day imitations of Groliers, Eves, and Le Gascons are lifeless copies. They are indeed executed with far more technical skill than the originals, often with far more accuracy of line and curve, but the spirit of the artist is absent, and the result is a triumph of formal skill, not an achievement of artistic feeling.

It was during the reign of Henri II. that bindings reached their highest perfection. At no subsequent period have they been so bold and fine in design and so unfettered by any tradition. To begin with, the decorative conception in itself was in the grand manner, and when the graceful scroll-work and interlacings were diversified by fleurons and other small tools, these in no way interfered in detail with the effect as a whole. How consummate a period this was, not only in binding but in all the decorative arts may be judged from the fact that it has been the main source of inspiration for all subsequent ages. It is indeed on account of these things of great price in the past that we have so much that is trivial in the present. For to the excellence of that past is due the machine-made reproduction of its detail, a detail that, removed from its setting, is often mere futility—"the multiplicity that is the disgrace of decoration." If art is to be art, it must have some organic quality, and that quality is one that can never be multiplied, and least of all by the perfection of mechanical processes.

Let us take a look at some of the other styles in binding that have a well-deserved reputation. And first that of the Eves, a family of binders who worked between 1578 and 1631. The geometrically shaped compartments still remain often linked together by interlaced circles. The centres of these compartments are filled with small fleurons instead of the

well-articulated moresque ornaments of Grolier's time, and they are surrounded by scrolls and spirals and branches of laurels and palm. It is an extremely elaborate style, carried out with much felicity, and resulting in great richness of effect. No other has had so much admiration bestowed upon it. The compartments in its composition are very numerous, the branch-work, which is the most original feature, is entirely light and graceful and unsparingly interwoven, while the entire field of the cover is filled with delicate detail. But we miss the architectural qualities of the earlier period—the unification of parts that give the sense of wholly just proportion, the fine spaces of untouched leather that show the complete control of the designer's fancy. In the Eve bindings, it is true, we see great imaginative qualities and much resource, but the artist's fancy is too unchecked, and there is a restlessness in the result that does not make for satisfaction. If it is "the perfection of richness in book-decoration"—and it would be hard to deny this description of the style claimed for it—it is not in our opinion the perfection of appropriateness, especially when seen on volumes of large size.

The next well-known style—that of Le Gascon—is substantially a further development of the Eve school, though very different in character. Just as the Eves achieved originality not in the framework of their designs, but by the happy accident of their branch decoration, so Le Gascon acquired a new manner through that novel change in his scroll-work, which is always associated with his name. Ever since the time of Grolier, when individual ornaments were rather large and like in character to those used by Aldus at his press, the tools had been getting ever finer and finer, until in the hands of the unknown binder called Le Gascon they reached the extreme of delicacy. He took the geometrical framework of the Eves as the basis of his designs, but had all his ornaments cut with a dotted face instead of solid line. In his early work he used a substantial framework of continuous line, but later on he abandoned it and made up his de-

signs of the *pointillé* ornament alone, which resulted in a tracery of the most minute character. In that early work he is seen at his best, for as he nearly always used morocco of a brilliant red, the contrast between the bands bordered by solid line and the spaces within filled with a mass of sparkling arabesque results in an effect of color not often equalled and certainly never surpassed.

In a certain sense a Le Gascon binding of the simpler period fulfils the conditions of proportion and balance better than one of the Eve school. For in the first place, though the detail is equally lavish, yet being all of fine *pointillé* scroll-work, there is not the want of repose about the whole which results from that admixture of diverse ornament which characterizes the Eve style in its latest manifestations. And in the second place the strongly marked bands of color above described emphasize the lay-out of the design and so preserve its architectural qualities unimpaired. The firmness of drawing in the ground-plan is not tampered with by the intrusion of detail.

There is little more that is instructive from our point of view in the history of binding. The Vandyke borders of Derome, inspired by the lace-work of the time, have no qualities of design. Indeed some of the English and Scotch bindings of the last quarter of the seventeenth century and beginning of the eighteenth show more instinct for appropriate decoration than any later work in the French school. Henceforth multiplicity of detail and repetition of parts seem to do duty for design, and

the simplicity and dignity of the early masters are forgotten in a profuse and meaningless ornamentation.

In conclusion I must add a few words of explanation, if not apology, concerning the illustrations that accompany the text. They are not offered as adequate expressions of the best in design, nor is it to be assumed that they are in any way put forward as models for imitation. Imitation, though it may be "the sincerest form of flattery," is at the root of all that is most impotent in matters of art or handicraft. They are given solely as an attempt, not always successful, to illustrate the few principles that have been set forth in the course of this paper, which seem to underlie the best work of every period. If they have a meaning it is only as the expression of personal conviction after prolonged study of fine models as well as some practical acquaintance with the craft. The designs are extremely simple, mainly because the taste of the binder happens to be always against elaboration of ornament, and especially in the matter of bindings. But that is not the only reason. There are others who, as born designers, can excel in its more lavish use, and who, likewise more technically efficient, are not restricted in the use of tools.

If, then, these examples have any interest it is indirectly through their limitations. They show what can be done with a few tools by a designer who is made not born under the guiding principles of appropriateness of line, simplicity of effect, and reticence in the matter of display.



A LONG CHASE

By Owen Hall

IT was cold! Good Heavens, how cold it was that afternoon! There was I, cased in the warmest furs I could find. My head, my ears, my body, almost my very nose wrapped, swathed, buried in furs. I was in fact a mere mummy of a man as I sat in that rapidly moving sleigh—and yet I was cold! I think it was the very coldest day I had yet felt—and at the moment it seemed to me I had felt a good many; but after all it had a right to be cold—for was it not Christmas-eve? And was I not in the great Northwest?

It was growing dusk, and as no moon would be visible for more than two hours to come, I was anxious to get home. Had it not been for this I should probably have moralized. Had I done so my reflections might not have been complimentary to myself. To begin with, I should have remembered that I ought to have been at home an hour before, had I not gone out of my way—like a fool—to escort a pretty girl home, who had already two admirers in her train, each of whom she greatly (and naturally) preferred to myself. Had time permitted I might even have reflected that it was doubtful whether I wasn't a fool to be there at all. That I, Jack Saville, captain in the Bengal Horse Artillery, on a year's leave of absence, after ten years of roasting in Hindostan, should be spending Christmas in the northwest of Canada, was of itself a sufficiently questionable exercise of common sense—that I should be doing so, in flat contradiction of the advice of my medical adviser, and even in disregard of my sister and brother-in-law's obvious anxiety as to how I should stand it, argued, it must be admitted, a certain, or perhaps an uncertain, amount of good, solid old English obstinacy of disposition which would hardly bear calm discussion.

Well, well! After all, obstinacy has its uses like everything else in this puzzling state of existence, where somehow everything you don't expect to do

so, has a provoking way of turning out for the best. But I am forgetting. I was remarking, if I remember rightly, that it was too cold for moralizing on that very cold Christmas-eve, and although it is by no means cold here, where I am writing in my quarters at Allahabad, that is no reason for giving anyone the benefit of moralizings that never came off—I don't say this would not, mind, if I had been left to myself, for I suspect I was just beginning to reflect on things in general, having decided that it was useless to strain my eyes in the vain attempt to make out the road in the gathering dusk—when my horse—or rather my brother-in-law's only remaining sleigh-horse—I had previously knocked up the other one—gave a sudden lurch and plunged wildly into an unexpected snowdrift. At the same moment the sleigh struck sharply against a tree-stump which stood about a foot out of the snow and shot me suddenly and forcibly out, quite near enough for comfort to my plunging horse. This was pleasant, but the emergency effectually cured me of the desire to moralize for the moment. Fortunately I was professionally accustomed to horses, and the creatures are much alike—whether it be an Australian “Waler” in an Indian mudhole, or an American trotter in the bed of a snowed-up stream in Canada. In spite of my bear-like vestments, therefore, I managed after a time to quiet the horse and luckily to get him out of the drift; but here my luck ended. It was already nearly dark, but not so dark as to conceal the fact that the horse was lame of his off-fore leg, or that one of the runners of the sleigh had snapped when it struck that confounded stump!

I stood aghast at the double discovery, which was serious enough in all conscience. The present inconvenience of a mile's march through the snow, leading a lame horse, was decidedly the least part of it, though even that was worth considering. But the fact

was that I was to have been home in good time, because the sleigh might be needed to fetch the doctor, who lived some twelve miles off and who was under orders to hold himself in readiness in case of an anticipated family emergency at our house. My brother-in-law, the best of good fellows, was, I knew, in a state of nervous anxiety from hour to hour, and might very likely be cursing my delay at that very moment. There was no help for it, however, and the only thing was to make the best of a bad job. So, gathering myself together, and making a long rein to lead "Kentucky" with, I waddled off, making the best of my way in the direction in which I knew our house lay. It was pretty hard walking, and the exercise soon restored the circulation of my blood. Kentucky, poor beast, limped gallantly along after me over the hard frozen snow. Why on earth *we* should have dropped on the only soft spot for miles round, passes my comprehension—but then, if you come to reason them out, most things do. I wasn't in the best of humors with myself, and I'm afraid I took to using strong language on the subject of sleighs and horses in my self-communings, as I felt the moment of my explanation with my brother-in-law drawing nearer. No doubt his anxiety was all nonsense—these young husbands are always so absurdly anxious, as if nobody ever—but there; and I pulled myself together and laughed grimly as I saw the injustice of taking this original way of getting rid of my own unacknowledged uneasiness. Anyhow, I thought, this is rather slow, and only makes bad worse, for Bob—and very likely, for that matter, Maggie too—will be worrying themselves into a fever at my non-appearance. "Come on, Kentucky!" I exclaimed, for the horse was momentarily growing more lame. "Oh, confound it, why don't people ride bicycles instead of skating about the country in these sleighs!" The suggestion seemed so good to me, an enthusiastic bicycle rider, that I mentally ran over the many advantages, in such a climate and over such smooth and hard roads, which a good steel horse would have over the correspond-

ing article in flesh and blood, and the comparison served to amuse me, till on coming out of the clump of timber I found myself within a hundred yards of the stable. A halloo brought Mike speedily to the spot, and to him I consigned Kentucky. The honest fellow's evident dismay when he saw him lame and heard of the disaster to the sleigh, brought matters home to me with unpleasant force.

"Sure and what'll the masther be doing, at all, at all? It's himself has been down twice since dusk telling me to be sure and kape them ready!"

"Nothing wrong, is there, Mike?" I asked, anxiously.

"Sure and it's myself that doesn't know that same, but the masther; he's like a hen on a hot iron thim two hours."

I hurried off to the house as fast as my ungainly wrapping would allow.

"Thank God, you've come, Jack!" was Bob's greeting to me as I hastily closed the inner door of the house behind me. "We were growing confoundedly anxious about you. And besides"—here he lowered his voice, and looked deeply important—"besides, Mike will have to start in an hour, I feel sure!"

Here was a nice state of things! Making every allowance for his anxiety and all that sort of thing, it was only too likely it would turn out so. I have noticed things generally do if it's particularly awkward. There was nothing for it but to tell him about it at once. And I could have torn my hair out to see the way he took it, poor fellow. He wouldn't say a word, or even look a look that might hurt my feelings, but I could see he was just despairing.

"Look here, Bob!" I said, laying my hand on his shoulder. "Very likely it won't be wanted to-night, old man, but if it is, don't you fret, I'll fetch him fast enough!"

"Fetch him, Jack! Why, it's fifteen miles to Standish, and we've not a horse fit to travel nor a sleigh to harness him to if we had him. What a fool I was not to provide for it before."

"Oh, bother horses and sleighs, Bob," I rejoined cheerfully. "We'll manage better than that. I'll go on my bicycle!"

"On your bicycle!" he replied. "Yes, it might be possible, I suppose, over the hard snow, but nonsense, Jack, what am I thinking of? Why, Maggie would never forgive me if I let you go. Fifteen miles over the snow, and you just from India!"

"Don't tell her, Bob! The thing's safe enough. You don't know what a bicycle can do when it's in hands that are used to it. Fifteen miles! I'll do that as fast as a sleigh could do it, and as for the snow—well, I dare say I won't be cold after the first half-mile."

Bob considered for a minute, anxiously. "Well," he said, "I won't mention your idea to Maggie, poor girl—I know she'd be frantic, and indeed nothing but necessity would make me think of it myself. I'll send Mike up to Johnson's to borrow a horse and sleigh. Please God, he'll be back in time enough to save the risk."

I wasn't really anxious for such a ride on such a night, so I said—"All right! Bob, I'll take a look at the machine in case it's wanted, in the meantime."

Both Mike and I had dinner while Bob wrote his note asking for the loan and explaining the circumstances, and then Mike started off to Johnson's, a distance of some four miles, and I found something to employ me in oiling and cleaning the bicycle. To tell the truth, it had been rather neglected from the time when I found out how little it was suited for the autumn and early winter roads of Manitoba. It was, however, one of the best to be bought in London, and I had only used it enough to get it fairly into working order. Now I found it only in want of a rub, as the dry air of the house had preserved it from any tendency to rust.

The time dragged slowly on—now and then Bob came out, looking haggard and anxious, stayed a few moments, and disappeared again. In the meantime, I had gone leisurely over the bicycle, admired its workmanship, and put it into the best possible condition of efficiency. Still Mike didn't come back—I could see that Bob was getting very uneasy, although he wouldn't admit that there was any cause for it, and his evident anxiety affected me.

I went to the window and looked out. The moon was rising far away in the eastern sky, the blue vault was growing gray, and the limpid stars were losing their sparkling brightness. Already there was a visible change in the aspect of the country. I could dimly see now where the forest encroached still on the open land—no longer as a merely darker shadow, but with the varying outline of trees. It would soon be light enough to see a track. I thought of Bob's anxious expression—I thought of my only sister's sweet face—Bah! what was a ride of fifteen miles over a track as hard as rock? I turned from the window and proceeded to dress myself for the journey. What should I wear? Moccasins? Nothing could be better for the purpose. Furs? Well, if it were only as a measure of precaution I must put some on, but as I might not be able to bear their weight I put on a foraging jacket of thick cloth that buttoned up close to the throat, and over that the great fur coat with its hood to come over the head. There were fur-lined overalls for the legs, but I felt that these would render bicycle riding impossible. I was just putting on my fur cap when the door opened and Bob's pale face showed itself again.

"What are you doing, Jack?" he asked, in a half-whisper.

"Doing? I'm getting ready for a start. It's about time I was off, for the moon's up and I see no signs of Mike."

"Nonsense, Jack, it's really not so urgent as all that yet."

"Isn't it? Take a look at your face in that mirror, old man! Do you think I've got no eyes? No, no, Bob—I'm off!"

I could see a light come into his eyes that wasn't there before. I could see his face flush with the sense of a new relief. Still he held out. "Maggie would never forgive me, Jack, if she knew," he said.

"Then don't let her know! I'll be safely back again within three hours, and I can see by your face that I should have been gone an hour ago. There, old fellow, it's no use talking. I'm going! By the by, where's that heavy revolver you had yesterday?"

"In the cupboard, but what do you want it for?"

"Oh, nothing, only I may as well have something, and it's a good weapon!"

"Oh, well, take it by all means, if you will go. It's already loaded; and, Jack, mind you hurry Jackson up."

It was the true feeling of the man that spoke then, there was a sort of gasping anxiety in the tone, and my heart smote me that I had delayed so long. Poor Maggie! But I would make up for it. My eyes rested on the bright machine. "All right, Bob!" I said; "rely on me, you'll see what a bicycle can do at a pinch."

In another minute I had pushed the machine quietly from the room, in another minute the door had closed behind me and I stood on the hard snow, under the now brightening sky. I gave a long look around me to accustom my eyes to the new light, and to make sure that I knew exactly the course I had to follow. I knew the way well, fortunately, for I had travelled it perhaps a dozen times in the last five weeks. Dr. Jackson was a special friend of Bob's, and of late had been over pretty often, and I had generally gone home with him. It was lucky, for I knew the road as well by moonlight as by daylight, and that, let me tell you, goes for something when you have to travel, and to travel fast at night. There was no sign of Mike. I fastened the flaps of my fur cap under my chin; I felt that the revolver was safely at my belt; I gave the sort of over all glance which your would-be professional bicyclist always favors his machine with before starting—and in another moment I was in the saddle, and with a crisp crackle over the frozen snow I had started. As I have said, I knew the road well. It lay over the plain for about four miles between fences, when fences could be seen—over fields and fences where they were generally buried under the snow, as they were now. Then there came a longish rising ground, when you entered the forest, which lasted till you crossed the ridge and got perhaps a couple of miles down the other slope. Then it was open level ground till you crossed the bridge, and in another mile you

were at Standish. After all it wasn't much of a ride. I had done three times the distance in India under a hot sun, and four times as much in England, and thought nothing of it. The point was to do it quickly. That look on Bob's face came back to me and I put on a spurt to get rid of it. "Confound that girl! What did the wretched little flirt want to wheedle me into seeing her home for, when she had these other fellows? Ah, why indeed? unless because she saw that Jack Saville was just the sort of a fool to be wheedled!"

Rapid bicycle riding isn't good for meditation, however, and beyond a series of vague regrets and gusts of self-abuse, I can't say that I was personally much the gainer, or that the philosophy of human action was much advanced by my reflections. I bowled along swiftly. The road was smooth and hard; the night was still and cold; and now, in the light of the risen moon, the general direction I had to follow was clear enough. I intended to break the record, as the slang phrase goes—no very difficult matter, I reflected, so far as a Canadian winter record on the bicycle was concerned. To do so, however, required judgment. It was no use trying to rush the pace for fifteen miles on a road like that. I knew that I had the long rise into the forest before me and I must reserve my strength for that. I went steadily on!

I had crossed the level at last, and I knew I had done well. The light was bright enough to see the time, but I decided to wait till I entered the forest. Nothing was to be gained by unbuttoning my furs now to get at the watch. I could feel that the rise was commencing. It was no longer quite so easy to keep the bicycle up to speed. There was more effort in the pressure on the pedals, a little more sensation in the muscles of the legs as I did so. I looked round. Yes, I had already made a rise of a good many feet. Far behind and apparently below me, I could make out the light in the window I had left, framed in a sort of rainbow haze. And within? Ah, there, I could see it in imagination, was Bob's face pale and drawn with anxiety once more before

me. I turned my face to the hill again. I pushed on! I was making good work of it, I knew. Here in the open, indeed, there was little to gauge my speed by. The same white expanse of snow, the same gentle upward slope, an occasional tree left standing in some distant clearing, gaunt and dismal in its ice-bound loneliness; but I was nearing the forest. Already ahead of me, farther up the long hill, I could make out the shadow of the trees. I was steering steadily for the point where I knew the road entered the forest. It was just where a long tongue ran down the hill, left somehow where the clearings had encroached from either side.

At last! Yes, there were the few giant stragglers, the outposts of the solemn pine forest—their dark tops towering up gray and ice-bound like solid wedges into the sky; their drooping branches snow-laden and still pointing earthward in melancholy repose. I glanced at and recognized them, and as I raced past them, insensibly quickening my pace now that I had some landmarks to check my speed by, I unfastened my fur coat and drew my watch from the pocket of my foraging jacket. It was half-past seven. I put the watch back again. Half-past seven! I had made good time—now to keep it up! Unfastening the coat had been a relief—I let it remain as it was and pushed on. In three minutes more I had entered the forest. To right and to left the black pine-trees closed me in. The long hanging branches bending with their weight of snow leant over the road and cast their heavy shadows on my path. Under the branches I could see, or fancy I saw, long black vistas stretching away for miles under the solemn shadows of the forest; but at any rate the roadway was light. There the white untrodden snow gleamed silvery in the moonlight. The shadows, indeed, lay still and solemn, like ebony inlaid upon a silver shield—as dark by contrast, and as sharply cut.

The slope was regular, but not steep enough greatly to reduce my speed. As I went I glanced from side to side—for I was conscious of the oppressive solitude of the forest; but my pace

was not retarded for a moment. Once I put my hand to my belt and touched the handle of Bob's revolver, then I smiled as I thought of Bob's question. "What did I want it for?" What, indeed? Revolvers carry no defence against the terrors of solitude. But was there nothing else? Nothing more tangible—against which even a revolver might have charms? Yes, now I thought of it, there was. One of the sleighing party had been talking of wolves. The winter, it seemed, had been an early one, and it certainly had been severe. The wolves, he had said, had been showing in packs not twenty miles to the north. It is strange how much can be remembered by a single motion of the mind—a brain-wave, I think some of these great scientific people who know everything well enough to give everything a name, call it. Anyhow, I could have wished that particular brain-wave had left me alone. I glanced from side to side once more, but now the forest had a new significance. The snow-laden branches no longer concealed a solitude, but abysses peopled with forms. Bah! I would look ahead—I would refuse to be the slave of imagination! I fixed my eyes on the long thread of silver that stretched upward toward the distant ridge and I pushed forward at my best speed.

There is no stillness like that of a frozen forest! Probably the feeling is an effect of the imagination, after all, but for practical purposes it is a fact. We look for motion when we see trees. There is an association of swaying tops and moving boughs—of twittering leaves, or at least a rustling and a motion that speak of life. It is the cessation of this that affects the imagination, I think. To see a tree that might be of iron in its inflexible rigidity, with boughs that look as if carved from the solid rock, so stiff and unyielding they look in their stern repose—this is enough to make silence seem more deadly still. It is the sleep of a suspended animation, doubly deep because unnatural. I didn't think of this, but I certainly felt it. It was my first experience of a frozen forest alone; and now the circumstances heightened the effect. I listened involuntarily for a

sound ; my ears seemed to strain themselves to hear ; my senses seemed strung to a supernatural acuteness of perception. There was not a sound but the low crisp crunch of the snow under the wheels of my machine, and even that seemed hushed and distant.

Yet what was that ? Was it fancy, or did I hear something shrill, piercing, yet faint, in the far distance on my right hand ? Surely there was something—if it was only the wail of a distant gust of wind moaning through the frozen pines !

I bent over the bicycle and concentrated my energies upon facing the long ascent. There it was again ! The same long, low, searching sound, wild, yet uncertain—coming too from the same quarter ; but that, of course, was nothing. If it was wind, of course, it was coming from the north. I glanced upward at the tree-tops—a swaying branch would have been an indescribable relief at the moment. But no—stone columns could not have been more immovable. The Pyramids could not have looked more fatally still. I was nearing the summit of the long ascent at last. Thank God for that ! Once on level ground again and I should feel less handicapped ; once there and I should know that the downward slope was near. I bent to my work with all my energy, I forced the machine over the ground as I had never done before. I could see as I neared the top of the slope that there was what looked like an opening in the forest, for the light seemed clearer and less obscured by the overhanging trees. For a moment I was puzzled. Then I remembered that there was an opening—a sort of glade that stretched away into the forest on the right, where someone had begun and then abandoned a clearing. I had scarcely called it to mind when I reached it. I had grown accustomed to the gloom of my over-shadowed road, yet the new light and absence of shadow was for a moment a relief ; as the clearing opened on my right my eyes turned involuntarily toward it, and it was with a strange shudder that I saw it stretch away, its grizzly whiteness contrasting with the deep black shadows of the forest that seemed to hem it in so jeal-

ously on every side. I shuddered, and, as I did so, there came again the sound ! Louder, shriller, more keen and piercing than before ! Now it had a new character—it was distinctly hungry. Why does one attach a character to sounds ? As well ask why did early man begin to formulate language—I could not tell you how—I could not explain why—but now for the first time I recognized the sound as the cry of hunger. My instinct then was right. It was no wail of the northern wind—no swaying of the frozen forest. It was the cry of a living thing. It was nature's savage complaint against the pangs of hunger !

The sound was not a distant one—with a long swelling wail it rose through the dim recesses of the dark forest—with a long, savage cadence it died away among the arcades of the frozen pines. But it was not far off. It came from beyond the clearing. My eyes sought once more the grizzly vista of the glade, and as I looked my sense of sight seemed to grow more keen and piercing. I marked the long stretch of grayish-white in the middle—the long black shadows that lay across it from the eastern forest ; I could even see where, here and there, a ghostly-looking stump stood pillar-like, clothed in a robe of snow ; but beyond this I could at first see nothing. Thank God for that, at least ! So far the sound was a sound only—so far it was possible that the cry of hunger had nothing to do with me ! I looked away once more—I bent to my task again with redoubled energy. The bicycle flew over the smooth track as I think no champion rider had ever made one fly before. I had nearly passed the opening—already the road before me was contracting to its narrow width—already the heavy shadows of the trees lay heavily across the path, immediately in front of me, as I rushed along—another moment and I should have surmounted the danger of being seen. If I were being hunted I must then be hunted by scent only, and not by sight. It was not to be ! Involuntarily I looked back for the last time. The long, cold glade lay gray and desolate as before, with its livid lights and its ghastly shadows, but just where it met the forest once more there was something

—something that moved—something dark that stood out against the white ground—something in motion that contrasted with the motionless trees beyond—wolves! I had known it before when the sound had grown to a cry, and the cry had told of hunger! I had known it then, but it came home to me now. No sense that we have is thrown away. If they are not all needed to express an idea, they all go to intensify an effect. For a moment that sight seemed to paralyze me—for a moment my brain refused to think; my limbs had lost the power to feel! For a moment—yet for a moment only! Then sensation returned with a rush. Life was at stake, and the stake was worth playing for! Like a flash there came before me Bob's face as I had seen it last! Like a flash came his words, as if spoken at the moment into my very ear. "Jack, mind you hurry Jackson up!" I shook myself together. I was my own master again. Please God, Bob should not be disappointed after all! With that thought in my mind I leant forward over the bicycle—with that hope in my mind I entered on the forest track once more.

We go through life and never know our powers. Talk of records—no man can make a record for money; no man can make one for fame, that cannot be broken by a far inferior man when his life is at stake. I had known myself for one of the best, if not quite the best, bicycle rider in India—and where nearly every military man is a rider, as he is in India, that is saying a good deal—but I had never till that hour known what speed it was possible to attain. The road was level now—level and hard. There was scarcely a perceivable friction on the silent wheels as they spun round with giddy speed. The dark trees rose, rank beyond rank, grim sentinels on either side of my path, casting their dim shadows across the way, and like the figures in some strange, ghostly diorama they passed me in long ranks, flitting by in the half light like unsubstantial things.

On and on we flew. There was not a breath of wind to stir the lightest snow-flake on the tenderest spray, yet my hair was thrown back from my

brow, where great drops of perspiration now gathered and began to trickle down my face. On, and on! without a thought but that of pressing forward, without a hope but that of reaching the descent of the slope, and the edge of the forest.

And as I went I knew that I was followed. From the dim arcades on my right came from time to time a short gasping howl, cut short in the moment of utterance by the exertions of the chase. They had seen me, and now they were in full cry. It was a race for bare life. I leant forward, and threw every energy I possessed into the one effort to press on. The trees flitted past me like ghosts. The long hanging boughs nearly brushed my face as I swept past. The cold air blew in my face and carried even the heavy fur of my coat behind me as I rushed through the night. And yet my pursuers did not lose ground. On the contrary, they were gaining. Not quickly, not with a rush; but slowly, foot by foot, with a certainty that was deadly; with a monotony that was ghastly beyond expression. Now I could hear them! There was a short, fierce panting; a short, dull scuffle of feet over the hard snow; a rustle and a motion among the frozen trees that told of bodies rubbing against the trunks in their headlong career. They were coming! Terrible as the temptation was to look aside, I did not dare to take my eyes off the narrow white line before me. On and on, faster and faster, so it seemed to my senses, the turning wheel swept past the great black trees in the course, and yet not faster—not so fast as the panting sounds grew closer and more painfully distinct to my ears—as the dull scuffling noise of many feet approached me nearer and more near. I clenched my teeth with fierce determination. I kept my eyes fixed on the line of light that stretched on and on in front, as if it would never end!

As I sit here in my quarters I seem to hear that ghastly sound now. In my dreams I hear that gasping sob of savage eagerness. Close, closer yet, behind and at my side. Only a sound, for as yet I could see nothing; but a sound that seemed to express more

than sight; a sound that roused a thousand images, each more appalling and ghastly than the other. It had seemed hours, though it must have been only minutes, since I passed the clearing. The strain was telling on me now. There was a wild buzzing in my head, there was a weary feeling growing in my limbs, there was a despairing sense of the uselessness of effort growing stronger in my mind. Did my efforts slacken in response to the feeling? I cannot say. It may be so, for who can draw the line between feeling and action? Yet if it were so I was unaware of it. At any rate it was now that for the first time I saw something of my savage pursuers. There was a shadow on my right—only a shadow, but no longer the shadow of a tree or a branch. It was a head—a long sharp muzzle—the mouth open, the lower jaw hanging, the ears erect! It crept on. Little by little it gained on me—an inch—only an inch at a time, but always an inch more! This shadow became a horror to me. I longed to exchange its shadowy terrors for something substantial; I felt as if anything would be better than this creeping spectre. I knew that by turning only a little way I could see my shadowy enemy, but I didn't dare to take my eyes off the track. Horrible as it was, I waited. Inch by inch it crept on. The neck was added to the ears; the shoulders with a bristle of mane-like hair and galloping forelegs. Then little by little the body—and all the time the sobbing breath of the following pack assailed my ears, and the soft scratching of their feet over the frozen snow!

At last! The long straight road made a curve to the right. Not a sharp curve, but enough to bring me to closer quarters with my untiring pursuer. In a moment as I pressed upon the handles and followed the sweep of the road he was upon me. In a moment the shadow had given place to the substance—with a long panting, snarling growl a huge wolf was by my side. He was old, for I could see that his hair was gray as it showed in the moonlight. His huge mouth was wide open, showing a

row of formidable fangs, and his long red tongue hung from his slavering jaws. Two eyes that glowed like red coals gleamed from beneath the thickly matted hair that hung over his face. There was a look of exhaustion about him that for the moment increased the horror of his appearance. Involuntarily I swerved as he sprung, and his great jaws came together with a snap not an inch from my knee. His leap had cost him something in speed, and he fell back quite half a yard before he recovered. The sight of him had done me good. The horror of his look was a change from the gathering horror of his pursuing shadow, and the change aroused me. My hand went instinctively to the handle of Bob's revolver. The familiar touch seemed to reassure me. I drew it from my belt. I weighed it in my hand so as to grow accustomed to it. I dared not turn in my seat, and yet I must get a shot at the grizzled leader of the pack. Insensibly I slackened my pace for a second or two; insensibly the huge head crept up once more to my hind wheel, to my foot, a little in front of my foot! Once more he was gathering himself together for a spring. Once more his blood-shot, hungry eyes were turning toward me as he kept up his long leaping gallop. It was the moment. Quick as thought I fired. The ball struck him—struck him, I think, on the shoulder, for with one fierce snarl, that seemed to express pain, disappointment, and terror all in one, he rolled over in a heap almost against the rushing wheel of my bicycle. There was a pause in the chase. For a few seconds my pursuers had ceased the pursuit. I glanced back over my shoulder and could see that they had stopped where their leader had fallen. I could see this, but beyond this all I could see was a confusion of tossing heads and wildly struggling bodies glistening in the moonlight at the spot where I had just passed. I shuddered. I could fancy I saw the end of my shadowy pursuer, and I felt for a moment a sensation that was almost pity for my savage assailant.

It was not a time for sentiment. Once more I turned to the track. Once

more I concentrated every energy to increase the distance between myself and my relentless pursuers. The welcome respite was but a short one. Perhaps I was no longer able to keep up my highest rate of speed; possibly the wolves had for the moment been rendered yet more keen by the taste of blood—at any rate, it seemed to me but a minute or two before I again could hear the panting of the wolves behind me and the scuffling sound of their feet on the snow. I could feel that they were creeping up to me once more. Again I could fancy I saw the first glimmering shadow of a pursuer stealing over the snowy track behind me. By a desperate effort I collected my energies and pushed on. My head swam dizzily with my exertions; my brain reeled with the long and fierce excitement; my limbs grew numb and heavy under the desperate strain.

I was growing hopeless at last. My limbs moved almost mechanically, while my eyes glanced nervously from side to side, expecting each moment to see the first appearance of the head of the dreaded enemy. To my surprise nothing appeared. The panting of the wolves seemed even to have grown less distinct to my ear, and when I listened I could no longer make out the strange sound of their hurrying footsteps. What could it mean? With a flash of sudden comprehension the explanation broke on my mind—I had reached the downward slope! I raised my head and looked before me. Yes, I was going down hill at last. I could see the forest road stretching far down the descent in the white moonlight. I could see, or fancy I saw, the river and the bridge in the open country beyond. I could even make out in the distance the twinkling lights that marked the township of "Standish" on the other side. Thank God! I was on the downward slope. Thank God! there was at last a prospect of escape.

The descent made itself quickly felt. Exhausted as I had been, I couldn't have kept it up much longer, and I must have been overtaken. Now there was very little exertion required—but for the fear of growing stiff, indeed, no exertion was needed at all. Down the

long smooth slope we rushed at a pace that was momentarily increasing. The trees with their long black shadows seemed to fly past us in our headlong course. The distant lights seemed to brighten and grow nearer moment by moment. The wolves had been left behind. I ventured a glance over my shoulder and could see them some distance away—a black stain on the whiteness of the snow—distanced, but not yet discouraged. With a rush I cleared at last the long avenue of trees, and felt with a gasp as if the last dark shadow from the pines had been a load lifted from my heart. Onward we swept! On, over the moonlit snow toward the rushing river. And behind us—stanch, unyielding, terrible, came the sobbing pack. I was nearing the river, which in its headlong course from the hills still defied the hand of winter to chain it in bands of ice. Already I could hear its roar, as it hurled itself beneath the bridge; I could see the moonbeams flash on the giant icicles that overhung its torrent.

I looked behind me once more. The wolves were following still, but they too were growing exhausted. They were scattered over perhaps a hundred yards, and the nearest was at least a hundred and fifty yards behind me. I glanced at the ascent beyond the bridge; I glanced at the laboring pursuers behind me—I could do it still! I dashed at the bridge—long, narrow, laden with frozen snow half-way to the parapet, bearded on either hand with wreaths of snow and bristling icicles that overhung the abyss and the rushing river below. I was across and now the ascent began. I bent over the bicycle; I forced my weary limbs to exert themselves once more. For fully a hundred yards the ascent was steep, and the exertion was terrible. Slower and slower I seemed to go with each moment. The perspiration poured from my face, my legs and ankles burned as if steeped in liquid fire. I clenched my teeth and gripped the handles as if for bare life, and at each slow turn of the wheels I seemed to myself to hear the panting of the wolves behind me.

At last I did it! At the top of the

slope I turned and looked behind me. The moonlight shone white on the gray leader as he bounded on to the bridge; two others followed him closely, the rest were scattered behind them on the road. Not one had as yet abandoned the chase—not one had yet given up hopes of the prey. I drew Bob's revolver from my belt once more, I rested the barrel for a moment on the handle of the machine. As the leader neared my end of the bridge I turned and fired. Luck was on my side at last—I hit him. With a sharp howl he sprang into the air and fell half across the parapet, then he turned over and I could see his body glance whitely as he plunged into the river below.

I did not wait for more. As he fell I had seen that his companions halted. I turned to the road still before me. Once more I made an effort to hurry on. Would they follow me still? I could not tell—but at least I knew that I was near to safety now. The road was almost level, and before me, at no great distance the lights of "Standish" gleamed brightly through the frosty

air. Exhausted as I was, I found that I could make an effort still. I could hear nothing of the wolves, but yet for aught I knew they might be following still. Imagination supplied the place of my dulled senses, and I could fancy I heard their panting behind me—I could even imagine the sharp scuffling of their feet on the snow.

Suddenly a broad stream of light fell across the road. There was a sound of voices which sounded strangely far away; there were the figures of men, though they looked like the men we see in dreams. My bicycle swept on, but I could no longer control it. Everything swam before my eyes, my limbs refused to move any longer—I felt that I was falling—falling—and I was caught in Dr. Jackson's strong arms.

"You, Saville!" he exclaimed—"You, man! Were you mad, or what possessed you to attempt a ride like this?"

"You, Doctor!" I gasped breathlessly. "You're wanted at our house at once. I came to fetch you."

"The devil, you did!" said the Doctor.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT

By H. F. B. Lynch

PREFATORY NOTE

THE ascent of Ararat, completed on September 19, 1893, formed an incident in a journey, extending for a period of seven months, which I undertook in 1893-94 for the purpose of acquiring a better knowledge of the country comprised in a general manner by the limits of the Armenian plateau. I was accompanied during the earlier part of this journey by my cousin, Major H. B. Lynch, of the Dorsetshire Regiment; he was unfortunately obliged to leave me and rejoin his regiment almost immediately after the accomplishment of the ascent. In offering some account of our experiences upon the mountain it is perhaps only fair to myself to observe that the narrative, whatever other shortcomings of a

more essential nature it may possess, has undoubtedly suffered as a presentation and description of great natural objects, which it is no small part of the duty of a writer on such a subject to endeavor adequately to portray, owing to the necessary limits which the space at my disposal has imposed upon its length. Although it is impossible to make up for this deficiency in the course of a brief note, yet I would ask the reader, before actually starting from Aralykh, to equip himself with the following elementary facts and considerations in connection with the country which surrounds Ararat and with the mountain itself.

Ararat rises from the table-land of Armenia between the Black and Caspian Seas in the country comprised within a triangle between the lakes of

Sevanga, Urumia, and Van. At the eastern extremity of the long and narrow range which is known in the country under the general name of Aghri Dagh, and which it is convenient to call the *Ararat system*—a range which starting from the neighborhood of the forty-second degree of longitude bisects the plateau from west to east—there has been reared by volcanic agency a vast mountain fabric surrounded by plain land on all sides, but the western, and on that side joined to this Ararat system by a pass of about seven thousand feet. The Ararat system and the fabric of Ararat compose the southerly wall of the vast plain of the Araxes, a plain which in the neighborhood of the mountain has an elevation of about two thousand seven hundred feet. This valley of the Araxes is in many respects remarkable: in the first place it sinks far below the level of the great table-land of Armenia to which it belongs, a plateau the higher regions of which are situated at an elevation of about seven thousand feet; secondly, it is a valley of vast extent, offering immense prospects over a treeless volcanic country, and bounded at great intervals of space by mountains of the most imposing dimensions and appearance; lastly, it constitutes an open highway from the countries about and beyond the Caspian to the shores of the Euxine and Mediterranean Seas. The northern border of this valley, like the southern, is composed of a single mountain and a mountain system: the line which is begun on the west by the colossal mountain mass of Alagöz is continued toward the east by the chains on the south of Lake Sevanga. This correspondence in the disposition of the mountains on either border is varied by a striking diversity in the forms: the Ararat system which faces Alagöz is distinguished by jagged peaks, dark valleys and abrupt sides; the Sevanga ranges, on the other hand, which you overlook from the slopes of Ararat, present an outline which is fretted by the shapes of cones and craters and are flanked by convex buttresses of sand. Both Alagöz and Ararat have been raised by volcanic agency; but while the giant on the north has all the

clumsiness of a Cyclops, his brother on the south would seem to personify the union of symmetry with size and grace with strength. I must refrain from pursuing this train of thought farther, content if the hints which it may have opened reveal the great scale upon which nature has worked. A few measurements may lend reality to this somewhat misty conception and serve to fix our ideas. The pile of Alagöz, rising on the left bank of the Araxes, attains an elevation of 13,436 feet: the length of the mass may be placed at about thirty-five miles, its breadth is about twenty-five. The distance across the valley from the middle slopes of Ararat to the summit of Alagöz is no less than fifty-four miles, and from the same point to the first spurs of the Sevanga ranges about twenty miles. Such are the immediate neighbors of Ararat and such is the extent of open country spread like a kingdom at his feet.

The fabric of Ararat, composed of two mountains supported by a common base, gathers on the right bank of the river immediately from the floor of the plain. The plain has at this point an elevation of about two thousand seven hundred feet. The pass which joins this fabric to the Ararat system, to the range which it continues, is situated at the back of the fabric, behind the long northwestern slope: the fabric itself stands out boldly and alone in advance of the satellite chain. The axis, or direction of the length, of the whole fabric is from northwest to southeast, and it is the whole length of the mountain which you see from the valley of the Araxes. It may be helpful to analyze in the briefest manner the outline which there faces you. Far away on your right in the western distance a continuous slope rises from a low cape or rocky promontory, which emerges from the even surface of the plain like a coast seen from the sea. The length of this slope has been given by Parrot at no less than twenty miles, and its gradient, even where it rises more perceptibly toward the great dome, is only about eighteen degrees. This northwestern slope reaches the region of perpetual snow at a height of about thirteen thousand five hundred feet, and culminates



Kurd Porters.

in the summit of Great Ararat, which immediately faces you, and which has an elevation of 17,916 feet. Although it yields in height to the peaks of the Caucasus in the north and to Demavend (19,400 feet) in the east, nearly five hundred miles away, yet, as Bryce in his admirable book has observed, there can be but few other places in the world where mountain so lofty rises from a plain so a low. The summit of Great Ararat has the form of a dome and is covered with perpetual snow; this dome crowns an oval figure, the length of which is from northwest to southeast, and it is therefore the long side of this dome which you see from the valley of the Araxes. On the southeast, as you follow the outline farther, the slope falls at a more rapid gradient of from thirty to thirty-five degrees and ends in the saddle between the two mountains at a height of nearly nine thousand feet. From that point it is the shape of the Little Ararat which continues the outline toward the east; it rises in the shape of a graceful pyramid to the height of 12,840 feet, and its summit is distant from that of Great Ararat a space of nearly seven miles. The southeastern slope of the lesser Ararat corresponds to the northwestern slope of the greater mountain and descends to the floor of the river valley in

a long and regular train. The unity of the whole fabric, the intimate correspondence of the parts between themselves, in a word the architectural qualities of this natural work at once impress the eye and continue to provide an inexhaustible fund of study, however long may be the period of your stay.

Although the mountain is due to volcanic agency, yet the fires have not been seen during the historical period. A glance at the photographs will show that the surface presents all the characteristics of a very ancient volcano. On the northeastern side, in full view of the Araxes valley, the very heart of Ararat has been exposed by the great earthquake of 1840 following former landslips; a broad cleft extends from base to summit and is known as the chasm of Arguri.

The fame of having been the first to scale Ararat belongs to the Russian traveller Parrot, who made the ascent in 1829. Since that time the number of successful ascents has been, so far as I have been able to determine, fourteen, including our own. Of this total of fifteen the credit of eight belongs to Russia, while five fall to England, one to Germany, and one to the United States of America.

H. F. B. L.

THE sun had already risen as I let myself down through the open casement of the window and dropped into the garden among the dry brushwood encumbering its sandy floor. Not a soul was stirring, and not a sound disturbed the composure of an Eastern morning, the great world fulfilling its task in silence and all nature sedate and serene. A narrow strip of plantation runs at the back of Aralykh, on the south, sustained by ducts from the Kara Su or Blackwater, a stream which leads a portion of the waters of the Araxes into the cotton-fields and marshes which border the right bank. Within this fringe of slim poplars and just on its southern verge there is a little mound and an open summer-house—as pleasant a place as it is possible to imagine, but which, perhaps, only differs from other summer-houses in the remarkable situation which it occupies and in the wonderful view which it commands. It is placed on the extreme foot of Ararat, exactly on the line where all inclination ceases and the floor of the plain begins. It immediately faces the summit of the larger mountain bearing about southwest. Before you the long outline of the Ararat fabric fills the southern horizon: the gentle undulations of the north-western slope as it gathers from its lengthy train, the bold bastions of the snow-fields rising to the rounded dome; and, farther east, beyond the saddle where the two mountains commingle, the needle form of the Lesser Ararat free at this season from snow. Yet although Aralykh lies at the flank of Ararat, confronting the side which mounts most directly from the plain to the roof of snow, the distance from a perpendicular line drawn through the summit is over sixteen miles. Throughout that space the fabric is always rising toward the snow-bank fourteen thousand feet above our heads, with a symmetry and, so to speak, with a rhythm of structure which holds the eye in spell. First there is a belt of loose sand, about two miles in depth, beginning on the margin of marsh and irrigation and seen from this garden, which directly aligns it, like the sea-bed from a grove on the shore. On the ground of yellow thus

presented rests a light tissue of green, consisting of the sparse bushes of the ever-fresh camelthorn, a plant which strikes down into beds of moisture deep-seated beneath the surface of the soil. Although it is possible, crossing this sand-zone, to detect the growing slope, yet this feature is scarcely perceptible from Aralykh whence its smooth, unbroken surface and cool relief of green suggest the appearance of an embroidered carpet spread at the threshold of an Eastern temple for the services of prayer. Beyond this band or belt of sandy ground, composed no doubt of a pulverized detritus which the piety of Parrot was quick to recognize as a leaving of the flood, the broad and massive base of Ararat sensibly gathers and inclines, seared by the sinuous furrows of dry watercourses, and stretching uninterrupted by any step or obstacle, hill or terrace or bank, to the veil of thin mist, which hangs at this hour along the higher seams. Not a patch of verdure, not a streak of brighter color breaks the long monotony of ochre in the burnt grass and the bleached stones. All the subtle sensations with which the living earth surrounds us—wide as are the tracts of barren desert within the limits of the plain itself—seem to stop arrested at the fringe of this plantation as on a magician's line. When the vapors obscuring the middle slopes of the mountain dissolve and disappear you see the shadowed jaws of the great chasm: the whole side of the mountain burst asunder from the cornice of the snow-roof to the base, the base itself depressed and hollow throughout its width of about ten miles. No cloud has yet climbed to the snows of the summit shining in the brilliant blue.

It was the morning of the 17th of September, a period of the year when the heat has moderated; when the early air, even in the plain of the Araxes, has acquired a suggestion of crispness and the sun still overpowers the first symptoms of winter chills.* The tedious arrangements of Eastern travel occupied the forenoon, and it had been arranged

* At Aralykh the thermometer ranged between 60° and 70° F. between the hours of 6 A.M. and 9 A.M. on the several mornings. At m.d-day it rose to about 80°.

that we should dine with our host the lieutenant before making the final start. Six little hacks impressed in the district and sadly wanting in flesh were loaded with our effects; our party was mounted on cossack horses which by the extreme courtesy of the Russian authorities had been placed at our disposal for a week. We took leave of our new friend under a strong sentiment of gratitude and esteem: but a new and pleasurable surprise was awaiting us as we passed down the neat square. All the cossacks at that time quartered in Aralykh—the greater number were absent on the slopes of the mountain serving the usual patrols—had been drawn up in marching order awaiting the arrival of their colonel, who had contrived to keep the secret by expressing his willingness to accompany us a few versts of the way. My cousin and I were riding with the colonel, and the purpose of these elaborate arrangements was explained to us with a sly smile: the troop with their colonel were to escort us on our first day's journey and to bivouac at Sardar-Bulakh. The order was given to march in half-column: it was perhaps the first time that an English officer had ridden at the head of these famous troops. We crossed the last runnel on the southern edge of the plantation and entered the silent waste.

For awhile we slowly rode through the camelthorn, the deep sand sinking beneath our horses' feet. It was nearly one o'clock and the expanse around us streamed in the full glare of noon. A spell seems to rest upon the landscape of the mountain sealing all the springs of life. Only among the evergreen shrubs about us a scattered group of camels cropped the spinous foliage, little lizards darted, a flock of sand-grouse took wing. Our course lay slantwise across the base of Ararat, toward the hill of Takjaltu, a table-topped mass overgrown with yellow herbage which rises in advance of the saddle between the mountains, and lies just below you as you overlook the landscape from the valley of Sardar-Bulakh. Gullies of chalk and ground strewn with stones succeed the even surface of the belt of sand, and in turn give way to the cov-

ering of burnt grass which clothes the deep slope of the great sweeping base and encircles the fabric with a continuous stretch of ochre extending up the higher seams. Mile after mile we rode at easy paces over the parched turf and the cracking soil. When we had accomplished a space of about ten miles and attained a height of nearly six thousand feet the land broke about us into miniature ravines, deep gullies strewn with stones and boulders, searing the slope about the line of limit where the base may be said to determine and the higher seams begin. Winding down the sides of these rocky hollows one might turn in the saddle at a bend of the track and observe the long line of horsemen defiling into the ravine. I noticed that by far the greater number among them—if, indeed, one might not say all—were men in the opening years of manhood; lithe, well-knit figures and fair complexions set round with fair hair. At a nearer view the feature which most impressed me was the smallness of their eyes. They wear the long-skirted coat of Circassia, a thin and worn *kharki*; the faded pink on the cloth of their shoulder-straps relieves the dull drab. Their little caps of Circassian pattern fit closely round their heads. Their horses are clumsy, long-backed creatures, wanting in all the characteristics of quality; and as each man maintains his own animal few among them are shod. Yet I am assured that the breed is workmanlike and enduring, and I have known it to yield most satisfactory progeny when crossed with English racing blood. As we rounded the heap of grass-grown soil, which is known as Takjaltu, we were joined by a second detachment of cossacks coming from Arguri. Together we climbed up the troughs of the ridges which sweep fanwise down the mountain side and emerged on the floor of the upland valley which leads between the greater and the lesser Ararat, and crosses the back of the Ararat fabric in a direction from southwest to northeast. We were here at an elevation of 7,500 feet above the sea, or nearly five thousand feet above the plain. Both the stony troughs and ridges up which we had just marched

as well as the comparatively level ground, upon which we now stood, are covered with a scorched but abundant vegetation which has served the Kurds during earlier summer as pasture for their flocks and still shelters numerous coveys of plump partridges, in which this part of the mountain abounds.

At the mouth of this valley, on the gently sloping platform which its even surface presents, we marked out the spaces of our bivouac, the pickets for the horses, and the fires. Our men were acquainted with every cranny; we had halted near the site of their summer encampment from which they had only recently descended to their winter quarters in the plain. As we dismounted we were met by a graceful figure clad in a Circassian coat of brown material let in across the breast with pink silk, a young man of most engaging appearance and manners, presented to us as the chief of the Kurds of Ararat who own allegiance to the Tsar. In the high refinement of his features, in the bronzed complexion, and soft brown eyes the Kurd made a striking contrast to the cossacks, a contrast by no means to the advantage of the Cis-Caucasian race. The young chief is also worthy to be remembered in respect of the remarkable name which he bears. His Kurdish title of Shamden Agha has been developed and embroidered into the sonorous appellation of Hassan Bey Shamshadinoff, under which he is officially known.

From the edge of the platform upon which we were standing the ground falls away with some abruptness down to the base below, and lends to the valley its characteristic appearance of an elevated stage and natural viewing-place, overtopped by the summit regions of the dome and the pyramid, and commanding all the landscape of the plain. On the southwest, as it rises toward the pass between the two mountains—a pass of 8,800 feet leading into Turkish and into Persian territory, to Bayazed or Maku—the extent of even ground which composes this platform cannot much exceed a quarter of a mile. It is choked by the rocky causeways which, sweeping down the side of Great Ararat, tumble headlong to the

bottom of the fork, and, taking the inclination of the ever-widening valley, descend on the northwestern skirt of the platform in long oblique curves of branching troughs and ridges falling fanwise over the base. The width of the platform at the mouth of the valley may be about three-quarters of a mile. It is here that the Kurds of the surrounding region gather as the shades of night approach to water their flocks at the lonely pool which is known as the Sardar's well. On the summit of the lesser Ararat there is a little lake formed of melted snows; the water permeates the mountain and feeds the Sardar's pool. Close by, at the foot of the lesser mountain, is the famous covert of birch, low bushes, the only stretch of wood upon the fabric which is entirely devoid of trees. The wood was soon crackling upon our fires and the water hissing in the pots; but the wretched pack horses upon which our tents had been loaded were lagging several hours behind. We ourselves had reached camp at six o'clock; it was after nine before our baggage arrived. As we stretched upon the slope the keen air of the summit region swept the valley and chilled us to the skin; the temperature sank to below freezing and we had nothing but the things in which we stood.* Our friends, the cossack officers, were lavish of assistance; they wrapped us in the hairy coats of the Caucasus, placed *vodki* and partridges before us, and ranged us around their hospitable circle beside the leaping flames.

But the mind was absent from the picturesque bivouac, and the eye which ranged the deepening shadows was still dazzled by the evening lights. Mind and sense alike were saturated with the beauty and the brilliance of the landscape which, as you rise toward the edge of the platform after rounding the mass of Takjaltu, opens to an ever-increasing perspective with ever-growing clearness of essential features and mystery gathering upon all lesser forms. The sun revolving south of the zenith lights the mountains on the north of the plain and fills all

* The temperature at 6.30 P.M. was 50° F., but it sank rapidly in the cold wind.



Mount Ararat from the Roof of the Hotel Londres at Erwan, Thirty-five Miles Distant.

the valley from the slopes of Ararat with the full flood of its rays—tier after tier of crinkled hummock ranges aligning the opposite margin of the valley at a distance of over twenty miles; their summits fretted with shapes of cones and craters, their faces buttressed in sand, bare and devoid of all vegetation—yet richly clothed in

lights and hues of fairyland, ochres flushed with delicate madder, amethyst-shaded opaline, while the sparse plantations about the river and the labyrinth of the plain insensibly transfigure as you rise above them into an impalpable web of gray. In the lap of the landscape lies the river, a thin looping thread, flashes of white among



Mount Ararat as Seen from the Village of Aralykh (Aralykh in the foreground).

Taken at a height of 1,756 feet above sea-level and about seventeen miles from the mountain.



Panorama of Mount Ararat,

the shadows, in the lights a bright mineral green. Here and there on its banks you descry a naked mound—conjuring a vision of forgotten civilizations and the buried hives of man. It is a vast prospect over the world;—yet vaster far is the expanse you feel about you beyond the limits of sight. It is nothing but a segment of that expanse, a brief vista from north to east between two mountain sides. On the north the slopes of Great Ararat hide the presence of Alagöz, while behind the needle form of Little Ararat all the barren chains and lonely valleys of Persia are outspread. The evening grows and the sun's returning arc bends behind the dome of snow. The light falls between the two mountains and connects the Little Ararat in a common harmony with the richening tints of the plain. There it stands on the further margin of the platform, the clean sharp outline of a pyramid, clothed in hues of a tender yellow seamed with violet veins. At its feet, where its train sweeps the flow of the river valley in long and regular folds—far away in the east, toward the mists of the Caspian—the sandy ground breaks into a troubled surface like angry waves set solid under a spell, and from range to range stretch a chain of low white hummocks like islands

across a sea. Just there in the distance, beneath the Little Ararat, you see a patch of shining white: so vivid that it presents the appearance of a glacier set in the burnt waste. It is probably caused by some chemical efflorescence resting on the dry bed of a lake. All the landscape reveals the frenzy of volcanic forces fixed forever in an imperishable mould; the imagination plays with the forms of distant castles and fortresses of sand. Alone the slopes about you wear the solid colors and hold you to the real world, the massive slopes of Great Ararat raised high above the world. The wreath of cloud which veils the summit till the last breath of warm air dies, has floated away in the calm heaven before the western lights have paled. Behind the lofty piles of rocky causeways concealing the higher seams, rises the immediate roof of Ararat foreshortened in the sky, the short side or gable of the dome, a faultless cone of snow.

When we drew aside the curtain of our tent next morning full daylight was streaming over the open upland valley and the vigorous air had already lost its edge.* The sun had risen high above the Sevinga ranges and swept the plain below us of the lingering vapors which at morning cling, like

* Temperature 10.15 A.M., 72° F.



as Viewed from Aralykh.

shining wool, to the floor of the river-valley, or float in rosy feathers against the dawn. The long-backed Cossack horses had been groomed and watered and picketed in line; the men were sitting smoking in little groups or were strolling about the camp in pairs. A few Kurds, who had come down with milk and provisions, stood listlessly looking on, the beak-nose projecting from the bony cheeks, the brown chest opening from the many-colored tatters draped about the shoulders and waist. The space of level ground between the two mountains cannot much exceed three-quarters of a mile. On the east the graceful seams of Little Ararat rise immediately from the slope upon our right, gathering just beyond the cover of low birchwood and converging in the form of a pyramid toward a summit which has been broken across the point. The platform of this valley is a base for Little Ararat, the rib on the flank of the greater mountain from which the smaller proceeds. So sharp are the lines of the Little Ararat, so clean the upward slope, that the summit, when seen from this pass or saddle, seems to rise as high in the heaven above as the dome of Great Ararat itself. The burnt grass struggles toward the little birch cover, but scarcely touches the higher seams. The

mountain-side is broken into a loose rubble; deep gullies sear it in perpendicular furrows which contribute to the impression of height. The prevailing color of the stones is a bleached yellow verging upon a delicate pink; but these paler strata are divided by veins of bluish andesite pointing upward like spear-heads from the base.

Very different on the side of Great Ararat are the shapes which meet the eye. We are facing the southeastern slope of the mountain, the slope which follows the direction of its axis, the short side or gable of the dome. In the descending train of the giant volcano this valley is but an incidental or lesser feature; yet it marks and in a sense determines an important alteration in the disposition of the surface forms. It is here that the streams of molten matter descending the mountain-side have been arrested and deflected from their original direction to fall over the massive base. The dam or obstacle which has produced this deviation is the sharp harmonious figure of the lesser Ararat emerging from the sea of piled-up boulders and cleaving the chaos of troughs and ridges like the lofty prow of a ship. The course of these streams of lava is signalized by these causeways of agglomerate rocks—you may follow from a



The Great Chasm of Arguri.



Colossal Blocks of Conglomerate Hurled Out of the Chasm of Arguri.

streams. On this side of Ararat they have been turned in an oblique direction from the southeast toward the northeast, and they skirt the western margin of the little valley, curving outward to the river and the plain. It is just beneath the first of these walls of loose boulders that our two little tents are pitched; beyond it you see another and yet another, still higher and above them the dome of snow.

point of vantage upon the mountain the numerous branches into which they have divided to several parent or larger

The distance from this valley of the summit of Great Ararat, if we measure upon the survey of the Russian Government along a horizontal line, is rather

over five miles. The confused sea of boulders, of which I have just described the nature, extends, according to my own measurements, to a height of about twelve thousand feet. Above that zone,

encampment toward the roof of snow and crossing the grain of successive walls and depressions emerge upon some higher ridge, the numerous ramifications of the lava system may be fol-

lowed to their source and are seen to issue from larger causeways which rise in bold relief from the snows of the summit region and open fanwise down the higher slopes. In shape these causeways may be said to resemble the sharp side of a wedge: the massive base from which the bank rises narrows to a pointed spine. As the eye pursues the circle of the summit where it vanishes toward the north, these ribs of rock which radiate down the mountain diminish in volume and relief. Their sharp edges commence to cut the snowy canopy about three thousand feet below the dome. It is rather on the south-



Lesser Ararat as it Appeared just before Reaching Sardar-Bulakh.

so arduous to traverse, lies the summit region of the mountain robed in perpetual snow. From whatever point you regard that summit on this southeastern side the appearance of its height falls short of reality in a most substantial degree. Not only does the curve of the upward slope lend itself to a most deceitful foreshortening when you follow it from below, but indeed the highest point or crown of the dome is invisible from this the gable side.

If you strike a direct course from the

eastern side of Ararat, the side which faces the Little Ararat and follows the direction of the axis of the fabric—the line upon which the forces have acted by which the whole fabric has been reared—that a formation so characteristic of the surface of the summit region attains its highest development in a phenomenon which at once arrests the eye. At a height of about fourteen thousand feet a causeway of truly gigantic proportions breaks abruptly from the snow. The head of the ridge

is bold and lofty, and towers high above the snow-slope with steep and rocky sides. The ridge itself is in form a wedge or triangle cut deep down into the side of the mountain and marked along the spine by a canal-shaped depression

which accentuates the descending curve. The zone of troughs and ridges which you are now crossing has its origin in this parent ridge; you see it sweeping outward away from Little Ararat and dividing into branches and systems of



The Dome of Ararat as Seen above Sardar-Bulakh at a Height of about 9,000 Feet.



The Summit, viewed from a Height of 13,000 Feet.

branches as it reaches the lower slopes. Whether its want of connection with the roof of Ararat or the inherent characteristics of its uppermost end are sufficient evidence to justify the supposition of Abich that this ridge at its head marks a separate eruptive centre on the flank of Ararat, I am not competent adequately to discuss. I can only observe that another explanation does not appear difficult to find: it may be possible that the ridge where it narrows to the summit has been fractured and swept away. This peak, or sharp end of the causeway, to whatever causes its origin may be ascribed, is a distinguishing feature on the slope of Ararat, seen far and wide like a tooth or hump or shoulder on this the southeastern side. Although the most direct way to the summit region leads immediately across the zone of bowlders from the camp by the Sardar's pool, yet it is not that which most travellers have followed or which the natives of the district recommend. This line of approach, which I followed for some distance a few days after our ascent, is open to the objection that it is no doubt more difficult to scale the slope of snow upon this side. The tract of uncovered rocks which breaks the snow-fields, offering ladders to the roof of the dome, is situ-

ated farther to the southeast of the mountain above the neck of the valley of the pool. Whether it would not be more easy to reach these ladders by skirting slantwise from the higher slopes is a question which is not in itself unreasonable, and which only actual experience will decide. It was in this manner, I believe, that the English traveller Bryce—now the well-known writer upon the American Commonwealth and a statesman of great authority and weight—made an ascent which as a feat is, I think, the most remarkable of any of the recorded climbs. Starting from the pool at one o'clock in the morning, he reached the summit alone at about two in the afternoon, accomplishing, within a space of about six hours, the last five thousand feet and returning to the point from which he started before sunrise on the following day. We ourselves were advised to follow up the valley, keeping the causeways upon our right, and only then, when we should have reached a point about southeast of the summit, to strike across the belt of rock.

At twenty minutes before two on the 18th of September, our little party left camp in marching order, all in the pride of health and spirits, and eager for the attack. Thin wreaths of cloud

wrapped the snows of the summit, the jealous spell which baffles the bold lover even when he already grasps his prize.

We had taken leave of the Cossack officers and their band of light-hearted men : our friends were returning to Arguri and Aralykh, the one body to hunt the Kurds of the frontier, the other to languish in dull inactivity until their turn shall come round again. Four Cossacks were deputed to remain and guard our camp : we ourselves had decided to dispense with any escort, and to trust to our Kurdish allies. Of these ten sturdy fellows accompanied us as porters to carry our effects, their rifles slung over their many-colored tatters beside the burden allotted to each. With my cousin and myself were the young Swiss, Rudolph Taugwalder, a worthy example of his race and profession — the large limbs, the rosy cheeks, the open mien without guile — and young Ernest Wesson, fresh from the Polytechnic in London, whom I had brought to develop my photographs, and who rendered me valuable assistance in my photographic work. My Armenian dragoman followed as best he was able, until the camp at the snow was reached ; his plump little figure was not well adapted to toil over the giant rocks. Of our number was also an Armenian from Arguri, who had tendered his services as guide ; he was able to indicate a place for our night's encampment, but he did not venture upon the slope of snow.

A little stream trickles down the valley, but sinks exhausted at this season before reaching the Sardars well. In the early summer it is of the volume of a torrent which winds past the encampment like a serpent of silver uttering a

dull rumbling sound.* It is fed by the water from the snow-fields, and there is said to be a spring which con-



The Party en route.

tributes to support it at a height of nearly eleven thousand feet.† After half an hour's walk over the stony surface of the platform, and the ragged herbage burnt yellow by the sun, we entered the narrows of the mountain saddle, and followed the dry bed of this rivulet at the foot of rocky spurs. The tufts of sappy grass, which were

* Madame B. Chantre in "Tour du monde" for 1892, p. 184.

† Markoff : "Ascension du Grand Ararat," in Bulletin de la Soc. Royale Belge de Géographie, Brussels, 1888, p. 579.

sparsely studded on the margin of the watercourse, gave place, as we advanced, to a continuous carpet of soft and verdant turf; here and there the eye rested on the deep green of the juniper, or the graceful fretwork of a wild-rose-tree quivered in the draught. The warm rays flashed in the thin atmosphere and tempered the searching breeze. The spurs on our right descend from the shoulder, and from the causeway of which it forms the head, and are seen to diverge into two systems as they enter the narrow pass. The one group pushes forward to the Little Ararat, and is lost in confused detail; the other, and perhaps the larger, system bends boldly along the side of the valley, sweeping outwards toward the base. At three o'clock we reached a large pool of clouded water collected on a table surface of burnt grass; close by is an extensive bed of nettles and a circle of loose stones. This spot is no doubt the site of a Kurdish encampment, and appeared to have been only recently abandoned by the shepherds and their flocks. The farther we progressed, the more the prospect opened over the slopes of Ararat; we were approaching the level of the lofty ridges which skirt the valley side. Passing, as we now were, between the two Ararats, we remarked that the greater seemed no higher than the lesser, so completely is the eye deceived. In the hollows of the gully there were little pools of water, but the stream itself was dry.

By half past three we had left the gentle watercourse and were winding inwards up the slope of Great Ararat, to cross the black and barren region, the girdle of sharp crags and slippery boulders drawn deep about the upper seams of the mountain like a succession of *chevaux-de-frise*. We thought it must have been on some other side of Ararat that the animals descended from the Ark. For a space of more than three hours we labored on over a chaos of rocks through a labyrinth of ridges and troughs, picking a path and as often retracing it, or scrambling up the polished sides of the larger blocks which arrest the most crafty approach. The Kurds, although sorely taxed by their burdens, were at an advantage

compared to ourselves; they could slip like cats from ledge to ledge in their laced slippers of hide. In one place we passed a gigantic heap of bowlders towering several hundred feet above our heads. The rock is throughout of the same character and color: an andesitic lava of a dark slaty hue. A little later we threaded up a ravine or gully, and after keeping for awhile to the bottom of the depression, climbed slowly along the back of the ridge. I noticed that the grain or direction of the formation lay toward east-south-east. From the head of this ravine we turned into a second, by a natural gap or pass; loose rocks were piled along the sides of the hollow which bristled with fantastic shapes. Here a seated group of camels seemed to munch in silence on the line of fading sky, or the knotty forms of lifeless willows stretched a menace of uplifted arms. In the sheltered laps of this higher region, as we approached our journey's end, the snow still lay in ragged patches increasing in volume and depth. The surface cleared, the view opened; we emerged from the troubled sea of stone. Beyond a lake of snow and a stretch of rubble, rose the ghostly sheet of the summit region holding the last glimmer of day.

It was seven o'clock and we had no sooner halted, than the biting frost numbed our limbs.* The ground about us was not uneven, but an endless crop of pebbles filled the plainer spaces between little capes of embedded rock. At length, upon the margin of the snow-lake, we found a tiny tongue of turf-grown soil, just sufficient emplacement to hold the flying tent, which he had brought for the purpose of this lofty bivouac near the line of continuous snow. We were five to share the modest area which the sloping canvas inclosed, yet the temperature in the tent sank below freezing before the night was done. Down the slope beside us, the snow-water trickled beneath a thin covering of ice. The sheepskin coats which we had brought from Aralykh protected us from chill, but the hardy Kurds slept in their

* Temperature at 8 P.M. 18° F., and next morning at 5.45 A.M. 23° F.

seamy tatters upon the naked rocks around. One among them sought protection as the cold became intenser, and we wrapped him in a warm cape. It was the first time I had passed the night at so great an elevation—12,194 feet above the sea—and it is possible that the unwonted rarity of the atmosphere contributed to keep us awake. But whether it arose from the conditions which surrounded us, or from a nervous state of physical excitement inspired by our enterprise, not one among us, excepting the dragoman, succeeded in courting sleep. That plump little person had struggled on bravely to this, his farthest goal, and his heavy breathing fell upon the silence of the calm, transparent night.

The site of our camp below the snow-line marks a new stage or structural division in the fabric of Ararat. Of these divisions, which differ from one another not only in the characteristics presented by each among them, but also in the gradient of slope, it is natural to distinguish three. We are dealing in particular with that section of the mountain which lies between Aralykh and the summit, and with the features of the southeastern side. First there is the massive base of the mountain, about ten miles in depth, extending from the floor of the river-valley to a height of about six thousand feet. At that point the higher seams commence to gather and the belt of rock begins. The arduous tracts which we had just traversed, where large, loose blocks of hard black lava are piled up like a beach, compose the upper portion of this middle region and may be said to touch the lower margin of the continuous fields of snow. But the line of contact between the extremities of the one and the other stage is by no means so clear and so definite a feature as our metaphor might lead us to expect, and partakes of the nature of a transitional system, a neutral zone on the mountain side, where the rocky layers of the middle slopes have not yet shelved away nor the immediate seams of the summit region settled to their long climb. In this sense the stone fields about our encampment with their patches of last year's snow are invested with the attributes of a natural thresh-

old at the foot of the great dome. The stage which is highest in the structure of Ararat, the stage which holds the dome, has its origin in this threshold or neutral district at an altitude which varies between twelve thousand and thirteen thousand feet.

Very different in character and in appearance from the region we left behind was the slope which faced our encampment robed in perpetual snow. We had pursued the ramifications of the lava system to the side of their parent stems, and in place of blind troughs and prospectless ledges a noble singleness of feature broke upon the extricated view. We commanded the whole summit structure of Ararat on the short or gable side, and the shape which rose from the open ground about us was that of a massive cone. The regular seams which mounted to the summit stretched continuous to the crown of snow, and inclined at an angle which diverged very little from an average of thirty degrees. The gradients from which these higher seams gathered, the slopes about our camp, cannot have exceeded half that inclination or an angle of fifteen degrees. Such was the outline, so harmonious and simple, which a first glance revealed. A more intimate study of the summit region as it expanded to a closer view disclosed characteristics which were not exactly similar to those with which we had already become familiar in the neighborhood of Sardar-Bulakh. It was there the northeastern hemisphere of the mountain—if the term may be applied to the oval figure which the summit region presented—displayed to the prospect upon the segment between east and southeast. Our present position lay more to the southward between the two hemispheres; we were placed near the axis of the figure, and the roof, as seen from our encampment, bore nearly due northwest. The gigantic causeway which there descended on our left hand from the distant snows, now rose on our right like a rocky headland confronting a gleaming sea of ice. But when the eye pursued the summit circle vanishing toward the west, we missed the sister forms of lesser causeways radiating down the mountain side. It is true that the greater proximity of our

standpoint to the foot of these highest slopes curtailed the segment of the circle which we were able to command. This circumstance was not in itself sufficient to explain the change in the physiognomy of the summit region as we saw it on this side. In place of those bold black ribs or ridges spread fanwise down the incline, furrowing the snows with their sharp edges and lined along the troughs of their contiguous bases with broad streaks of sheltered *nevé*, it seemed as if the fabric had fallen asunder, the surface slipped away—all the flank of the mountain depressed and hollow from our camp to the roof of the dome. The canopy of snow which encircled the summit, a broad, inviolate bank unbroken by any rift or rock projection for a depth of some two thousand feet, broke sharply off on the verge of this depression and left the shallow cavity bare. From the base of the giant causeway just above us to the gently pursing outline of the roof you followed the edge of the great snow-field bordering a rough and crumbling region which offered scanty foothold to the snow, where the hollow slope bristled with pointed boulders, and the bold crags pierced the ruin around them in up-standing combs or saw-shaped ridges holding slantwise to the mountain side. On the west side of this broad and uncovered depression, near the western extremity of the cone, a long strip of snow descended from the summit, caught by some trough or sheltering fissure in the rough face of the cliff. Beyond it, just upon the sky-line, the bare rocks reappeared and climbed the slope like a natural ladder to a point where the roof of the dome was lowest and appeared to offer the readiest access to the still invisible crown.

In the attenuated atmosphere surrounding the summit every foot that was gained told; an approach which promised to ease the gradient at the time when it pressed most seemed to offer advantages which some future traveller, recognizing the application of this description, may be encouraged to essay. We ourselves were influenced in the choice of a principle upon which to base our attack by the confident counsels of the Armenian, which the local

knowledge of the Kurds confirmed. We were advised to keep to the eastern margin of the depression by the edge of the great snow-field. You see the brown rocks still baffling the snow-drifts near the point where the deceitful slope appears to end, where, on the verge of the roof, it just dips a little, then stands up like a low white wall on the luminous ground of blue.

The troubled sea of boulders which flowed toward the Little Ararat, from which we had just emerged, still hemmed us in from any prospect over the tracts which lay below. The flush of dawn broke between the two mountains from a narrow vista of sky. The even surface of the snow-slope loomed white and cold above our heads, while the night still lingered on the dark stone about us, shadowing the little laps of ice. Before six o'clock we were afoot and ready: it wanted a few minutes to the hour as we set out from our camp. To the Swiss was intrusted the post of leader; behind him followed, in varying order, my cousin and Wesson and myself. Slowly we passed from the shore of the snow-lake to the gathering of the higher seams, harboring our strength for the steeper gradients as we made across the beach of boulders, stepping firmly from block to block. The broad white sheet of the summit circle descended to the snow-lakes of the lower region in a tongue or gulf of deep *nevé*. You may follow on the margin of the great depression the western edge of this gleaming surface unbroken down the side of the cone. On the east the black wall of the giant causeway aligned the shining slope, invading the field of perpetual winter to a height of over fourteen thousand feet. The width of the snow-field between these limits varied as it descended; on a level with the shoulder or head of the causeway it appeared to span an interval of nearly two hundred yards. The depth of the bed must be considerable, and while the surface holds the tread in places, it as often gives and lets you through. No rock projection or gap or fissure broke the slope of the white fairway, but the winds had raised the crust about the centre into a ribbon of tiny waves. Our plan was to cross the

stony region about us, slanting a little east, and then when she should have reached the edge of the snow-field to mount by the rocks on its immediate margin, adhering as closely as might be possible to the side of the snow. It was in the execution of this plan—so simple in its conception—that the trained instinct of the Swiss availed. Of those who have attempted the ascent of Ararat—and their number is not large—so many have failed to reach the summit that upon a mountain which makes few if any demands upon the resources of the climbers' craft, their discomfiture must be attributed to other reasons: to the peculiar nature of the ground traversed no less than to the inordinate duration of the effort, to the wearisome recurrence of the same kind of obstacles and to the rarity of the air. Now the disposition of the rocks upon the surface of the depression was by no means the same as that which we had studied in connection with the seams which lay below. The path no longer struggled across a troubled sea of ridges or strayed within the blind recesses of a succession of gigantic waves of stone. On the other hand the gradients were as a rule steeper, and the clearings covered with a loose rubble which slipped from under the feet. The boulders were piled one upon another in heaps as they happened to fall, and the sequence of forms was throughout arbitrary and subject to no fixed law. In one place it was a tower of this loose masonry which blocked all further approach, in another a solid barrier of sharp crags laced together which it was necessary to circumvent. When the limbs had been stiffened and the patience exhausted by the long and devious escalade, the tax upon the lungs was at its highest and the strain upon the heart most severe. Many of the difficulties which travellers have encountered upon this stage of the climb may be avoided or met at a greater advantage by adhering to the edge of the snow. But the fulfilment of this purpose is by no means so easy as the case might at first sight appear. You are always winding inward to avoid the heaps of boulders, or emerging on the backs of gigantic blocks of lava toward the margin of

the shining slope. In the choice of the most direct path, where many offered, the Swiss was never at fault; he made his way up the cone without a moment's hesitation, like a hound threading a close cover and seldom if ever foiled.

At twenty minutes to seven, when the summit of lesser Ararat was about on a level with the eye, we paused for awhile and turned toward the prospect now opening to a wider range. The day was clear and promised warmth; above us the snowy dome of Ararat shone in a cloudless sky. The landscape on either side of the beautiful pyramid lay outspread at our feet, from northeast, the hidden shores of Lake Sevanga, to where the invisible seas of Van and Urumia diffused a soft veil of opaline vapor over the long succession of lonely ranges in the southeast and south. The wild borderland of Persia and Turkey for the first time expanded to view. The scene, however much it belied the conception at a first and hasty glance, bore the familiar imprint of the characteristics peculiar to the great table-land. The mountains revealed their essential nature and disclosed the familiar forms, the surface of the plateau was broken into long furrows which tended to hummock shapes. So lofty was the stage, so aloof this mighty fabric from all surrounding forms, the world lay dim and featureless about it like the setting of a dream. In the foreground were the valleys on the south of Little Ararat circling round to the Araxes floor, and on the northeast, beside the thread of the looping river, a little lake dropped like a turquoise on the sand, where the mountain swept the plain.

In the space of another hour we had reached an elevation about equal to that of the head of the causeway on the opposite side of the snow, a point which I think I am justified in fixing at over fourteen thousand feet. We were now no longer treading on the shore of an inlet; along the vague horizon of the summit circle was the limit of the broad white sea. But on our left hand the snowless region of rock and rubble still accompanied our course and a group of red crags stood high above us where the upward slope appeared to end.

Yet another two hours of continuous

climbing, and at about half-past nine the loose bowlders about us opened and we approached the foot of those crags. The end seemed near but the slope was deceitful, and when once we had reached the head of the formation the long white way resumed. The blue vault about us streamed with sunlight; the snow melted in the crannies, a genial spirit lightened our toil.

And now, without any sign or warning, the mysterious spell which held the mountain began to throw a web about us, craftily from below. The spirits of the air came sailing through the azure with shining gossamer wings, while the heavier vapors gathered around from dense banks serried upon the slope beneath us a thousand feet lower down.

The rocks still climbed the increasing gradient, but the snow was closing in. At eleven we halted to copy an inscription which had been neatly written in Russian characters on the face of a bowlder stone. It recorded that on the third day of the eighth month of 1893, the expedition led by the Russian traveller, Postukhoff, passed the night in this place. At the foot of the stone lay several objects: a bottle filled with fluid, an empty tin of biscuits, a tin containing specimens of rock.

At half-past eleven I took the angle of the snow-slope, at this point thirty-five degrees. About this time the Swiss thought it prudent to link us all together with his rope. The surface of the rocks was still uncovered, but their bases were imbedded in deep snow.

It was now, after six hours arduous climbing, that the strain of the effort told. The lungs were working at the extreme limit of their capacity, and the pressure upon the heart was severe. At noon I called a halt, and released young Wesson from his place in the file of four. His pluck was still strong, but his look and gait alarmed me and I persuaded him to desist. We left him to rest in a sheltered place and there await our return. From this time on we all three suffered, even the Swiss himself. My cousin was affected with mountain sickness; as for me, I found it almost impossible to breathe and climb at the same time. We made a few steps upward, and then paused

breathless and gasped again and again. The white slope vanishing above us ends in the crown of the dome, and the bowlders, strewn more sparsely before us, promised a fairer way. But the farther we went the goal seemed little closer, and the shallow snow, resting on a crumbling rubble, made us lose one step in every three. A strong smell of sulphur permeated the atmosphere; it proceeded from the sliding surface upon which we were treading, a detritus of pale sulphurous stones.

At 1.25 we saw a plate of white metal affixed to a cranny in the rocks. It bore an inscription in Russian characters which dated from 1888. I neglected to copy out the unfamiliar letters, but there can be little doubt that they recorded the successful ascent of Dr. Markoff, an ascent in which that able linguist and accomplished traveller suffered hardships which cost him dear.

A few minutes later, at half-past one, the slope at last eased, the ground flattened, the struggling rocks sank beneath the surface of a continuous field of snow. At last we stood upon the summit of Ararat—but the sun no longer pierced the white vapor; a fierce gale drove across the forbidden region and whipped the eye straining to distinguish the limits of snow and cloud. Vague forms hurried past on the wings of the whirlwind; in place of the landscape of the land of promise we searched dense banks of fog.

Disappointed perhaps, but relieved of the gradient and elated with the success of our climb, we ran in the teeth of the wind across the platform, our feet scarcely sinking in the storm-swept crust of the surface, the gently undulating roof of the dome. Along the edge of a spacious snow-field which dipped toward the centre and was longest from northwest to southeast, on the vaulted rim of the saucer which the surface resembled, four separate elevations could conveniently be distinguished as the highest points in the irregular oval figure which the whole platform appeared to present. The highest among these rounded elevations bore northwest from the spot where we first touched the summit or emerged upon the roof; that spot itself marked another of these

inequalities; the remaining two were situated respectively in this manner: the one about midway between the two already mentioned, but nearer to the first and on the north side, the other about south of the northwestern elevation, and this seemed the lowest of all. The difference in height between this northwestern elevation and that upon the southeast was about two hundred feet, and the length of the figure between these points—we paced only a certain portion of the distance—was about five hundred yards. The width of the platform, so far as we could gauge it, was some three hundred yards. A single object testified to the efforts of our forerunners and to the insatiable enterprise of man: a stout stake imbedded upon the northwestern elevation in a little pyramid of stones. It was here that we took our observations and made our longest halt.* Before us lay a valley or deep depression, and on the farther side rose the northwestern summit, a symmetrical cone of snow. This summit connected with the bold snow buttresses beyond it, terraced upon the northwestern slope. The distance down and up from where we stood to that summit was about four hundred yards, but neither the Swiss nor ourselves considered it higher, and we were prevented from still further exploring the summit region by the increasing violence of the gale and by the gathering gloom of cloud. The sides and floor of the valley or saddle between the two summits were completely covered with snow, and we saw no trace of the lateral fissure which Abich, no doubt under different circumstances, was able to observe.

We remained forty minutes upon the summit, but the dense veil never lifted from the platform, nor did the blast cease to pierce us through. No sooner did an opening in the driving vapors reveal a vista of the world below than fresh levies flew to the unguarded interval and the wild onset resumed. Yet

what if the spell had lost its power, and the mountain and the world lain bare? Had the tissue of the air beamed clear as crystal, and the forms of earth and sea, embroidered beneath us, shone like the tracery of a shield?

We should have gained a balloon view over nature; should we have caught her voice so well? The ancient voice heard at cool of day in the garden, or the voice that spoke in accents of thunder to a world condemned to die. "It repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. . . . The earth was filled with violence. And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt. . . . In the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up and the windows of heaven were opened. . . . And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights."

We were standing on the spot where the Ark of Gopher rested, where first the patriarch alighted on the face of an earth renewed. Before him lay the valleys of six hundred years of sorrow; the airiest pinnacle supported him, a boundless hope filled his eyes. The pulse of life beat strong and fresh around him; the busy swarms thrilled with sweet freedom, elect of all living things. In the settling exhalations stood the bow of many colors, eternal token of God's covenant with man.

The peaks which rose on the distant borderland where silence had first faltered into speech were wrapped about with the wreaths of fancy, a palpable world of cloud. Did we fix our foot upon these solid landmarks to wish the vague away, to see the hard summits stark and naked and all the floating realm of mystery flown? The truth is firm and it is well to touch and feel it and know where the legend begins: but the legend itself is truth transfigured as the snow distils into cloud. The reality of life speaks in every syllable of that solemn, stately tale; divine hope bursting the bounds of matter to compromise with despair. And the ancient mountain summons the spirits about him and veils a futile frown as the rising sun illumines the valleys of Asia and the life of man lies bare. The

*The temperature of the air a few feet below the summit out of the gale was 20° F. The height of the northwestern elevation of the southeastern summit of Ararat is given by my Whymper Mountain aneroid as 17,493 feet. The reading is no doubt too high by several hundred feet. The Carey aneroid gives a still higher figure, and the Boyleau-Mariotti mercurial barometer entirely refused to work.

spectres walk in naked daylight, Violence and Corruption and Decay. The traveller finds in majestic nature consolation for these sordid scenes, while a

spirit seems to whisper in his ears: "Turn from him!—turn from him that he may rest till he shall accomplish, as an hireling, his day."

HUNTING MUSK OX

WITH THE DOG RIBS.



ON the seventh of July, 1893, I landed at Fort Rae, an isolated and insignificant station kept by a chief trader of the Hudson's Bay Company. Rae lies sixty miles north of the main body of the Great Slave Lake, and about nine hundred miles north of the last railway point. The main object of my journey to the Far North was to obtain musk-ox for museum specimens. I had chosen Rae as my head-quarters, as it is the nearest post to the Barren Ground, which occupies the northeastern portion of the continent beyond a line drawn from the mouth of the Churchill River to the mouth of the Mackenzie. The musk-ox are now hunted by the Eskimo from Hudson's Bay, and the shores of Coronation Gulf, and by the Indians, from Fort Good Hope to the eastern

end of the Great Slave Lake. They were found ten years ago at the edge of the timber, but they have been hunted during the last few years for their robes, until they have been driven back from one to two hundred miles beyond the limit of forest growth. I expected to engage Indians to accompany me into the Barren Ground during the months of October and November. I secured the services of a young Indian at the fort, whom I soon found would not be of any use as "either man or boy," and as there were no others available as interpreters, I was of necessity interpreter, official head, dog-driver, hunter, artist, naturalist, and cook of the expedition, though the duties of the last functionary never became very onerous.

Difficulties soon arose to prevent the accomplishment of my plans. The Indians decided to abandon the fall hunt altogether, as the days are short and severe storms prevail at that season, making the trip into the Barren Ground extremely dangerous. Four years ago a man was lost and never seen again,

and each year one or more hunters are stricken with paralysis resulting from the hardship and exposure.

There was no alternative but to wait until spring, when the longer days and milder weather would permit us to travel.

Another, quite unexpected, obstacle was the superstition of the Indians, which manifested itself when I attempted to make a summer trip into the Barren Ground. They firmly believed that the animals which I sent down to be mounted would live forever, and would be in such a happy state that they would induce all the vast herds of musk-ox and reindeer of the Barrens to migrate and join them in the mysterious "Mollah Endah" or white man's country.

Although they looked upon any white man not connected with the Company as lawful prey, who was to pay exorbitant prices for their services because "you are rich and we are poor," their superstition was stronger than their cupidity. On the fourth of March I told a party of four, who had come to the fort for ammunition for the hunt, that I was going with them whether they wanted me to do so or not. With the aid of the fort interpreter we discussed the matter until midnight. Johnnie

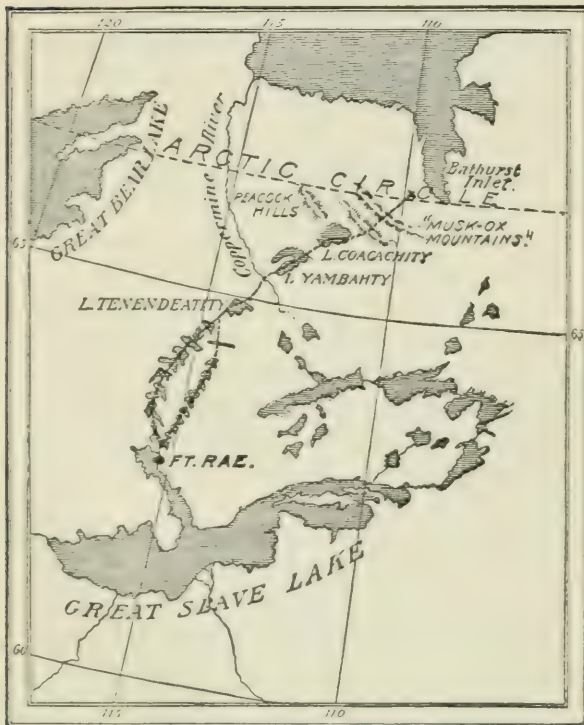
Cohoyla, a petty chief, was leader of the party. He finally consented to "look after me," which meant to look at me doing my own work, and to cook for me—if I purchased meat for him and his family, which became surprisingly large in a short time. In return I agreed to pay two "skins," or one dollar a day, and supply tea for our party during the trip.

We started late on the 5th for the Indian camps at the edge of the timber. I was not in a cheerful mood as I hitched in my dogs for the long journey which, the Dog Ribs emphatically declared, would kill me, as they, accustomed to such a life, "found it hard." I would have to walk or run on snow-shoes the entire distance, and not lie in a portable bed or cariole as do most travellers in the interior of the Far North, while some native driver attends to the team. I would not hear an English word for two months, and the antagonism of the unwilling Indians must prove a source of constant annoyance.

My outfit consisted of a 45-90 Winchester and ammunition, fifteen pounds of dried caribou meat, eighteen pounds of frozen bread, several pounds of tea, and a few ounces of salt. My bedding consisted of a single four-point blanket sewed to a light deer-skin robe.

Johnnie tried to "plant" me on the hundred and fifty mile trip to the camps. He would have walked that distance in two days, but his dogs were not equal to the task, and though they were beaten until their heads were bruised and bleeding, they could not reach our destination in less than three days. My ankles troubled me with the torturing *mal de raquette*, which made me very glad to see the dirty smoke-begrimed lodges with their swarm of dogs and half-naked children. The whole camp was soon wrangling over my last pinch of salt. I was dependent upon my rifle or the Indians for meat, which with tea made up the bill of fare for the next two months.

The Dog Ribs were not ready for the great Etjerrerr-kah—musk-ox hunt. They must first make new snow-shoes, sled lines, and moccasins; caribou must be killed and pounded meat and grease



A Map of the Country Traversed, showing the Author's Route from Fort Rae.

prepared. We moved our camp twice during the next three weeks, which interrupted the dreary monotonous rub-dub of the Dog Rib drums, to the beating of which the beggars sat and gambled from early morning until midnight.

On the evening of the 28th my dogs were not to be found at feeding-time; "Tekah, ils mangeaient, vos chiens, as'soir," said Johnnie. "Yazzy tekah thlohn," said the others. "The wolves will eat your dogs to-night."

"Yes, the wolves are very numerous." Without the dogs I could do nothing; missing this opportunity I must remain another year in the country, or go back to Iowa without these, the most difficult to obtain of American mammals. After a long search the next morning, I found two of them feeding upon the remains of a caribou six miles from camp and by 3 P.M., just as I was concluding arrangements to buy two miserable little giddies, the other two dogs made their appearance. I felt that a year of my life had been restored!

An hour later we started on the grand hunt, in which only the best men engaged, the women and children, of course, remaining at the camps in the woods. There were eleven Indians in the party, with two lodges—Johnnie in charge of mine with three other Indians. On the second day we traversed a long narrow lake, called Tenendeatity. Early in the afternoon, from the summit of a lofty granite hill, I beheld the *Barren Ground* for the first time.

Behind us lay the rugged hills, their slopes clothed with stunted pines upon which a bright sun was shining. Before us were hills still more precipitous and barren, everywhere strewn with an-

gular blocks of granite—a monotonous, dreary waste, from which a snow-storm was swiftly approaching. Half-acre patches of pines from one to three feet high still appeared for a few miles, but our lodge-poles were cut that day; these were trimmed down so slender that they would afford little fuel for the return trip; each sled carried four poles fourteen feet in length. The country was so rough that we only travelled thirty-five miles.

On the fourth day we encamped in a little clump of pines on the Coppermine River. The Dog Ribs

called this stream *Tson Ta*. It takes its rise in a large lake called *Ek-ah Ta*, which is two days' journey in length. This was the last outlier of the timbered country, and henceforth fuel had to be carried on our sleds. The largest of the trees reached a height of twenty-five feet, with thick, twisted, and much-branched trunks. We left the Coppermine with our sleds loaded, as heavily as the dogs could haul, with wood, cut and split into billets of convenient size. What a luxury a good oil-stove would have been! As we were about to start, "Jimmy the Chief," who was leader of the band, and by far the most intelligent man among them, after a long look eastward, turned to me and said: "A-ye tetchiu touty, nitzy nitchah,



The Author Equipped for the Journey.

yazzy edsah." "This is the woodless country where the blizzards blow and it is always cold." Then drawing his old gray blanket closer about his shoulders, and grasping his double-barrelled smooth-bore, he set off at a rapid pace, the seven trains falling into line upon the track of his snow-shoes.

We followed the course of a small stream called Kwe-lond Ta for about forty miles, until we reached a lake at least thirty miles in length, called Yam-bahty.

On the seventh day I killed a male caribou, four or five years old, still bearing his antlers, though we are told that the bucks shed them early in December. Half the caribou still carried their antlers.

As we advanced that day the hills became more rolling, with gravel and pebbles, but fewer boulders. Wherever the wind had swept the surface clear of snow, the reindeer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*) and tufts of low grass appeared. Toward evening we passed a few old musk-ox tracks.

On the ninth day we traversed the largest lake seen north of the Great Slave Lake, which I think must have been the Rum Lake of Franklin, mapped as Congecathawathaga by Arrowsmith, and called by my companions Coahcachity. Away toward the northern end of the lake four or five peaks were visible. Two of these were lofty cones, standing pure white in their snow-mantles, identical in size and shape, with almost perpendicular sides.

We crossed two gravel ridges trending southeast and northwest, and again encountered the hills of naked granite strewn with great angular boulders, which necessitated constant watchfulness to prevent our sleds from being broken.

These vehicles were the common birch flat sleds of the North, fifteen inches in width and seven feet in length. They soon became grooved from end to end by the sharp points of rocks lying just below the surface of the snow, which ploughed across the bottom, ordinarily as smooth as glass, and made them much harder for the dogs to haul. Still Jimmy's old gray blanket led the way straight over the hills,

never swerving from a northeast course. Sometimes we would ascend for an hour, and then go pell-mell down a steep incline for two or three hundred feet, holding back our sleds with all our strength, yet landing in the drifts at the bottom, with the sled-dog dragging under and the rest of the team tangled in the harness.

The reindeer were now quite abundant, and we had little difficulty in killing enough for men and teams. My dogs were keen hunters, and were always ready to dash after the herds of gray-hued caribou, which swept over the snowy slopes like the shadows of swift-flying clouds. The only way that I could restrain them was to overturn the sled. In the evening, when they were released from the harness, they would pursue any caribou which might appear near our camp, which caused me considerable anxiety, as the dismal howl of the never-distant wolves gave warning of their certain fate if they left the camp. One of the giddies was lost in this way.

On the tenth day Johnnie, with three other Indians and myself, separated from the others and turned a little more to the northward. We were now in what the Dog Ribs designated the Musk-ox Mountains. After running about ten miles, Esyuh, who was in advance, suddenly turned and began to make frantic gestures. Over the hills, a mile away, appeared a black object closely followed by another and another. No need for him to urge us to hasten forward, or to tell us what those huge rolling balls were. "Etjerrer! Tahy etjerrer!" Three musk-ox, and a few seconds later the dogs were all released and scattering out over the country, some in pursuit, some on the back track, and others trotting complacently along at their masters' heels. We followed as fast as we could run. Then it was that I discovered the advantage of having light clothing, light guns and ammunition. I was distanced by my companions, who killed the musk-ox after a run of three miles. As soon as the dogs reached them they turned to defend themselves, and fell an easy prey to the hunters, who were soon upon them. Our lodge



Making Preparations for the Start from Fort Rae.

was set up that night beside the fallen carcasses, and our teams for once had all they could eat. There were several hundred pounds of meat with fat two inches in thickness on the backs. Meat of excellent quality, without the faintest trace of musk perceptible. That from one of the animals was tender and as well flavored as any venison that I ever ate. The others were tough, but the Dog Ribs preferred tough meat to walking a dozen yards to get that of a younger animal. The complexion of our diet was now changed; before we had enjoyed caribou ribs boiled, garnished with handfuls of coarse gray hairs; now we had boiled ribs of musk-ox with hairs of a brownish black.

I awakened next morning with a sense of weight upon my blanket, and my ears were greeted with a rushing roar caused by a northeast gale, which

had covered everything inside our lodge, to a depth of a foot or more, with fine, flour-like snow. The temperature was at least thirty degrees below zero. It was impossible to face such a blizzard without freezing in a few minutes. All landmarks were obscured so that we could not continue upon our course. As we had only wood enough for the time that we expected to be engaged in actual travel, we could have no fire on days like this, when we were compelled to "lay to." We remained in our blankets until midday, when a kettle of meat was (half) boiled and we turned in again. In the evening a fire about the size of a cigar-box was kept up long enough to boil a kettle of tea, one cup for each man; we always wanted four! No meat was cooked, for our appetites were soon satisfied with the large sticks of white frozen marrow from the long bones of the musk-ox.

Throughout the following day the storm continued with increased severity, and we were forced to lie in the snow another twenty-four hours.

My dogs never came inside the lodge at night, but coiled themselves up in the lee of the lodge, where the snow soon drifted over them, giving warmth and shelter. The twelve Indian giddies came inside as soon as the last man rolled up in his blanket at night. At first they spent a few minutes fighting over the bones about the fireplace, then they rummaged through everything that was not firmly lashed down. As a dog walked over a prostrate form the muffled "marche" or "m'nitla" would quiet them for an instant, when their snarling and snapping would break out anew, until some of us would pick up a billet of wood and "pacify them." After we had once fallen into the sleep of exhaustion we were seldom awakened by their fighting over us. In the morning I would find two or three giddies coiled up in the snow upon my blanket; the heat of their bodies melted the snow, which froze as soon as they left it and made my scanty bedding hard and stiff.

After sixty hours of such resting we were quite ready to move on, as the thirteenth day dawned bright and clear. Early in the day we caught sight of a band of forty musk-ox already in flight a couple of miles distant. We chased them six miles, but only one of our party reached them, Wisho, who killed four. We were very much fatigued from our long run, and covered with perspiration, which froze on our outer garments as we walked back with the dogs to bring up the sleds. It was after nightfall before we set up the lodge and cold, tired, and hungry, sat shivering around a column of smoke over which hung a kettle containing both meat and drink; for our supply of tea was exhausted and we had to quench our thirst with the greasy bouillon or "tewoh" in which the meat was boiled.

The temperature was falling rapidly, giving us some concern about Johnnie Cohoyla, who had not returned. The next morning I was awakened by the monotonous wailing of his brother,

Esyuh, who was chanting the virtues of the lost reprobate, and entreating the fates in general, and the North Wind in particular, to spare him.

Tunna hoola, a man is lost.



A "Giddie."

The Dog Ribs repeated the phrase with significant glances at me, as if this "Wohkahwe" accompanying them had offended the Great Spirit, so that he had wreaked his vengeance upon the man who had allowed me to enter the Dog Rib hunting-ground. A terrific gale with a temperature of thirty degrees below zero prevented us from searching for the lost man; we could only spend the day in our blankets while the snow drifted in and over all.

That was one of the most miserable days I ever spent. I had tried twice to run with the Indians, and failed to reach the musk-ox, and there seemed to be no immediate prospect of my getting any. The musk-ox were not numerous, they said, and our wood might fail before we secured any more. Johnnie must have perished, as no human being could live through a night of such storm without protection, and it was thirty-six hours before we could search for him. We were shivering in our blankets, even the Indians saying, "Edsah, yazzy edsah"—it is cold, very cold.

The next morning proved to be calm, and we set off in search of Johnnie. I had as great difficulty to keep my cheeks from freezing as at any time

during the winter, though there was scarcely any wind blowing.

After running about ten miles I was recalled by the signalling of another searcher. Johnnie had been found by his brother, safely and snugly rolled up in a couple of musk-ox skins which he had secured, where he had been warmer than if in the lodge, and with plenty of frozen marrow to eat he had been quite comfortable.

On the sixteenth day we continued the journey northward. With the field-glass I discovered a band of fourteen musk-ox on the summit of a high hill, so far away that it was impossible to distinguish them from the surrounding bowlders with the unaided eye. In a couple of hours we were within half a mile of them, and released the dogs, which soon disappeared over an intervening ridge. My companions had concluded, from the way that I had run, or failed to run, on the two previous occasions, that I could not run very far, and that their best plan to keep me

from bringing a magazine-gun into competition with their muzzle-loaders, was to give the musk-ox time to get far enough away so that they could plant me in the race. I had prepared for this occasion by taking off some of my clothing, and only carrying the ammunition actually required, so that when they did begin to run at a swift pace my snow-shoes clanked close beside them.

We soon came upon eleven of the musk-ox standing at bay in two little clusters, hardly lowering their heads at the dogs, whose ardor had been cooled by the statue-like immobility of the noble animals. Their robes were in prime condition, the long hair and heavy erect mane gave them an imposing appearance. To kill them was simple butchery, yet I had no choice but to fire as rapidly as possible and get my share of them, as they were all doomed anyway.

On leaving Fort Rae Johnnie had agreed to assist me in skinning the game killed; he now found that his own af-



On the March.

fairs would require all his attention. Esyuh helped me to skin two, while I finished the third by moonlight, freezing my fingers in the operation. He afterward demanded seventy skins—thirty-five dollars—for his labor!

It was impossible to skin the heads in the darkness. I wrapped the skins around them so that they would not freeze during the night.

Another blizzard was raging in the morning, which prevented moving, but enabled me to attend to the heads, which had not frozen very much; but the skins around them were stiff and solid, so that it was impossible to fold them up for transportation.

I spent the day sawing the skulls in halves, so that they might be loaded on the sled, sitting beside a little smoke arising from the bones of the musk-ox which contained enough grease to burn, though not very readily. Our fires were started with birch-bark, a small roll being carried by each man for that purpose. The pine-wood was cut in sticks a foot in length and finely split, then built up in a "log cabin" or a cone. Each man took his turn blowing to keep it alight, as the wood was not dry and the quantity so small that it required constant attention.

We were destined to spend the next day in the blankets, with the clouds of powdery snow settling down through the smoke-hole of our lodge upon us. We had had but two meals a day since leaving the Coppermine, and when lying storm-bound we ate but one. When travelling, although we were voraciously hungry before nightfall, it was thirst which troubled us the most, as we were running most of the time.

Early on the nineteenth day we sighted musk-ox while yet a long distance from them. While ascending a steep hill I was delayed by my sled sinking in the soft snow until the great awkward balls into which the skins were frozen, projecting at the sides, made the load drag heavily. When I reached the top the others were a quarter of a mile in advance, and instead of waiting for me to come up, they had released their dogs and were likely to kill every musk-ox before I could reach them. Johnnie, remembering the havoc which my Win-

chester was liable to make in his fur returns, thought best to "suspend the rules" of the hunting-code, and let me buy of them if I wanted any musk-ox. Without releasing my dogs, which were wildly tugging at their collars, I started forward with little hopes of killing any musk-ox, but in excellent humor for slaughtering a few Dog Ribs. Fortune, however, smiled upon me. Four bulls of the largest size broke away together without a dog in pursuit, and came within range. This was not so much like butchering them; they were running much faster than I could on snowshoes, and had a chance for their lives. I killed two as they passed me about a hundred yards distant, and wounded the others so that they were bagged after a run of half a mile. I had now killed seven musk-ox, and had as many on my sled as the Hudson's Bay people had told me it was possible to haul. When Johnnie returned from chasing the scattered herd, I stated my plain and unbiassed opinion of him in all the Red River French and Dog Rib that I could command. His deprecatory "Yazyzy" changed to a sheepish "Nazee"—good—when I informed him that I had secured all the robes that I wanted. He refused to carry a skeleton for me at any price, not even a head or half a split skull would he carry, though I gave him two robes for carrying back the lodge.

The next day was spent in camp; the others were engaged in skinning the animals killed, and in boiling bones for grease to eat on the return trip. I thus had an opportunity to prepare the two skulls for transportation.

On the twenty-first day of the hunt we started homeward—the turning-point of the expedition. We were all heavily loaded with the loose bulky skins. The sleds were frequently overturned, and if our dogs had not been in unusually good condition, would never have been brought out at all. My load extended over both ends of the sled, and was nearly as high as my shoulders, with the four lodge-poles on top, making it no easy matter to keep everything lashed firmly.

On the twenty-third day a blinding snow-storm prevented moving before



A Herd of Musk-ox.

mid-day, when we pushed on through the soft snow without meat for ourselves or the dogs. On the return trip we only secured five caribou, which was less than half rations for five men and sixteen dogs.

We were now burning our lodge-poles for fuel; on the night of the twenty-fifth day the lodge was set up for the last time, with two poles only, and with our sled lines, made fast to the circle of sleds, which were always enclosed, gave sufficient support. We started at 6 A.M., determined to reach the Coppermine, some fifty miles distant, before camping. In the afternoon we came upon a lodge-pole, standing beside a sled track which we had followed all day, upon which a line written in the syllabic characters informed us that Jimmie's party was to reach the woods that evening also.

At half-past ten, after sixteen and a half hours of continuous travelling, we reached the little grove of pines, which seemed more welcome than any harbor to the storm-tossed sailor. We were

all too much fatigued to cut much brush, and fell asleep in a little hole scooped in the snow, before a few logs which made such an uncomfortably hot fire that we did not enjoy it as we had anticipated. But we would no longer have to sleep upon snow or flat rocks, we would not have to sleep with our moc-casins and frozen blanket footings next our bodies to dry them, and at noon-day we could have tewoh to quench our thirst.

After five hours' rest we were awakened by Jimmie, who reminded us that there was nothing to eat, and that we must push rapidly on. My load weighed over five hundred pounds, and the dogs were getting pitifully weak. I pushed on the sled and carried a load on my back to assist them. We were three days in reaching the camps. We only rested five hours at night and then hurried on again, as the teams were failing rapidly for want of food. On the twenty-eighth day the first signs of a thaw appeared; the snow softened just enough to cause it to stick to our

snow-shoes, so that it made them heavy to carry, and, worse still, lumps of ice would accumulate every few minutes which soon blistered the bottoms of our feet over the entire surface.

On the last two days before reaching the camps the heavy snow-shoes caused the *mal de raquette* to reappear, which made it simply torture to move; yet we were now in the woods, where the soft snow required heavier work in the management of the sleds.

At two in the afternoon of the twenty-ninth day we reached the vicinity of the camping-place from which we had started, and fired several rounds to announce our arrival. A few minutes later we dashed into—a deserted camp. The lodges were gone, the snow had drifted over their sites. Their skeleton poles offered a dreary welcome to us as, tired, hungry, and disappointed, we turned away in no pleasant humor to follow the track along which a line of slanting poles indicated the direction of departure. We were upon an old, hard track from which the sled frequently overturned into the soft snow on either side, and my dogs were about giving up altogether. A great deal more powder was burned as we ap-

proached the camps, three hours later. As I passed one of the first lodges my sled swayed off the track and caught against a tree, much to the amusement of a couple of young women who, after watching my attempts to right it, remarked, "Yazzy Wahkahwee natsuthly," the white man is weak, indeed. One of them grasped the sled line to show me how to straighten up a load, and tugged and hauled and tugged again without producing the slightest effect. I am afraid that I laughed very ungallantly as the discomfited maiden fled to the shelter of the lodge. Mrs. Jimmie came to me with a very cordial greeting, exclaiming, "Merci, Merci—Cho. Nazee etjerrerkah" — "Thanks, big thanks, for the good musk-ox hunt;" evidently ascribing our success, in a measure, to my presence.

It was nearly midnight on the fourth of May when my weary dogs crept over the hill into Fort Rae and halted at the door they had left two months before. The long march of eight hundred miles was over, but the goggles and snow-shoes, the whip and harness were not suffered to be long laid aside, for five days later I had started on the far longer journey down the Mackenzie.





THE SINGER

By M. L. Van Vorst

I

It's very sweet by the river side,
Where tall green flags with purple tops
Bend to a current that never stops ;
And the level country stretches wide
On either side to meet the sky
A dim, gray port for the meadow's tide.

II

Swift pointed arrows the swallows fly
Dip their wings in the cold, clear stream,
Then circle far—and I have my dream
To dream alone: till my company
Becomes the winds of the night that stir
The tops of the poplars straight and high.

III

And the white, white night is full of *her*. . . .
Half-hushed whispers that thrill and break
The deep-breathed stillness, as these winds shake
The leaves, till the wood's a murmurer
Of linkèd, lingering memories
Of that drifted life, and the days that were.

IV

She swept the chords to harmonies
(*Sing, O Singer, but not of me!*
I sing as God bids me sing, said he)
A song of the wind in the poplar-trees;
Of two that go through the meadow's tide
To a far, dim port that no man sees.



WOOD SONGS

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy

I



BELLOVED, when far up the mountain-side
We found, almost at eventide,
Our spring, how we did fear
Lest it should dare the trackless wood
And disappear!
And lost all heart when on the crest we stood,
And saw it spent in mist below.
Yet ever surer was its flow,
And, ever gathering to its own
New springs of which we had not known,
To fairer meadows
Swept exultant from the woodland shadows;
And when at last upon the baffling plain
We thought it scattered like a ravelled skein,
Lo, tranquil, free,
Its longed-for home—the wide, unfathomable sea!

II

LET it not grieve thee, dear, that Love is sad,
Who, changeless, loveth so the things that change,—
The morning in thine eyes, the dusk within thy hair.
Were it not strange
If he were glad
Who cannot keep thy heart from care,
Or shelter from the whip of pain
The bosom where his head hath lain?
Poor sentinel, that may not guard
The door that love itself unbarred!
Who in the sweetness
Of his service knows its incompleteness,
And while he sings
Of life eternal, feels the coldness of Death's wings.

III

LAST night I dreamed this dream: That I was dead;
And as I slept forgot of men and God
That other dreamless sleep of rest,
I heard a footstep on the sod,
As of one passing overhead,—
And lo, thou, Dear, didst touch me on the breast,
Saying: "What shall I write against thy name
That men should see?"
Then quick the answer came,
"I was beloved of thee."

HOPPER'S OLD MAN

By Robert C. V. Meyers



WHEN the call came up the speaking-tube that the "old man" wanted to see him in the office, Hopper knew what it meant.

He was sorry, but as Miss Blanche had tearfully come to the house and asked him to take her in, there had been nothing else for him to do. And though he might question the right of an uncle to tell a niece she should have no say in the matter, but must take the husband that was picked out for her, that was none of his business; all he had to do with it was to give the girl the protection she asked for when her natural protectors had turned her away. There had been nothing else for him to do.

Hopper cleared his throat, pulled down his shirt-sleeves, and went down to the office.

"Of course," says the "old man," "you know why I sent for you?"

Hopper nodded stiffly.

"And equally, of course," continues Dolph, "you'll send Blanche away from your house at once."

Hopper felt that his interlocutor knew he wouldn't do anything of the sort, and so he told him.

"You won't?" says Dolph, his gray mustache twitching.

"I *can't*," says Hopper, stubbornly.

"Do you know," kept on Dolph, in a cold, dangerous manner, "that she is my brother Henry's child that I've brought up as a daughter since her parents died, denying her nothing under heaven, till she falls in love with this ninny of a music-teacher of hers and refuses to ratify her engagement with her cousin, Hector Whitcomb?"

"I only know," Hopper returned, "that she's a woman, and that she came to me and asked me to take her in when you turned her out. Me turn her away! I couldn't, if *or'y* out of respect to you, for she's the daughter of your Hen that was my boss more than thirty years ago.

And she's the daughter of that lady Hen married."

Hopper was sorry as soon as those last words left his lips, for he more than suspected how much Dolph himself had cared for the lady who afterward married his brother.

"Sam," said the "old man," so quietly you might have supposed he had not been touched up at all, "I have set my mind on her marrying her mother's brother's son. It's the only match for her, and she has no right to disobey me, especially as she had promised to marry him. And who is this music-teacher that comes along and dazzles her? A fool with tunes in his head instead of ideas that mean money. Her father and her mother would never have allowed it, and no more will I. You've heard me out. Turn Blanche away, and she'll come back to Hector and me. I *know* it. I've been too easy all along; I'm easy with my family, I'm easy with my men. Have I ever been hard with you?"

"Never till now," answered Hopper, with a shake in his voice. "Never."

"Very good!" returned the "old man," dryly. "And now I'm only hard with you for Blanche's good. You like her, I think?"

"I knew her as a baby," Hopper answered. "I've dandled her on my knee here in the shop when she come to see her father and you. I knew her father before her, and her mother was kind to my wife when our little Maggie died—she said suppose it had been hern. And I only wish good for Miss Blanche. If she's in love with her music-teacher, that's her affair. I ain't got anything to do with anything but her asking me to take her in when you'd turned her out, and she was too ashamed to go to her other friends. If she wants to leave my house she's welcome to do so. But, turn her out? I don't know what you take me for. She's trusted me, and I can't go back on that trust. I *can't*."

"Very good!" said Blanche's uncle, as before. "Then, Hopper, listen to this. I've made my will. In it I've put you down for five thousand dollars, in consideration of old friendship and your faithful services. If you keep Blanche another night, that will shall be altered. More than that," for he saw the contemptuous indignation in Hopper's face, "if you keep her another night you need not inconvenience yourself to come to the shop in the morning."

For the moment Hopper was stunned. To leave the shop where as man and boy he had done his best for so long a time—he that loved the shop and everything about it, even to the greasy odors, the rustle of the machinery, the whistling of the men as they filed and scraped and burnished! To leave the shop!

Then he looked the "old man" straight in the eyes. Without a word he went up to his room and made a bundle of his apron and tools.

"What's up, Hop?" called one of the men. "Had a scrap with the frapped dude?"—this in reference to the new partner, Whitcomb.

Hopper was eyed by fifty men, and the whistled tunes got all tangled together as he reached for his hat and went toward the door. There he paused and looked back. It was all so familiar, so home-like. "Well, boys," he said, "it's good-by!"

Without waiting to hear the result of these earthquake words he bolted.

He had to pass by the office.

There stood the "old man"—back of him Hopper could see the new partner with a very black face.

"Sam," Dolph called out, coming toward him, "you are sure you are making no mistake? Remember, this is bad for Blanche as it is for you. If you turn against her she is bound to come back to me, and in time she'll learn what a little fool she has been; if you harbor her——"

"I harbor nobody," Hopper broke in, sharply. "I'll tell her all you've said to me, and she can do as she pleases. I'll tell her all except about that money you say you've left to me; she needn't know about that, and maybe sacri-

fice herself for me. But I'll never turn her from my door. Never!"

The "old man" lingered, looking at the bundle under his foreman's arm.

"I see," he said, "you take it for granted she will not come back to me."

"If she does," retorted Hopper, "then she don't care for the man she says she loves; or else she's no woman."

In the street Hopper's head cooled a little, and he wondered if he had looked all the facts in the face. But what else could he have done than stand up for his own ideas of the right and wrong? Also, he wondered what the Missus would say to his coming home to her like this, discharged?

But Missus was as sweet as pie; she felt honored by the trust reposed in her and Hopper by Miss Blanche, and already she was elevated in the eyes of the neighbors, especially in those of the Bazelys, who always tried to out-do her in the matter of social standing, and the like. Besides, Missus had a woman's vein of romance in her, and it seemed just like a story to have Miss Blanche sticking up for the man she loved—"the Professor."

The only thing Hopper kept back was that mention of the five thousand dollars in the "old man's" will—that was all over and done now, and nobody was the richer or poorer than if the will had never been made. He talked to Miss Blanche, as he had told her uncle he should do, and laid before her the practical outcome of her going against Dolph's wishes.

"No," she said, "Mr. Hopper, I cannot do it. I tried to like Hector for my uncle's sake, but when Mr. Dimpfel—that is, Gustav—told me what I was to him, I knew that I could never marry Hector. Though, I am very sorry for you, Mr. Hopper, and Uncle Dolph's behavior toward you only proves how unreasonable he is all round."

"Never mind me," says Hopper. "That's all right."

So Miss Blanche was married the following week, and "the Professor" took her to a high-priced boarding-place. A few days later Missus, from whom the glamour of the wedding at her house had not yet faded, went to see the bride,

dressed in her black silk and with Mrs. Bazely's stella shawl on—Mrs. Bazely borrowing Missus's black shawl for funerals, and in turn loaning the stella for occasions of a less subdued nature.

Missus came back radiant. "She's too sweet for anything," she reported. "And the parlor's furnished in red velvet, and a black man waits on the door. He asked me for my card. I wished I'd got Mrs. Bazely's Tom to print me one on his little printing-press. I never thought. Now I'll take back Mrs. Bazely's shawl; she's just dying to hear all about it. Laws! if I didn't forget to look if Blanche had her handkerchief in her hand! Maude Bazely wanted to know, for she's going to her beau's sister's party, and she don't know if it's the latest to carry your handkerchief in your hand, or tuck it up under your waist. Put the kettle on, I won't be long."

Hopper knew how long she would be, so he sat and thought over matters before he attended to the kettle. Already he was beginning to feel somewhat like a criminal as day after day went by and he did not go to work. It was wearing on him; often he woke at five in the morning, hurriedly got into his clothes in order that he might read the paper and get at the latest outrages inflicted on the people by congress and councils, that he might reach the shop politically primed by seven o'clock as formerly. Sometimes with a boot in his hand he would stop and seem to wake up; then he would go slowly to bed again, being careful not to rouse Missus. But there was to be two years of this—two years of anxiety and worriment and inability to obtain employment, which inability gradually forced upon him the conviction that he had lapsed into being an old-fashioned workman out of touch with the times, and that Dolph had kept him on for the sake of former friendship rather than anything else. He wondered if he were indeed a "back number," as an apprentice had once called him when Hopper rated the boy for slovenly work?

But Missus never threw anything up to him, not even telling him that his long continuance in the shop had made him proud and timid about pressing

his claim for a job somewhere else, as he owned to himself with bitterness was the case. No, Missus never said a word, though the romance of Miss Blanche's wedding in a very little while ceased to appeal to her, even when Blanche had a little girl baby. But, then, "the Professor" had a pretty hard time to get along, and six months after the wedding had taken his wife from the boarding-house to less expensive lodgings, where they had the privilege of "light housekeeping," which Blanche, never having attended to details in her uncle's sumptuous home, made as heavy housekeeping as Missus had ever seen. Thus Missus came to think that maybe she and Hopper had been rather hasty in helping on that marriage.

"For, Sam," argued she, "if our Maggie had lived, we'd wanted her to make a good match. And to think of Blanche living like she does, and not able to afford a doctor for her sick baby!"

But Hopper never went astray from the stand he had first taken in the matter. Blanche had come to him helpless, and he could not turn her away. He *couldn't*.

And he could get nothing to do. He grew ashamed before his wife, and took on a habit of walking the streets for hours at a time, leading Missus to suppose that he was thus seeking employment, when the truth was he hated to have her see him in the house all day long, idling and incompetent.

Missus worked at the overcoats as she had done for years in her thrifty way. Only, now she often stayed up of nights to finish a batch. Hopper took the coats home for her, and would hope to meet an acquaintance who would tell him where he might get something to do. Unsuccessful, he would come back to his wife and hand her the money she had earned. At last he gave up tobacco—he could not ask Missus for the money to buy it. He hoped she would not notice that he was doing without it, and yet, strangely enough, it pained him that she did not appear to do so. The little sum he had in the savings fund went down and down, until he had not a dollar in the world.

Missus knew of it, of course, and was a little harder worked than usual, and once or twice declared that after awhile she should stay up *all* night to finish her coats.

And then the reaction came. One afternoon Missus walks up to him and puts her hand on his shoulder.

"Sam," she says, "why don't you get some tobacco?" and holds out a quarter of a dollar.

Hopper gulped. So did Missus. Then she threw her arms round him and began to cry. Hopper held her close up to him, as he had held her twenty-seven years ago, when little Maggie died and she had cried so hard.

"Em," he said, "maybe I *was* wrong that time with Dolph Elwell."

"Never mind," returned Missus, wiping the tears from her eyes with her roughened forefinger; "you *thought* you were right."

"I did, and I *think* so yet," says Hopper. "I can't help it."

In a miraculous way it seemed a great cloud had cleared away, and for the first time Hopper told his wife about the forfeited five thousand dollars in the "old man's" will. Naturally, she winced—five thousand dollars was such a fortune in her eyes.

"I'm glad I didn't know it at the time," she said; "it might of influenced me. But laws! the Professor ain't getting along at all. I wonder if he was worth the trouble he give? I met Blanche yesterday; she looked real poor, and they haven't wore that kind of sleeve for ages. She told me her Uncle Dolph was sick. Had you heard?"

Hopper had not heard, and his eyes went up to his wife's.

"Yes," went on Missus, "and poor Blanche was real anxious. She *does* like him, say what you will. She'd been to the house, but would you believe Hec Whitcomb'd let her see her uncle? They say he just rules Dolph Elwell. And Mrs. Bazely says Maude's beau told her his cousin's been in the shop only a month, but he can't stand it long. Hec Whitcomb can't get enough out of the men, and——"

Missus was interrupted by a knock on the door. There was a package for

Hopper, along with a note. Missus got at the package first. It proved to be an overcoat.

Tremblingly, for he recognized the handwriting, Hopper opened the envelope. It contained a line from the "old man" asking him to accept the coat which had been worn but a few times, as he himself might not leave the house the rest of the winter, and he had heard from one of the men that Hopper was doing without an overcoat this season.

"The insult!" Mrs. Hopper cried, red in the face. "It's only done to insult you." She bundled up the coat and made toward the range to cram it piecemeal into the fire, when Hopper intercepted her. "Stop!" he said. "Stop!"

He would not have owned to it, but he did not feel insulted by the present of the coat. Those words in that familiar hand, even the thought of his comfort implied by them—these were not an insult, though his wife might never feel it as he did, nor understand the close bond that had united him and Dolph. He took the garment from her.

"There's the worn place outside the pocket," he smiled. "He always carries his hands in his overcoat pockets."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Missus, in a flame, "that you'll wear that coat?"

"I—I didn't say I'd *wear* it," said Hopper, uneasily. "I'll keep it, though."

Putting the note in the fire, to appease—*something*, he took the coat up to the garret, threw it hastily in upon the floor, and came downstairs again. But everything was changed, all the pathos had fallen away, and Missus was a bitter woman.

For three whole days this bitterness was kept up. Then she came in after a call at the Bazelys, and told Hopper the "old man" was dead. She did not give her husband much chance, but went on about hard-hearted, insulting men, and other men who accepted insults. Mrs. Hopper was triumphant all that day, never heeding her husband. She was triumphant the following day as well, so much so that Hopper, feeling more acutely still the

pain that had come to him on hearing of his former employer's death, mumbled something about going up to the garret and seeing how his tools got on. He heard Missus give a scornful sniff as he left the room, and thinking that he must indeed be a mean-spirited individual, he slowly mounted the stairs. The truth was that he meant to get the overcoat and bring it down to his wife and tell her to give it away to some poor man—he could not stand the estrangement from her while he thought of Dolph dead, and all that must be running in her mind concerning that death, and what fortune might now be hers if her husband had not befriended a foolish girl two years ago.

Of course the first thing he saw in the garret was the coat stretched out upon the floor. He shuddered. It was almost like a man lying there—the “old man.” He shook it out, and hung it upon a nail. He looked at it. It appeared, in his eyes, to have retained the form of Dolph, even to the slight bend of the shoulders.

Old Dolph! What friends they had been! No, he would wait till after the funeral to give away the coat; he could not do it till then.

When he went downstairs he remarked casually that theirs was a dry garret, for there wasn't a speck of rust on his tools.

But Missus answered never a word, only rattling her machine and twitching an overcoat across it.

The needle broke.

“Of course,” she said. “It had to break just as I was finishing and trying to save oil by getting through before dark. And the coffee not made, either.”

“I'll make it,” Hopper returned with alacrity.

“Be careful how much you put in the pot,” she cried out. “We can't have it as strong as we're used to having it.”

Missus also had not time to wash the dishes. Hopper had, though, and was very quiet about it, did not knock one plate against another so that Missus might cry out that he must be careful, for the Lord only knew where new dishes were to come from.

When the dishes were done Hopper

fixed the fire. Then Missus *did* call out, and begged him for gracious sake to be less wasteful with the coal, and not to be thinking about cast-off clothing of corpses all the time he did it.

Hopper went and sat beside the pile of overcoats, and pulled out the bastings. He looked rather pitiful his wife thought as she glanced at him now and then. All at once she said she wished she was dead. Then Hopper knew that the strained relations were at an end, especially as Missus informed him she intended to go “just for spite” to see the “old man's” funeral. But she compromised by saying she would not go in her black shawl, the occasion did not warrant so much as that—she would borrow Mrs. Bazely's stella.

Early next morning she left the house for that purpose. She had no sooner gone than the postman came with a letter.

It was for Hopper. It was from the “old man”—dead three days ago. A letter from a man dead three days!

Dolph dead! For the first time that fact seemed to impress itself upon Hopper. The old recollections, the old affection arose. “No,” Hopper cried out in anguish, “I couldn't of done any other way—I couldn't go against myself that time Blanche come. I couldn't—I *couldn't!*”

Strange shadows filled the room and gradually assumed familiar forms—Dolph, his brother, the lady who had been Blanche's mother.

“Sam!”

Hopper gazed straight before him.

“Sam!”

Was it Dolph's voice upbraiding him for going contrary to the dearest wish of his heart?—was this letter Dolph's last words of reproach for a faithless friend?

“No, no, I couldn't go against the right, or what I *thought* was right, Dolph. I couldn't—upon my soul I couldn't!”

“Sam!” It was the voice of Missus after all. “Sam!”

Hopper started up. He pointed to the letter and told her whose writing was on the envelope.

“Well, why don't you open it?” she asked. “You don't suppose he wrote

it after he was dead, do you? Maybe he felt sorry about giving that overcoat away and wants it back. I shouldn't think a mean man like that should want an *overcoat after death*."

There was such a lurid meaning in this speech that Hopper savagely tore open the envelope. He fell back as he glanced at the letter.

"Em," he stammered, "listen! 'I place my trust in you above all my other friends, Sam.' That's me—he places his trust in me above all his other *friends*! He calls me Sam. Listen! 'You did the manly thing when you opposed me and stood up for Blanche. I loved her mother once—' And what's this? Listen! 'Hector watches me and keeps me from a reconciliation with her—' Listen!"

"Give it to me," commanded Missus. "You're trembling like an aspen. What's this?"—as she read the letter—"I leave instructions that this letter shall be sent to you. I give it to my lawyer who has just had me sign a will in favor of Hector, who proposed it. But in the old will which is in your possession——"

Missus looked at him.

Hopper was as white as chalk.

"—— in the old will which is in your possession," Missus went on rapidly, "'you will see that I leave my estate to Blanche and Hector, share and share alike, and ten thousand dollars to you——'"

"He told me only five," cried Hopper, sitting heavily down.

"—— five for you," continued Missus, beating the air, "'and five for your wife, whom Blanche's mother always liked. I have had difficulty in getting that will to you——'" again Missus looked at her husband—"for Hector is as suspicious of my actions as he is bent on being revenged on Blanche. To sum up, this letter is written to say that the old paper in your possession is my true will and testament, and takes precedence over the one I have just signed. And now farewell old friend and companion, whom I have treated badly, but whose integrity I know, and whom I trust above any other man I ever knew——"

"He trusted me," Hopper cried out. "he always knew my love for him. Do you hear! he trusted me above any other man he ever knew. Me! me!"

Missus took hold of him. Her eyes were glittering.

"Where is that will?" she demanded.

But Hopper was crying out:

"He called me old friend and companion—he trusted me above any other man he ever knew. Why, mother,"—and he had not called her so since little Maggie died—"why, mother, we worked at the same bench together when we was boys. When Hen married that lady, Dolph he used to get me to walk with him night after night——"

"That will!" reiterated his wife, as excited as he, but cold as ice. "Blanche must have her rights. Her baby can have a doctor now—her baby that's a girl like our Maggie. That will!"

Hopper put his hand to his head.

"I—I—" he began, feebly. Then he said boldly, getting to his feet, "The date of that letter?" He took it from his wife's hand. "It is dated the day that coat came."

They reached the garret at the same time.

Hopper snatched the overcoat from its nail. There was nothing in the pockets. He fell to crushing his hands all over it, wildly, fiercely. All at once he cried out. He wrenched open a part of the lining and brought forth a closely folded paper.

It was the will. It fell from his hands, as his limbs gave way under him.

"He trusted me to right the wrong," he cried. No thought was in his mind of the money that had been bequeathed to him and his wife. "He trusted me above any other man he ever knew."

He had got the coat closer and closer up to his heart, not caring if Missus and all the world saw him, burying his face in it, sobbing and sobbing, his tears sinking into the garment that still seemed to hold some semblance to the form of him who had worn it—the friend who had loved and trusted him, his "old man."

THE POINT OF VIEW

Work and Life. THERE is a great deal of advice given by writers and preachers to contemporary professional and business men which is of the nature of cant; something, that is, which its authors talk from a tradition that it ought to be said, but which they, as well as the advised, show by their disregard of it in actual life that they do not really believe, or think ought to be believed. We are told that we ought not to work so hard; ought not to put such a strain upon ourselves; ought to make our ideals simpler and easier of attainment; ought not to want so much; ought, as the *British Medical Journal* once said, to "take a little more care not to kill ourselves for the sake of living."

Now a man who took pleasure in paradox might take issue at the start with this last; as if there were any object better worth killing ourselves for than that of living (in the highest sense) while we live. But without going as far as that it may be reasonably pointed out that this kind of advice, given to us in civil pursuits, is not only quite different from that which it is thought well to give in any other pursuit, but is contrary to the spirit of all we know of the general progress of civilization; Sir Boyle Roche might add that it is also impossible to follow anyhow, since the individual is too little his own master. We are not accustomed to advise a man going into a battle to be careful of his life and to think earnestly about not getting hurt; nor do our pulpits say to a man whom they suppose struggling toward moral excellence, that he ought not to want so much, ought to simplify his ideal, and be content with less. There are large classes of men doing the work of the community who would smile, like the by-standers, if they were told to

"take a little more care not to kill themselves."

There are silly extremes of overwork, and tragic ones, like a mania, which no one would seek to justify. They are generally to be condemned on other grounds than that they risk life. But, as a rule, the multitude of men in professional and business pursuits, whose intensity of work excites these homilies, are working, according to their lights, for ends for which the unsparing use of their lives is justifiable and even praiseworthy; or, in the rarer cases in which they are doing it because they cannot help themselves, are aiding a civilization which, in spite of our moments of despondency and rebellion, we all know is higher and better with all the amenities and refinements it accumulates.

The man who uses up his life in doing the best in him to increase the well-being and the opportunities of his family; or who having accomplished this to a reasonable extent, keeps on using himself hard in the conduct of a great business because hundreds of others are dependent on it, or even because he has come to love the machinery to which he has put his hand, fulfils a better ideal than individually "wanting less" or being content. If he has set the pace harder for other men, he has contributed to their strength to bear it. If he has not helped to lessen "the complex demands of an intricate civilization" (they are never going to be lessened, by the way, without the civilization's going too) he has contributed something toward meeting them. He has only in this way "lessened the strain," but it is a degree better than talking cant about it. He has not "simplified," but I like him better than Thoreau. Give him sympathy in the universally strenuous conditions of life, if you like; wish him

all the aids of temperament and philosophy ; but do not hold him up as a fool with wrong conceptions of the ends of living, until you can be sure that the taking care of himself to which you council him is better than his own way.

“ Steads not to work on the keen jump
Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump,”

is an attractive plea, and the wine and other artificial stimulation may be granted to the pleader. But if the best work is not done on the keen jump, it at least is not done by men who are always measuring the leap ; and brains may be at worse business than pumping.

MOST of us in this generation who read newspapers and books, and are fairly conversant with the events and the gossip of our own day, have known enough about the late George Augustus Sala to have read with interest and sympathy of his misfortunes, and to have taken notice finally of his recent death. Some of us have read his lively and remarkable reminiscences, and almost all of us read some of the obituary notices of him that appeared in the newspapers. We know that much unhappiness came to him in his later days ; that his health finally broke down altogether ; that the weekly newspaper on which he staked his savings failed, and that when, after forty years of prodigious industry, he lost the power to work, he found himself as broken in purse as he was in spirit. To be sure, an ample pension was promptly granted him by the newspaper which he had served in his prime, but there was so much of wreck and disaster about his taking off that the observer was apt to forget what a voyage the veteran had sailed, and what an extraordinary log he had managed to keep of it.

We all know the people of whom it is usual to say that they are in the world but not of it. Mr. Sala was not at all of that sort. In the world he certainly was, up to his ears and sometimes over them, but he was intensely of it too, of just as much of it as his astonishing energy enabled him to reach. If he had been responsible for its daily conduct and revolutions he could hardly have shown a livelier interest in its doings and shows

and concerns than he did. For years he personally kept as much of its daily record as any one man could. From time to time he sallied out and inspected it, choosing always to be present where there was the most going on, and sending back prompt word of all he saw for the information of his faithful constituents in London. It is the mission of a modern daily newspaper to know all that is worth knowing about current events, and to tell as much of it as is worth telling. Mr. Sala seems to have been the incarnation of that mission. He loved to see ; to know ; to tell. From before he was thirty years old until some years after he was sixty he was on the staff of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He liked the paper, and the paper and its readers liked him. It was a liberal master. He once said that it gave him the pay of an ambassador and the treatment of a gentleman. He was its willing slave, enthusiastic, versatile, and indefatigably diligent. He wrote leaders and special articles by the thousand for it. He stayed at home and wrote for it ; he went away and wrote letters to it. He was its war-correspondent whenever there was a war anywhere ; he was its representative whenever there was a great show to be seen. He came to know most of the people who were best worth knowing in Europe and America. He went to hangings and coronations and world's fairs and battles and dinners and balls. He was thought to be the best story-teller in Europe ; he knew a vast deal, particularly about people, and his society was prized.

For thirty years or so, while his vigor remained unimpaired, life must have been as full of interest and satisfaction to him as it was of labor. To be sure, he writ his name in water. Some of his stories are good, but they are not great. His newspaper articles served their purpose well, but those that did not make books are buried in the files of the *Daily Telegraph*. More that did make over into books made books of interest, but not classics. The man himself was even more interesting than what he saw, and he will live for some time to come in his reminiscences. But the man who makes shoes does not repine because the shoes wear out, and the maker of newspaper literature need not worry because his product does not keep. Work honestly done and paid for ought to be and to bring its own sufficient reward. Mr.

Sala must have got a great deal out of life that was very much to his taste, and that was worth getting. That he made the best of himself and his chances is unlikely. He had too little patience, too little thrift, and too impetuous a hunger for sights and gossip for that. He should have husbanded his strength and his money and his liver a little better. He should have foregone immediate returns sometimes and preferred remoter harvests. But we who would rather sit by the fire and read about events than go out to see them, may thank our lazy stars that all men are not as we are, and that heaven has endowed vigorous beings with energy enough to see everything and diligence enough to write about it, so that we who read what they write and digest what they seize may become perhaps wiser than they at much less pains.

“THE history of the modern world,” according to the summing up of a recent writer, “we have observed to be simply the history of the process of development, that, having undermined the position of the ‘power-holding classes,’ emancipated the individual and enfranchised the people, is now tending to bring, for the first time in the history of the race, all the members of the community into the rivalry of life on a footing of ‘equality of opportunity.’” One by one the rights—the exemptions—the privileges of the few have dropped or been lopped away. At almost regular intervals some fastness of the power-holders has fallen, and the multitude has passed on to the conquest of the next. Sometimes it has been a great thing, but very often it has seemed a very little thing that brought the “silent revolution;” and often what has happened has not been noticed until it was long over.

One of the most important privileges, and one of the most harmful in its loss to the “power-holding classes,” was the privilege of war. The knight-errant encased in armor had it all his own way, disdaining to fight any except his equals; and the mass of the foot-soldiers hardly had the rank of pawns in the game. Then somebody invented a machine and the end of the paladin was near. He struggled bravely and cumbrously for a long time, but it was no use; his day had passed. “The equality of opportunity” had

come in war, and feudalism was at an end. After supremacy in war went supremacy in politics, and the popular leader is champion of to-day. Few important privileges have lingered into our time; but there is one that, although discernible enough, has hardly been duly reckoned with. Singularly enough, it was one of the very first and earliest to be associated with exclusiveness. It was the joy of the first aristocracies that the world knew, and has continued to be one of the most pronounced characteristics of all aristocracies ever since. It has been one of their chief interests and occupations; and the excluded have regularly been kept from all participation in it.

The privilege of “sport” has been guarded more rigorously and defended more earnestly than many another more important right. It has been protected by the severest laws, and any infringement punished with the utmost severity. Whether it was a “New Forest” that was to be kept sacred, or the smallest “preserve” to be defended from poachers, it has always been the same. And as it has been with the chase, so, in great measure, has it been with all out-of-door amusements. There has always been an aristocracy of “sport,” and it has existed until very recently. It has been so necessarily, for the successful prosecution of sport has required the possession of time and means, and these in the past have only been within the reach of a very few. A class whose only real business was war, has needed in its idle moments suitable occupation, and has found it in this substituted warfare.

In this pursuit the noble company of sportsmen have been assisted more than in any other way by the horse. That animal should really be called “noble,” for it has been the mainstay of all nobilities. All aristocracies have always ridden, and whether for profit or pleasure the aristocrat has always been found on horseback. The horse is the real aristocratic symbol, and the Arab way of distinguishing dignity—by horse-tails—would not be at all unreasonable in our present society. There has been but little change. Men amuse themselves now in very much the same fashion that they always did, and the difference in the occupations of a sporting Assyrian or Libyan monarch and a modern sporting millionaire, are only differences in externals and not essentials. To both the

Aristocracies
and “Sport.”

horse has been necessary ; and it is one of the best proofs of the growth of a particular class in America, that the horse has within the last few years assumed a new importance and taken the place here that it occupies in older and more formed communities. For some time we too have had an aristocracy of horse, quite as distinctly marked as in any land of more elaborate traditions.

AND now, as has happened over and over again, somebody has invented a Machine, and the result has been revolutionary. The Bicycle has come, and although the predominance of the horse in sport is not destroyed, it is no longer undisputed. Not like that other, that with such sulphurous

The Wheel and
its Revolution.

manifestations tumbled the knight from his steed, this modern machine, in quiet and orderly manner as becomes the present, is tumbling his modern counterpart from hunter and from hack. Gradually it has been growing in favor, and now it is bearing all before it. There is no dignity too great to be borne by the nimble wheel, and coquetry has been sacrificed for its sake. Everyone rides ; and it is singular that the most bigoted horseman often falls the most abject victim and is found practising upon the smoothly running innovation—sometimes, it is true, on the sly. It is as the writer before quoted says in speaking of the “retreat” of the power-holding classes : “The effect produced on certain individuals is such that, instead of siding with the class to which by tradition and individual interest they undoubtedly belong, they take their place in the ranks of the opponents.” All machinery is democratic, and the bicycle is the most democratic of machines. It shows that the world has taken one more step in the direction from which it has not once turned back.

In the most marked eccentricities of society—and hitherto it has been pretty safe to consider society the same as the “power-holding” classes—it has generally been possible to find a sane and substantial reason, if one only sought long enough. As a general thing, in the past, the aristocrat has been the best fighting animal, and in a time of constant contest this has been of the utmost importance. In all the occupations involved in “sport” each member of the aristocratic order prepared himself for the part he was to play, and the hunting-field has always been a preparation for the battle-field. The cause of democracy has always been fought hitherto by pale faces, and it has been superabundance of spirit in frail bodies that hitherto has won its victories. But the training-school in which the ruling class has always educated its adherents is at last almost “free to all,” and the contest hereafter is bound to be different. It will not, of course, be fought out in the field with the crudeness of a military age, but with equal physical ability the effect will be as apparent as if it were. And what is more, in the social equality that is the next step, such a change will create a feeling of respect that will do much to insure its permanence.

Of course this change has not been wrought, and will not be wrought, by the spinning spider-web wheels alone—and the “machine” is only a peg on which to hang up a discourse, or the text for a lay sermon. The change is to be brought about by a newer athletic life in general, an athletic life that is manifesting itself in many ways, and of the coming of which the bicycle is only one of the most pronounced indications. But it is certainly the best illustrated and perhaps the first instance to be found of democracy in “sport ;” it is “equality of opportunity” in a new field.

THE FIELD OF ART

JEAN CARRIÈS—ABOUT MUSEUMS—
DECORATIVE PAINTING IN AMERICA—
A PICTURE BY TURNER.



THE appearance of Mr. Alexandre's beautiful book * devoted to Jean Carriès with its numerous photographic pictures of his work in decorative ceramic, reminds one of the display of his strange and charming pottery, at the exhibition of 1892, in the Champ de Mars. Carriès had become known among those in France who cared for forcible and original art, as the sculptor of portrait busts and medallions of wonderful vigor, and of ideal heads, statuettes, decorative bronzes, and grotesque compositions of many kinds, all inspired by a curious semi-oriental spirit which certainly never came from direct intercourse with the Orient. He was born in 1855, of a family so poor that he was left, after the early death of his parents, to the care of a noble-hearted woman, a Sister of Charity, whose name and whose praises appear again and again in this attractive book. He had made his own way, as an artist of ability can make his way in France, by working for the manufacturers of decorative objects, but he was not the man to grow rich or to acquire newspaper fame or the popularity of the exhibitor. He gave his time willingly to experiment and to the study of processes and methods. Wax was one of his favorite materials, and he had a way of completing in wax a figure of clay or of plaster—casting in bronze *à cire perdue*, that is to say, from the wax-finished model, which is destroyed at the time, a

process which allows of but one cast from the mould. The patina of his bronzes was of great interest to him, and the color of some of them was surprising to the students of such things, but we have Mr. Alexandre's word for it that there was no scientific secret in all this; he had merely put his own hand to the work, following the well-known processes but modifying them as his own skill suggested. Terracotta was also one of his materials; it was to him merely the fixing by heat of the clay forms which he was producing day by day. And when, in 1888, his attention was called to certain beds of clay which were excellent for pottery, he saw at once the chance of carrying farther this favorite form of his art. The charming originality of form and colored glaze seen in some Japanese cups and bowls and jars had appealed strongly to him. Even the enthusiastic and devoted sculptor in him made room, a moment, for the decorative potter, and when the existence was made clear to him of beds of clay which he could control, he was eager to put his hand to this work too. So he modelled vases and bottles like these. Some of them are remarkable for their colored glazes, and nothing delighted Carriès more than the surprises which the oven prepared for him, turning out his pots in tints which he had never foreseen.



* Arsène Alexandre: Jean Carriès, Imagier et Potier. Étude d'une Œuvre et d'une Vie. Paris, Ancienne Maison Quantin, 1895.

The "Field of Art" illustrations are from photographs of pottery by Jean Carriès.

But form, and especially expressive, and even over-expressive form; shapes that pass from orderly symmetry into violence—the mood of the moment caught in the plastic material and then fixed by heat—this is what Carriès enjoyed the most, and this is what we may the most enjoy in his pots and vases and gourd-shaped bottles. The slender vase with the masque, as of a bearded man, laid at its foot—this seems the typical one. This is not, in any sense, an oriental idea. A sculptor of Europe, and none other, has composed this piece. The too violent, the comic, the ultra-grotesque is kept out of it, and human expression, as Rembrandt understood it, is combined with abstract form to produce one decorative piece.

MR. LA FARGE, in his recently published lectures on painting, devotes time well spent to telling his art students the advantages of study in a museum. It was not his purpose to point out the advantages of a museum to the student of history, and yet it could be wished that he had dwelt upon that feature. For the idea seems to obtain with us that a museum is a place where "only the good things" are to be admitted, and that it is merely an enlargement of the private collection—a place for art lovers to congregate and enjoy themselves. That is certainly not the primary idea of a museum. It is above all else a place to preserve monuments and perpetuate history. The Cypriote collections in the Metropolitan Museum are hardly "good things" in an æsthetic sense; but they are perhaps the most valuable collections we possess, because they link Greek art with the

East. A museum should be first preservative and formative. It should be a practical demonstration of the growth of thought, a sequential illustration of history. Certainly

most of the great art museums of the world have been founded with that object in view, and the best one of them all, the Berlin Museum, is "best" because it teaches art-history the most thoroughly and consecutively. It may be noted, too, that each country as it establishes its national store-house bends energy toward hiving its own art. It preserves its own because it cannot expect other nations to preserve for it, and because it has some pride in its own. In German galleries we find German art, in Italian galleries Italian art, in French galleries French art. It might be thought that in American galleries one would find American art, but such is not the case. Boston alone can boast a museum that has any claim to represent American art-history, and even that representation is feeble and inadequate. Why is it that we can furnish heat, light, and lodging for Bouguereau and Vibert, while no one cares to take Gilbert Stuart and his contemporaries in from the door-step? What matter that West and Copley were immature painters! So were Cimabue and Hogarth and René of Anjou. Someone had to make a

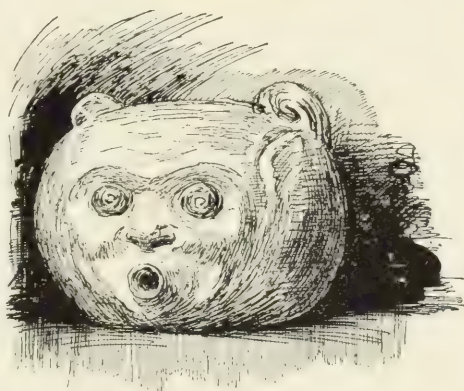
beginning, and West and Copley were beginners of whom we have no reason to be ashamed. At any rate they were our own, and if our improvement in art has been rapid since their time, all the more reason why we should preserve the record of the growth.

Fortunately for us the recently founded Carnegie museum at Pittsburgh has for its



chief aim the accumulation of American art. Its directors think to make an art record from year to year of what has been done in these United States. It is to be hoped that they will also go back into our past and gather the works of the more prominent artists so that the record may be unbroken from the beginning. But the proper acquisition of either past or present art is no slight undertaking. Every artist is not an epoch-making man, nor every marble or canvas a contribution to history. The majority of works add nothing to the book of our art, and it is desirable that only the record-making works by the representative men be preserved. Such an art should speak our changes of view, our advances in taste, in short our national culture-history. A clever piece of painting after the latest Parisian formula may be very good in itself, agreeable to look at, and possibly serviceable to the young art student; but how does it represent us in any way? And we will not be allowed to hide under the robe of cosmopolitanism and say that this new land with its great democracy has no distinct point of view, no voice of its own, no new word to utter in art. What are we here for unless it is to express ourselves? Our climate and soil, our political, commercial, and social institutions breed thoughts and views different from those common to European nations, and only when those thoughts and views are fully expressed will the Whitman question be answered and a distinctively American art established. The question has already been answered in part. We have, and have had, distinctively American artists, but

our museums furnish little or no information about them. Something less of political pride and something more of artistic pride would not hurt us.



“AFTER all, nature is one thing and art is another, isn't it?” said young Mil-lais, long ago to W. Bell Scott, in the early days of that pre-Raphaelite movement which inculcated the absolute acceptance of natural fact as the highest duty of the artist. The nineteenth century has been slow in learning this lesson. We have done everything scientifically, as befitted a scientific age; under the guidance of the photograph we have arrived at a marvellous realization of natural appearances such as the world had never seen, and since we grew tired of photography we have taken to analyzing light and re-composing the colors of the rainbow till our eyes are dazzled with the sun. Still, “nature is one thing and art is another,” and there are signs abroad that at last we are beginning to realize that fact. The “poster fad” is one of these. The modern poster, with its frequent vulgarity and its abounding crudities, is yet nothing if not decorative; it is a recognition of the truth

that the end of art is, first of all, to beautify something, and only secondarily to represent something. To ornament an object or to fill a space with beautiful lines and masses and colors—that has been the aim of art from the beginning, and to use for that end only so much of natural fact as suited the purpose. But



in nobler and more permanent forms than the frivolous poster, are we showing our revived sense of the true aim of art. Mr. John La Farge long stood, almost alone among us, an artist who was primarily and always a decorator, but that we had many more who only waited the chance to join him, recent events have proved. The Chicago Fair gave an impetus in the right direction, and showed that we had decorative talent in abundance. Now architects and painters are working together in the good old way, and Abbey and Sargent and Whistler are painting the walls of the Boston Public Library; Simmons has decorated the court of Oyer and Terminer in New York, and a dozen of our best men are working for the new Library of Congress, while as many more are engaged on work for churches or hotels or private houses. Mistakes have been made and will be made. Commissions have been given to the wrong men, or the right men have not yet found their way and have not yet learned to discriminate sufficiently between decorating a wall and merely putting a picture on it. Nevertheless, we are moving in the right direction, and if the movement continues, as I believe it will, the day is not far distant when our art shall worthily stand beside that of any other country. Encourage our artists in something else besides the painting of little pictures for the market—give them something to do, some special space to decorate, some specific task of “beautification” to perform—and they will show that they know how to do it.

THE exhibition in New York of a characteristic picture by J. M. W. Turner gives an occasion to consider the real worth of an artist about whom perhaps more nonsense has been written than about any other that ever lived. “St. Mark’s Place” is a much saner picture than, for instance, “The Slave Ship,” but still the first feeling of any visitor is apt

to be one of perplexity. What does it represent, and what is the time of day or night? That the drawing of the architecture is systematically falsified so that, at a rough guess, the heights are twice too great for the widths; that rich-hued St. Mark’s is represented as



a snow-white building; these are but a small part of the puzzle. Not only local facts, but the facts of nature, are cavalierly disregarded. The picture is paler than most representations of sunlight, yet the stars and the artificial lights show that it is night. We are told that it represents twilight, but the church shows strong cast shadows under the arches, and there are other indications that the source of light is near 45° from the horizon. Probably we may assume that it is meant for

moonlight, but it is such moonlight as “never was on sea or land.” It is not as fantastic in its lighting as is “The Old *Téméraire*,” or in its construction as is the “Mercury and Argus,” but it is fantastic enough to enter into the category of Turnerian dreams. It is purely as a work of the imagination that one has to consider it. Considered so, is it fine? Has it the unity and breadth and largeness of impression that belong to great painting? Hardly. It is restless, unquiet, filled with litter and glitter. To use a technical phrase, it does not “hang together.” The effort for light has pushed it into chalkiness, so that the stars and the rocket are sheer white paint without luminosity, while the foreground figures are in forced and vulgar contrast with the rest. Even the blue sky is hard in quality, and the inky water on the right “swears” with every other note in the picture. To the present writer it seems that the epithet most descriptive of Turner’s genius, here as elsewhere, is “theatrical,” or better, “operatic.” He should have painted drop-curtains and would have done so magnificently, but his pictures are true neither to nature nor to the highest canons of art.

ABOUT THE WORLD



THE Baroness von Suttner and her disciples in the cause of Universal Peace have often been answered by the profession of arms with the plea that large standing armaments are so many peace-makers. Small boys, practically innocuous as to their fists, will incontinently splutter out into bitter rows on the least occasion; but the cocks of the school are so thoroughly alive to the damage which would result from combats between creatures of their terrible offensive powers, that mills of the first or-

der are rare enough to be landmarks in academic history.

This excuse for the maintenance of mighty armaments has dignity enough for so fine a writer and warrior as Captain Mahan; and indeed, the state of diplomatic affairs throughout the world to-day lends some color to the rather paradoxical theory. The Eastern Question has kept the world trembling on the verge of a bloody cataclysm at least a decade; and it is possible we may tremble comfortably for a generation or so to come, with enough of the cataclysm always in sight to furnish periodical alarms and gloomy diplomatic secrets for the sustenance of journalists. The dogs of war have not been unleashed because on the whole there was more to lose than to gain from their ravages; and the point of the armament theory is that with every advance in the science of killing they will do more harm and will be chained all the closer.

If a peaceful disposition be made of the most uncomfortable Turk by the Six Powers that have been anchored before the Sublime Porte these many weeks, it will no doubt be due to just this principle of mutual and reciprocal fear, heightened by the tremendous ferocity of Russia's and England's fighting machines. It would be difficult to imagine how any other consideration than this saving quality of discretion could induce Lord Salisbury to see, without a struggle, the Muscovite Empire grasp its prize of Constantinople—a prize coveted by four centuries of Czars—even though England's road to the East is already assured through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal. Probably the harried Armenians do not appreciate the beauties of this even balance of power, which maintains peace in Europe and leaves them beneath the sword of the Kurd until such time as the slow majesty of the Great Powers may be brought to move without the danger of political collisions. The art of saying that which is not so has surely never before reached so luxuriant a perfection as in the reign of Abdul Hamid, and the statistics which come to us of butchered Armenians are probably not free from the contagion of Ottoman mendacity. But it would require rarely nice distinctions to explain in just what degree more disgraceful it is to murder one hundred thousand human beings because they are Christians and money-lenders than to add only ten thousand to the army of martyrs. Apart from the



The "About the World" illustrations are from photographs of scenes in and about Santiago de Cuba.

Diplomacy and
Peace.

blood which has been spilled, it seems reasonably certain that nearly a quarter of a million people of the Armenian race have been left by the robber Kurds without adequate food, clothing, or shelter for the winter.

We have our own problem on hand in the claim of the Cuban revolutionists that their belligerency be recognized, a matter which is being mooted so widely with the growth of pro-revolutionist sentiment in the United States. The proverb that nothing succeeds like success loses some of its triteness when applied to revolutions. Americans are generally of the mind that Cuba ought to be a

free state, and that Spain is acting the part of a proud bully who will push the thorn of war farther into his side rather than give way in the struggle. But the decrees of international law make the official recognition of the righteousness of the insurgents' cause depend practically on the number of Span-

ish troops they and the fever can kill, and the quantity of fighting utensils that can be filibustered into the interior of the island; though the outward and visible sign of those achievements is to be the forming of a provisional government, etc. In the meantime, though the climate and the guerillas have brought about the very creditable mortality of fifteen thousand out of seventy-five thousand Spanish troops, the more authentic reports that come to us do not testify to the presence of order and discipline among the patriots. They fight with fowling-pieces and *machetes*, according to the good old customs of West Indian revolutions, with now and then the pleasing innovation of dynamite; and few of their warriors luxuriate in any addition to the established uniform—a pair of trousers. So far, however, from this lean state of affairs leading to an abatement in their enthusiasm, we are regaled with picturesque stories of wives, sisters, and sweethearts who are marching to the front, armed

and intent on dealing havoc among the myrmidons of Spain.

THE Fat Knight and his coney-catching retinue are not alone among British subjects in the possession of imaginations that take fire at fabulous regions “of Guiana, all gold and bounty.” In fact, the nation of shop-keepers, to whom Sir John was in other traits a picturesque exception, have never been able to keep their heads when gold or rumors of gold were abroad. After certain years of no greater fillip to safe investment than such minute income as may be expected from the Three Per Cents, they are ever in good fettle for a riotous indulgence in diamond mines and gold fields. This weakness is excellent stock-in-trade for the soldier of fortune from Africa, India, Australia, and America—too often, indeed, his only stock-in-trade; but never before have the needy and adventurous thriven so gloriously as in the recent boom of African and Australian gold mines, which reached its most dizzy height in October. Beside the rapidity of inflation and the huge transactions in “Kaffirs,” the historic South Sea Bubble was a mere flurry. Cockney underclerks and humble slaves of a few months ago have emerged from the flood of speculation made men and notable citizens, with incredible stores of gold, found, not in South Africa, but in London bucket-shops. “Kaffirs” have been the talk of England at the breakfast-table, over teacups, in boudoirs, drawing-rooms and butlers’ pantries, as well as in Throgmorton Street. Just when the tide of demand for Witwatersrand shares showed signs of ebbing, there came a rush of buying orders from the Bourses of Paris and Berlin, and the savings of an enormous number of European peasants were recklessly thrown into the stream. The various development and mining companies of the Transvaal region, known as the Rand, alone issued stock to the par value of \$150,000,000, and so eagerly did stockings disgorge their shillings, francs, and marks that these shares were soon quoted at an aggregate price of \$750,000,000! The stock of mushroom companies often rose to several hundred per cent. premium actually before they were issued, and in one case attained quickly a selling value of three thousand per cent.

New South Sea
Bubbles.



Santiago de Cuba.



It is one of the curious phases of this feverish inflation that in a respectable proportion of instances a really solid foundation exists for investment. The Witwatersrand gold fields are in Dutch South Africa, in the midst of a sterile region which, outside of its mineral wealth, is only fit for Kaffirmen and ostriches. A strip of this uninviting country, fifty miles long and a few hundred feet wide, contains the gold-bearing reefs in which Europe has placed her faith to the tune of nearly a billion of dollars. The ore is not even rich; but with the

improved processes which rescue about eighty-five per cent. of the gold from its quartz prison, a net profit of about thirty per cent. on the actual cost of mining is available for dividends. The most reassuring characteristic of the reefs is their unusual homogeneity; so constant is the proportion of gold that experts find it easy to determine the prospective output for years to come.

The profits of a half-century to come have been discounted. In fact, allowing for a very large increase of production next year, the average rate of dividends on the October valuations would be about one and one-half per cent. The English custom of issuing mining shares at a par value of £1 each brings a try at the wheel of fortune within the reach of every servant-girl and newsboy. It is neither more nor less than a high old national gambling orgy, in which, as in every decent game of chance, some of the hands are sure to win. That the first reaction did not produce a horrible panic is due to the saving method of speculation; that is, the shares are bought outright, not on "margins." The student of psychological epidemics takes note that the individual mines and development properties are valued by frenzied buyers in proportion to the uncertainty of the yield, the market almost in-

variably preferring a problematic vein under two thousand feet of earth to a certain one in sight.



A Hut of Cocoonut Thatch.

IT is a far cry from Throgmorton Street to the confines of Denver, Col., where a German shoemaker, possessed with the fixed idea that he is divinely appointed to heal, has been sought daily by thousands and thousands of the lame, halt, and blind. Yet the ministry of the Denver "Messiah" is no small evidence of the depth, extent, and contagiousness of human credulity which is playing such a striking rôle in the more tragical farce of Kaffir speculation.

A Western
Messiah.

Beyond the data he may furnish for students of mental pathology, there is nothing new or significant in the delusion of the poor tramp himself, unless it be his quiet sincerity and steadfast refusal to accept material rewards. But there is an interest to others than psychological specialists in the spectacle of the crowds who have travelled from almost every quarter of the United States to avail themselves of Schlatter's supposed powers, and to become firm believers in their efficacy. This extraordinary phenomenon began months ago, when the German came to Denver, after fasting in the Southwestern deserts for a period—if he is to be trusted—of forty days. He became imbued with the idea that this self-denial had won him the power to cure the afflicted, and his repertoire had the infinite variety of a patent-medicine advertisement. An ex-alderman of Denver, otherwise scarcely promising, one would think, as a neophyte in mysticism, was cured, to his own satisfaction, of an undeniable deafness, and so grateful was he that his house and all that was his were put at the service of Schlatter for an indefinite period.

In an incredibly short time the fame of this and of other "cures" were spread abroad. Schlatter had office hours, from nine to four, for treating people, the process being simply a clasp of the hand and a murmured supplication. To obtain this coveted benefit, thousands of people stood in line; crowds began to arrive at two o'clock in the morning; with Western enterprise certain robust individuals secured places in the line and sold out to the infirm who had not been so lucky, until the practice was stopped by Schlatter. Men, women, and children journeyed, in some in-



stances fifteen hundred miles, to be cured. The physicians of Denver had their time on their hands, and were voted, as with one voice, superfluous; so many parents wished to withdraw their children from State institutions for the blind and deaf, to be treated by Schlatter, that the authorities asked him—in vain—to visit these asylums. The post-office officials were obliged to deliver the "healer's" mail in bundles; after writing industriously for six hours each night to the epistolary applicants for relief, there were always thousands of letters yet unanswered. When it was impossible for the sick to come in person or to await their turn for treatment, they procured handkerchiefs which the healer had blessed, and which were reputed to have the requisite virtue. A small merchant of opportunist temperament took advantage of this to establish a handkerchief shop on the spot, from which those individuals not possessing that effete

garment might purchase it for presentation to the healer. Upon this the inevitable fakir appeared with a huge stock of highly ornamental *mouchoirs*, which,

until exposure came, retailed like hot cakes, for the sum of one dollar each, on the false claim that they had been blessed. Meanwhile the man Schlatter stood bareheaded in the open air day after day, through sun and rain, devoting a few seconds to each individual of the anxious throngs.

The incident happens to be absolutely harmless, and the spirit of the multitude was so quiet and reverent that it is difficult even to picture the absurdities of the situation with any whole-souled mirth. But one cannot help pinching one's self to ask how many years have passed since those merry witch-burnings at Salem. It is to be hoped that some essential quality of those beastly days has escaped, for the silly basis of superstition is surely with us still.

THE general scientific value of Lieutenant Peary's recent Arctic work can scarcely be questioned, and it is to be hoped that an equally good showing will be

made by the campaign against the Pole through Franz Joseph Land, led by Jackson, whose ship, the yacht *Windward*, has recently reported in temperate zones.

Lieutenant Peary's ambitions were not by any means bounded by the idea of carving his name on the North Pole. In fact, he did not come so near it as the explorer Lockwood, by a good hundred miles, though Independence Bay holds the northward record as far as Greenland itself is concerned. But we are reasonably sure, after this eleven hundred mile journey on the great ice-cap, that Greenland is an island; and the next generation of schoolboys will not grow up to have their reverence for things in general rudely shaken by the discovery that the map of the Western Hemisphere is all wrong in the upper right-hand corner.

But, perhaps, the most important result of these last Arctic voyages will be the proof that exploration in the high latitudes need not be the almost certain occasion of death to some of the brave men who entrust themselves to the ice-floes. Our disdain of unknown polar regions is showing itself in the plans to rummage about, next year, inside the Antarctic circle to see if there is not some good seal fishing there; not to speak of the more purely scientific aims of the Germans who are going south through Kerguelen Land.

At any rate, here are several expeditions that, with no inordinate expenditure of money, have been managed, not only without incurring the loss of a single life—unless one counts sledge-dogs—or the health of any member of the party, but even without interrupting the domesticity of the leading spirit. And on the last voyage this was true in spite of the very serious misfortune which befel the caches of supplies. The discouraging layer of some twenty feet of snow which covered these sinews of war alone prevented Lieutenant Peary from pushing on beyond Independence Bay to a point nearer the Pole than has yet been attained.



Arctic
Exploration.



Native Huts.



CHILD PICKING FRUIT

ENGRAVED BY JOHN F. DAVIS

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARY CASSATT

JOHN F. DAVIS SC

(See pp. 352 and 302.)

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A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

COLUMBUS'S DEED AFTER FOUR CENTURIES

THE ELEVENTH CENSUS
CHICAGO FAIR PROJECTED
COLUMBUS DAY
THE HOMESTEAD RIOTS
CLEVELAND'S SUCCESS

THE WHITE CITY
THE FERRIS WHEEL
THE AGE OF INVENTION
EDISON AND TESLA
NIAGARA HARNESSSED

THE years of President Harrison's administration were bright with fore-gleams of two coming events, the Eleventh Census, to be begun in 1890, and the celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. That these two subjects awakened public attention together was fortunate, as each made more impressive the other's testimony to our unparalleled national growth. The Census of 1790 had been a mere count of the people, quickly and easily despatched. Five years after the enumeration for the Eleventh Census, the returns, destined to fill twenty-five volumes and to cost \$11,000,000, were not fully compiled. In 1790 the population of the United States numbered 3,929,214. In 1890 there were 62,622,250, nearly sixteen times the earlier sum. The relatively

small percentage of increase from 1880 to 1890, when the count footed up but 50,155,783, disappointed even conservative estimates. It was exceeded by that of every decade down to 1860, and rose above that of the war decade by a little over two per cent. Increase in the proportion of city population, observable in 1880, was more so now. Only in the West had rural development stood comparison with urban. In 1880 our cities contained 22.57 per cent. of the population; in 1890, 29.20 per cent. New York still held her primacy, containing 1,515,301 souls. Chicago had grown to be the second city of the Union, with a population of 1,099,850. Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and St. Louis followed, in this order. St. Paul, Omaha, and Denver had tripled or quadrupled their size since 1880. Kansas no longer possessed any unoccupied land.



The Strikers Burning the Barges from which the Pinkerton Men had been Taken.

Drawn by Orson Lowell from photographs taken during and just after the trouble.

Nebraska owned scarcely any. Among Western States Nevada alone languished. The State of Washington had nearly quintupled her citizens. Though only a few counties in the whole country absolutely lost in population, many parts of the East and South had grown little. The 1890 census revealed the centre of population twenty miles east of Columbus, Ind., it having, since 1880, moved forty miles west and nine miles north. In

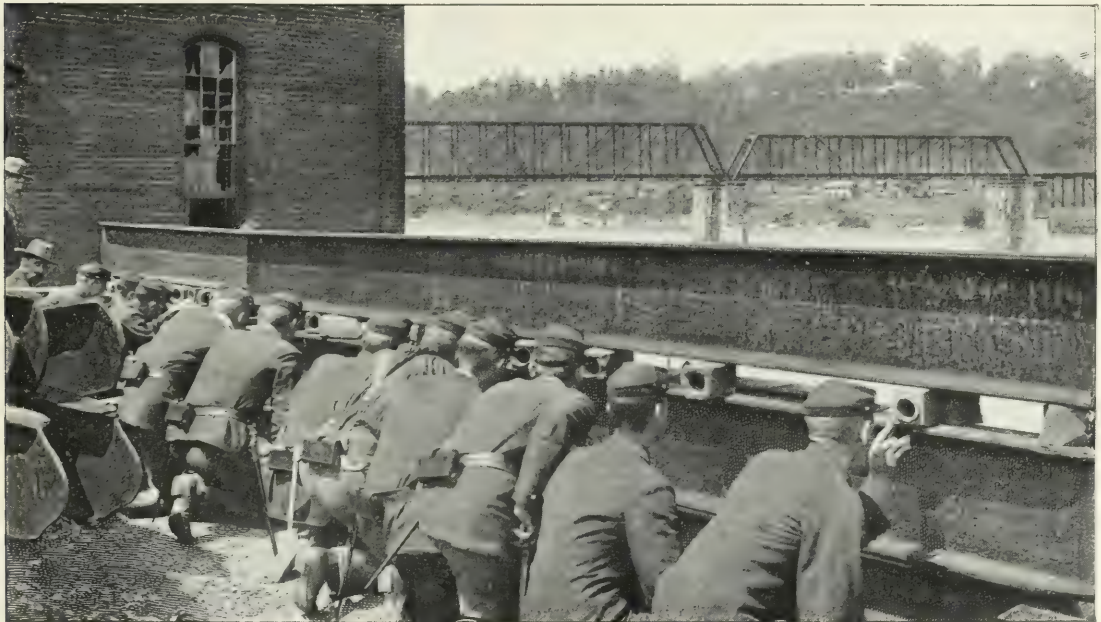
1890 the country had 163,000 miles of railroad, nearly double that in existence ten years before. Our national wealth in 1890 was valued at \$65,037,091,197, an increase, for the decade, of \$21,395,091,197. The per capita wealth had multiplied from \$870 to \$1,039, an increase of 49.02 per cent. The output of minerals had gone up more than half. Farming alone seemed to have lagged. The improved acreage of the country had increased less than a third,



THE CARNEGIE STEEL WORKS.

(Showing the shield used by the strikers when firing the cannon, and when watching the Pinkerton men; also the chain by which the cannon was anchored, and a wheelbarrow full of bolts and nuts used as ammunition.)

Drawn by G. W. Peters from photographs made after the militia had taken possession of the works.



The Militia Behind the Barricade Inside the Carnegie Works.

From a photograph.

the number of farms a little over an eighth. The proportion of school enrollment to total population had advanced from twelve per cent. in 1840, to twenty-three per cent. in 1890. Between 1880 and 1890 public school expenditures rose from \$88,990,466 to \$154,980,800. The religious bodies of the United States embraced 20,612,806 communicants, not far from a third of the population. One-tenth of the population, 6,231,417, were Catholics.

THE CHICAGO FAIR

THE leaps and bounds with which the nation had been advancing, no figures could have pictured so impressively as did the World's Columbian Exposition. The historian of the half-century will turn with pleasure from the battles which he must describe to the victories of peace, whose records are traceable in a succession of World's Expositions, transient as breakers, yet each marking a higher tide of well-being than the one before it. The first of these to occur this side the Atlantic enlivened New York in 1853. The second was at Philadelphia in 1865. Memory of both these was well-nigh obliterated by the Centennial Exposition in 1876. In 1883 Boston held a modest International Exposition, contemporaneous with a similar display at Louisville. The New Orleans Cotton Exposition of 1881 may be mentioned in connection with its notable successor of 1884. The World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 excelled all that had preceded it, whether here or abroad.

The idea of celebrating in this way Columbus's discovery of the New World long anticipated the anniversary year.

New York was appealed to as a suitable seat for the enterprise, and entertained the suggestion by subscribing \$5,000,000, whereupon, in August, 1889, Chicago apprised the country of her wish to house the Fair. St. Louis and Washington appeared as competitors, but the other three cities unanimously set Washington aside. St. Louis



The Convict Stockade and Military Camp at Over Springs

From a photograph.

showed little enthusiasm. Thirty-five citizens of Chicago, led by a specially active few of their number, organized Chicago's energies with such success, that on appearing before Congress she had \$5,000,000 in hand and could promise \$5,000,000 more. The commodiousness of the city as well as its position near the centre of population and commerce told in its favor. Father Knickerbocker was not a little chagrined when his alert and handsome cousin persuaded Congress to allot her the prize. The act organizing the Exposition was approved April 25, 1890. A National Commission was appointed, under the presidency of Hon. T. W. Palmer, of Michigan. An Executive Committee was raised, also a Board of Reference and Control, a Chicago Local Board, a Board of Lady Managers, and a number of standing committees to deal with various branches of the colossal undertaking.

In the seventeenth century the present site of Chicago was a swamp, which fur-traders and missionaries found fatally miasmatic. About 1800 a government engineer, viewing that rank morass traversed by a sluggish stream, pronounced it the only spot on Lake Michigan where a city could *not* be built. In 1804 Fort Dearborn was

water's edge dreary ridges of sand, in the background a swamp with flags, marsh-grass, and clumps of willow and wild-oak. Paris had taken nearly three years to prepare for the Exposition of 1889; twenty months were allowed Chicago. The site to be gotten in readiness was four times as large as that for the Paris Exposition. A dozen palaces and

ten score other edifices were to be located, raised, and adorned; the waters to be gathered in canals, basins, and lagoons, and spanned by bridges. Underground conduits had to be provided for electric wires. Endless grading, planting, turfing, paving, and road-making must be despatched. Thousands of workmen of all nationalities and trades, also fire, police, ambulance, and hospit-



Dr. Betts, "The Cowboy Preacher," Inciting the Miners to Attack Fort Anderson.

From a photograph taken at The Grove, between Briceville and Coal Creek.

erected here to counteract British influence. In 1812 the fort was demolished by Indians, but in 1816 rebuilt, and it continued, standing till 1871. Around the little fort in 1840 were settled 4,500 people. The number was 30,000 in 1850; 109,000 in 1860; 300,000 in 1870. In 1880 the community embraced 503,185 souls; in 1890 it had 1,099,850. In 1855 the indomitable city illustrated her spirit by pulling herself bodily out of her natal swamp, lifting churches, blocks and houses from eight to ten feet, without pause in general business.

A task similar to this was now again incumbent. The least unavailable site for the Exposition was Jackson Park, in the southeastern part of the city, where one saw at the

al service—a superb industrial army—had to be mustered in and controlled. The growth of the colossal structures



Non-combatants—A Typical Tennessee Mountain Home.



The Administration Building seen from the Agricultural Building.

From a photograph.

seemed magical. Sections of an immense arch would silently meet high in air "like shadows flitting across the sky." Some giant pillar would hang as by a thread a hundred feet above ground till a couple of men appeared aloft and set it in place. Workmen in all sorts of impossible postures and positions were swarming, climbing, and gesticulating like Palmer Cox's Brownies.

On Wednesday, October 21, 1892, the hive was stilled, in honor of Columbus's immortal deed. Just four hundred years before, for the first time so far as we certainly know or ever



The Late Richard M. Hunt.
Architect of Administration Building.

shall know, European eyes saw American land. This climacteric event in human history was by Old Style dated October 12th. The addition of nine days to translate it into New Style made the date October 21st. On that day occurred a reception in the Auditorium, 3,500 persons responding to the invitation. President Harrison was unable to attend because of what proved to be the last illness of his wife. Under the circumstances Mr. Cleveland won much praise by considerably declining the invitation sent him. The presidential campaign of 1892 was already in



A View toward the Peristyle from Machinery Hall.

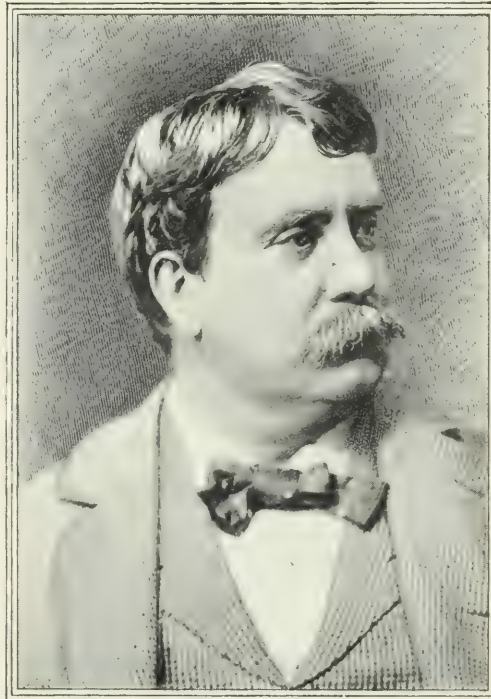
From a photograph.

progress, Harrison and Cleveland being matched for the second time. Mr. Cleveland wrote: "I should be very glad to be present on this interesting occasion and thus show my appreciation of its importance, if I could do so solely as an ex-President of the United States. I am sure, however, that this is impossible. . . . My general aversion to such a trip is overwhelmingly increased in this particular instance, when I recall the afflictive dispensation which detains at the bedside of his sick wife another candidate for the presidency."

The post of honor, Columbus Day, was occupied by Vice-President Morton.

On Thursday he reviewed a civic parade three hours long, marshalled by General Miles. On Friday the special exercises in dedication of the buildings and

grounds brought to Jackson Park over 250,000 people. High officials reviewed imposing military columns in Washington Park, and proceeded thence to the Manufactures Building on the Exposition grounds. Here a chorus sang the Columbus hymn, by John Knowles Payne, and Bishop Fowler offered prayer. The buildings were then formally handed over to the National Commission and by it to the Nation, through Vice-President Morton. Medals were awarded to artists



D. H. Burnham,
Director of Works.



The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, seen from the Southwest.

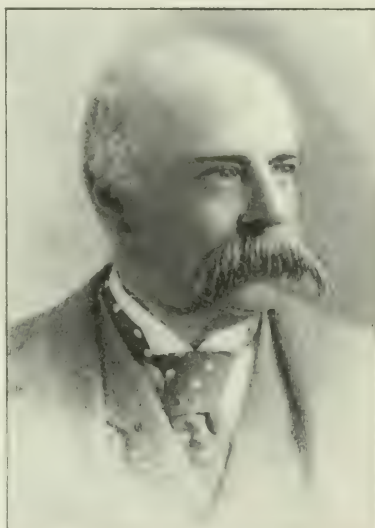
From a photograph.

and architects. Several addresses were made. Beethoven's anthem, and the prayer of benediction by Rev. H. C. McCook, D.D., of Philadelphia, concluded the ceremonies. In the evening were fireworks, among them a hundred fire balloons armed with rockets.

The Columbus anniversary was observed in many other cities. New York celebrated October 12th.

Fifty thousand troops passed the reviewing stand, millions lined the sidewalks. On the 27th occurred a naval parade, embracing thirty-five vessels and more than 10,000 men. The ships were splendid specimens of naval architecture. The Russian Dimitri Donskoi was the largest. Its company numbered 570. Next in size was the British Blake. The Argentine Nueve de Julio was the swiftest ship present. The Kaiserin Augusta, the prognathous Jean

Bart, of France, and the ill-starred Reina Regente were of the fleet. The marines' land muster was even more brilliant than the parade of the 12th. Curious among its features was the "mascot" of the Tartar's crew, a goat decked in scarlet silk and gold lace, like an Egyptian or a Siamese deity.



George B. Post,
Architect of Manufactures and Liberal
Arts Building.

CLEVELAND'S RE-ELECTION

Work was resumed at Chicago October 22d, and pushed day and night, rain or shine, to make ready for the opening, May 1, 1893. When that date arrived, the chief magistracy of the nation had changed hands. The contest for the Presidency had been exceptionally good-humored, each candidate being treated by his political opponents with studied respect. In spite of the "snap" New York Con-



The Horticultural and Transportation Buildings viewed from the Lagoon.

From a photograph.

vention, which sent Hill delegates to the national Democratic Convention, Cleveland had won the nomination on the first ballot by a trifle over the required two-thirds. For the nonce his enemies were thoroughly subdued. Harrison, too, had overcome Platt, Hill's Republican counterpart in New York. He had also divested himself of Quay in Pennsylvania, and of certain other influential party men much criticised for their political methods. Many such now turned against him, declaring him a craven, willing to benefit by services of any sort, but ready to repudiate his agents so soon as there was outcry against them. Mr. Harrison's personal manner was cold, repelling rather than attracting those with whom he came in contact. The



W. L. B. Jenney.

Architect of the Horticultural Building.

same circumstances connected with the civil service which told against Cleveland in 1888, now told with equal force against Harrison. Though sincerely favoring the Reform and doing much to extend the scope of the Reform Law, Harrison had gone quite as far as his predecessor in "turning the rascals out." Advertisement of the 1888 corruption and the subsequent adoption by many States of the "Australian" ballot law to prevent vote-buying and similar evils, rendered the election of 1892 much purer than the preceding one. Vice still lurked about the polls, but it was now more closely watched and more severely reprobated.

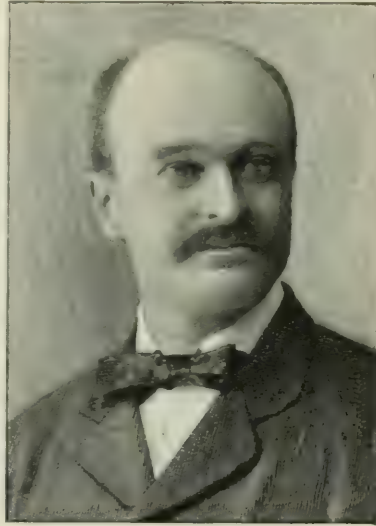
THE HOMESTEAD STRIKE

HARRISON's chances had been lessened by the

strike at Homestead, Pa., against the Carnegie Steel Company, which broke out on July 6, 1892, because of a reduction in wages. The Amalgamated Steel and Iron Workers sought to interfere against the reduction, but were refused recognition by the company. H. C. Frick, President of the company, was burned in effigy. A shut-down was ordered. Preparing to start up again with non-union men, the company arranged to introduce a force of Pinkerton detectives to protect these new employees. The Pinkertons came in barges by the river, and when they approached the mills the strikers met them with a volley of bullets, beginning a regular battle which raged two days. The barges, armored inside, were impervious to bullets; therefore on the second day cannons were used, bombarding the boats for hours. Effort was also made to fire them by means of burning oil floated down against them. Seven detectives were killed and twenty or thirty wounded. On the workmen's side eleven were killed. The wretches in the boats twice hoisted a flag of truce, but

it was ignored. The third time officers of the Amalgamated Association interfered, and a committee was sent on board to arrange terms of surrender. Having no alternative, the Pinkerton police agreed to give up their arms and ammunition and retire from the scene. Strikers were to guard them on their departure, and effort was made to do this; yet, as they marched through Homestead streets, the mob element, always on hand at such times, brutally attacked them with clubs, stones, and bullets. After cruel delay the entire militia of Pennsylvania arrived on the 12th, and quickly restored order. Good-will it was harder to reinstate. Several workmen were arrested on charge of murder, which led to counter-arrests and charges against Carnegie officers, the Pinkertons, and some of their subordinates.

During most of the disturbance public sympathy was with the strikers, as the employment, by great corporations, of armed men, not officers of the law, to defend property, was very unpopular. Sentiment turned the other way when, on July 21st, Mr. Frick



Charles F. McKim, of McKim, Mead & White,

Architects of the Agricultural Building.



Solon S. Beeman,
Mines and Mining Building



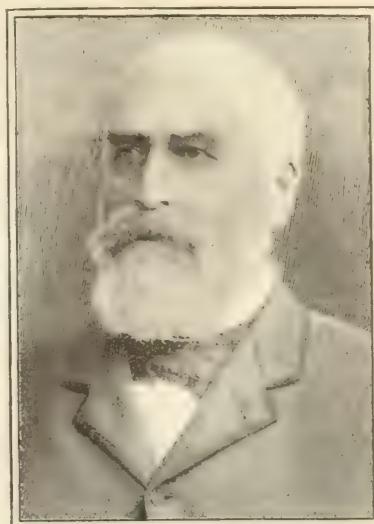
Henry Ives Cobb,
Fisheries Building



Louis H. Sullivan,
Transportation Building

SOME ARCHITECTS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR

was brutally shot and stabbed in his own office by Alexander Bergmann, an anarchist from New York. The man fired two shots, both taking effect in Mr. Frick's body, then grappled with him, trying to use his knife. Mr. Frick displayed utmost courage. Though seeming to be fatally wounded, he succeeded in holding his foe until help arrived. Mr. Frick was confined to



Carter H. Harrison.

By permission of Placerville Courier.

his bed many months, but at last recovered. Disclaim and reprobate this deed as they might, the displaced laborers could not in the public mind disconnect it from their own doings. October 11th, a Grand Jury returned against thirty-one strikers true bills for high treason; and against several Carnegie officials and their detectives for murder.

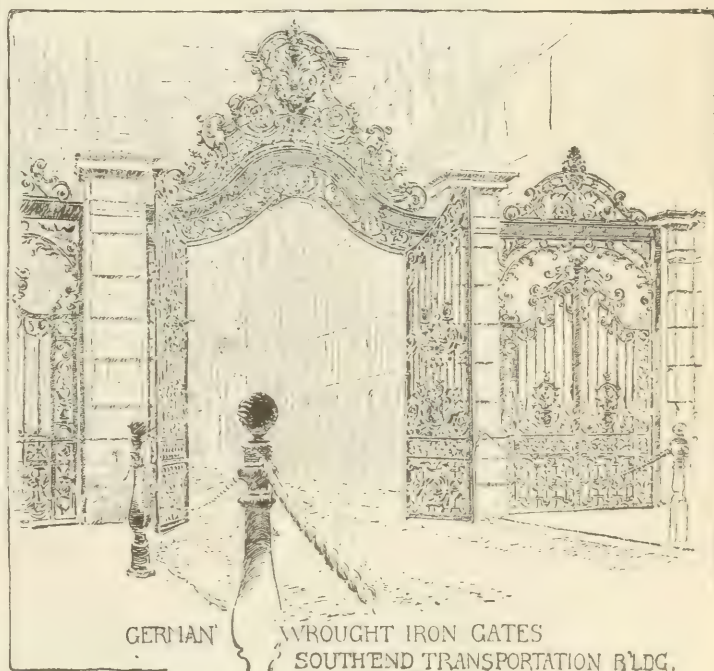
The loss of life at Homestead seemed the more sad as following so soon the unique disaster which befell Titusville and Oil City on June 5th. Oil Creek, al-



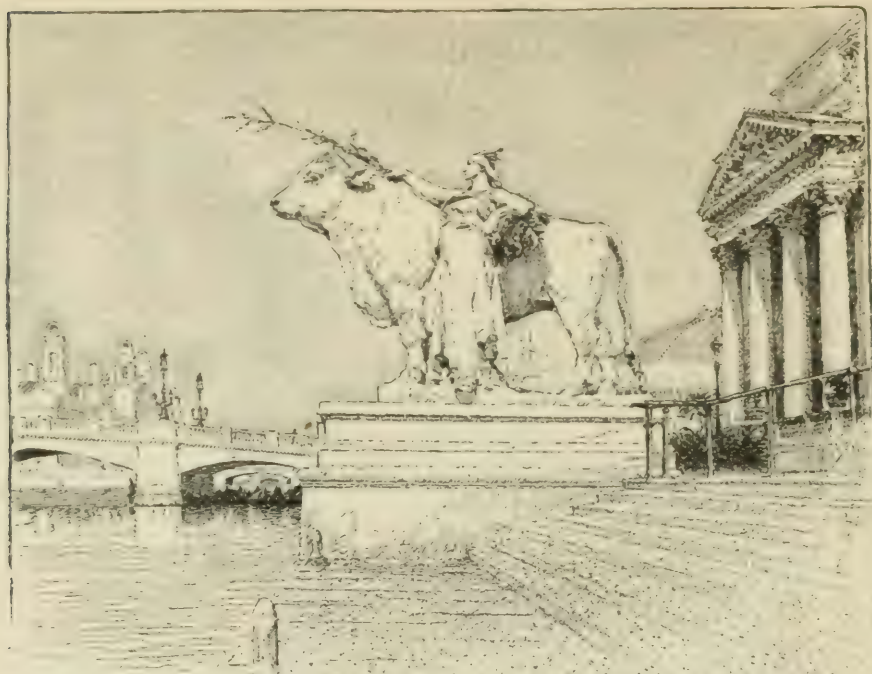
Detail, Main Entrance, Horticultural Building

The World's Fair views in this article are, with two exceptions, from photographs by T. S. Johnson.

VOL. XIX.—32



From a photograph by Rau.



A STATUE ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING

ready high, was swollen by a cloudburst and had flooded the lower part of Titusville, when several oil-tanks, probably struck by lightning, gave way, the oil flowing out, ignited, over the water, forming an immense sheet of moving flame. Scores of buildings in Titusville were soon on fire, and about a third of

be gotten out of its track. Nearly two hundred perished, and between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed.

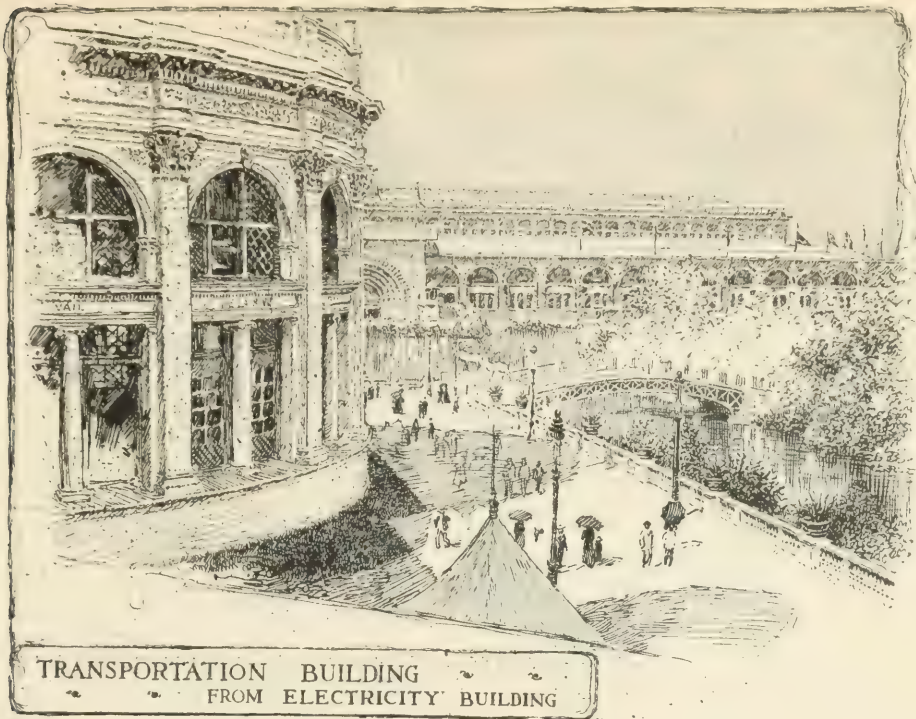
As Democrats saw political capital in the Homestead disturbance, so Republicans pointed to labor troubles in a Democratic State. The bad system of farm-



A Detail of the Golden Doorway at the Entrance to the Transportation Building.

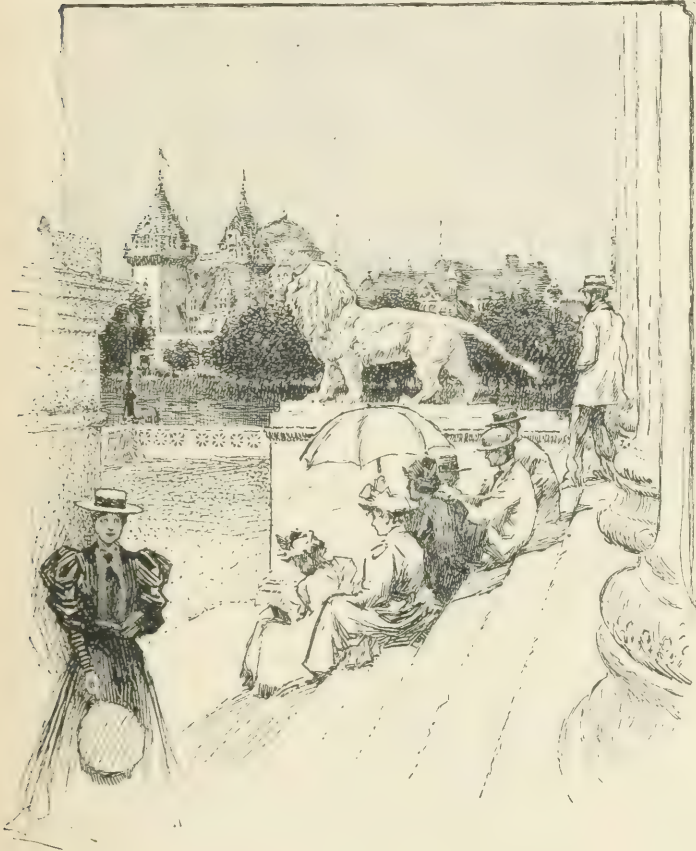
the city was destroyed. The flaming flood swept down to Oil City, eighteen miles below, overwhelming or burning such persons and property as could not

ing out convicts to labor in competition with deserving citizens led, in Tennessee, during 1891 and 1892, to riots and loss of life. For three years previously



the State's prisoners, numbering over fourteen hundred, had been farmed, for sub-letting the rest, partly to colliers at Coal Creek and Oliver Springs, partly to contractors who used them in

FROM THE ART BUILDING STEPS WEST



Nashville making brick and harnesses and building sewers. The contractors fed and clothed the convicts and provided guard-houses for such as wrought at a distance from the main prison; but the State appointed the guards and pretended, through inspectors, to see that the prisoners were decently used. All went well till work grew slack. Then many free miners had to go on short time, though the convicts still wrought full time. August 13, 1892, miners attacked Tracy City and removed the convicts, of whom several escaped. This was repeated at Inman and Oliver Springs. The process was easy, since, popular sympathy favoring the miners so that a sheriff could not muster a posse, the authorities made little effort to defend the contract gangs. At Coal Creek, however, the rioters were resisted by the garrison, consisting of Colonel Anderson with a hundred and fifty men. Being beaten, the

\$100,000 a year, to a large coal and iron company. This company worked most of them at Tracy City and Inman, mob raised a flag of truce, answering which, in person, Colonel Anderson fell into their power, and was commanded,

THE CARAVELS IN FRONT OF THE CASINO BUILDING



on threat of death, to order a surrender. He refused. Meantime the militia, which had been called out, arrived and briskly attacked the rioters, killing several, routing the residue, and rescuing Colonel Anderson. Five hundred miners were arrested and all disturbance soon ended.

The Force Bill was remembered in the presidential campaign of 1892, and that in parts of the land where, but for it, its authors might now have hoped for gains. They made no effort to raise the corpse to life, but left it "unwept, unhonored, and unsung" where it fell two years before. Veteran Democrats suspected a piece of shrewd shamming, and circled the remains, crying "No Force Bill! No Negro Domination!" till sure that it was a case of death. While not attacking the Dependent Pensions Act, for which they were too shrewd, the Democrats may have gained somewhat by their loud demands for honesty in administering this. The other expenditures of the Fifty-first Congress they placed under searching review, with scant result as to details, though the aggregate sum impressed the public unfavorably.

The Republicans' centre in the battle was McKinley Protection, but many of their best fighting men thought that McKinley had led them too far to the front and wished to fall back upon "reciprocity" as a stronger position.

Thus there was wavering in the ranks. The tin schedule of the new tariff was lauded as sure to transfer the tin industry from Wales to this country. "Free sugar" was also made prominent. Upon the tariff question the Democrats wavered too. Their Convention had displaced a resolution squinting toward protection, and put in the platform a plain tariff-for-revenue plank. Most of their Western speakers took the stump, crying: "Republican protection is a fraud!" and denouncing the McKinley Act as "the culminating atrocity of class legislation." Republicans charged that the Democracy stood committed to "British Free Trade." There was some justice in the statement, yet Cleveland's letter of acceptance was not in this tone. "We wage," said he, "no exterminating warfare against American industries." And in all the Eastern centres Democratic orators and papers declined to attack the principle of protection, only urging that manufacturing interests would be advanced by "freer raw materials."

The Populists, heirs of the Grangers and Farmers' Alliance, scored a triumph now. In Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, North Dakota, Oregon, and Wyoming the Democrats voted for Weaver, the Populist candidate. In those States, subtracting Oregon and adding Nevada, he obtained a majority. In Louisiana and Alabama, on the contrary, it

was Republicans who fused with Populists. The Tillman movement in South Carolina, nominally Democratic, was akin to Populism, but was complicated with the color question and later with novel liquor legislation. In its essence it was a revolt of the ordinary white population from the traditional dominance of the aristocracy. In Alabama a similar movement, led by Reuben F. Kolb, was defeated, fraudulently, as he thought, by vicious manipulation of votes in the Black Belt. Spite of these diversions the election was a second tidal wave in favor of the democracy. Of the total 444 votes in the electoral college, Cleveland received 277, Harrison 145, and Weaver 22—giving Cleveland a plurality of 132. Cleveland received 5,556,000 votes, Harrison 5,175,000, and Weaver 1,041,000. The Senate held forty-four Democrats, thirty-seven Republicans, and four Populists; the House two hundred and sixteen Democrats, one hundred and twenty-five Republicans, and eleven Populists.

THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE EXPOSITION

MR. CLEVELAND'S first prominent appearance before the public after his in-



TOTEM POLES

auguration was upon the Opening Day of the Columbian Exposition, May 1, 1893. It was a legal holiday. In spite of the mist, rain, and mud of its early hours, patient multitudes waited outside for the gates of Jackson Park to swing. The inevitable procession, dramatically welcomed by the uncouth aliens of the Midway Plaisance, stopped at the temporary platform in front of the Administration Building, where, among many others, sat President Cleveland side by side with Columbus's descendant, the Duke of Veragua. Inspiring music and poetry led up to the climax of the occasion. After recounting the steps by which the Exposition had originated, the Director-General said: "It only remains for you, Mr. President, if in your opinion the Exposition here presented is commensurate in dignity with what the world should expect of our great country, to direct that it shall be opened to the public; and when you touch this magic key the ponderous machinery will start in its revolutions and the activity of the Exposition will begin."

STATUE OF BUFFALO. N.E. OF MACHINERY HALL



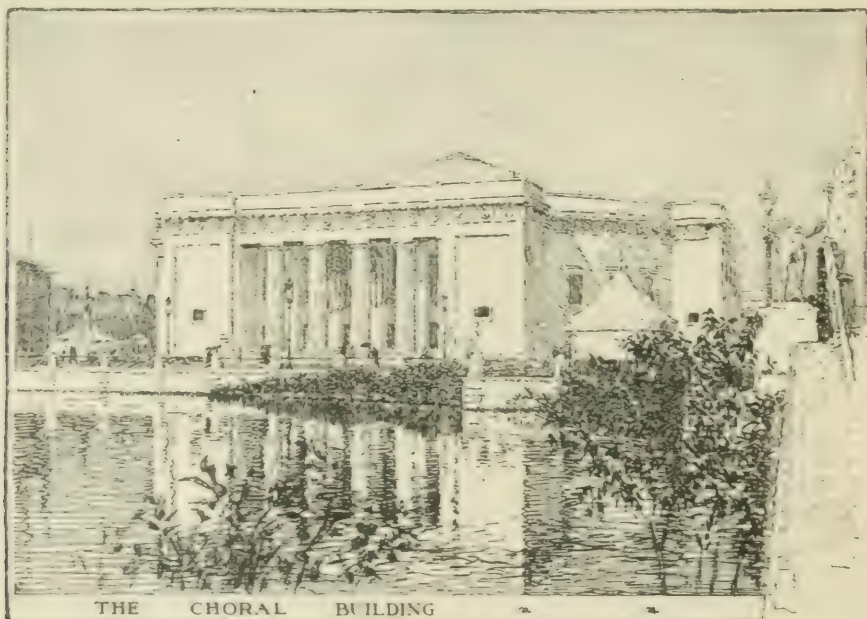


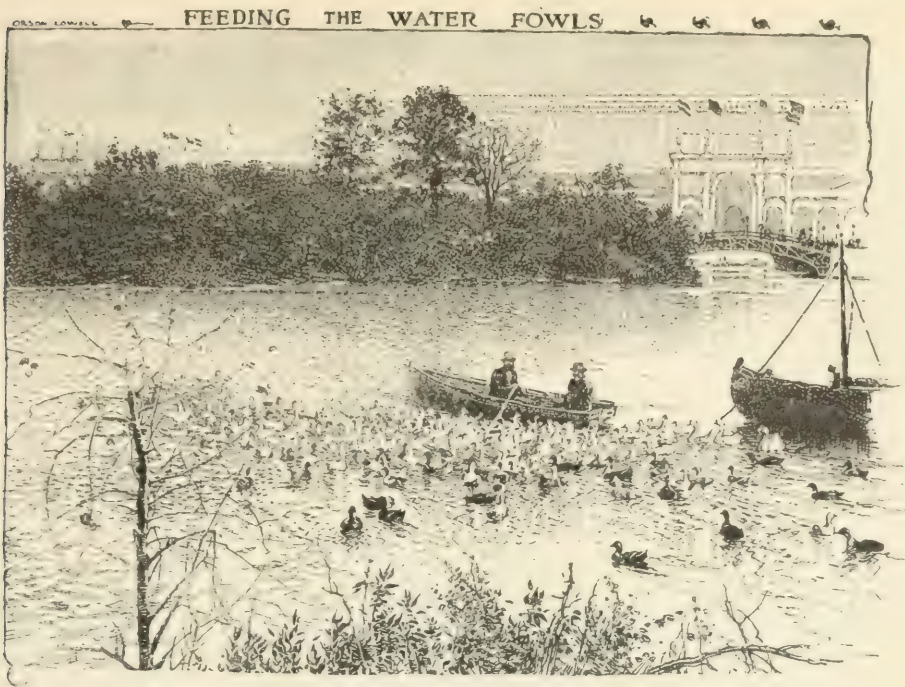
The French Building.

"As the President touched the button there arose from all sides a wild outburst of sound, the people and orchestra uniting in the triumphant strains of Handel's 'Hallelujah Chorus,' while the wheels of the great Allis engine in the Machinery Hall began to revolve and the electric fountains in the lagoons to play. Torrents of water gushed from the great MacMonnie's fountain, the artillery thundered salutes, and the chimes of the Factories Hall and German building rang merry peals; while conspicuous in the Court of Honor the golden beauty of the 'Republic' stood discovered. At the same moment

the flags in front of the platform parted, revealing the gilded models of the Columbian caravels. The flags of all nations were simultaneously unfurled on all the buildings of the Exhibition. The roof of the Factories Building became gorgeous with red gonfalons, while the Agricultural Building was dressed in ensigns of orange and white. It was a magnificent transformation scene. Amid all the cannon continued to boom and the people to cheer, while the band played the national anthem."

Many of the festal days which followed were chosen by States and nations for their own in particular.

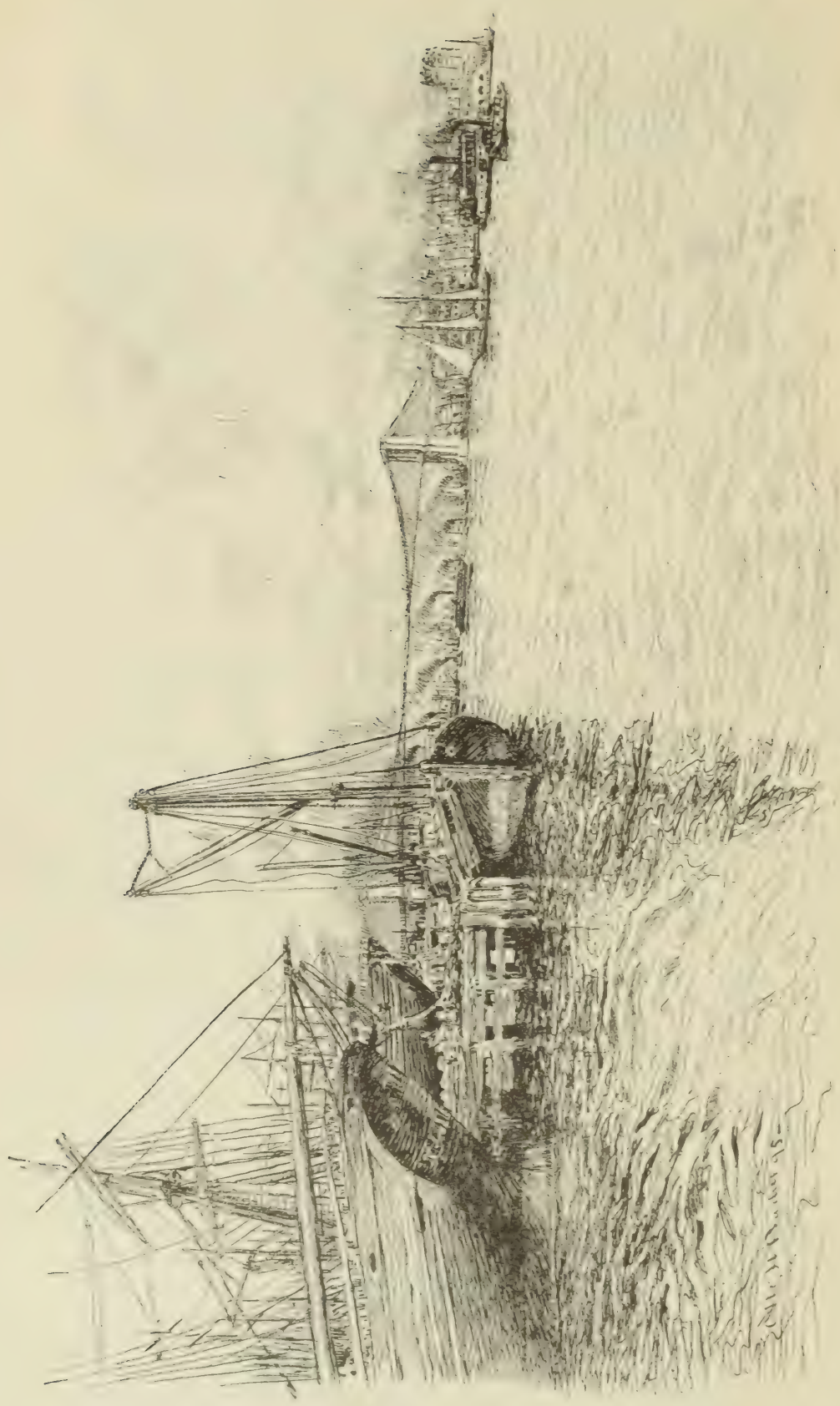




Every State had its day, which it brightened with music and pageantry, not omitting the eloquence and hospitality suited to such occasions. On her day, California dispensed freely to all comers of her abundant fruit. New York did not sulk over her loss of the opportunity to entertain the Fair, but vigorously and with splendid success celebrated the day set apart for her. "The great day of the feast" was "Chicago Day," October 9th, the twenty-second anniversary of the awful fire. All the night before houseless thousands had sheltered themselves in doorways and under the elevated railroad, while 15,000 awaited at the gates the opening of the grounds. During the day 716,881 persons paid their way into the grounds, the largest number for any one day, exceeding the maximum at Philadelphia—217,526, and that at Paris in 1889—397,150. Original and interesting exercises marked the hours. Two aged Pottawottomi chiefs, pathetic types of the vanished red man, who stood side by side near the Columbian Bell, received much homage. One was in white man's attire; the other in feathered head-dress and breeching and moccasins of beaded buck-skin, all supplemented by a liberal paint-coat of many colors. The white man's proselyte was Simon Pokaron, whose father, Leopold, once owned the

site of Chicago; the unconventionalized warrior was chief John Young, son of a chief of the same name. Leopold gave the inland metropolis a local habitation, John Young, Sr., gave her a name, "Chicago"—meaning "thunder," according to some; "onion," in the belief of others; and "skunk's home" as maintained by a third school of interpreters. Fire-works, the finest ever seen, lighted up the evening. Some of the designs were, "Old Fort Dearborn," "Chicago Welcoming the World," "Old Glory," and "Niagara Falls." Four scenes, each covering 14,000 square feet, illustrated the burning of the city in 1871. Conspicuous among the representations was Mrs. O'Leary's incendiary cow, said to have started the fire by kicking over a lamp.

In magnitude and splendor the grounds and buildings constituting the White City far surpassed any ever before laid out for Exposition purposes. The original sketch of the grounds was drawn with pencil on brown paper by the late Mr. John W. Root. It projected an effective contrast of land and water as well as of art and nature, which subsequent elaboration, mainly under the invaluable advice and guidance of the late Richard M. Hunt, nobly filled out. The North Pond communicated with the lake by the North Inlet and with the Grand Basin by the North



THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.
Drawn from nature by Otto H. Fischer.

Canal, opposite which was the South Canal. South of the Basin was South Inlet, leading from Lake Michigan into South Pond. In one corner was the isolated Northwest Pond. Approaching the park by water one landed at a long pier, on which was the moving sidewalk — the Power House, where alone steam-power was allowed, standing to the south. At another pier was moored the *facsimile* battle-ship Illinois. Almost at the lips of her cannon the nations of the world had tabernacled, England nearest. Beyond these, at the north, was the neighborhood of States, each represented by a house. Some of the houses were castles, some were cottages. Some provided only comforts, others held displays. Not one but offered points of great interest. Iowa, Washington, California, and Illinois advertised their prospects; Florida, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts their history. Mutual visits among these families and mutual admiration were the order of each day.

Upon the Wooded Island, under the protectorate of Horticultural Hall, consummate art had made a refuge for wildest nature. Stunted trees were masked by shrubbery and the water planted with aquatic vegetation. Nearly every variety of American tree and shrub was represented upon these acres. Here as well as elsewhere landscape gardeners had created effective backgrounds of willows and of flowers, and stretches of lawn set off by statuary and fountains. Distances were too great to be traversed always on foot, but other modes of locomotion were ample. A good if somewhat noisy servant was the Intramural Railway, which conducted one by the rear of the grounds, the back way, as it were, from one end of the enclosure to the other. But the beauty of the place more impressed you if you boarded a gondola or an electric launch, sweeping under arches, around islands, and past balustrades, terraces, and flowered lawns. Easy transit through the larger buildings, or from one to another, was furnished by wheeled chairs. From the number of theological students employed to propel them,

these were known as "gospel chariots."

Notwithstanding the charge of materialism so often brought against America, and against Chicago in particular, foreigners visiting the Fair found that we had not provided mere utilitarian housings for the exhibits. We came near falling into another fault, that of vain lavishness. The architects wrought together with mutual interest and affection, free from all selfish rivalry. They sacrificed pecuniary considerations to love of art, working with a zeal which money alone could never have called forth. Great as was the expenditure, it would have been inadequate to the results had it not been possible to employ a material at once cheap, sufficiently durable, and very ductile in architects' hands. This was a mixture of plaster of Paris with certain fibres, commonly known as "staff." "It permitted the architects to indulge in an architectural spree." It made possible "a group of buildings which might have been a vision of an ancient monarch, but which no autocrat and no government could have carried out in permanent form." It allowed modern masters to reproduce "the best details of ancient architecture—to erect temples, colonnades, towers, and domes of surpassing beauty and noble proportions—making an object-lesson of practical educational value equal to its impressive character." "The leading motives of composition were to obtain such a disposition of the greater buildings as should make the best and most effective use of the actual conditions of the grounds when modified and corrected by the art of the landscape architect; should give to these buildings a proper and articulate relation one to the other and also to the water system of the park; should group them in a formal and artificial manner at those points where their great size and necessary mutual proximity invited a predominance of architectural magnificence, or picturesquely and incidentally where the conditions of the landscape were such as to forbid a close observation of axial lines and vistas."

Near the centre of the grounds was the Government Building, with a ready-

made, conventional look, out of keeping with the other architecture. Critics declared it the only discordant note in the symphony, but the Illinois Building, conspicuously situated, topped by a dome looking like a cartridge upright upon a box, was not exactly pleasing, at least in comparison with edifices near by. Looking away from it across the North Pond, one saw the Art Palace, of pure Ionic style, perfectly proportioned, restful to view, contesting with the Administration Building the first architectural laurels of the Fair. To the south of the Illinois Building rose the Woman's Building, and next Horticultural Hall, with dome high enough to shelter the tallest palms. So overrun was this department with applications that only the choicest exhibits could be accepted. Among these Australia, land of anomalies, planted her giant tree-fern and giant stag-horn fern. Here experimenting was carried on in a cave illuminated only by electricity, for the purpose of determining whether plants can be made to thrive under such light alone. In connection with Horticultural Hall may be mentioned the rustic Forestry Building. Supreme architectural victory was realized in the fact that even the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, almost awful in its proportions, did not tyrannize over its neighbors. This structure was thrice the size of St. Peter's at Rome and would easily have roofed the Vendôme Column. It was severely classical, with a long perspective of arches, broken only at the corners and in the centre by portals fit to immortalize Alexander's triumphs.

The name of the "Court of Honor" awoke in one a throb of anticipation before seeing its chaste beauty, which must to his dying day haunt the memory of every visitor who beheld it. Its majestic unity was mainly due to the genius of R. M. Hunt, already mentioned for his masterly agency in rendering the Fair so picturesque and so perfect as an architectural ensemble. Down the Grand Basin you looked upon the golden statue of the Republic with its noble proportions, beyond it the peristyle, a forest of columns surmounted by the

Columbian quadriga. On the right hand stood the Agricultural Building, in the style of the Renaissance, upon whose summit the "Diana" of Augustus St. Gaudens had alighted. To the left stood the enormous Hall of Manufactures just mentioned. Looking from the peristyle the eye met the Administration Building, admired by critics and laymen alike. Its architect was Mr. Hunt. He was a devotee of the French school, and here presented to the American people its best exemplification. The dome resembled that of the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris. In this Court originality was happily sacrificed to harmony. It was well that specimens of the best architecture should be set before the public, rather than novel departures from standard types; for the Fair not only showed the vast growth of art in America since 1876, but served as an educator in the canons of taste. The American art displayed at the Fair disappointed Europe by imitating hers so well. Yet it was clear that we were not mere imitators.

A DISASTROUS FIRE

ONE of the most unique conceptions presented at the Fair was that of the Cold Storage Building, just south of the Sixty-fourth Street entrance, where a hundred tons of ice to supply the Exposition were daily made. Its architecture was handsome and suitable; the walls unbroken, save on the ground floor, where the large, tunnel-like entrance was flanked by a row of windows, and on the fifth floor, which was designed for an ice skating-rink. Four corner towers relieved the steeple effect of a fifth one in the centre, which resembled the tower on Madison Square Garden in New York City. This central pinnacle rose sheer to the dizzy height of 225 feet. Through it went the smoke-stack. The cheering coolness of this building was destined not to last. Early in the afternoon of July 10th, its occupants were startled by the cry of "Fire!" Flames had been discovered at the top of the central tower, which had caught from the smoke-stack, owing, apparently, to neglect of

the architect's precautions and of the fire marshal's repeated warnings. Delaying his departure till he had provided against explosion, the brave engineer barely saved his life. Before his escape, the firemen were on hand and a band at once climbed to the balcony near the blazing summit. At this juncture, suddenly, to the horror of all, fire burst from the lower part of the tower. The rope and hose were burnt in two, precipitating a number in their attempt to slide back to the roof. Others leaped recklessly from the colossal torch. In less than two minutes, it seemed, the whole pyre was swathed in flames, and, as it toppled, the last wretched form was seen to poise and plunge with it into the now blazing abyss. Sixteen firemen in all suffered horrible death.

Another unique fabric stood by the water of the North Pond. It was the Fisheries Building, having a curved arcade at each end, leading to a circular aquarium. Visitors were fascinated at

seeing the pillars twined with creatures of the sea, frogs, tortoises, eels, and star-fish. The capitals, similarly, were architectural puns — here a fantastic mass of marine life, there a lobster-pot. Even the balustrades were supported by small fishy caryatids. The Electricity and Transportation Buildings were equally original, each in its way, the former with its pinnacled sky-line, the latter with its forcefulness of contour and rich archaic decoration. The Mining Building, hard by the Electricity Building, suggested monumental strength, as the Transportation Building intimated ruthless force. Machinery Hall, with its shapely dome, colonnade, and arcades, was much admired.

Amid a muster of earth's choicest rarities, a multitude of wonders stupefying in its vastness, to specify individual marvels as pre-eminent seemed wild. One feature would specially impress you, another your friend. Our Government's display deserved and received incessant attention. The State Department gave to the light for the moment some rich treasures from its archives. The War Office exhibit showed our superiority in heavy ordnance and ammunition, and at the same time our failure to rival Europe in small-arms. Among the cannon was the famous Long Tom, formerly aboard the privateer General Armstrong, which kept at bay a British squadron till sunk to avoid capture by a line-of-battle ship. A thrilling Arctic tableau represented Major Greely greeting the brave Lieutenant Lockwood on his return from "farthest North." A first-class post-office was operated on the grounds. A combination postal-car, sixty feet in length, manned by the most expert sorters and operators, interested vast crowds. Close by was an ancient mail-coach once actually captured by Indians, with effigies of the pony express, formerly so familiar on the Western plains, of a mail sledge drawn by dogs, and of a mail carrier mounted on a bicycle. Models of a quaint little Mississippi mail steamer and of the modern steamer Paris, stood side by side. Weapons, stuffed birds, and bottled reptiles from the dead letter office were displayed.



Plan of the World's Fair Grounds at Jackson Park.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| A. Administration Building. | L. Transportation Building. |
| B. MacMennies Fountain. | M. Mines and Mining Building. |
| C. Casino. | N. Electricity Building. |
| D. Music Hall. | O. Choral Building. |
| E. Central Railroad Station. | P. Horticultural Building. |
| F. Manufactures and Liberal Arts. | Q. Women's Building. |
| G. Agriculture Building. | R. Government Building. |
| H. Machinery Hall. | S. Fisheries Building. |
| I. Stock Pavilion. | T. Art Galleries. |
| J. French Agriculture. | U. Naval Exhibit. |
| K. Forestry Building. | V. Illinois Building. |

A rich assemblage of jewelry and gems adorned a section of the Fair, one cabinet being rightly styled "the million-dollar case." Self-winding and self-regulating clocks were a feature. So were the transportation exhibits. Locomotives of all styles and ages were presented, from Sir Isaac Newton's, of 1680, based on an invention of 130 B.C., to the famous "999." Some fully equipped railroad trains were shown. One had bath-room, barber-shop, writing-desk and library—accommodations for railway travel then novel, though now familiar. The apartment sleeping-car and the observation-car were then quite new. Another train was vestibuled the entire width of the cars, and from the tender to the rear lights. Many such are now seen, improved, since, by "burglar-proof" doors to the cars. The locomotive "Queen Empress," of the London & Northwestern line, was exhibited, heading a train of English railway carriages beautifully complete to the uttermost detail.

THE MIDWAY

FROM the serious side of the Fair one turned for relaxation to the Midway Plaisance. The Midway was the delightful Limbo of the Exposition. Here were realistic bits of Dahomey, Samoa, the far Orient, the Levant, the frozen North, Europe, Ireland. The "natives" felt perfectly at home, even to marrying and giving in marriage, one infatuated Kabyle going so far as to attempt to steal a bride, according to tribal custom. His romance terminated in a police station. The Plaisance was a library of human documents. Not the least interesting was "far-away Moses" immortalized by Mark Twain. In spite of frowning battlements and formidable watchmen with lanterns and battle-axes, hordes besieged and overran old Vienna. On this populous avenue were the Libby glass works, artificers of the Infanta's glass dress, the ice-railway, the Hagenbeck animal show of equestrian lions and rope-walking bears, the ostrich farm, theatres, and bazaars galore. There abode all "fakirs," making short work of your

small change, while they delighted you with the ingenuity and despatch of the operation. Immensely popular was Cairo Street, travelled by 2,250,000 visitors. Hagenbeck entertained more than 2,000,000. Between 650,000 and 800,000 entered the villages of Java, Germany, and Vienna. Lady Aberdeen's Irish village admitted more than 550,000.

THE FERRIS WHEEL

THOSE of weak nerves shunned the chief feature of the Midway, the Ferris Wheel, the most novel mechanism in existence. It is said that at a banquet, more than a year before the opening day, the director, while praising the architects, complained that the engineers of this country had suggested for the Fair nothing original like the Eiffel Tower at Paris. Mr. George W. G. Ferris, of Pittsburg, took this as a reflection on his calling, and excogitated his remarkable invention, literally in an hour, over a mutton-chop. In principle it resembles the Eiffel Tower. The tower is, in effect, a cantilever bridge set on end; the wheel is such a bridge bent around a pair of Brobdingnagian bicycle wheels. These are geared on an axle weighing more than the average locomotive, which in turn is supported by two skeleton pyramids. The spokes are of wire, two and a half inches thick. Unprepared for a project so startlingly original, the authorities withheld, till within six months of the opening, a concession for placing it, allowing Mr. Ferris for the construction and placement of his monster less than a sixth of the time consumed in building the Eiffel Tower. Yet the wheel was completed in the time required, and is said to have varied from a true circle less than the most delicate pivot-wheel of a watch.

Pilgrims to the Chicago spectacle, of course, required extensive preparations for their convenience and safety both *en route* and after arrival. The Exposition managers early appointed a Committee on Transportation. This chanced to consist largely of railroad men whose lines converged in Chicago. As committeemen these gentlemen were

not supposed to know the temper of the roads. They therefore wrote asking reduced rates. On receiving, next morning, their own requests, they were better informed, and wrote themselves answers unanimously refusing to reduce. This was the worse policy in that, later, the roads did lower rates, thus aggravating the inevitable congestion of traffic toward the end of the season, and increasing the number of railroad accidents. Yet the railway achievements evoked by the Fair were admirable. A New York Central and Lake Shore train daily covered in twenty hours the almost 1,000 miles from New York to Chicago, a rate of 48.4 miles an hour, including stops. Permanent improvements were made in some roads, such as long watering-troughs, from which the locomotives scooped their water, like Gideon's warriors, as they bounded along. For excursions to the Exposition Pittsburg seemed to be the banner city. Thence, on October 21st, a single excursion train, in eight sections, bore to Chicago 3,575 passengers. The Fair increased the passenger traffic of the Illinois Central two hundred and thirteen per cent. That road spent over \$2,000,000 in preparation, raising its tracks for $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles over 13 city streets, building 300 special cars, and erecting many new stations.

The number of paid admissions to the Columbian Fair was 21,477,218, a daily average of 119,984 $\frac{1}{2}$. The gross attendance was 27,529,400, exceeding by nearly a million the number at the Paris Exposition for the six months ending with October, though rather over half a million less than the total attendance at Paris, where the gates were open a considerably longer time than at Chicago. The monthly average of visitors increased steadily from about 1,000,000 in May to nearly 7,000,000 in October. It is estimated that in all 12,000,000 different individuals saw the Fair. Notwithstanding the presence of such multitudes, the grounds were always clean and there was no ruffianism—two creditable features which English visitors remarked. The most interesting sight was the sight-seers. It was a typical American crowd, or-

derly, good-natured, intelligent. At points where more than could do so wished to see the same sight at the same time, no greedy elbowing occurred. A careful and constant visitor failed "to observe on the grounds by day or night a single drunken or disorderly person, or any emergency at any time when a guard or policeman was required." The police, and particularly the secret service, were efficient. Of \$32,988 worth of property reported stolen, \$31,875 was recovered and restored.

ASSASSINATION OF CARTER HARRISON

Two days before the Exposition closed an assassin's bullet felled at his own threshold Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago. This accomplished gentleman had been prominent in originating and installing the Fair, and its closing ceremonies in Festival Hall were deeply shadowed by his death. Only prayer, resolutions of condolence, and a benediction preceded the sharp click of President Higinbotham's gavel. As the assembly dispersed the organ pealed out Chopin's and Beethoven's funeral marches. At sunset the shore battery fired a last salute, the half-masted flags of all nations dropped simultaneously, and the mighty parade was over.

The only structure intended to be permanent was the Art Building. The others were superfluous so soon as the occasion that called them into existence had passed. The question of their disposition was summarily solved. One day some boys playing near the Terminal Station saw a sinister leer of flame inside. They tried to stamp it out, but a high wind was blowing, and soon Chicago's old discomfited foe rose with a roar to wreak vengeance upon the deserted and helpless White City, Chicago's child. The flames quickly enveloped the beautiful Administration Building, and in a few minutes the Mining and Electricity Buildings as well. Meanwhile, from the Terminal Station the fierce contagion had spread to the Machinery and Agricultural Buildings. Next moment it fastened upon the Transportation Build-

ing and the lordly Hall of Manufactures. Witnesses will never forget the burning of this mammoth. Hardly had it caught fire when the roof collapsed, while from hundreds of windows shot out derisive tongues of flame. The lagoons and the lake were lurid with a glare visible long leagues away. The walls tottered, the vistas fell in with a deafening roar, and at last the fire demon subsided among the ruins, leaving ashes, heaps of débris, tortured iron work, and here and there an arch, to tell of his orgy.

The Chicago Exposition proved that the ideals of the Republic, if far from being attained, had not been surrendered. The building just north of Horticultural Hall, tastefully designed by Miss Sophia Hayden, of Boston, was not only the first of the World's Fair edifices to be completed, but the first of its kind to be anywhere built. It typified that note of our life most striking to foreigners, the high position of woman, which Professor Bryce declares, "if not a complete test, one of the best tests of the progress a nation has made in civilization." For the excellence of its contents the Woman's Building was finally made an "exhibit" building, occupying a creditable place. Other departments of the Exposition gathered obvious refinement from feminine influence. This was especially true of the art set forth at the Fair, which ought, perhaps, to be pronounced strictly "American" in hardly any other particular but this. The principal thoroughly national painting presented, "Breaking Home Ties," sensibly betrayed the motive here referred to. Raised to practical equality with her brothers, the American woman's influence has shown to excellent advantage. Occupations of honor and profit are, more and more as the years pass, open to her, and she does well in whichever she chooses. In fields of philanthropy and moral reform, women's talent for organization and persistence in working for good ends have been conspicuous.

Outwardly composed of materialities, the Exposition was a colossal manifestation of mentality, "an unspoken but sublime protest against materialism."

To emphasize that fact, to bring together the leaders of human progress, to review this, make clear statements of living problems, and ascertain practical means by which further advancement might be effected, a series of World's congresses was held at Chicago, constituting a World's Congress Auxiliary. Its motto was "not matter but mind, not things but men." In all there were 160 congresses, covering the entire six months of the Fair. Philosophy, Religion, Moral and Social Reform, Woman's Progress, the Press, Commerce and Finance, Music, Literature, Art, Jurisprudence, Education, Agriculture, Horticulture, Engineering, Medical and Dental Science were all learnedly discussed, several congresses apiece being devoted to some of them. The Evangelical Alliance held its congress, as did the Women's Christian Temperance Union. There were also a congress on Public Health and a World's Real Estate congress. The Congress Auxiliary employed 210 working committees, who sent out over 1,000,000 circulars. Its membership exceeded 15,000, its attendance exceeded 700,000. There were 1,245 sessions, addressed by 5,974 speakers. Most interesting was the World's Parliament of Religions, which held three sessions a day for seventeen days, each session being thronged. Representatives of the leading Christian sects and of the world's leading religions presented their views. The Parliament was an index of the tolerance of the time and nation, and had an effect not unlike that of the crusades in broadening and strengthening men's sympathies.

What the Fair hinted at in the way of the nation's scientific progress was immensely more than what it immediately revealed. The Eiffel Tower might be styled the *badge* of the Paris Exposition; the Ferris Wheel bore the same relation to ours. Tower and wheel alike uniquely exemplified the fact that in the last thirty years bridge construction has become almost an exact science. Many remember the days of wooden bridges and massive wooden trestles, to compose one of which a forest had to be felled. Improvement in iron and steel manufacture has

changed this. The suspension bridge marked the new era, its most noted exemplar being the East River Bridge between New York and Brooklyn. John A. Roebling designed it, but died before work upon it was fairly commenced. It was continued by his son, Washington A. Roebling, even after he was stricken with paralysis, his wife becoming his lieutenant. The towers rose, then strand by strand the sixteen-inch cables were woven. The length of the bridge is nearly six thousand feet, and each foot weighs more than a ton. The rise and fall winter and summer is three feet.

A still larger suspension bridge, with 2,800 feet clear span, is about to cross the North River. The suspension bridge did not meet the demand of our Western railroad builders for speed in construction. Accordingly, the autumn of 1883, the year when the Brooklyn Bridge was completed, witnessed the advent of a pioneer of another type, the cantilever bridge, consisting of truss-work beams poised upon stone piers and meeting each other, a design of wonderful capabilities. Extension in the use of iron and steel also made elevated railways possible. A project in this direction dates from 1868. Exactly ten years later two sections of railway were open in New York.

The first elevated road in Brooklyn began operation in 1885. These speedways at once became popular. In 1884 no fewer than 250 engines and 800 cars were in use by the New York lines, carrying over three hundred thousand passengers daily, or about one hundred and three millions for the year. Chicago followed with the "Alley L" line, so-called from the lanes to which it is relegated. Boston prefers and is preparing provision for rapid transit by means of an underground railway system like London's. Spite of the freest possible lateral vent, population and business in our largest cities exert greater and greater vertical pressure. High buildings result, in which, again, steel plays a vital part, affording lightness, strength, and fire-proof quality, and permitting rapidity of construction.

THE ERA OF ELECTRICITY

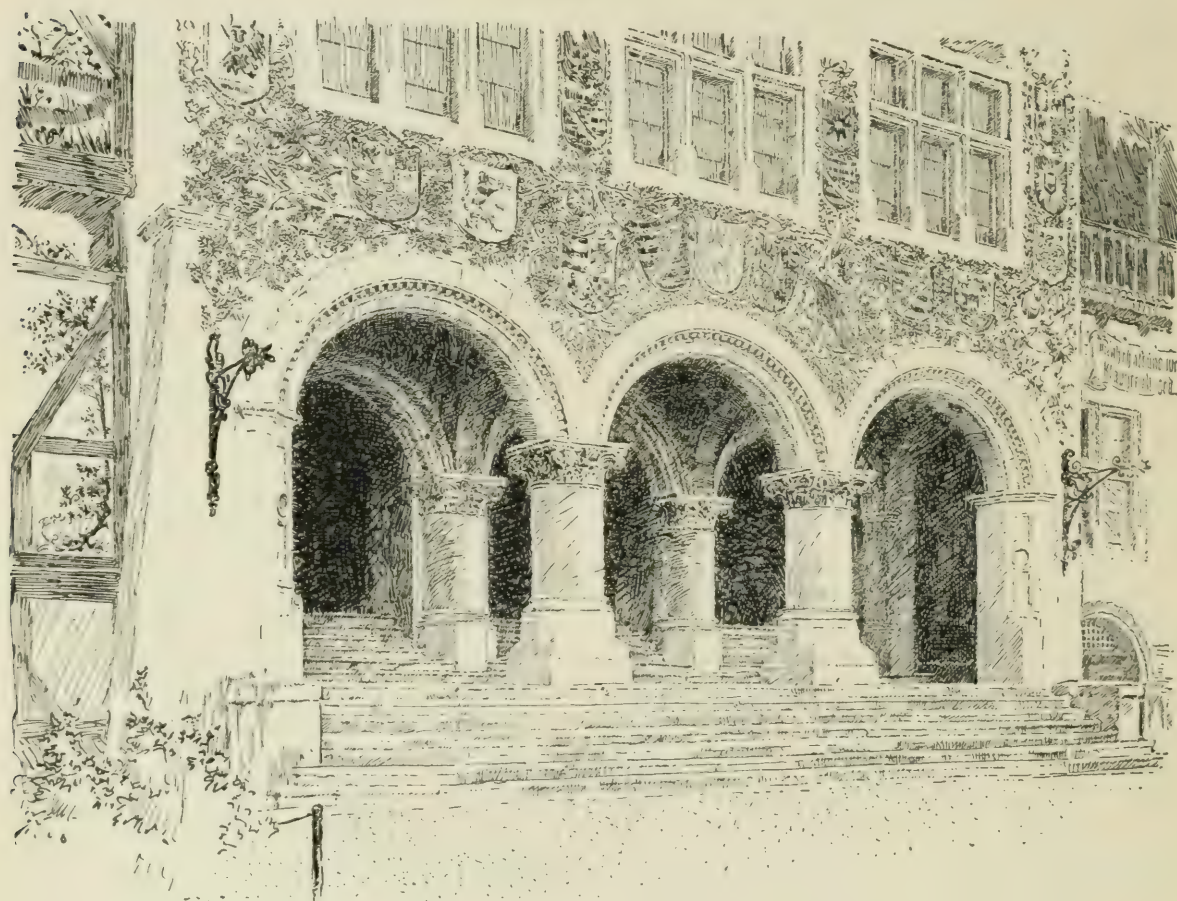
WHAT wonder it evoked at the Exposition of 1876, that the Corliss engine with its complex system of belting was able to supply power so far! At Chicago silent wires carried energy to the remotest extremities of the vast grounds. In 1876 the telegraph constituted almost the sole practical application of electricity. Even that invention now owes its chief efficiency to improvements since made, while the new uses of electricity are almost infinitely numerous. Edison prophesies that ere long mankind's sole work will consist in "pushing the button." When Morse's bill for a telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore first reached Congress, he was ridiculed as rain-makers now are. One legislator moved to amend by providing for a line to the moon, the House entertaining the amendment because it entertained the House. Morse, however, got his appropriation. The first day of its public operation that telegraph yielded the Government one cent; in 1890 a single telegraph company had a yearly revenue of nearly \$20,000,000. Stearns and Edison have compelled the single wire to carry several messages at once, and that in different directions.

The telephone, the electric light, and the electric motor are the three great *fin de siècle* inventions. In 1876 Mr. Bell exhibited to the curious an electric transmitter of the human voice, a contrivance on which, after years of experiment, he had stumbled almost simultaneously with other men. Testing the possibility of sending mere sound-waves over a wire, he accidentally found that articulate speech could be so carried. The same year Edison added a carbon transmitter, whereupon the novelty went forth conquering and to conquer. In 1893 the Bell Telephone Company owned 307,748 miles of wire, an amount increased by rival companies' property to 444,750. There were that year nearly 14,000 "exchanges," 10,000 employees, 250,000 subscribers, and 2,000,000 daily conversations. This device promises to rival the telegraph, being able to transmit the human voice 1,400 miles.

New York and Chicago were placed on speaking terms only three or four days before "Columbus Day." Telephone service now connects New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and other cities each to each, and is already found indispensable. Arc-lamps shown at the Philadelphia Exposition drew sight-seers as candles attract moths. They had originated only shortly before, when Charles G. Brush, of Cleveland, O., perfected his dynamo. Men of science still viewed incandescent lighting as an elusive will-o'-the-wisp; but in 1878 Edison, after stupendous labor, mastered the secret and rendered it practically available. At the White City the arc light literally turned night into day. Palaces were radiant with countless incandescent bulbs, while many-colored electric fountains coruscated outside.

In the Centennial year the thought of transmitting power by electricity was considered chimerical. In the Columbian year it was no longer even a novelty, and electricity was far and wide

beginning to supplant forms of power familiar before. Street-car traction soon passed to its control, the few horses still in this service coming to be looked upon as curious survivals. Whereas in 1889, out of 3,150 miles of street railway in fifty-eight of the leading American cities, only 260 were operated by electricity, the proportion in the intervening six years has been almost reversed, and the electric car has become an established feature of our civilization. Where a city business man or laborer living in the suburbs formerly required an hour to reach home, the trolley-car now transports him in twenty minutes. A vast addition is thus made to the leisure at men's disposal for uses which enrich life. Rapid transit blessedly relieves the crowded sections of cities, placing the country with its invigorating air within reach of the poor. Electricity is moving trains upon great railways and bids fair to supplant steam there. The use of it by a few roads proves its perfect availability, and its



The Entrance to the German Building.

full employment seems to be postponed solely by disinclination to invest in a given mode for its application when a cheaper and better one may be invented any day. Horseless carriages and pedal-less cycles are clearly in prospect.

Among those deserving the world's gratitude for harnessing electricity to

Railway, he found time to read Newton's "Principia," to edit and print a small weekly paper, and to conduct experiments. He became a telegraph operator. One of his inventions was an automatic device for answering the central office, when it called, that he was awake, though in fact he

was quietly dozing. He also contrived an automatic repeater to transfer messages from one wire to another. Interesting some capitalists in a machine by which votes in legislative bodies could be automatically recorded, he learned that expedition in legislation is what legislators, at least if in the minority, do not desire. His first profitable invention was an improved stock printer, for which he received \$40,000. From this time he wrought miracles on notification—useful ones, that have modified men's life in important regards. Incandescent lighting is familiar to all; the phonograph to most. This instrument was recently employed by a coroner to pronounce a funeral service. He had procured a phonograph for the purpose and gotten a clergyman to utter to it the proper scriptures, hymns, and prayers. When occasion arose for its use the friends gathered for the obsequies were astonished to hear the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord" sonorously roll forth. Combined with the kinetoscope

the phonograph forms the "kineto-phonograph." Edison declares that the time is near "when grand opera can be given at the Metropolitan Opera House at New York without any material change from the original, and with artists and musicians long dead."

A more original genius than Edison, veritably a wizard, is his young disciple, Nikola Tesla, who was born in Ser-



Thomas A. Edison in his Laboratory at Orange, N. J.

From a photograph taken for Scribner's Magazine.

(The photographer found the great inventor temporarily discomfited—"stuck," as he himself expressed it.)

humanity's uses, Thomas Alva Edison, "the Wizard of Menlo Park," is famous—less for absolute originality than for dogged patience and subtle insight enabling him to fructify others' devices. Thrown upon the world at fifteen, with little book learning but with a wonderful craving for knowledge, he is now among the world's most famous men. While a newsboy on the Grand Trunk



GENERAL VIEW OF

via and found employment with Edison on landing in America. For small electric lights he dispenses with the filaments inside the bulbs and makes dilute air do their work. He sends currents of high tension through space, without any conductor, at a voltage many times greater than that employed in electrocution. He receives in his person currents vibrating a million times a second, of two hundred times greater voltage than needed to produce death. He surrounds himself with a halo of electric light and calls purple streams from the soil. His experiments are of the utmost promise to the industrial world. His aim is to hook man's machinery directly to nature's, pressing the ether waves directly into our service without the intervention or the generation of heat, in which such an enormous pro-

portion of the energy goes to waste, ninety per cent. in arc lighting, ninety-four in incandescent. By his "rotating magnetic field" and the employment, devised by him, of currents of great frequency and high potential power can be economically transmitted to a much greater distance than hitherto. Tesla's polyphase motors were adopted for converting into electricity the power of Niagara Falls. In 1873 a canal was opened there with a fall furnishing 6,000 horsepower. Since 1890 another canal has been built, conveying a vast weight of water to the wheel-pit through ten separate channels. This mighty volume of descending water drives three dynamos each equipped with one of Tesla's 2-phase alternating generators of 5,000 horse-power, developing about 2,000 volts with a frequency of 25 cycles a second. It is thought that the Niagara Falls Power Company can, before very long, furnish Chicago with energy at a cost less than that of steam made on the spot by coal. Presaging this result, electricity created at Laufen, Germany, has been carried to Frankfort with a loss of only four per cent. Electricity created at the falls of the American River at Folsom, Cal., where four tur-



THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS

bine water-wheels develop over 5,000 horse-power, has been carried by overhead copper wires to Sacramento, twenty-four miles away, with a loss of not

over twenty per cent. At present it propels street-cars, but it is also to be used for lighting streets and operating factories.



The Electricity Building.

The Mines and Mining Building.

THE BURNING OF THE WHITE CITY.





SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XI

AARON LATTA

THE Airlie post had dropped the letters for outlying farms at the Monypenny smithy and trudged on. The smith having wiped his hand on his hair, made a row of them, without looking at the addresses, on his window-sill, where, happening to be seven in number, they were almost a model of Monypenny, which is within hail of Thrums, but round the corner from it, and so has ways of its own. With the next clang on the anvil the middle letter fell flat, and now the likeness to Monypenny was absolute.

Again all the sound in the land was the melancholy sweet kink, kink, kink of the smith's hammer.

Across the road sat Dite Deuchars, the mole-catcher, a solitary figure, taking his pleasure on the dyke. Behind him was the flour-miller's field, and beyond it the den, of which only some tree-tops were visible. He looked wearily east the road, but no one emerged from Thrums; he looked wearily west the road, which doubled out of sight at Aaron Latta's cottage, little more than a stone's throw distant. On the inside of Aaron's window an endless procession seemed to be passing, but it was only the warping mill going round. It was an empty day, but Dite, the accursed, was used to them; nothing ever happened where he was, but many things as soon as he had gone.

He yawned and looked at the houses opposite. They were all of one story; the smith's had a rusty plough stowed away on its roof; under a window stood a pew and bookboard, bought at the roup of an old church, and thus trans-

formed into a garden-seat. There were many of them in Thrums that year. All the doors, except that of the smithy, were shut, until one of them blew ajar, when Dite knew at once, from the smell which crossed the road, that Blinder was in the bunk pulling the teeth of his potatoes. May Ann Irons, the blind man's niece, came out at this door to beat the cistern with a bass, and she gave Dite a wag of her head. He was to be married to her if she could get nothing better.

By and by the Painted Lady came along the road. She was a little woman, brightly dressed, so fragile that a collie might have knocked her over with his tail, and she had a beautiful white-and-pink face, the white ending of a sudden in the middle of her neck, where it met skin of a duller color. As she tripped along with mincing gait, she was speaking confidentially to herself, but when she saw Dite grinning, she seemed, first, afraid, and then sorry for herself, and then she tried to carry it off with a giggle, cocking her head impudently at him. Even then she looked childish, and a faded guilelessness, with many pretty airs and graces, still lingered about her, like innocent birds loath to be gone from the spot where their nest has been. When she had passed monotony again reigned, and Dite crossed to the smithy window, though none of the letters could be for him. He could read the addresses on six of them, but the seventh lay on its back, and every time he rose on his tip-toes to squint down at it, the spout pushed his bonnet over his eyes.

"Smith," he cried in at the door, "to gang hame afore I ken wha that letter's to is mair than I can do."

The smith good-naturedly brought

the letter to him, and then glancing at the address was dumfounded. "God behears," he exclaimed, with a sudden look at the distant cemetery, "it's to Double Dykes!"

Dite also shot a look at the cemetery. "He'll never get it," he said, with mighty conviction.

The two men gazed at the cemetery for some time, and at last Dite muttered, "Ay, ay, Double Dykes, you was aye fond o' your joke!"

"What has that to do wi' t?" rapped out the smith, uncomfortably.

Dite shuddered. "Man," he said, "does that letter no bring Double Dykes back terrible vive again! If we was to see him climbing the cemetery dyke the now, and coming stepping down the fields in his moleskin waistcoat wi' the pearl buttons——"

Auchterlonie stopped him with a nervous gesture.

"But it couldna be the pearl buttons," Dite added, thoughtfully, "for Betty Finlayson has been wearing them to the kirk this four year. Ay, ay, Double Dykes, that puts you farrer awa' again."

The smith took the letter to a neighbor's house to ask the advice of old Irons, the blind tailor, who when he lost his sight had given himself the name of Blinder for bairns to play with.

"Make your mind easy, smith," was Blinder's counsel. "The letter is meant for the Painted Lady. What's Double Dykes? It's but the name of a farm, and we gave it to Sanders because he was the farmer. He's dead, and them that's in the house now become Double Dykes in his place."

But the Painted Lady only had the house, objected Dite; Nether Drumgley was farming the land, and so he was the real Double Dykes. True, she might have pretended to her friends that she had the land also.

She had no friends, the smith said, and since she came to Double Dykes from no one could find out where, though they knew her furniture was bought in Tilliedrum, she had never got a letter. Often, though, as she passed his window she had keeked sideways at the letters, as bairns might look at parlys. If he made a tinkle with his hammer at

such times off she went at once, for she was as easily flichtered as a field of crows, that take wing if you tap your pipe on the loof of your hand. It was true she had spoken to him once; when he suddenly saw her standing at his smiddy door, the surprise near made him fall over his brot. She looked so neat and ladylike that he gave his hair a respectful pull before he remembered the kind of woman she was.

"And what was it she said to him?" Dite asked, eagerly.

She had pointed to the letters on the window-sill, and said she, "Oh, the dear loves!" It was a queer say, but she had a bonny English word. The English word was no doubt prideful, but it melted in the mouth like a lick of sirup. She offered him sixpence for a letter, any letter he liked, but of course he refused it. Then she prigged with him just to let her hold one in her hands, for said she, bairnlike, "I used to get one every day." It so happened that one of the letters was to Mysy Robbie; and Mysy was of so little importance that he thought there would be no harm in letting the Painted Lady hold her letter, so he gave it to her, and you should have seen her dawting it with her hand and holding it to her breast like a lassie with a pigeon. "Isn't it sweet?" she said, and before he could stop her she kissed it. She forgot it was no letter of hers, and made to open it, and then she fell a-trembling and saying she durst not read it, for you never knew whether the first words might not break your heart. The envelope was red where her lips had touched it, and yet she had an innocent look beneath the paint. When he took the letter from her, though, she called him a low, vulgar fellow for presuming to address a lady. She worked herself into a fury, and said far worse than that; a perfect guller of clarty language came pouring out of her. He had heard women curse many a time without turning a hair, but he felt wae when she did it, for she just spoke it like a bairn that had been in ill company.

The smith's wife, Suphy, who had joined the company, thought that men were easily taken in, especially smiths. She offered, however, to convey the let-

ter to Double Dykes. She was anxious to see the inside of the Painted Lady's house, and this would be a good opportunity. She admitted that she had crawled to the east window of it before now, but that dour bairn of the Painted Lady's had seen her head and whipped down the blind.

Unfortunate Suphy! She could not try the window this time, as it was broad daylight, and the Painted Lady took the letter from her at the door. She returned crestfallen, and for an hour nothing happened. The mole-catcher went off to the square, saying, despondently, that nothing would happen until he was round the corner. No sooner had he rounded the corner than something did happen.

A girl who had left Double Dykes with a letter was walking quickly toward Monypenny. She wore a white pinafore over a magenta frock, and no one could tell her whether she was seven or eight, for she was only the Painted Lady's child. Some boys, her natural enemies, were behind; they had just emerged from the Den, and she heard them before they saw her, and at once her little heart jumped and ran off with her. But the halloo that told her she was discovered checked her running. Her teeth went into her underlip; now her head was erect. After her came the rabble with a rush, flinging stones that had no mark and epithets that hit. Grizel disdained to look over her shoulder. Little hunted child, where was succor to come from if she could not fight for herself?

Though under the torture she would not cry out. "What's a father?" was their favorite jeer, because she had once innocently asked this question of a false friend. One tried to snatch the letter from her, but she flashed him a look that sent him to the other side of the dyke, where, he said, did she think he was afraid of her? Another strutted by her side, mimicking her in such diverting manner that presently the others had to pick him out of the ditch. Thus Grizel moved onward defiantly until she reached Monypenny, where she tossed the letter in at the smithy door and immediately returned home. It was the letter that had been sent to her mother,

now sent back, because it was meant for the dead farmer after all.

The smith read Jean Myles's last letter, with a face of growing gravity. "Dear Double Dykes," it said, "I send you these few scrapes to say I am dying, and you and Aaron Latta was seldom sindry, so I charge you to go to him and say to him 'Aaron Latta, it's all lies Jean Myles wrote to Thrums about her grandeur, and her man died mony year back, and it was the only kindness he ever did her, and if she doesna die quick, her and her starving bairns will be flung out into the streets.' If that doesna move him, say, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind yon day at Inverquharty and the cushie doos?' likewise, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind yon day at the Kaims of Airlie?' likewise, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind that Jean Myles was ower heavy for you to lift? Oh, Aaron, you could lift me so pitiful easy now. And syne says you solemnly three times, 'Aaron Latta, Jean Myles is lying dying all alone in a foreign land; Aaron Latta, Jean Myles is lying dying all alone in a foreign land; Aaron Latta, Jean Myles is lying dying all alone in a foreign land.' And if he's sweer to come, just say, 'Oh, Aaron, man, you nicht; oh, Aaron, oh, Aaron, are you coming?'"

The smith had often denounced this woman, but he never said a word against her again. He stood long reflecting, and then took the letter to Blinder and read it to him.

"She doesna say, 'Oh, Aaron Latta, do you mind the cuttle well?'" was the blind man's first comment.

"She was thinking about it," said Auchterlonie.

"Ay, and he's thinking about it," said Blinder, "night and day, night and day. What a toon there'll be about that letter, smith!"

"There will. But I'm to take it to Aaron afore the news spreads. He'll never gang to London though."

"I think he will, smith."

"I ken him weel."

"Maybe I ken him better."

"You canna see the ugly mark it left on his brow."

"I can see the uglier marks it has left in his breast."

"Weel, I'll take the letter; I can do no more."

When the smith opened the door of Aaron's house he let out a draught of hot air that was glad to be gone from the warper's restless home. The usual hallan, or passage, divided the but from the ben, and in the ben a great revolving thing, the warping-mill, half filled the room. Between it and a pile of webs that obscured the light a little silent man was sitting on a box turning a handle. His shoulders were almost as high as his ears, as if he had been caught forever in a storm, and though he was barely five and thirty, he had the tattered, dishonored beard of black and white that comes to none till the glory of life has gone.

Suddenly the smith appeared round the webs. "Aaron," he said awkwardly, "do you mind Jean Myles?"

The warper did not for a moment take his eyes off a contrivance with pirns in it that was climbing up and down the whirring mill.

"She's dead," he answered.

"She's dying," said the smith.

A thread broke, and Aaron had to rise to mend it.

"Stop the mill and listen," Auchterlonie begged him, but the warper returned to his seat and the mill again revolved.

"This is her dying words to you," continued the smith. "Did you speak?"

"I didna, but I wish you would take your arm off the haik."

"She's loath to die without seeing you. Do you hear, man? You shall listen to me, I tell you."

"I am listening, smith," the warper replied, without rancor. "It's but right that you should come here to take your pleasure on a shamed man." His calmness gave him a kind of dignity.

"Did I ever say you was a shamed man, Aaron?"

"Am I not?" the warper asked, quietly; and Auchterlonie hung his head.

Aaron continued, still turning the handle, "You're truthful, and you canna deny it. Nor will you deny that I shamed you and every other mother's

son that night. You try to hod it out o' pity, smith, but even as you look at me now, does the man in you no rise up against me?"

"If so," the smith answered, reluctantly, "if so, it's against my will."

"It is so," said Aaron in the same measured voice, "and it's right that it should be so. A man may thief or debauch or murder, and yet no be so very different frae his fellow-men, but there's one thing he shall not do without their wanting to spit him out o' their mouths, and that is, violate the feelings of sex."

The strange words in which the warper defined his fall had always an uncomfortable effect on those who heard him use them, and Auchterlonie could only answer in distress, "Maybe that's what it is."

"That's what it is. I have had twal lang years sitting on this box to think it out. I blame none but mysel'."

"Then you'll hae pity on Jean in her sair need," said the smith. He read slowly the first part of the letter, but Aaron made no comment, and the mill had not stopped for a moment.

"She says," the smith proceeded, doggedly—"she says to say to you, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind yon day at Inverquharity and the cushie doos?'"

Only the monotonous whirr of the mill replied.

"She says, 'Aaron Latta, do you mind that Jean Myles was ower heavy for you to lift? Oh, Aaron, you could lift me so pitiful easy now.'"

Another thread broke and the warper rose with sudden fury.

"Now that you've eased your conscience, smith," he said, fiercely, "make your feet your friend."

"I'll do so," Auchterlonie answered, laying the letter on the webs, "but I leave this ahint me."

"Wap it in the fire."

"If that's to be done, you do it yoursel'. Aaron, she treated you ill, but——"

"There's the door, smith."

The smith walked away, and had only gone a few steps when he heard the whirr of the mill again. He went back to the door.

"She's dying, man!" he cried.

"Let her die!" answered Aaron.

In an hour the sensational news was through half of Thrums, of which Monypenny may be regarded as a broken piece, left behind, like the dot of quicksilver in the tube to show how high the town once rose. Some could only rejoice at first in the down-come of Jean Myles, but most blamed the smith (and himself among them) for not taking note of her address, so that Thrums Street could be informed of it and sent to her relief. For Blinder alone believed that Aaron would be softened.

"It was twa threads the smith saw him break," the blind man said, "and Aaron's good at his work. He'll go to London, I tell you."

"You forget, Blinders, that he was warping afore I was a dozen steps frae the door."

"Ay, and that just proves he hadna burned the letter, for he hadna time. If he didna do it at the first impulse, he'll no do it now."

Every little while the boys were sent along the road to look in at Aaron's end window and report.

At seven in the evening Aaron had not left his box, and the blind man's reputation for seeing farther than those with eyes was fallen low.

"It's a good sign," he insisted, nevertheless. "It shows his mind's troubled, for he usually louses at six."

By eight the news was that Aaron had left his mill and was sitting staring at his kitchen fire.

"He's thinking o' Inverquharity and the cushie doos," said Blinder.

"Mair likely," said Dite Deuchars, "he's thinking o' the Cuttle Well."

Corp Shiach clattered along the road about nine to say that Aaron Latta was putting on his blacks as if for a journey.

At once the blind man's reputation rose on stilts. It fell flat, however, before the ten-o'clock bell rang, when three of the Auchterlonie children, each pulling the others back that he might arrive first, announced that Aaron had put on his corduroys again, and was back at the mill.

"That settles it," was everyone's good-night to Blinder, but he only answered thoughtfully, "There's a fierce fight going on, my billies."

Next morning when his niece was

shaving the blind man, the razor had to travel over a triumphant smirk which would not explain itself to womankind, Blinder being a man who could bide his time. The time came when the smith looked in to say, "Should I gang yont to Aaron's and see if he'll gi'e me the puir woman's address?"

"No, I wouldna advise that," answered Blinder, cleverly concealing his elation, "for Aaron Latta's awa' to London."

"What! How can you ken?"

"I heard him go by in the night."

"It's no possible!"

"I kent his foot."

"You're sure it was Aaron?"

Blinder did not consider the question worth answering, his sharpness at recognizing friends by their tread being proved. Sometimes he may have carried his pretensions too far. Many granted that he could tell when a doctor went by, when a lawyer, when a thatcher, when a herd, and this is conceivable, for all callings have their walk. But he was regarded as uncanny when he claimed not only to know ministers in this way, but to be able to distinguish between the steps of the different denominations.

He had made no mistake about the warper, however. Aaron was gone, and ten days elapsed before he was again seen in Thrums.

CHAPTER XII

A CHILD'S TRAGEDY



NO one in Thrums ever got a word from Aaron Latta about how he spent those ten days, and Tommy and Elspeth, whom he brought back with him, also tried to be reticent, but some of the women were too clever for them. Jean and Aaron did not meet again. Her first intimation that he had come she got from Shovel, who said that a little high-shouldered man in black had been inquiring if she was dead, and was now walking up and down the street, like one waiting. She sent her children out to him, but he would not come up. He had answered Tommy roughly, but

when Elspeth slipped her hand into his, he let it stay there, and he instructed her to tell Jean Myles that he would bury her in the Thrums cemetery and bring up her bairns. Jean managed once to go to the window and look down at him, and by and by he looked up and saw her. They looked long at each other, and then he turned away his head and began to walk up and down again.

At Tilliedrum the coffin was put into a hearse and thus conveyed to Monypenny, Aaron and the two children sitting on the box-seat. Someone said, "Jean Myles boasted that when she came back to Thrums it would be in her carriage and pair, and she has kept her word," and the saying is still preserved in that Bible for week-days of which all little places have their unwritten copy, one of the wisest of books, but nearly every text in it has cost a life.

About a score of men put on their blacks and followed the hearse from the warper's house to the grave. Elspeth wanted to accompany Tommy, but Aaron held her back, saying, quietly, "In this part, it's only men that go to burials, so you and me maun bide at hame," and then she cried, no one understood why, except Tommy. It was because he would see Thrums first; but he whispered to her, "I promise to keep my eyes shut and no look once," and so faithfully did he keep his promise on the whole that the smith held him by the hand most of the way, under the impression that he was blind.

But he had opened his eyes at the grave, when a cord was put into his hand, and then he wept passionately, and on his way back to Monypenny, whether his eyes were open or shut, what he saw was his mother being shut up in a black hole and trying for ever and ever to get out. He ran to Elspeth for comfort, but in the meantime she had learned from Blinder's niece that graves are dark and cold, and so he found her sobbing even like himself. Tommy could never bear to see Elspeth crying, and he revealed his true self in his way of drying her tears.

"It will be so cold in that hole," she sobbed.

"No," he said, "it's warm."

"It will be dark."

"No, it's clear."

"She would like to get out."

"No, she was terrible pleased to get in."

It was characteristic of him that he soon had Elspeth happy by arguments not one of which he believed himself; characteristic also that his own grief was soothed by the sound of them. Aaron, who was in the garret preparing their bed, had told the children that they must remain indoors to-day out of respect to their mother's memory (to-morrow morning they could explore Thrums); but there were many things in that kitchen for them to look at and exult over. It had no commonplace ceiling, the couples, or rafters, being covered with the loose flooring of a romantic garret, and in the rafters were several great hooks, and from one of these hung a ham, and Tommy remembered, with a thrill which he communicated to Elspeth, that it is the right of Thrums children to cut tiny bits off the ham and roast them on the ribs of the fire. The chief pieces of furniture were a dresser, a corner cupboard with diamond panes, two tables, one of which stood beneath the other, but would have to come out if Aaron tried to bake, and a bed with a door. These two did not know it, but the room was full of memories of Jean Myles. The corner cupboard had been bought by Aaron at a roup because she said she would like to have one; it was she who had chosen the six cups and saucers with the blue spots on them. A razor-strop, now hard as iron, hung on a nail on the wall; it had not been used since the last time Aaron strutted through the Den with his sweetheart. One day later he had opened the door of the bird-cage, which still stood in the window, and let the yellow yite go. Many things were where no woman would have left them: clothes on the floor with the nail they had torn from the wall; on a chair a tin basin, soapy water and a flannel rag in it; horn spoons with whistles at the end of them were anywhere—on the mantelpiece, beneath the bed; there were drawers that could not be opened because their handles were inside. Perhaps the windows

were closed hopelessly also, but this must be left doubtful; no one had ever tried to open them.

The garret where Tommy and Elspeth were to sleep was reached by a ladder from the hallan; when you were near the top of the ladder your head hit a trap-door and pushed it open. At one end of the garret was the bed, and at the other end were piled sticks for firewood and curious dark-colored slabs whose smell the children disliked until Tommy said, excitedly, "Peat!" and then they sniffed reverently.

It was Tommy, too, who discovered the tree-tops of the Den, and Elspeth seeing him gazing in a transport out at the window cried, "What is it Tommy? Quick!"

"Promise no to scream," he replied, warningly. "Well, then, Elspeth Sandys, that's where the Den is!"

Elspeth blinked with awe, and anon said, wistfully, "Tommy, do you see that there? That's where the Den is!"

"It were me what told you," cried Tommy, jealously.

"But let me tell you, Tommy!"

"Well, then, you can tell me."

"That there is the Den, Tommy!"

"Dagont!"

Oh, that to-morrow were here! Oh, that Shovel could see these two to-morrow!

Here is another splendid game, T. Sandys, inventor. The girl goes into the bed, the boy shuts the door on her, and imitates the sound of a train in motion. He opens the door and cries, "Tickets, please." The girl says, "What is the name of this place?" The boy replies, "It's Thrums!" There is more to follow, but the only two who have played the game always roared so joyously at this point that they could get no farther.

"Oh, to-morrow, come quick, quick!"

"Oh, poor Shovel!"

To-morrow came, and with it two eager little figures rose and gulped their porridge, and set off to see Thrums. They were dressed in the black clothes Aaron Latta had bought for them in London, and they had agreed just to walk, but when they reached the door and saw the tree-tops of the Den they—they ran. Would you not like to hold them back? It is a child's tragedy.

They went first into the Den, and the rocks were dripping wet, all the trees, save the firs, were bare, and the mud round a tiny spring pulled off one of Elspeth's boots.

"Tommy," she cried, quaking, "that narsty puddle can't not be the Cuttle Well, can it?"

"No, it ain't," said Tommy, quickly, but he feared it was.

"It's c-c-colder here than London," Elspeth said, shivering, and Tommy was shivering too, but he answered, "I'm—I'm—I'm warm."

The Den was strangely small, and soon they were on a shabby brae where women in short gowns came to their doors and men in night-caps sat down on the shafts of their barrows to look at Jean Myles's bairns.

"What does yer think?" Elspeth whispered, very doubtfully.

"They're beauties," Tommy answered, determinedly.

Presently Elspeth cried, "Oh, Tommy, what a ugly stair! Where is the beauty stairs as is wore outside for show?"

This was one of them and Tommy knew it. "Wait till you see the west town end," he said, bravely; "it's grand." But when they were in the west town end, and he had to admit it, "Wait till you see the square," he said, and when they were in the square, "Wait," he said, huskily, "till you see the town-house." Alas, this was the town-house facing them, and when they knew it, he said, hurriedly, "Wait till you see the Auld Licht Kirk."

They stood long in front of the Auld Licht Kirk, which he had sworn was bigger and lovelier than St. Paul's, but—well, it is a different style of architecture, and had Elspeth not been there with tears in waiting, Tommy would have blubbered. "It's—it's littler than I thought," he said, desperately, "but—the minister, oh, what a wonderful big man he is!"

"Are you sure?" Elspeth squeaked.

"I swear he is."

The church door opened and a gentleman came out, a little man, boyish in the back, with the eager face of those who live too quickly. But it was not at him that Tommy pointed reassuringly;

it was at the monster church key, half of which protruded from his tail pocket and waggled as he moved, like the hilt of a sword.

Speaking like an old residenter, Tommy explained that he had brought his sister to see the church. "She's ta'en aback," he said, picking out Scotch words carefully, "because it's littler than the London kirks, but I telled her—I telled her that the preaching is better."

This seemed to please the stranger, for he patted Tommy on the head while inquiring, "How do you know that the preaching is better?"

"Tell him, Elspeth," replied Tommy, modestly.

"There ain't nuthin' as Tommy don't know," Elspeth explained. "He knows what the minister is like too."

"He's a nobie sight," said Tommy.

"He can get anything from God he likes," said Elspeth.

"He's a terrible big man," said Tommy.

This seemed to please the little gentleman less. "Big!" he exclaimed, irritably; "why should he be big?"

"He is big," Elspeth almost screamed, for the minister was her last hope.

"Nonsense!" said the little gentleman. "He is—well, I am the minister."

"You!" roared Tommy, wrathfully.

"Oh, oh, oh!" sobbed Elspeth.

For a moment the Rev. Mr. Dishart looked as if he would like to knock two little heads together, but he walked away without doing it.

"Never mind," Tommy whispered hoarsely to Elspeth. "Never mind, Elspeth, you have me yet."

This consolation seldom failed to gladden her, but her disappointment was so sharp to-day that she would not even look up.

"Come away to the cemetery, it's grand," he said; but still she would not be comforted.

"And I'll let you hold my hand—as soon as we're past the houses," he added.

"I'll let you hold it now," he said, eventually; but even then Elspeth cried dismally, and her sobs were hurting him more than her.

He knew all the ways of getting round Elspeth, and when next he spoke it was with a sorrowful dignity. "I didna think," he said, "as yer wanted me never to be able to speak again; no, I didna think it, Elspeth."

She took her hands from her face and looked at him inquiringly.

"One of the stories mamma telled me and Reddy," he said, "were about a man what saw such a beauty thing that he was struck dumb with admiration. Struck dumb is never to be able to speak again, and I wish I had been struck dumb when you wanted it."

"But I didn't want it!" Elspeth cried.

"If Thrums had been one little bit beautier than it is," he went on, solemnly, "it would have struck me dumb. It would have hurt me sore, but what about that, if it pleased you!"

Then did Elspeth see what a wicked girl she had been, and when next the two were seen by the curious (it was on the cemetery road), they were once more looking cheerful. At the smallest provocation they exchanged notes of admiration, such as, "Oh, Tommy, what a bonny barrel!" or "Oh, Elspeth, I tell yer that's a dyke, and there's just walls in London," but sometimes Elspeth would stoop hastily, pretending that she wanted to tie her bootlace, but really to brush away a tear, and there were moments when Tommy hung very limp. Each was trying to deceive the other for the other's sake, and one of them was never good at deception. They saw through each other, yet kept up the chilly game, because they could think of nothing better, and perhaps the game was worth playing, for love invented it.

They sat down on their mother's grave. No stone was ever erected to the memory of Jean Myles, but it is enough for her that she lies at home. That comfort will last her to the Judgment Day.

The man who had dug the grave sent them away, and they wandered to the hill, and thence down the Roods, where there were so many outside stairs not put there for show that it was well Elspeth remembered how susceptible Tommy was to being struck dumb. For her sake he said, "They're bonny,"

and for his sake she replied, "I'm glad they ain't bonnier."

When within one turn of Monypenny they came suddenly upon some boys playing at capey-dykey, a game with marbles that is only known in Thrums. There are thirty-five ways of playing marbles, but this is the best way, and Elspeth knew that Tommy was hungering to look on, but without her, lest he should be accused of sweethearting. So she offered to remain in the background.

Was she sure she wouldn't mind?

She said falteringly that of course she would mind a little, but—

Then Tommy was irritated, and, said he, he knew she would mind, but if she just pretended she didn't mind, he could leave her without feeling that he was mean.

So Elspeth affected not to mind, and then he deserted her, conscience at rest, which was his nature. But he should have remained with her. The players only gave him the side of their eye, and a horrid fear grew on him that they did not know he was a Thrums boy. "Dagont!" he cried to put them right on that point, but though they paused in their game, it was only to laugh at him uproariously. Let the historian use an oath for once; dagont, Tommy had said the swear in the wrong place!

How fond he had been of that word! Many a time he had fired it in the face of Londoners, and the flash had often blinded them and always him. Now he had brought it home, and Thrums would have none of it; it was as if these boys were jeering at their own flag. He tottered away from them until he came to a trance, or passage, where he put his face to the wall and forgot even Elspeth.

He had not noticed a girl pass the mouth of the trance, trying not very successfully to conceal a brandy-bottle beneath her pinafore, but presently he heard shouts, and looking out he saw Grizel, the Painted Lady's child, in the hands of her tormentors. She was unknown to him, of course, but she hit back so courageously that he watched her with interest, until—until suddenly he retreated farther into the trance.

He had seen Elspeth go on her knees, obviously to ask God to stay the hands and tongues of these cruel boys.

Elspeth had disgraced him, he felt. He was done with her forever. If they struck her, serve her right.

Struck her! Struck little Elspeth! His imagination painted the picture with one sweep of its brush. Take care, you boys, Tommy is scudding back.

They had not molested Elspeth as yet. When they saw and heard her praying, they had bent forward, agape, as if struck suddenly in the stomach. Then one of them, Francie Crabb, the golden-haired son of Esther Auld, recovered and began to knead Grizel's back with his fists, less in viciousness than to show that the prayer was futile. Into this scene sprang Tommy, and he thought that Elspeth was the kneaded one. Had he taken time to reflect he would probably have used the Thrums feint, and then in with a left-hander, which is not very efficacious in its own country; but being in a hurry he let out with Shovel's favorite, and down went Francie Crabb.

"Would you!" said Tommy, threateningly, when Francie attempted to rise.

He saw now that Elspeth was untouched, that he had rescued an unknown girl, and it cannot be pretended of him that he was the boy to squire all ladies in distress. In ordinary circumstances he might have left Grizel to her fate, but having struck for her, he felt that he would like to go on striking. He had also the day's disappointments to avenge. It is startling to reflect that the little minister's height, for instance, put an extra kick in him.

So he stood stridelegs over Francie, who whimpered, "I wouldna have struck this ane if that ane hadna prayed for me. It wasna likely I would stand that."

"You shall stand it," replied Tommy, and turning to Elspeth, who had risen from her knees, he said: "Pray away, Elspeth."

Elspeth refused, feeling that there would be something wrong in praying from triumph, and Tommy, about to be very angry with her, had a glorious inspiration. "Pray for yourself," he said to Francie, "and do it out loud."

The other boys saw that a novelty promised, and now Francie need expect no aid from them. At first he refused to pray, but he succumbed when Tommy had explained the consequences and illustrated them.

Tommy dictated: "Oh, God, I am a sinner. Go on."

Francie not only said it, but looked it.

"And I pray to you to repent me, though I ain't worthy," continued Tommy.

"And I pray to you to repent me, though I ain't worthy," growled Francie. (It was the arrival of ain't in Thrums.)

Tommy considered, and then: "I thank Thee, O God," he said, "for telling this girl—this lassie—to pray for me."

Two gentle taps helped to knock this out of Francie.

Being an artist, Tommy had kept his best for the end (and made it up first). "And lastly," he said, "I thank this boy for thrashing me—I mean this here laddie. Oh, may he allus be near to thrash me when I strike this other lassie again. Amen."

When it was all over Tommy looked around triumphantly, and though he liked the expression on several faces, Grizel's pleased him best. "It ain't no wonder you would like to be me, lassie!" he said, in an ecstasy.

"I don't want to be you, you conceited boy," retorted the Painted Lady's child hotly, and her heat was the greater because the clever little wretch had read her thoughts aright. But it was her sweet voice that surprised him.

"You're English!" he cried.

"So are you," broke in a boy offensively, and then Tommy said to Grizel loftily, "Run away; I'll not let none on them touch you."

"I am not afraid of them," she rejoined, with scorn, "and I shall not let you help me, and I won't run." And run she did not; she walked off leisurely with her head in the air, and her dignity was beautiful, except once when she made the mistake of turning round to put out her tongue.

But, alas! in the end someone ran. If only they had not called him "English." In vain he fired a volley of Scotch; they pretended not to understand it. Then he screamed that he

and Shovel could fight the lot of them. Who was Shovel? they asked, derisively. He replied that Shovel was a bloke who could lick any two of them—and with one hand tied behind his back.

No sooner had he made this proud boast than he went white, and soon two disgraceful tears rolled down his cheeks. The boys saw that for some reason unknown his courage was gone, and even Francie Crabb began to turn up his sleeves and spit upon his hands.

Elsbeth was as bewildered as the others, but she slipped her hand into his and away they ran ingloriously, the foe too much astounded to jeer. She sought to comfort him by saying (and it brought her a step nearer womanhood), "You wasn't feared for yourself, you wasn't; you was just feared they would hurt me."

But Tommy sobbed in reply, "That ain't it. I bounced so much about the Thrums folk to Shovel, and now the first day I'm here I heard myself bouncing about Shovel to Thrums folk, and it were that what made me cry. Oh, Elspeth, it's—it's not the same what I thought it would be!"

Nor was it the same to Elspeth, so they sat down by the roadside and cried with their arms round each other, and any passer-by could look who had the heart. But when night came, and they were in their garret bed, Tommy was once more seeking to comfort Elspeth with arguments he disbelieved, and again he succeeded. As usual, too, the make-believe made him happy also.

"Have you forgot," he whispered, "that my mother said as she would come and see us every night in our bed? If yer cries, she'll see as we're terrible unhappy, and that will make her unhappy too."

"Oh, Tommy, is she here now?"

"Whisht! She's here, but they don't like living ones to let on as they knows it."

Elsbeth kept closer to Tommy, and with their heads beneath the blankets, so as to stifle the sound, he explained to her how they could cheat their mother. When she understood, he took the blankets off their faces and said in the darkness in a loud voice:

"It's a grand place, Thrums!"

Elspeth replied in a similar voice, "Ain't the town-house just big!"

Said Tommy, almost chuckling, "Oh, the bonny, bonny Auld Licht Kirk!"

Said Elspeth, "Oh, the beauty outside stairs!"

Said Tommy, "The minister is so long!"

Said Elspeth, "The folk is so kind!"

Said Tommy, "Especially the ladies!"

"Oh, I is so happy!" cried Elspeth.

"Me too!" cried Tommy.

"My mother would be so chirpy if she could jest see us!" Elspeth said, quite archly.

"But she canna!" replied Tommy, slyly pinching Elspeth in the rib.

Then they dived beneath the blankets, and the whispering was resumed.

"Did she hear, does yer think?" asked Elspeth.

"Every word," Tommy replied. "Elspeth, we've done her!"

CHAPTER XIII

SHOWS HOW TOMMY TOOK CARE OF ELSPETH

THUS the first day passed, and others followed in which women, who had known Jean Myles, did her children kindnesses, but could not do all they would have done, for Aaron forbade them to enter his home though it was begging for a housewife all day. Had Elspeth at the age of six now settled down to domestic duties she would not have been the youngest housekeeper ever known in Thrums, but she was never very good at doing things, only at loving and being loved, and the observant neighbors thought her a backward girl; they forgot, like most people, that service is not necessarily a handicraft. Tommy discovered what they were saying, and to shield Elspeth he took to housewifery with the blind down; but Aaron, entering the kitchen unexpectedly, took the besom from him, saying:

"It's an ill thing for men folk to ken ower muckle about women's work."

"You do it yoursel'," Tommy argued.

"I said men folk," replied Aaron, quietly.

The children knew that remarks of this sort had reference to their mother, of whom he never spoke more directly; indeed he seldom spoke to them at all, and save when he was cooking or giving the kitchen a slovenly cleaning they saw little of him. Monypenny had predicted that their presence must make a new man of him, but he was still unsociable and morose and sat as long as ever at the warping-mill, of which he seemed to have become the silent wheel. Tommy and Elspeth always dropped their voices when they spoke of him, and sometimes when his mill stopped he heard one of them say to the other "Whisht, he's coming!" Though he seldom spoke sharply to them, his face did not lose its loneliness at sight of them. Elspeth was his favorite (somewhat to the indignation of both); they found this out without his telling them or even showing it markedly, and when they wanted to ask anything of him she was deputed to do it, but she did it quavering, and after drawing farther away from him instead of going nearer. A dreary life would have lain before them had they not been sent to school.

There were at this time three schools in Thrums, the chief of them ruled over by the terrible Cathro (called Knuckly when you were a street away from him). It was a famous school, from which a band of three or four or even six marched every autumn to the universities as determined after bursaries as ever were Highlandmen to lift cattle, and for the same reason, that they could not do without.

A very different kind of dominie was Cursing Ballingall, who had been dropped at Thrums by a travelling circus, and first became familiar to the town as, carrying two carpet shoes, two books, a pillow and a saucepan, which were all his belongings, he wandered from manse to manse offering to write sermons for the ministers at circus prices. That scheme failing, he was next seen looking in at windows in search of a canny calling, and eventually he cut one of his braces into a pair of tawse, thus with a single stroke of the knife, making himself a school-master and lep-sided for life. His fee was but a penny a week, "with a bit o' the

swine when your father kills," and sometimes there were so many pupils on a form that they could only rise as one. During the first half of the scholastic day Ballingall's shouts and pounces were for parents to listen to, but after his dinner of crowdy, which is raw meal and hot water, served in a cogie, or wooden bowl, languor overcame him and he would sleep, having first given out a sum in arithmetic and announced:

"The one as finds out the answer first, I'll give him his licks."

Last comes the Hanky School, which was for the genteel and for the common who contemplated soaring. You were not admitted to it in corduroys or barefooted, nor did you pay weekly; no, your father called four times a year with the money in an envelope. He was shown into the blue-and-white room, and there, after business had been transacted, very nervously on Miss Ailie's part, she offered him his choice between ginger wine and what she falteringly called wh-wh-whiskey. He partook in the polite national manner, which is thus:

"You will take something, Mr. Cor-tachy?"

"No, I thank you, ma'am."

"A little ginger wine?"

"It agrees ill with me."

"Then a little wh-wh-whiskey?"

"You are ower kind."

"Then may I?"

"I am not heeding."

"Perhaps, though, you don't take?"

"I can take it or want it."

"Is that enough?"

"It will do perfectly."

"Shall I fill it up?"

"As you please, ma'am."

Miss Ailie's relationship to the magerful man may be remembered; she shuddered to think of it herself, for in middle-age she retained the mind of a young girl, but when duty seemed to call, this school-mistress could be brave, and she offered to give Elspeth her schooling free of charge. Like the other two hers was a "mixed" school, but she did not want Tommy, because she had seen him in the square one day, and there was a leer on his face that reminded her of his father.

Another woman was less particular.

This was Mrs. Crabb, of the Tappit Hen, the Esther Auld whom Jean Myles's letters had so frequently sent to bed. Her Francie was still a pupil of Miss Ailie, and still he wore the golden hair, which, despite all advice, she would not crop. It was so beautiful that no common boys could see it without wanting to give it a tug in passing, and partly to prevent them, partly to show how high she had risen in the social scale, Esther usually sent him to school under the charge of her servant lass. She now proposed to Aaron that this duty should devolve on Tommy, and for the service she would pay his fees at the Hanky School.

"We maun all lend a hand to poor Jean's bairns," she said, with a gleam in her eye. "It would hae been weel for her, Aaron, if she had married you."

"Is that all you hae to say?" asked the warper, who had let her enter no farther than the hallan.

"I would expect him to lift Francie ower the pools in wet weather; and it might be as weel if he called him Master Francie."

"Is that all?"

"Ay, I ask no more, for we maun all help Jean's bairns. If she could only look down, Aaron, and see her little velvets, as she called him, lifting my little corduroys ower the pools!"

Aaron flung open the door. "Munt!" he said, and he looked so dangerous that she retired at once. He sent Tommy to Ballingall's, and accepted Miss Ailie's offer for Elspeth, but this was an impossible arrangement, for it was known to the two persons primarily concerned that Elspeth would die if she was not where Tommy was. The few boys he had already begun to know were at Cathro's or Ballingall's, and as they called Miss Ailie's a lassie school he had no desire to attend it, but where he was there also must Elspeth be. Daily he escaped from Ballingall's and hid near the Dovecot, as Miss Ailie's house was called, and every little while he gave vent to Shovel's whistle, so that Elspeth might know of his proximity and be cheered. Thrice was he carried back, kicking, to Ballingall's by urchins sent in pursuit, stern ministers of justice on the first two occasions; but


on the third they made him an offer: if he would hide in Couthie's hen-house they were willing to look for him everywhere else for two hours.

Tommy's behavior seemed beautiful to the impressionable Miss Ailie, but it infuriated Aaron, and on the fourth day he set off for the parish school, meaning to put the truant in the hands of Cathro, from whom there was no escape. Vainly had Elspeth implored him to let Tommy come to the Dovecot, and vainly apparently was she trotting at his side now, looking up appealingly in his face. But when they reached the gate of the parish schoolyard he walked past it because she was tugging him, and always when he seemed about to turn she took his hand again, and he seemed to have lost the power to resist Jean Myles's bairn. So they came to the Dovecot, and Miss Ailie gained a pupil who had been meant for Cathro. Tommy's arms were stronger than Elspeth's, but they could not have done as much for him that day.

Thus did the two children enter upon the genteel career, to the indignation of the other boys and girls of Monypenny, all of whom were commoners.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HANKY SCHOOL

HE Dovecot was a prim little cottage standing back from the steepest brae in Thrums and hidden by high garden walls, to the top of which another boy's shoulders were, for apple-lovers, but one step up. Jargonelle trees grew against the house, stretching their arms round it as if to measure its girth, and it was also remarkable for several "dumb" windows with the most artful blinds painted on them. Miss Ailie's fruit was famous, but she loved her flowers best, and for long a notice board in her garden said, appealingly: "Persons who come to steal the fruit are requested not to walk on the flower-beds." It was that old bachelor, Dr. McQueen, who suggested this inscription to her, and she could never under-

stand why he chuckled every time he read it.

There were six rooms in the house, seven if you included the pantry (and Miss Ailie's maid, Gavinia, always included it), but only two were of public note, the school-room, which was downstairs, and the blue-and-white room above. The school-room was so long that it looked very low in the ceiling, and it had a carpet, and on the walls were texts as well as maps. Miss Ailie's desk was in the middle of the room, and there was another desk in a corner; a cloth had been hung over it, as one covers a cage to send the bird to sleep. Perhaps Miss Ailie thought that a bird had once sung there, for this had been the desk of her sister, Miss Kitty, who died years before Tommy came to Thrums. Dainty Miss Kitty, Miss Kitty with the roguish curls, it is strange to think that you are dead, and that only Miss Ailie hears you singing now at your desk in the corner! Miss Kitty never sang there, but the playful ringlets were once the bright thing in the room, and Miss Ailie sees them still, and they are a song to her.

The pupils had to bring handkerchiefs to the Dovecot, which led to its being called the Hanky School, and in time these handkerchiefs may be said to have assumed a religious character, though their purpose was merely to protect Miss Ailie's carpet. She opened each scholastic day by reading fifteen verses from the Bible, and then she said, sternly, "Hankies!" whereupon her pupils whipped out their handkerchiefs, spread them on the floor and kneeled on them while Miss Ailie repeated the Lord's Prayer. School closed at four o'clock, again with hankies.

Only on great occasions were the boys and girls admitted to the blue-and-white room, when they were given shortbread, but had to eat it with their heads flung back so that no crumbs should fall. Nearly everything in this room was blue or white, or both. There were white blinds and blue curtains, a blue table-cover and a white crumb-cloth, a white sheepskin with a blue footstool on it, blue chairs dotted with white buttons. Only white flowers came into this room, where there were blue vases for them,

not a book was to be seen without a blue alpaca cover. Here Miss Ailie received visitors in her white with the blue braid, and enrolled new pupils in blue ink with a white pen. Some laughed at her, others remembered that she must have something to love after Miss Kitty died.

Miss Ailie had her romance, as you may hear by and by, but you would not have thought it as she came forward to meet you in the blue-and-white room, trembling lest your feet had brought in mud, but too much a lady to ask you to stand on a newspaper, as she would have liked dearly to do. She was somewhat beyond middle-age, and stoutly, even squarely, built, which gave her a masculine appearance; but she had grown so timid since Miss Kitty's death that when she spoke you felt that either her figure or her manner must have been intended for someone else. In conversation she had a way of ending a sentence in the middle which gave her a reputation of being "thro'ither," though an artificial tooth was the cause. It was slightly loose, and had she not at times shut her mouth suddenly, and then done something with her tongue, an accident might have happened. This tooth fascinated Tommy, and once when she was talking he cried, excitedly, "Quick, it's coming!" whereupon her mouth snapped close, and she turned pink in the blue-and-white room.

Nevertheless Tommy became her favorite, and as he had taught himself to read, after a fashion, in London, where his lesson-books were chiefly placards and the journal subscribed to by Shovel's father, she often invited him after school hours to the blue-and-white room, where he sat on a kitchen chair (with his boots off) and read aloud, very slowly, while Miss Ailie knitted. The volume was from the Thrums Book Club, of which Miss Ailie was one of the twelve members. Each member contributed a book every year, and as their tastes in literature differed, all sorts of books came into the club, and there was one member who invariably gave a ro-ro-romance. He was double-chinned and forty, but the school-mistress called him the dashing young banker, and for months she avoided his dangerous con-

tribution. But always there came a black day when a desire to read the novel seized her, and she hurried home with it beneath her rokelay. This year the dashing banker's choice was a lady's novel called "I Love My Love with an A," and it was a frivolous tale, those being before the days of the new fiction with its grand discovery that women have an equal right with men to grow beards. The hero had such a way with him and was so young (Miss Ailie could not stand them a day more than twenty) that the school-mistress was enraptured and scared at every page, but she fondly hoped that Tommy did not understand. However, he discovered one day what something printed thus, "D—n," meant, and he immediately said the word with such unction that Miss Ailie let fall her knitting. She would have ended the readings then had not Agatha been at that point in the arms of an officer who, Miss Ailie felt almost certain, had a wife in India, and so how could she rest till she knew for certain? To track the officer by herself was not to be thought of, to read without knitting being such shameless waste of time, and it was decided to resume the readings on a revised plan: Tommy to say "stroke" in place of the "D—ns," and "word we have no concern with" instead of "Darling" and "Little One."

Miss Ailie was not the only person at the Dovecot who admired Tommy. Though in duty bound, as young patriots, to jeer at him for having been born in the wrong place, the pupils of his own age could not resist the charm of his reminiscences; even Gav Dishart, a son of the manse, listened attentively to him. His great topic was his birthplace, and whatever happened in Thrums, he instantly made contemptible by citing something of the same kind, but on a larger scale, that had happened in London; he turned up his nose almost farther than was safe when they said Catlaw was a stiff mountain to climb. ("Oh, Gav, if you just saw the London mountains!") Snow! why they didn't know what snow was in Thrums. If they could only see St. Paul's or Hyde Park or Shovel! he couldn't help laughing at Thrums, he couldn't—Larfing, he said at first, but in a short time his

Scotch was better than theirs, though less unconscious. His English was better also, of course, and you had to speak in a kind of English when inside the Hanky School; you got your revenge at "minutes." On the whole, Tommy irritated his fellow-pupils a good deal, but they found it difficult to keep away from him.

He also contrived to enrage the less genteel boys of Monypenny. Their leader was Corp Shiach, three years Tommy's senior, who had never been inside a school except once, when he broke hopefully into Ballingall's because of a stirring rumor (nothing in it) that the dominie had hangit himself with his remaining brace; then in order of merit came Birkie Fleemister; then, perhaps, the smith's family, called the Haggerty-Taggertys, they were such slovens. When school was over Tommy frequently stepped out of his boots and stockings, so that he no longer looked offensively genteel, and then Monypenny was willing to let him join in spyo, smuggle bools, kickbonnety, peeries, the preens, pilly, or whatever game was in season, even to the baiting of the Painted Lady, but they would not have Elspeth, who should have been content to play dumps with the female Haggerty-Taggertys, but could enjoy no game of which Tommy was not the larger half. Many times he deserted her for manlier joys, but though she was out of sight he could not forget her longing face, and soon he sneaked off to her; he upbraided her, but he stayed with her. They bore with him for a time, but when they discovered that she had persuaded him (after prayer) to put back the spug's eggs which he had brought home in triumph, then they drove him from their company, and for a long time afterward his deadly enemy was the hard-hitting Corp Shiach.

Elspeth was not invited to attend the readings of "I Love My Love with an A," perhaps because there were so many words in it that she had no concern with, but she knew they ended as the eight-o'clock bell began to ring, and it was her custom to meet Tommy a few yards from Aaron's door. Farther she durst not venture in the gloaming

through fear of the Painted Lady, for Aaron's house was not far from the fearsome lane that led to Double Dykes, and even the big boys who made faces at this woman by day ran from her in the dusk. Creepy tales were told of what happened to those on whom she cast a blighting eye before they could touch cold iron, and Tommy was one of many who kept a bit of cold iron from the smithy handy in his pocket. On his way home from the readings he never had occasion to use it, but at these times he sometimes met Grizel, who liked to do her shopping in the evenings when her persecutors were more easily eluded, and he forced her to speak to him. Not her loneliness appealed to him, but that look of admiration she had given him when he was astride of Francie Crabb. For such a look he could pardon many rebuffs; without it no praise greatly pleased him; he was always on the outlook for it.

"I warrant," he said to her one evening, "you would like to have some man-boddy to take care of you the way I take care of Elspeth."

"No, I don't," she replied, promptly.

"Would you no like somebody to love you?"

"Do you mean kissing?" she asked.

"There's better things in it than that," he said, guardedly; "but if you want kissing, I—I—Elspeth'll kiss you."

"Will she want to do it?" inquired Grizel, a little wistfully.

"I'll make her do it," Tommy said.

"I don't want her to do it," cried Grizel, and he could not draw another word from her. However he was sure she thought him a wonder, and when next they met he challenged her with it.

"Do you not now?"

"I won't tell you," answered Grizel, who was never known to lie.

"You think I'm a wonder," Tommy persisted, "but you dinna want me to know you think it."

Grizel rocked her arms, a quaint way she had when excited, and she blurted out, "How do you know?"

The look he liked had come back to her face, but he had no time to enjoy it, for just then Elspeth appeared, and Elspeth's jealousy was easily aroused.

"I dinna ken you, lassie," he said coolly to Grizel, and left her stamping her foot at him. She decided never to speak to Tommy again, but the next time they met he took her into the Den and taught her how to fight.

It is painful to have to tell that Miss Ailie was the person who provided him with the opportunity. In the readings they arrived one evening at the scene in the conservatory, which has not a single stroke in it, but is so full of words we have no concern with that Tommy reeled home blinking, and next day so disgracefully did he flounder in his lessons that the gentle school mistress cast up her arms in despair.

"I don't know what to say to you," she exclaimed.

"Fine I know what you want to say," he retorted, and unfortunately she asked, "What?"

"Stroke!" he replied, leering horribly.

"I Love My Love with an A" was returned to the club forthwith (whether he really did have a wife in India Miss Ailie never knew) and "Judd on the Shorter Catechism" took its place. But mark the result. The readings ended at a quarter to eight now, at twenty to eight, at half-past seven, and so Tommy could loiter on the way home without arousing Elspeth's suspicion. One evening he saw Grizel cutting her way through the Haggerty-Taggerty group, and he offered to come to her aid if she

would say "Help me." But she refused.

When, however, the Haggerty-Taggertys were gone she condescended to say, "I shall never, never ask you to help me, but—if you like—you can show me how to hit without biting my tongue."

"I'll learn you Shovel's curly anes," replied Tommy, cordially, and he adjourned with her to the Den for that purpose. He said he chose the Den so that Corp Shiach and the others might not interrupt them, but it was Elspeth he was thinking of.

"You are like Miss Ailie with her cane when she is pandying," he told Grizel. "You begin well, but you slacken just when you are going to hit."

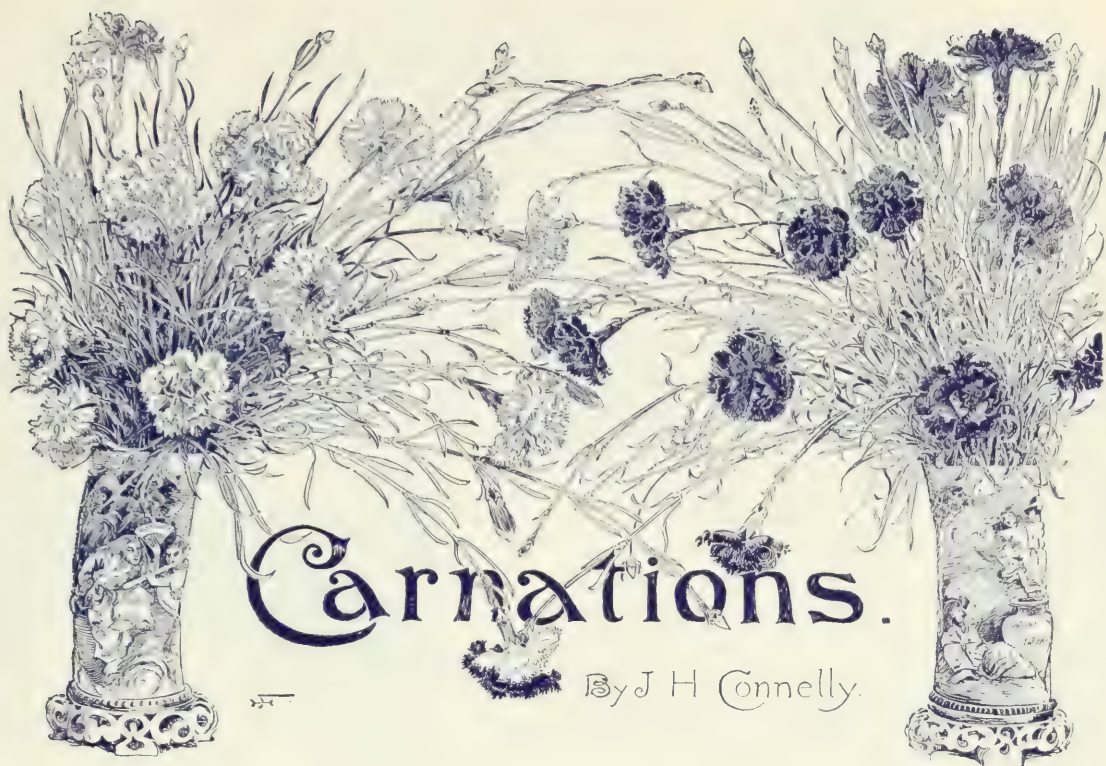
"It is because my hand opens," Grizel said.

"And then it ends in a shove," said her mentor, severely. "You should close your fists like this, with the thumbs inside, and then play dab, this way, that way, yon way. That's what Shovel calls, 'You want it, take it, you've got it.'"

Thus did the hunted girl get her first lesson in scientific warfare in the Den, and neither she nor Tommy saw the pathos of it. Other lessons followed, and during the rests Grizel told Tommy all that she knew about herself. He had won her confidence at last by—by swearing dagont that he was English also.

(To be continued.)





Carnations.

By J H Connelly.

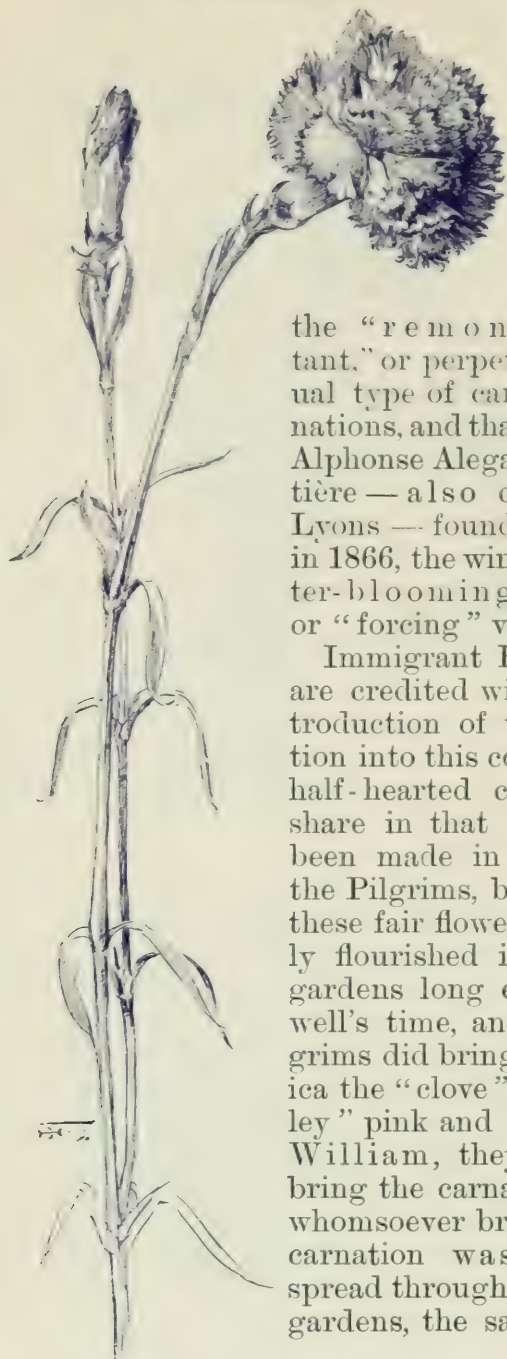
LONG before the Christian era the Carnation had become established as a fixed type of special differentiation from the small, single *Dianthus* of the Mediterranean region, and as early as the second cen-

tury was described and lauded by Dioscorides as a flower of surpassing charms and virtues, justly the favorite of fashion

in Greece and Rome. Always delightful in form, color, and fragrance, its wayward tendency to "sport"—producing from each seed a plant the bloom of which might be like unto no other of its kind—precluded the possibility of perpetuating any distinct varieties, and for many centuries its cultivators seem to have simply amused themselves with its infinite diversity, seeking to effect no other improvement than increase of its size. In 1613 they had attained a strain of carnations that frequently were three-

and-a-half inches in diameter. Generally, those big flowers were variegated, though occasionally of pure single colors, and their range of tints, according to the records, was even more comprehensive than at present. There were blue carnations in 1700, and, as there have always been yellow ones, who can now affirm that blends of those primaries did not produce natural greens centuries before perverted taste employed aniline dyes to create such ghastly mockeries of nature?

About 1750 some of the leading floriculturists of France undertook "breeding off" the fringe of the carnation's petals. Their endeavor has been patiently continued by successive generations, down to the present time, and, as they have already, in merely a century and a half, progressed so far as to get erose petals instead of fringed ones, they are greatly encouraged to hope that, in a few centuries more, smooth round petals, like those of the rose, may be obtained. Meanwhile, they have picked up incidental prizes of perhaps greater value than that for which they have striven. It was while in pursuit of the elusive round petal that Dalmais—a Lyons gardener—discovered, fifty years ago,



the "remontant," or perpetual type of carnations, and that Alphonse Alegatière — also of Lyons — found, in 1866, the winter-blooming, or "forcing" varieties.

Immigrant Huguenots are credited with the introduction of the carnation into this country. A half-hearted claim to a share in that honor has been made in behalf of the Pilgrims, but though these fair flowers certainly flourished in English gardens long ere Cromwell's time, and the Pilgrims did bring to America the "clove" or "Paisley" pink and the Sweet William, they did not bring the carnation. By whomsoever brought, the carnation was widely spread through American gardens, the same freak-

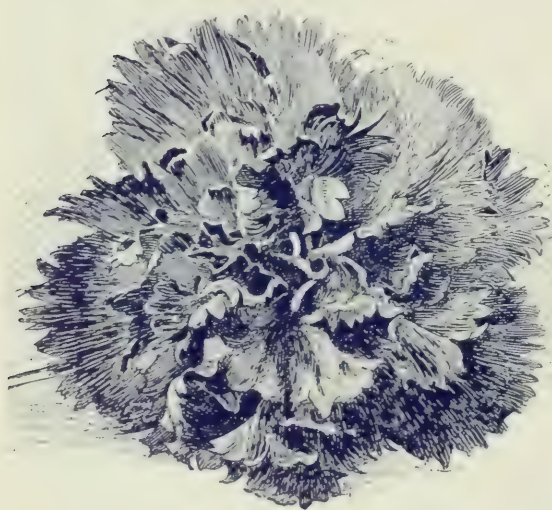
Lizzie McGowans (*white*).

ish but ever lovable summer-blooming beauty it was in the days of Dioscorides, long before our professional floriculturists attempted the cultivation of its "forcing" varieties.

Zeller and Dailedouze, of Flatbush, L. I., were the earliest to undertake the growing of some of the Alegatière varieties of winter-blooming carnations, and their example was soon followed by Thomas Seal and Charles T. Starr, of Pennsylvania, and John Brightmeyer, of Detroit.

Up to eight years ago there were not, in all the United States, more than half a dozen men who knew much about carnation culture, and, even among those who essayed it, little disposition existed for any considerable investment of time, labor, or capital in development of its possibilities. Consequently, our winter-bloomed carnations generally were second-rate flowers, poor in tints, small, short-stemmed and ragged looking by reason of their bursted calyces. Suddenly there dawned a new era, in which, within half a decade, has been accomplished more improvement in American carnations than was achieved in all the time preceding, since their introduction into the country.

American hybrids have been produced,

The Meteor (*crimson*).



THE SINGLE CARNATION.
(Founder of the Race.)

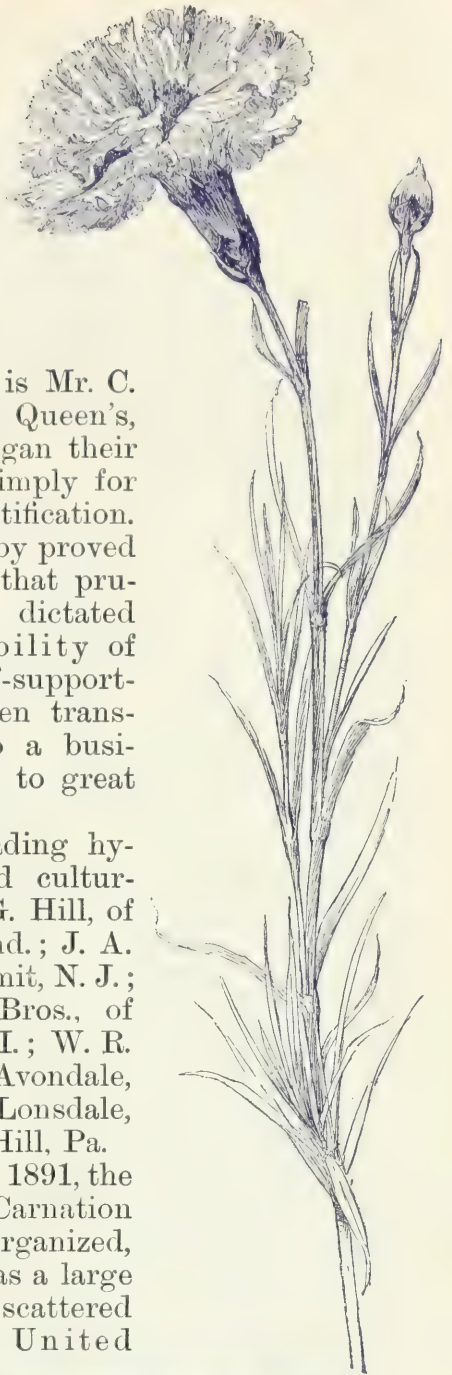
much finer than those of European origination, more perfect in form, more pure and brilliant in color, of grander size—frequently three and one-half inches, and occasionally attaining even five inches in diameter—on full-foliaged stems twelve to thirty inches long and with calyces that did not burst. The credit for such success is due to a few enterprising, skilful, and indefatigable cultivators, the principal among whom were Joseph Tailby and Sewell Fisher, of Framingham, Mass.; Charles T. Starr, of Avondale, and William Swain, of Kennett Square, Pa.; W. P. Simmons, of Geneva, O.; C. W. Ward and John Thorpe, of Queen's, L. I.; and, most prominently, to Frederick Dorner, of Lafayette, Ind. The latter gentleman has devoted almost exclusive attention to the carnation, giving more care and a greater range of glass to the growing of hybrid seedlings than anybody else cared to bestow upon such a precarious and problematic venture, but found his reward in the production of a greater number of meritorious new varieties than any other individual grower in the world has discovered. "William Scott," "Meteor," "Bridesmaid," "Albertina," "Storm King," "Uncle John," "Richmond," and "Stuart," all are Dorner hybrids in high favor with carnation lovers at present, and the American Carnation Society's register for 1895 shows no less than thirty-five new varieties, including those named, of his production.

One of the most extensive of the pres-

ent growers is Mr. C. W. Ward, of Queen's, L. I., who began their cultivation simply for his own gratification. But his hobby proved so expensive that prudence soon dictated the advisability of making it self-supporting, and when transformed into a business, it grew to great dimensions.

Other leading hybridizers and culturists are E. G. Hill, of Richmond, Ind.; J. A. May, of Summit, N. J.; Dailedouze Bros., of Flatbush, L. I.; W. R. Shelmire, of Avondale, Pa.; and E. Lonsdale, of Chestnut Hill, Pa.

In October, 1891, the American Carnation Society was organized, which now has a large membership scattered all over the United



The Storm King (*snow white*).

States, and takes in not only professional growers but lovers of the carnation generally. It has certain practical purposes, such as the interchange of cultural experiences, systematic direction of experiment for commonly desired ends, diffusion of knowledge about carnation diseases, testing and introduction of new varieties, etc., but the phase of its activities in which the public are most interested is the display annually made under the society's direction. Thus far it has had four exhibitions, in Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, and Boston. The fifth was held in New York, and opened on February 11, 1896. The one in Boston brought out more fine carnations, in a greater number of varieties, than had ever been seen together in any part of the world; but the entries for competition in the New York display were double those of Boston and represented some fifteen hundred American and European growers.

Exact apportionment of carnations into classes must always be impracticable, so infinite are their diversifications and ill-defined the lines between them. Even the broad, general division into summer- and winter-blooming varieties is believed to be more dependent upon the plant's capacity for accommodating itself to circumstances than based upon any fixed inherency of natural habit in specified varieties. The English system of classification by color only is necessarily indefinite and unsatisfactory. In France the lines are drawn more upon use and habit of growth, but even in the seven divisions made by the French, the "Malmaison" and "Marguerite" types have no place. The American classification is perhaps most serviceable and nearest to precision. It gives, as the divisions, "Grenadins" (single flowers, generally dark, grown for perfume-making mostly), "Border sorts" (used for out-door cultivation), "Malmaisons" (sturdy plants, bearing enormous fragrant flowers, pink or red, suitable for out-door growth, yet admitting of successful forcing, but with the common vice of bursting the calyx); "Forcing," or "Bench" carnations (grown for winter-blooming), and "Marguerites" (the semi-dwarf Italian type,

suitable only for garden cultivation, which blooms in five or six months from the seed).

All the remarkable progress made here in the development of the carnation has been, until very lately, in those of



William Scotts (*light, clear pink*).

the "forcing" class, and so long as culture is necessarily influenced by financial considerations, this limitation will prevail to a very great extent. In three years the varieties of carnations deemed worthy of registration by the American Carnation Society increased

from 420 to 562, and they all were in the "forcing" class. Recently, some enterprising growers have commenced giving part of their attention to improvement in the "border" class, but between one sort of flowers in bloom at

enrich our American gardens with "remontant" varieties, equalling in beauty those we already have in the winter-blooming class.

So popular in New York now are carnations that the consumption each winter exceeds fifteen millions of the cut flowers, and demand is ever ahead of supply in all the choice varieties and high grades thereof, at steadily advancing prices. The graceful loveliness of the flower, its delightful, spicy fragrance, and its quality of durability, in which it is far ahead of the rose, or indeed any other floral favorite, endear it to everyone. And, as even the poorest carnations brought to market now are such as would have been deemed fine a few years ago, nice discrimination is requisite to select the costly flowers that, by a slight superiority in size, perfection of form and color, beauty of foliage and length of stems are worthy to challenge the fastidious taste of the society belle, and prescribe those that for almost imperceptible lack in either of those particulars shall go to make glad the heart of the shop-girl, at a price within her means.

Luck is not a reliable factor in the difficult problem of carnation culture. It demands exhaustive knowledge of the habits, requirements, and diseases of the plant, unceasing watchfulness, and unremitting labor the year through. Even when all is done that seems possible to merit success, the grower is liable to the exasperation of finding that particular varieties, upon which he may have based his most sanguine expectations, obstinately refuse to flourish under his care. Almost every carnation culturist knows varieties that he "simply cannot raise" and neither he, nor anybody else, can tell the reason why. Of course, there must be something lacking, in soil, water, air, or treatment, which they require, but it seems as if they were capable of taking offence at him, or his surroundings, and preferring death, or at least unproductive life, to endurance of the association.

The methods used in carnation culture are both instructive and interesting. Cuttings are taken, at any time between September and May, from the most vigorous plants on the greenhouse



Bridesmaids (*bright pink*).

a season when they will only sell for a shilling a handful, and another sort produced when they are likely to command two dollars per dozen, it is not difficult to imagine which will most interest the professional gardener. At the same time, fortune awaits the man who will



Alaskas (snow white).

benches, and rooted in sand. In four or five weeks they are ready to be transferred to small pots, or boxes, of suitably prepared earth, and in these are grown on until about the first of April.

By the end of May they have been set out in the open field, in thoroughly pulverized and well-fertilized ground, and there are carefully tilled until autumn. As they grow tall, their tops are pinched off to make them sturdier and multiply their flowering stems, and all buds that appear are plucked off to husband their strength for the winter's blooming. Meanwhile, the old earth on the greenhouse benches is all replaced by fresh soil, the proper mixture and ripening of which has taken a year; and every square inch of the greenhouse structure is carefully cleansed and treated with chemicals, to kill the spores of fungi and exterminate insect enemies.

By the latter part of August the little "cuttings" will have expanded into vigorous "stocky" plants, each with a spread of from nine to twelve inches, and be ready for transplanting to the greenhouse benches. But before they are allowed to go there, each must be carefully examined for indications of disease. The plants, as taken from the ground, are carried upon big wooden trays to a table at one corner of the field, where every leaf is carefully inspected. The presence of a minute speck, a mere dot of brown or red color, shows the plant infected by the fatal fungus known as "rust," or the scarcely less dreaded "spot," while a pretty yellowish mottling betrays "bacterial disease," and in either case the whole plant goes at once to the fire. It seems hard, having to burn from one to five thousand plants, upon



which so much labor and care has been expended, merely on account of almost microscopic spots on their foliage, blemishes that nine times out of ten would escape notice by an untrained eye; but the magnitude of those spots is no measure of the mischief they indicate. The plants so marked are already doomed to death, as sure as by fire, for their tissues are pervaded by destructive fungi or bacteriæ; and though they might live and even bloom through the winter, they would be fountains of infection constantly for other plants, through the dispersion of spores from those spots, which would rapidly increase in number.

The plants that pass inspection are set shallowly on the benches, in rich soil four inches deep, at distances apart varying from 9×12 inches to 12×12 inches, according to their size and known habits of growth, which in different varieties vary greatly.

Root action starts very quickly among the benched plants, and in from four to six weeks they are in bloom. Twenty good flowers are considered a fair average yield from a plant, though some may produce a hundred. The number is, of course, reduced by "disbudding" much below what could be got if the plant were allowed to mature all the flowers it starts; but better flowers and longer stems are obtained when only the terminal buds are permitted to bloom. Three tiers of wire supports must be supplied to the plants during their growth, which continues until they are two or three feet high.



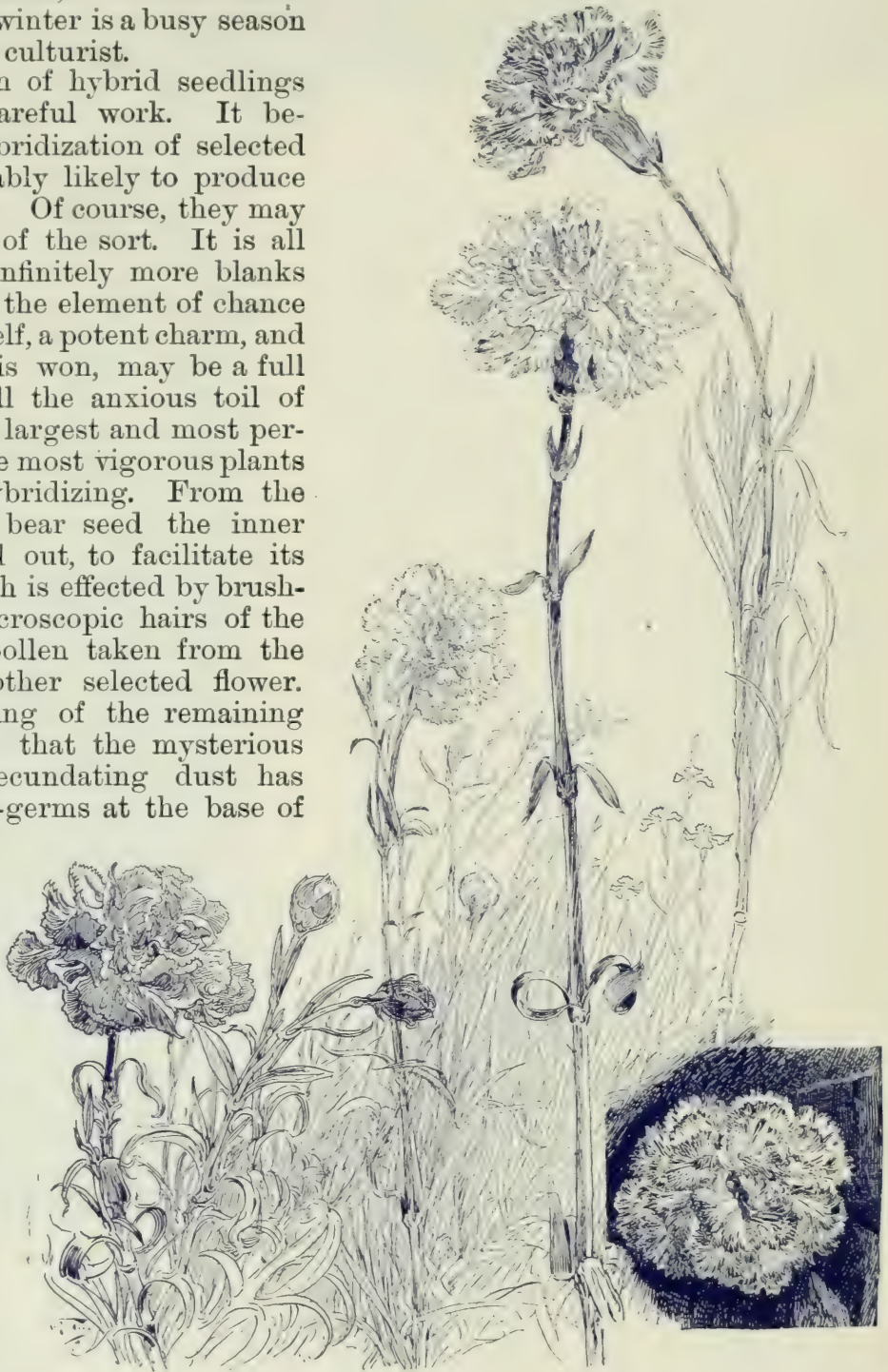
Daybreaks (*flesh pink*).

Every plant must be inspected daily, in order that any showing disease may be discovered, rooted out, and burned at once, and chemicals, supposably preventive of disease, are frequently ap-

plied. Liquid fertilizers are given as required two or three times a week. The plants must be liberally showered daily, at such hours as will enable the drying of their foliage before night-fall, and temperature must be carefully regulated day and night. When to all these cares are added the cutting and packing of flowers for the market, and the taking of cuttings for the next year's stock of plants, it will not seem improbable that winter is a busy season for the carnation culturist.

The cultivation of hybrid seedlings demands very careful work. It begins with the hybridization of selected varieties presumably likely to produce desirable crosses. Of course, they may not do anything of the sort. It is all a lottery, with infinitely more blanks than prizes; but the element of chance involved is, in itself, a potent charm, and the prize, if one is won, may be a full recompense for all the anxious toil of securing it. The largest and most perfect flowers on the most vigorous plants are chosen for hybridizing. From the one selected to bear seed the inner petals are pulled out, to facilitate its fertilization, which is effected by brushing, upon the microscopic hairs of the exposed pistil, pollen taken from the anther of the other selected flower. The speedy closing of the remaining petals evidences that the mysterious energy of the fecundating dust has reached the seed-germs at the base of the pistil, and the careful hybridizer, having marked the impregnated flower with a little numbered tag, records the cross effected in a book kept for that purpose. Later on more related entries will follow; the number of seeds obtained from that cross; how many of them germinated and produced plants; where

the plants were potted and benched; where they were located in the field; the exact spaces to which they were transplanted for blooming; the number and quality of flowers they severally produced, etc., with casual remarks at various points along the chain of experiment, and a bewildering expansion of the record as the plants severally



The Jumbo. Malmaison seedling (reddish crimson).

The Goldfinch (Yellow Picotee).

The Samson (white ground, striped and edged with pink).

The Helen Keller (variegated, white ground).

emerge from the multitude of seedlings and attain individuality.

Last year one well-known grower made one hundred and twenty-five crosses. Some of the thousands of seeds planted failed to germinate; weak plants were thrown out; diseases carried off a certain portion, and the final outcome was about a thousand plants brought to the test of bloom. Out of a thousand seedlings allowed to bear their first flowers in the field, one hundred may be found deserving of further trial on the benches, but it is probable that not more than ten will be sufficiently promising. And, as they will be uprooted if they develop any faults in blooming, possibly none of them will be left in the spring. But should any remain apparently worthy of a second year's trial, their propagation by cuttings in the ordinary way would ensue, and all summer a close watch would be kept upon their habits of growth. In autumn the one or two dozens of the most vigorous plants of the new sorts under observation would be benched for the ordeal of a second winter's flowering. After all, the patient grower could deem himself exceptionally fortunate if he had found one new variety worthy of any further attention. Should he do so, his next serious task would be to obtain a sufficient stock of it for effective introduction to carnation specialists.

Each plant would afford from twenty to thirty cuttings for the third year's trial. Even then, he might discover some good reason for discarding it. But supposing he does not, he cannot, before the third or fourth year, have a large enough quantity of it to put upon the market. And, after all, a compensative return for his outlay of labor, time, and money—winter cultivation under glass being expensive—is by no means certain. It would not be strange if he were to abandon this game of chance, but it seems to have a fascination that, once felt, becomes irresistible. And it is like a serial novel, artfully constructed, so that there is no good point for the reader to break off. Just when the grower is most disgusted with the failures of one season, the new crop of seedlings most bright-

ly smile their promise of hope for the next.

Carnations soon wither, if sent to market immediately after being cut. They are therefore taken from the plants the day before they are to be sent away and given twenty-four hours in a cool cellar, with their stems plunged deep in clear cold water. This hardens them, so that they will last for days in the hands of purchasers. Indeed, carnations shipped across the ocean, from Long Island greenhouses, have been worn to the opera in London and Paris, still fresh, beautiful, and fragrant. The finest flowers are packed loose, like long-stemmed roses, in boxes—two hundred in each box. Others are put up in bunches of twenty-five, with a little printed tag attached to each bunch, specifying the variety and grade of the flowers and the name of the grower. This tag is a recent device, intended to not only afford a guarantee to the buyer, but to establish in his mind a close association between the names of individual growers and the quality of flowers they severally produce. It is expected that this will give such a market value to reputation as will stimulate production of even better flowers than at present. "Grading" classes the flowers into "thirds," "seconds," "firsts," "extras," and "fancies," according to a standard agreed upon by the leading floriculturists who constitute the co-operative "New York Cut Flower Co." The "fancies" must be, in all respects, of the highest attainable quality; hence they are necessarily few in number, and command prices often far out of proportion to those of other grades.

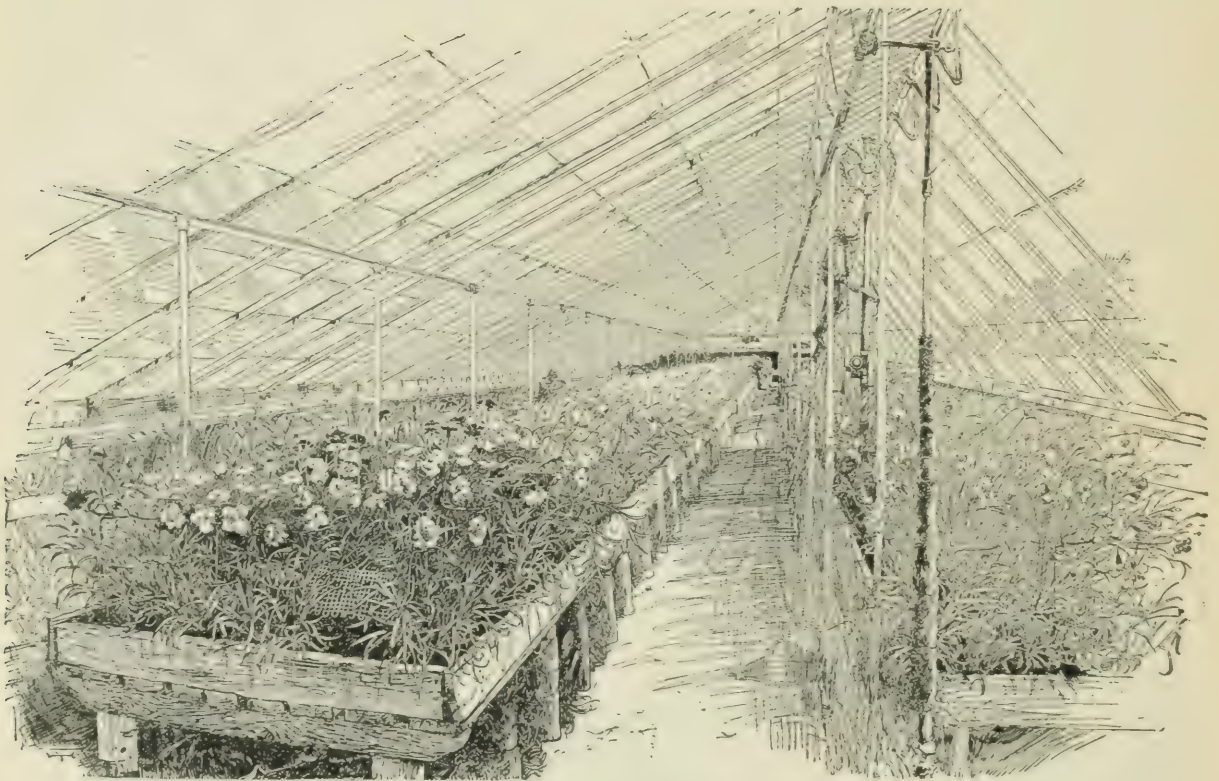
From Long Island, New Jersey, Connecticut, and a little way up the Hudson, come the fifteen millions of carnations sold each winter in the New York market. Probably seventy-five per cent. of the finer grades of them are handled by the corporation of associated leading growers already named, which has fine warerooms on Twenty-third Street near Sixth Avenue. Many also reach the retailers through the middle-men on Twenty-eighth Street. Some small growers still peddle their flowers in baskets among the florists' stores, as

they used to a dozen years ago, but more of them meet their patrons at a market they have established on Thirty-fourth Street.

The aristocratic retail shops on Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and Madison Avenue manage to secure pretty nearly all the "extra" and "fancy" grade flowers, however they get to town. The next best go to the florists on Third, Sixth, and Columbus Avenues and the uptown cross streets. The cheapest are bought by the street-venders, who are nearly all Greeks, though some Hebrews and a few German women have entered into competition with them. Not infrequently, when in the height of the productive season, a day's sup-

ply exceeds the demands of the stores, excellent flowers, even "firsts," get into the hands of the venders.

So highly does the carnation rank now in fashionable regard, that the especial favorites of fortune—those who can afford to have the things most people are only able to wish for—do not permit themselves to be dependent upon the market for supply, but grow their own. The Vanderbilts, Goulds, and a number of other rich persons in the vicinity of New York have greenhouses devoted exclusively to forcing carnations, buying their stock of plants in autumn, ready for the benches, from the best varieties in the hands of professional growers.



The Benches in a Carnation House, where there are about 80,000 Flowers in Various Stages of Development.

SARASATE

By M. L. van Vorst

SWEET Music, lend thyself unto my dream,
Low, melting tones and faint, shrill cries,
Now thrilling as the voice of love,
Now weak as some small wave that breaks and dies
There at our feet. . . .

My very soul seems to take wing and rise,
As, stirred by all these subtle harmonies,
First I am fain to laugh with happiness,
And then most tender tears spring to my eyes,
Strange, long quiet feelings stir and move.
Half faint with the warm flood of memories
Of dear days drifted on so far I thought
They never could come singing back to bless
My barren Now: I lie upon the stream
Of sweet delight, as on some summer day
We hear the splash against the shallop's side,
And see the sunlight in the lilies caught,
And green banks slipping by us, the slow tide
Carrying us on.

With rise and fall of these rare cadences
That seems no human hand or thing of wood
Could call to utterance, the Past, like a flood
Comes surging back my Now to bless.
I hear the gentle splashing of the stream
And singing words of love my silence greet ;
I hear the thin fine music in a dream
Of memories strange and sweet.

FLORENTINE VILLAS

By Lee Bacon

WHEN Hawthorne wrote, "It would only be a kind of despair that would ever make me dream of finding a home in Italy," I do not think he could have seen the belt of beautiful country houses or villas which not only surround Florence, but are to be found on hundreds of Tuscan hills.

With all reverence, it could be said that God appears to have made these hills for just the use to which man has put them ; each hill or eminence is broken into a score of smaller ones.

In a comparatively small circuit there are innumerable commanding sites to

suit all uses and tastes. There are upward of five hundred villas or country houses upon the official list, some noted for age and their connection with historic personages and events, some for the beauty of their gardens, others for a specially extended view ; others have been the homes of men of letters, of great architects, painters, sculptors, statesmen, historians, and philosophers.

The Tuscans have ever been a stay-at-home people. They are in their towns during the winter ; at their villas, of which they often own three to six, during the spring and autumn ; at their

baths, seashore, and among their Apennines for the warmest months. They ask of themselves and others, "Why go away when all men come to us?" Many live and die without leaving Tuscany.

The history of the villas is hard to trace, for the names are changed with successive owners.* An Italian warned me not to call a villa by the name of a former owner, as it would suggest or imply that the present incumbent had not paid for it.

Many of them are not simple country places or homes on the hills, but are palaces and have been fortresses. They are of proportions and on a scale hard to understand from our nineteenth-century utilitarian stand-point. The dignity and magnificence of the great public buildings are repeated on a smaller scale. The halls are imposing, the rooms are vast, the ceilings are oft-times vaulted, and the walls are many feet thick.

Each contains from forty to several hundred rooms. From the exterior they do not always give an idea of the beauty within. They are often long and low—not more than two and a half stories, and set well upon their hilly sites. Some are grim and venerable, others gay and smiling. Some are castellated with towers, others are in plain straight lines, and almost Greek in form. They are of stone and brick generally overlaid with plaster, smooth or encrusted with pebbles; all are dignified, with cellars and outbuildings made to last forever. Generation follows generation, but time leaves little impress upon the villas, whose floors even are of cement, brick, or tiles. Many which now have but one great tower had three or four in centuries gone by. A large Italian family, if they so desire, can live in their south and east rooms all winter, and in summer can migrate to those in the north and west. Again, in other cases, the ground floor is unused during the cold months, and the upper rooms during the heated term. The dining-halls are often of such size that forty to sixty chairs can be ranged against the

four walls; and almost each villa of importance has its own chapel. There are sometimes several interior courts, surrounded with arcaded porticos, as at Petraia and Careggi. Some of the courts have fountains and beds of flowers, while others have old wells, which recall the time when each man could stand a siege within his own villa walls.

Varied as is the architecture and surroundings, there are one or two points of resemblance. It is noticeable that few are approached—as is the case with so many English homes—through avenues or stately rows of trees, for the original roads ran immediately under the villa windows. Often a great house was built from one side of the road to the other, the way running through the house, or under an arch across which the villa was built. This invariable point of resemblance is less noticeable now that many of the roads have been changed and pass farther off and away from the principal buildings.

The points of resemblance are few, the variety is infinite. On one façade a Maréchal Neil rose climbs to the third story, and is covered with golden bloom the whole spring through; at another villa the sun steals in and lights up the picturesque corner of an old court, and touches into life the "*stemma*" of a family long since run out; at another old home a Virgin and Child, by Luca della Robbia, appear to be the presiding spirits of the present as well as the past; at another an unexpected vista from a *loggia* hanging from the top of a garden wall shows the glory of the sun setting in rays of gold on the winding Arno and on the complete group, that all know so well—the Duomo, Campanile, Badia, and far-away San Miniato. Yet again the gentle flow of a fountain, by Tribolo or Jean de Bologna, would soothe the nerves of the most overwrought nature; in still another a great stair gives a majesty to an interior which recalls the proud Medici; again, the glimpse of walls, lookout, and battlements brings to mind skirmishes which have been lost and won by a people who knew no fear and no pity. The same people who, in spite of having the motto, "Jesus Christ is King of Florence," over the door of

* The writer acknowledges indebtedness for certain dates concerning transfer of property to Signor Carocci's volume, entitled "I dintorni di Firenze."

their great Palazzo Vecchio, grew tired of any way but their own way, which on one occasion was to hang the corpse of an offender from the same palace window, where it remained until flesh and bones were dried by the wind and scorched by the sun.

Many of these homes have now passed into the hands of foreigners; Russians, Germans, English, and Americans own much land about Florence. This has arisen from the need for retrenchment in many of the old Tuscan families.

Ah! the lovely life of an Italian villa. The winds blow cold, to be sure; trees wave and rock as the winds sigh through them; if one season is not all it can be, the other is.

The villas in the Fiesole direction are among the most interesting. On this hill was a chain of castellated villas joined by high, strong walls; all traces of these walls have disappeared. This is the region of which Dante wrote, of which Milton, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Hallam, Landor, Galileo, Leigh Hunt, and the Brownings wrote and sung. The more we see and know these hill-homes, the more interesting they become. Nowhere in the world can just such another *entourage* be found, all, with one exception, within easy walking distance of one of the time-honored Florence gates.

The farthest one off is Poggio a Caiano. The word "poggio" means a hill. Poggio a Caiano was once the castle or home of the chancellors of Pistoia, but was sold to Lorenzo the Magnificent, under whose direction it began to grow, and to assume its present proportions. Caiano is an oblong, spreading villa, raised upon a colonnade which supports a broad stone portico extending around the four sides, to which the steps sweep up in graceful curves. From this portico is an excellent view down into the orangeries and over the *bosca* at the back of the house. The land slopes down and away in every direction, the general impression is cheerful and healthy. The ever-present Duomo and Campanile look like ghosts of themselves from the terrace of Poggio a Caiano, and the Apennines rise in importance from this very fact.

Lorenzo loved dearly this Poggio a

Caiano for its hawking, but died before his schemes for its embellishment were finished. It will to all time be classed among the Medicean villas.*

Poggio a Caiano is more associated with the Grand Duke Francis I. of Medici and the beautiful Bianca Capello than with any other historical personages. The mention of the villa is ever the signal for tales and legends of this captivating woman, the daughter of a great Venetian noble.

Her complexion was pale, her eyes were brown, and her hair a wonderful Titian red. Bronzino's portrait represents her with deep-set eyes and thoughtful countenance. What more than all these could be needed to turn the head of a simple bank clerk, for such was Bonaventuri, who himself a Florentine, had been sent to Venice by a rich uncle to carve his own fortunes. His clerking desk was near a window opposite the palace of the great family Capello. Bianca and Bonaventuri, both very young, fell in love at first sight and before a word had been exchanged between them. One morning they fled away together, he from his clerk's desk and she from her father's great palace. The first day they made good their escape as far as Ferrara, then an avowed enemy of Venice. Search was immediately begun by all the proper Venetian authorities, but the lovers remained hid away in Ferrara, until under cover of the darkness they again set forth and made their way to Florence, where

*Even a running sketch of these country houses, castles, and palaces as they are, is so interwoven with the life, friends, rise and fall of the Medici family, that the summing up from Dumas's history of that family is as well given in his concise way, as in a more lengthy description. Dumas offers as an apology for the history of the Medici, if indeed, as he remarks "any apology be necessary," that all must admit that art rose and fell with this family, and was subject to all the variations of their fortunes. With the steadily ascending power of Cosmos, "Father of his country," art rose in the persons and works of Cimabue, Giotto, and Masaccio; with Lorenzo the Magnificent came a pause while it acquired new vigor; Leonardo da Vinci, Bartolommeo, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto were born; with Leo X. all that had been promised by such a galaxy was fulfilled, all that blossomed became fruit. Under Cosmos I., not to be confounded with Cosmos, "Pater patriæ," this family and art with it reached the acme, the apogee of the glory. Then both together, unable to become greater, began to decline; the Medici in the persons of Ferdinando I., Cosmos II., and Ferdinando II., art in the works of Vasari, Barroccio, Allori, John of San Giovanni, and Matthew Roselli. At last they fell together, art with the Gabbianis and Dandinis, the Medici with Cosmos III. and Gastone. The Medici now sleep peacefully in their tombs of marble and porphyry, having done more for the glory of this earth than any before them, or than princes, kings, and emperors have since done.

Bonaventuri's family lived in the simplest manner in a little yellow house, now 1 Piazza San Marco.

All went smoothly for a time, but Bianca, like so many before and since, tired of love and simple surroundings. Ambition awoke and bid a final adieu to love, just about the time that the Grand Duke Francis, then twenty-two years old, rode beneath her window. Bianca was seventeen when she peeped from behind the second-story window and threw the Grand Duke a rose as he passed by. Catching sight of the smiling young face, Francis became deeply infatuated, and left no means untried of discovering the identity of his *innamorata*. Through the efforts of his chamberlain, Montdragon, a meeting was arranged, and Francis assumed to himself the care of the lovely *Venetienne*, while giving such employment to her young husband, Bonaventuri, that he was kept much too busy to be suspicious.

The lovely frescos in the house to which Bianca now moved can still be seen, and give some idea of the state and magnificence in which she lived. But Cosmos's edict had gone forth that Francis should marry Joanna, daughter of the Austrian emperor, and preparations for the bride's coming soon began.

After the death of Joanna of Austria, Francis married Bianca Capello; their home was this villa of Poggio a Caiano, and its beautiful terraces were the scenes of Bianca's daily walks and moonlight reveries.

But the pinnacle of Bianca's ambition was not yet reached. There was one person, Cardinal Ferdinando, who, next in succession to Francis, was supposed by Bianca to be casting longing eyes at the throne. She determined, if possible, to do away with this brother-in-law, and chose the great dining-hall at Poggio a Caiano to be the setting for what is a famous scene in legendary accounts. She invited the Cardinal to dinner, and with her own fair hands she made a large fruit-cake, an ever favorite dish with Ferdinando.

Now, the Cardinal possessed an opal ring, which legend said was given to him by his father, which ring had

been so treated by chemicals that if brought too near an acid, the color of the opal changed. When the poisoned cake was handed to Ferdinando, his opal became suddenly dim, and instead of tasting he put the cake aside. Bianca, in order to clear herself of suspicion, gave some to her husband and partook of it herself. Both were dead before morning. Francis was buried with ducal honors, while history says that Bianca's body, wrapped in a winding-sheet, was thrown into an unmarked grave beneath the Medici chapel.

Thus came to the throne and to the ownership of Poggio a Caiano, Ferdinando, who reigned twenty-one years without fear of assassin or usurper. He was a patron of music; he died regretted by all, and beloved by friends for his justice and bounty.

The exterior of the villa is the same as then; many of the hangings and belongings have been scattered. It was about to pass from the list of royal villas; was, in fact, offered for sale, but such fate was averted by Victor Emmanuel, who saw it, fell in love with it, and spent much of his rare leisure at Poggio a Caiano.

Beautiful Careggi, with its *cinque cento* court, and pillared *logetta*, is a trifle less old than Poggio a Caiano. Though utterly unlike it, there is one point in common. At Careggi, as well as at the former, the Medici *stemma* crowns battlements, walls, and doorways. The site was bought from the Lippi family by Cosmos, "*Pater patriæ*," whose architect, Michelozzo, planned the castellated, brown-stone, and cement villa than which none are more interesting or romantic.

Careggi is four stories high, and in spite of sunny gardens, beautiful vines, and flowering shrubs, is grim and venerable. The wondrous centre court, with its arcades and picturesque old well, is damp even on a summer day. With the Medici wealth and judgment, and the taste of Michelozzo, Careggi became a pile which it is almost impossible to describe. The battlements of this fortress-like abode are capable of protecting hundreds of armed men; around the top runs the sentry-walk

with its lookout over rolling hills, olive groves, and gardens. The view of Florence, the Arno, and the Apennines is unrivalled, and yet a twenty-minutes' drive takes one to the centre of Florence!

There are at Careggi spacious halls, loggias, balconies, and terraces for warm weather; glass-covered, sun-exposed rooms, sheltered gardens, and covered courts for cold weather. The arcaded court is so solemn and sombre that one would not be surprised to hear "sobs of grief, sounds inarticulate" issue from any corner. The *logetta* outside Lorenzo's special suite of rooms gives an idea of perfection and splendor unknown in our day; for the floor is inlaid with marble, while roof and pilarettas, as well as balustrade and table, are all of the purest marble.

The gardens play an important part in the plan of Italian villa construction. Nowhere is this more noticeable than at Careggi. Strip it of its gardens, which are gay and smiling, or transport the villa itself, and each would be hopelessly marred. The *bosca* is sheltered from the *tramontane* winds by the upper terraces and the great pile of the villa. Certain parts of the gardens are sheltered from the long midsummer sun by the almost encircling walls of the west façade, while another terrace is in such position that no ray of sun, even on the shortest winter day, would be prevented from reaching it. From the gardens on the west there is a sheer descent of many feet to the *podere* land below, and from this garden wall extend little overhanging projections from which the view is more easily imagined than described.

Careggi was more the home of Cosmos than anyone other of his various possessions.

At Careggi Cosmos hoped to have founded a great academy, or school of learning, but here he died in 1464, and his grandson, Lorenzo the Magnificent, carried out the scheme, and lived here surrounded by philosophers, *literati*, and men of learning. He gave little homes in the neighborhood to a galaxy of men of genius and repute. In the great upper hall of Careggi, with its hearth almost nine feet from side to

side, re-echoed such voices as those of Pico della Mirandola, Landino, Scala, and Alberti. Around this fire Lorenzo talked with his friends, and speculated upon the Platonic philosophy and the future state of man. At Careggi he watched over the education of his adopted son Marsilio Ficino, the son of his physician. Lorenzo once wrote, "Come to me, dear Marsilio, and do not forget to bring with you the book of the divine Plato upon the Sovereign Good; there is no effort I do not make to discover the path of true happiness."

The several restorations through which Careggi has passed have been so judicious, that all the picturesqueness of age is to be seen without the sadness of decay. The last renovations were at the expense of an English artist and owner, Sloan by name, who spent some hundred thousand dollars in restorations of various kinds.

The fountains, the box and evergreen trees, the cedars and yews, and beautiful banqueting-hall suggest the possibility of escaping at Careggi earth's cares, sorrows, and distractions.

One of the most charming villas in the Fiesole neighborhood is the Villa Landor. A steady climb and a sudden turn to the right bring us to the spur or eminence occupied by the villa, which is now the home of Mr. Willard Fiske, of whose interesting collections few men of letters of the present day are ignorant. This villa has been the property of various owners; the Da Filicaja, the Lippi, the Buonaccorsi, the Fiorini, and the Gherardesca have all owned it in succession. It becomes more interesting to all English readers because of its having been the home of Walter Savage Landor.

The present owner has retained the name then given, as well as the Landor coat of arms in the principal hall, and has added a chimney-piece bearing a bas-relief of that well-known author. It will now, doubtless, ever bear that name.

The villa is a story or two higher than most, is not too large to be comfortable in winter and homelike in summer, is furnished and supplied with every mod-

ern convenience, and is capped by one of the most charming loggias to be found in all the country round. The entire roof is in fact a kind of hanging garden, open on all sides to the air, covered by a roof, and supplied with all that one could wish. Books, flowers, and comfortable chairs, and a view of surpassing loveliness make this *loggia* one of the most sought-for retreats of Villa Landor. The encircling hills form a veritable necklace of pearls; and the Africo, the stream upon the banks of which Boccaccio is said to have written his "*Largo delle belle Donne*," runs through the villa grounds. While here Landor wrote his "*Pericles and Aspasia*," and many of his "*Imaginary Conversations*." Though he was the owner of this villa for a long time, there are twenty-three consecutive years in which, after a quarrel with his wife, he absented himself. He then returned for several months, only to quarrel again and again to leave. Another point of literary interest is that Leigh Hunt wrote many of his "*Sonnets*" at the Villa Landor. The sad decay into which the villa fell during Landor's ownership is a thing of the past, for, renovated and restored by its present owner, it is destined to be the home of the greatest Petrarch collection in the world and of the largest collection of Sagas.*

Vincigliata is a veritable castle; from far and near can be seen the noble battlements, graceful towers, and sturdy walls which appear too old to be new, but in reality do not date back twenty-five years. Then all was different, for this bold, wooded height was crowned by the ruins of a mediæval castle; not the remains, but the ruins of a court, a portal, a well, and straggling walls overgrown with moss and plants which had taken root in every crevice and corner. Such was Vincigliata; such was all that remained of a castle, a stronghold of 1031, which belonged in those early times to the Bisdomini, in the fourteenth century to the Usimbardi, then to the Ceffini da Figline, and the

Buonaccorsi. The Buonaccorsi were merchants of Florence, who like many others failed in 1345, and sold their home to the Abbizi, who in turn sold it to the Alessandri, to whom it belonged until bought by Mr. Temple Leader, an Englishman. He saw the ruins, at once wished to become the possessor of them and of the forest land adjoining. Vincigliata was to be rebuilt. The architect whom Mr. Leader commissioned to study up the ancient lines of the castle and rebuild it on the original scheme, studied the plans of many of the ancient Tuscan villas, began work, but alas! never lived to see it completed.

The principal building is dominated by a handsome tower; there are halls, loggias, and courts as of the fifteenth century. The well is in one of the courts, following the original idea of villa construction, for where a man may have to stand a siege he certainly must have water. The kitchen is apparently of the date when whole or half oxen were roasted before the fire; the spit is turned by clock-work—a system of pulleys and weights.

This villa is kept almost more as a museum than a residence, for the same Mr. Temple Leader owns four or five others. In spite of his love for their country and apparent interest in the environs, the *contadini* are a trifle jealous of Mr. Leader because of the many springs or water-supplies that he had bought up in various directions; the Tuscans resent the buying of their wells.

Classed among the royal villas, Petraia indeed deserves the name; for where, even around Florence, can be found a more beautiful approach, a nobler view, a more classic fountain, and more venerable ilex-trees? The villa stands on a hill; its great square tower can be seen for miles around, as it rises above the oblong, substantial building. The appearance of the villa itself is perhaps more pleasing at a distance than from the terrace. Petraia is one of the most noticeable features in the view from Careggi, and is from any point imposing, commanding, and vast. It is plain, unornamented; were it bereft of its

* The Sagas are the various recitals of myths, legends, and folk-lore of the North, as the Romances are the myths, legends, and folk-lore of the South.

beautiful gardens and park, it would somewhat resemble a great asylum or institution. Below the principal terrace is a large fountain or basin, so clear and cool that I am sure every visitor's first idea is to take a plunge. The ilex-trees are nowhere seen in greater beauty than in the Petraia Park; one tree near the terrace is of such size that as many as two dozen guests can draw around the tea-table which is arranged among the branches.

Petraia was once the property of the Brunelleschi family, who stood within their castle walls a regular siege. The Brunelleschi bought it from a Petruccia who had received it as a dowry, and reclaimed it from a religious order to whom it had passed for want of male heirs.

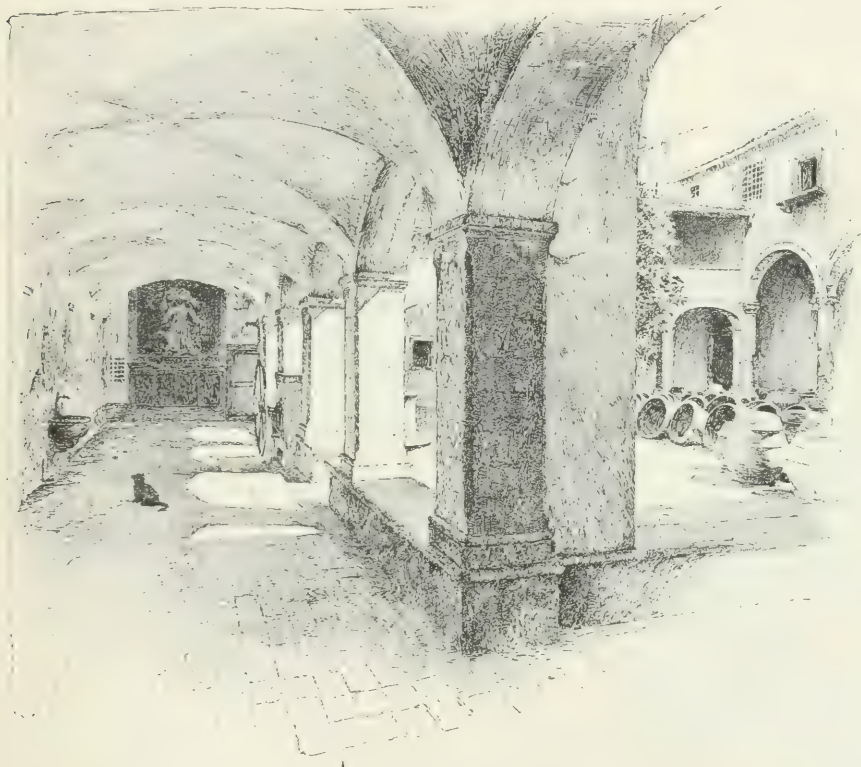
The Medici were perhaps longer in possession than any other great family, and left their mark, as they did everywhere else, in the splendor of gardens as well as in the frescos of the great court.

Victor Emmanuel, who bought the villa in 1859, had the frescos renewed and covered in the great court with glass. From the centre he hung a great crystal chandelier, thus doing away entirely

with its original purpose and picturesque-ness. At Petraia "Il re gallantuomo," as he was dubbed, passed most of his leisure time. Though a gallant king, true to his word, free from intrigue, straight to the point, and outspoken on all occasions, he was a difficult subject to keep in royal surroundings. He loved Petraia, for the park gave many good opportunities for good hunting and shooting. Several large halls of the villa are fairly bristling with antlers, said to have been captured by the king himself. There are also strange stories told of him on his return from his favorite pastime. He saw no reason for removing his mud- and dust-stained raiment, and still in hunting costume, booted and spurred, was wont to throw himself upon his bed. It is told on good authority that all upholstery, hangings, and carpets had to be of washable material, that an almost weekly change could be made without depleting the Italian exchequer. It was in the villa of Petraia that Victor Emmanuel married, on what he thought was his death-bed, the Countess Mirafiori; but he recovered his health, if not his liberty.

The fountain in one of the gardens is said by Vasari to be the most beautiful of all fountains; and the vines here, as well as at Castello, are noted for their delicious muscatel wine. This is due to the grafting of some of the best species of vines from Spain and the Canary Isles.

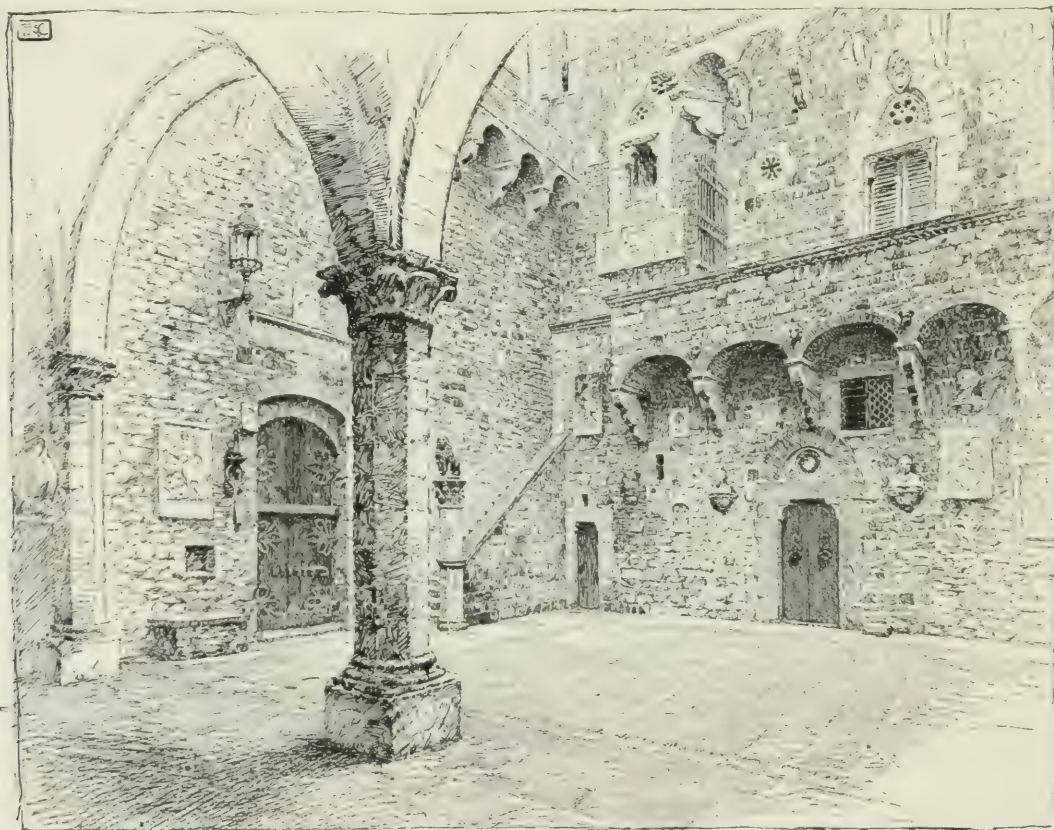
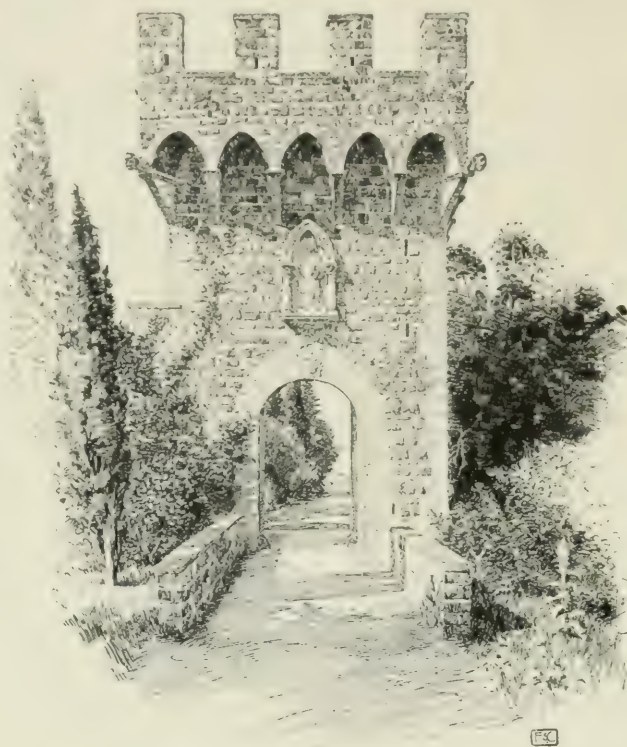
This villa of Bel Canto — beautiful corner — almost hangs between heaven and earth. Bold is its position, and sudden the declivity on three sides. A short ride and a little climb bring



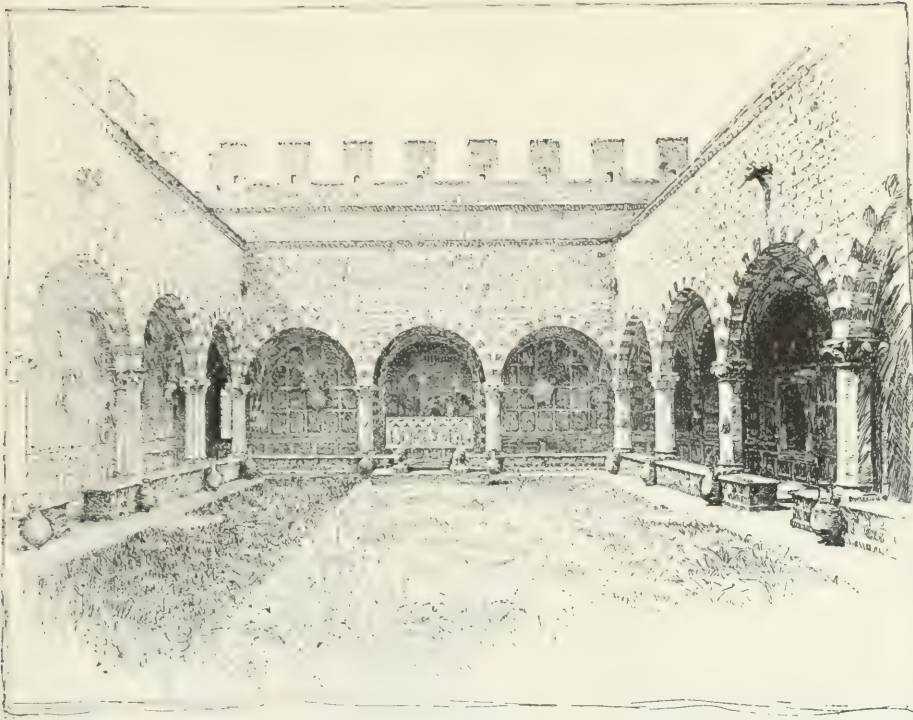
Villa Majano.

one to this villa, which has four or five names—Palagio, Bel Canto, Mozzi, and Spence. By all these names it has been and is known. I cannot tell which name was oftenest on our lips the afternoon that the genial owner of Villa Mozzi, W. B. Spence, dispensed tea to a half-dozen enthusiastic ones who had climbed the Fiesole hill, and who were alternately lost in admiration of the wonderful view, the fields of brilliant wild flowers, and the wind-blown olive-trees in their pretty gray dresses. The road winds up under the hill. It is hard to get a good view of the house as the

villa appears to climb up with the hill. From the lower entrance gate, with its coats of arms on both posts, is reached what can only be termed the first ground floor; up farther is another terrace on the level of certain other apartments, a second ground floor; higher still is the uppermost terrace on the same plane with other apartments, a third ground floor. In this suite are the principal salons, halls, library, banqueting-room, and large glass-covered *loggia* which appears to overhang a veritable precipice. Here in this *loggia* the tea-table is set; the talk, instead of being on the last



VIEWS OF THE CASTELLATED



fashions or international marriage, is about the Medici, the age of the villa, and the historic personages it has housed.

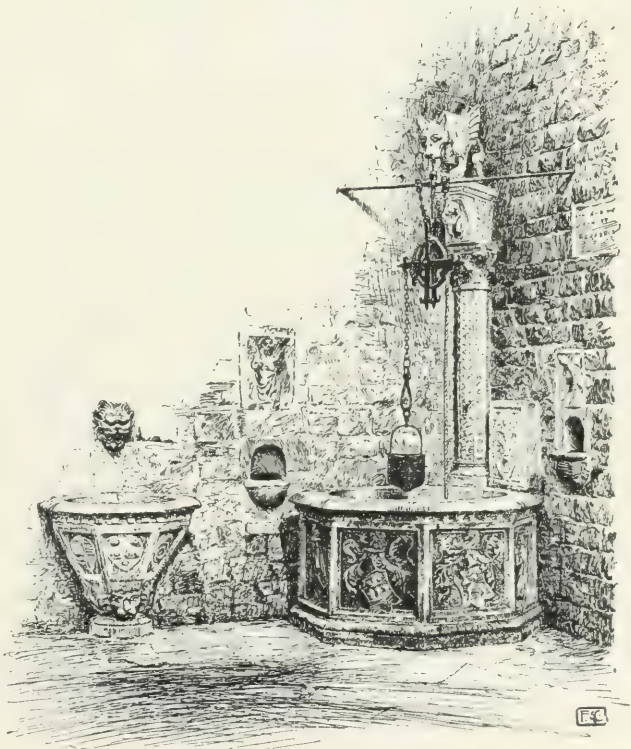
Villa del Bel Canto was built about 1450 for Giovanni de Medici. Here his sons Lorenzo and Giuliano lived with their tutor, Poliziano, and here it was that these two young Medici received the visit of Cardinal Riario, little thinking that he was in collusion with the Pazzi, the bitter enemies of the Medici. The Cardinal was, in reality, plotting against these young Medici's lives, but they received him graciously, showed him their treasures of art, their libraries and museum, and invited him to a banquet to be given in his honor, and to which his friends were to be bidden. No chance could be more favorable; the Cardinal accepted the invitation, and at once arranged with the Pazzi that Lorenzo and Giuliano were to be put to death on this festive occasion of their own making. But fate had ordained it otherwise; for some apparently slight cause Giuliano sent word of the postponement of the banquet.

But he was not long to escape the assassin's blow. Shortly after this another conspiracy was formed: Lorenzo and Giuliano were attacked in the Duomo at the moment when the host was

elevated and all heads bowed. Giuliano fell a victim, but Lorenzo's life was saved by the devotion of an attendant, Francesco Nori, who received in his own breast the blow intended for Lorenzo. Nori was buried in Santa Croce, the Westminster of Florence, and it is believed to this day that each Ave Maria said at Nori's tomb

lessens the penitent's sojourn in purgatory a hundred days.

But there was no one found to bury Giuliano; all feared the powerful Pazzi. Finally a beautiful young woman, having heard the news, rushed into the great cathedral, and threw herself upon her lover's body. So great was her agitation that she soon afterward gave birth to a child, Giuliano's child, who



became in after-years Pope Clement VII.

Bel Canto remained in possession of the Medici until the death of Giovanni Gastone, the last of that race. Here Gastone lived, and his bust in colored marble, as well as that of his secretary, are still in one of the corridors. After passing through several hands it was bought by Lady Orford, an aunt of Horace Walpole. Much of the decoration dates from her time and is due to her good taste. There are sets of beautifully inlaid and enamelled furniture, dainty cornices over doors and windows, mantel mirrors, decorated with delicate wreaths and festoons, which put to shame all of modern manufacture. The floors are many of them of antique yellow and blue tiles, and in some rooms the papering is of the glazed papers, made in squares before rolls of paper were manufactured. These are about a foot and a half square; the designs are all well matched, and the colors as fresh as if put on yesterday.

One of the façades of Bel Canto is inlaid with medallions by Luca della Robbia, and faces the terrace said to have been Lorenzo's favorite walk. From here he could see all Florence, its undulating environments, and the far-away Apennines.

The present owner of Villa Mozzi, a man of wit and humor, nigh on to ninety years of age, sketched Wellington long years ago, and has entertained at his villa Queen Victoria, Pietro d'Alcantara, the Queen of Servia, and the greatly beloved Italian Queen, Marguerite. On the library table lie the poems of Francesco to Bianca Capello, as if only written and sent from the publisher's yesterday. Near by is a graceful spinet bearing the Medici coat of arms, and a harp of beautiful workmanship stripped of every string. The upper floor, that of the bedrooms, is also of great interest; over several doors are the names of great men entertained at Villa Mozzi in years gone by: Leo X., Pico della Mirandola, Landinus, Poliziano are among the prominent ones.

The Ughi, if we believe history and legend, was a family of credit and renown

and lent their name to an entire section outside the Porto San Gallo of Florence. This district is called Montughi, and here they doubtless carried on their loves and hates when even Fiesole was young. The villas have passed, with the hills upon which they stand, from one great family to another.

The little church opposite the roadside shrine of Saint Antonino—good Saint Antonino he was called—crowns one little knoll. It is old and full of story, and now looks over, with its quiet, venerable air, to the next hill where several villas and villinos have



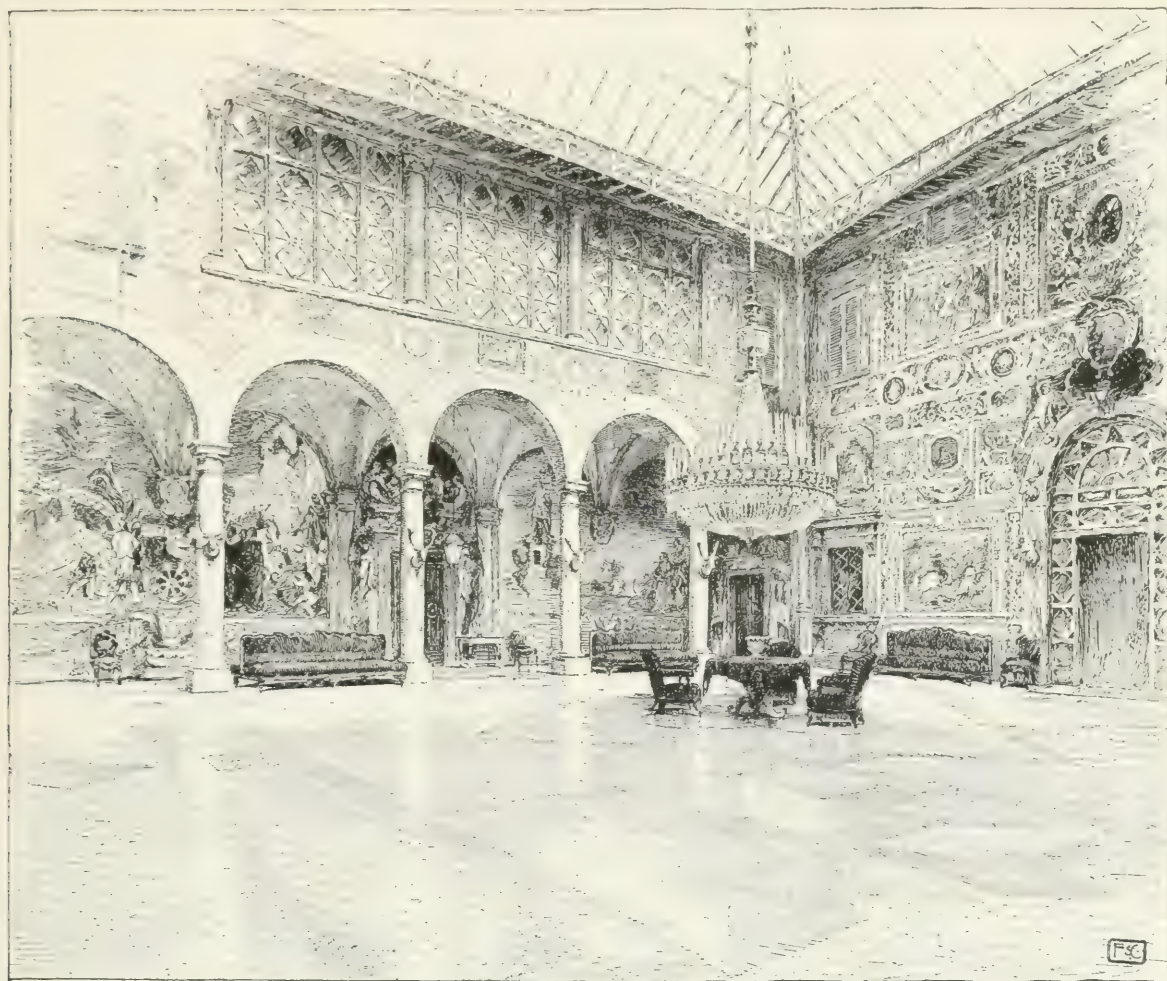
The Royal Villa of Petraia.

been joined together to form the home of an unusually beautiful collection of antique and curious arms and armor, furniture, tapestries, old crosses, and marriage chests, Chinese and Japanese implements of defence and warfare. These are so well disposed throughout this villa Stibbert that neither from without nor within is the overwhelming effect of a museum produced. Room has been joined to room, hall to hall, one stairway built, then another; terrace rises upon terrace, all arranged with much knowledge and taste by the owner, Frederick Stibbert, Esq., whose life-work has been the making of this collection. Begun before the mania for collecting was at its height, Mr. Stibbert was fortunate in securing many pre-

cious and priceless objects of art and interest. Tapestries of the highest order of perfection, snuff-boxes and watches, each a prize in itself, are among the objects too numerous for mention.

of many of the homes of the various *podestà*.

The motto on one of the villa walls, "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit," dates back,

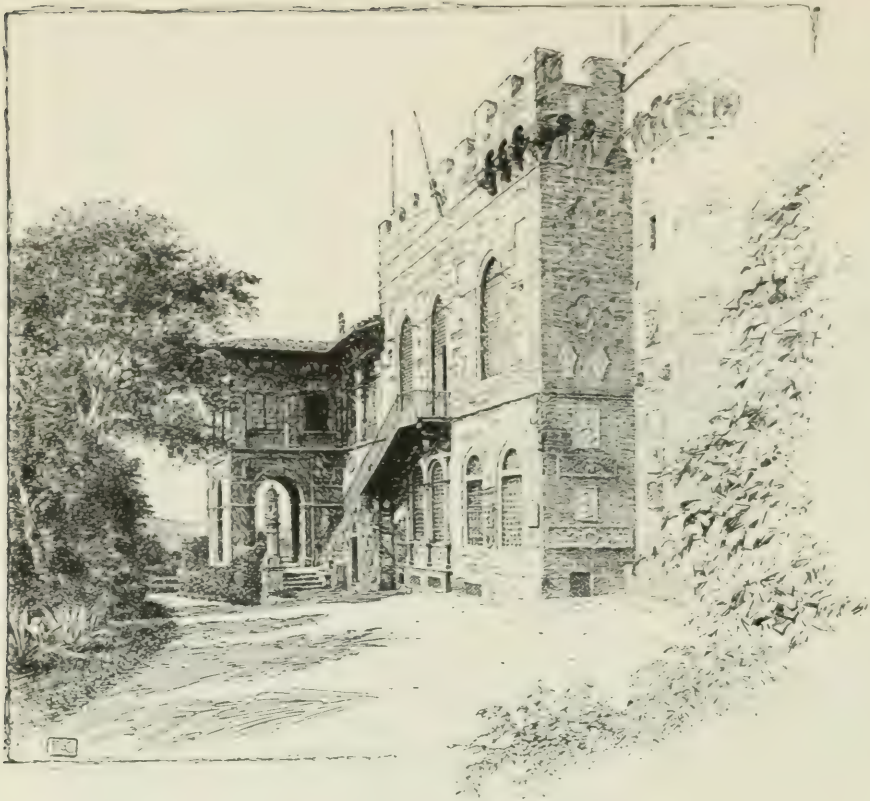


Court of Petraia with Musicians' Gallery.

Villa Stibbert has no air of romance like Careggi, has no old legends like Poggio à Caiano, no fountains like Castello. It is not grim and venerable, it is not essentially Italian in its present aspect, but rather English. The *bosca* has a greater variety of trees than most; the approach is through English rather than Italian gardens, with apparently unstudied rather than set Italian effects, and the pull up the hill to the principal entrance and façade quite a little triumph in engineering. The castellated walls of a portion of the villa, the old coats of arms, the *stemma* of many old families which are introduced into the masonry, are eminently Italian, give an air of age and interest, and recall the walls and old cornices

perhaps, to the time when San Donato was the property of the Cistercian monks, or, earlier still, to the Umiliati. This section of country is said to have been subject to continual inundations from the Arno, to have been little more than a marsh, but became the property of a rich pagan by whom it was drained, and by whom San Donato was built. He was afterward converted to Christianity and left San Donato to a monastic order.

San Donato and its surrounding country is therefore historically interesting, but more connected in all minds with the Demidoffs than with aught else. Count Demidoff, a rich Russian, was given the title of grand duke or prince by the Florentines because of



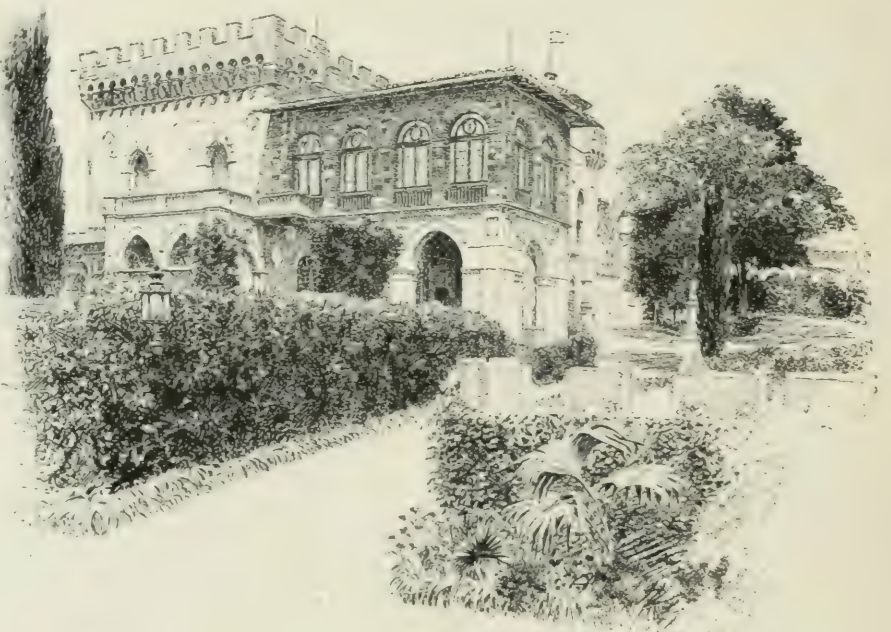
old gardener filled my hands with flowers—almost wild flowers they are now—while he talked on and on of the balls, illuminations, and beautiful fêtes that were given at San Donato. For at San Donato all distinguished men from far and near were entertained. Prince Anatole changed the name of the villa to Mathilde, in honor of his wife Mathilde Bonaparte.

The park is as cleverly constructed for entertainment as the villa. There is a complete Russian bathing establishment, and a cleverly arranged water-course for

his many public-spirited deeds. His name was Nicolo, and he passed away leaving the villa to his son Anatole, who continued in his father's footsteps, and also added greatly to San Donato, which was already of vast proportions. Unlike most of the Florentine villas, San Donato lies low, has little view, and is approached by an uninteresting road, though it can also be gained through the beautiful Cascine grounds. The villa is imposing because of its great size, is built around three sides of a green parterre, and has halls, rooms, and salons numbering in all several hundred. There are great stairways and a picturesque chapel. The green-houses are very extensive, and in other days could be arranged *en suite* with reception and banqueting halls.

As I stood in the deserted gardens, the

small pleasure-boats, which winds in and out among the trees. Without going beyond the bounds of the *bosca*, one can float or row quite a long distance. Here the gayly bedecked little pleasure-boats once moved along in the dense shade of the trees by day, or under the lights of many lanterns by night. The old gardener grew



VIEWS OF THE

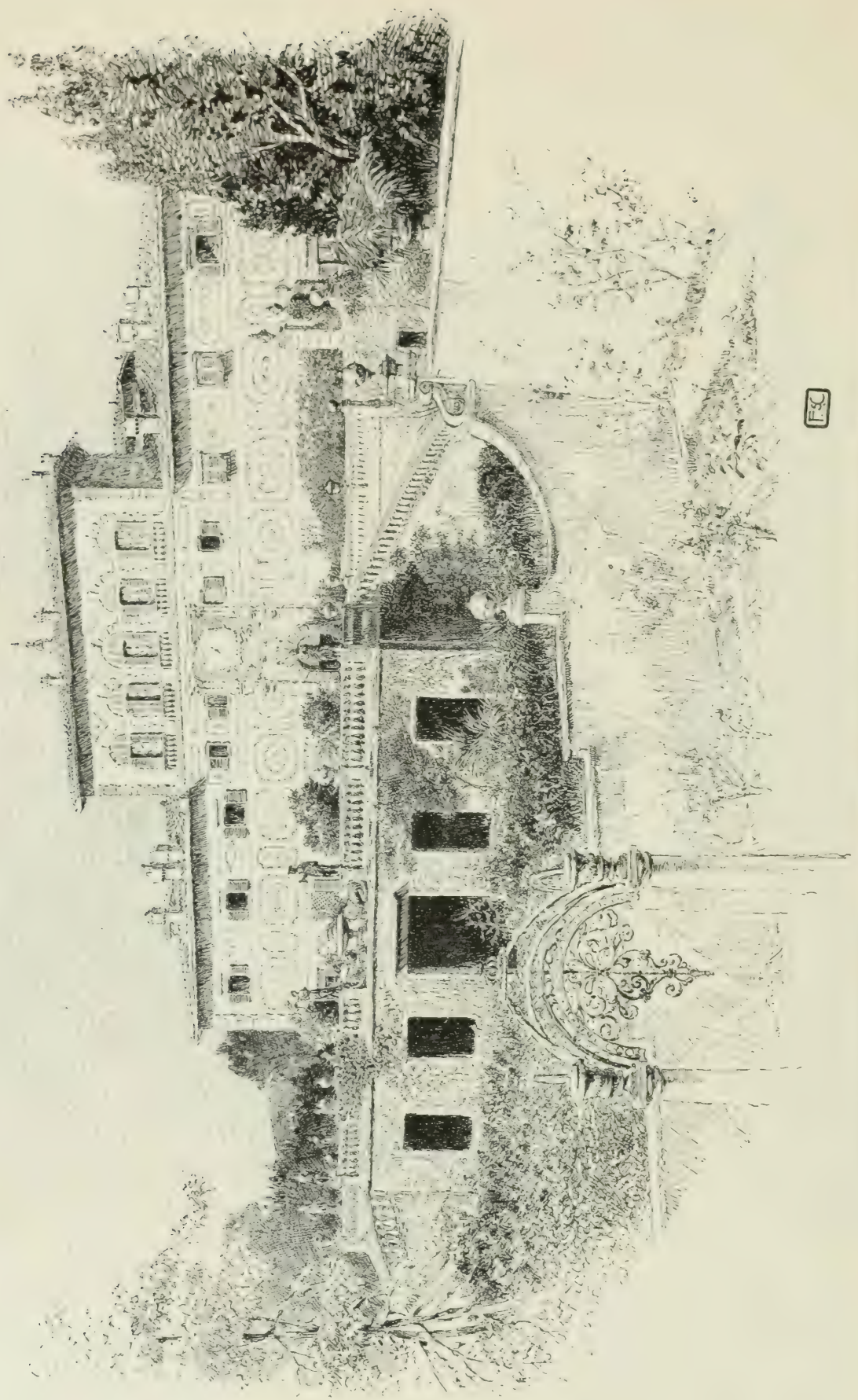


really eloquent in describing the many lords and ladies he had seen wandering about among his rare exotics. Forty gardeners were always at work in those Demidoff days, and twenty to thirty extra men were added to this corps when the great entertainments were

VILLA STIBBERT.

given. When this great Russian held high court at San Donato, the Grand Duchess Maria, aunt of the late Czar, owned an adjoining villa.

If the grounds of San Donato failed to provide all the necessary amusement, the *al fresco* changed over to this



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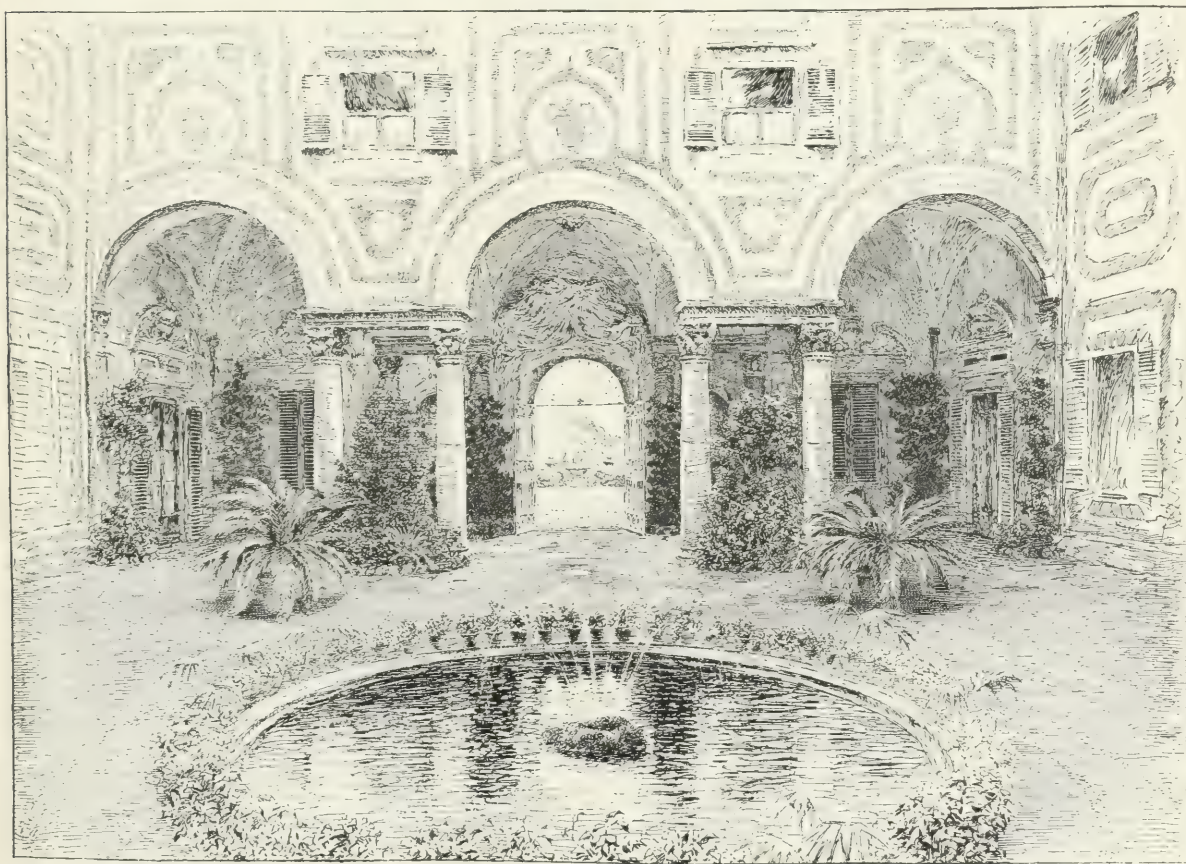
THE VILLA PALMIERI (where, according to tradition, Boccaccio retired with his friend during the plague in Florence).

Villa Maria, and there all who felt so disposed continued their games and contests. A favorite pastime was to hide numbers of eggs, containing valuable gifts, among bushes and undergrowth, for which all went a-hunting. A charming Italian lady often tells of the impromptu races in which all the young people took part, and remembers clearly an especial one in which she ran with him who was until this year the Czar of all the Russias ; what is more, she was long, lithe, and light, and distanced him.

On one of the less frequented roads leading to the right of Fiesole, is a villa unique in its history and association. The old records prove almost beyond doubt that this was once the home of the great poet Dante, and was sold by him to the Alighieri, the family of Beatrice. The proofs were collected about the time of the Dante centenary in 1865, and the honor belongs to the late owner of Villa Bondi, Signor Giuntini. The Alighieri sold it to the Portinari, whose arms are carved upon the cross-beam of the well in the court. The

Portinari family was intrusted with the care of one of the great gates of Florence, and this coat of arms, like those of the other families who held this position, shows the fact in one of its quarterings. The Alighieri parted with the villa in 1332, and the Portinari owned it until 1532.

The restorations have been carefully carried out by the family of the present owner, Signor Bondi, who some twenty or thirty years ago began to dig out and uncover the original building, which had for so many centuries been overlaid, overbuilt, and overplastered almost out of all semblance to its original plan and design. The villa is built around a picturesque court, about which runs a two-story arcaded portico, or two-story cloister, like that of the Badia in Florence. So carefully have the restorations been made that the designs on the rafters of this arcaded portico are similar to those of yore. The pillars or pillarets which support the roof belong to the fifteenth century, and go to prove that to the Portinari are due the original decorations.

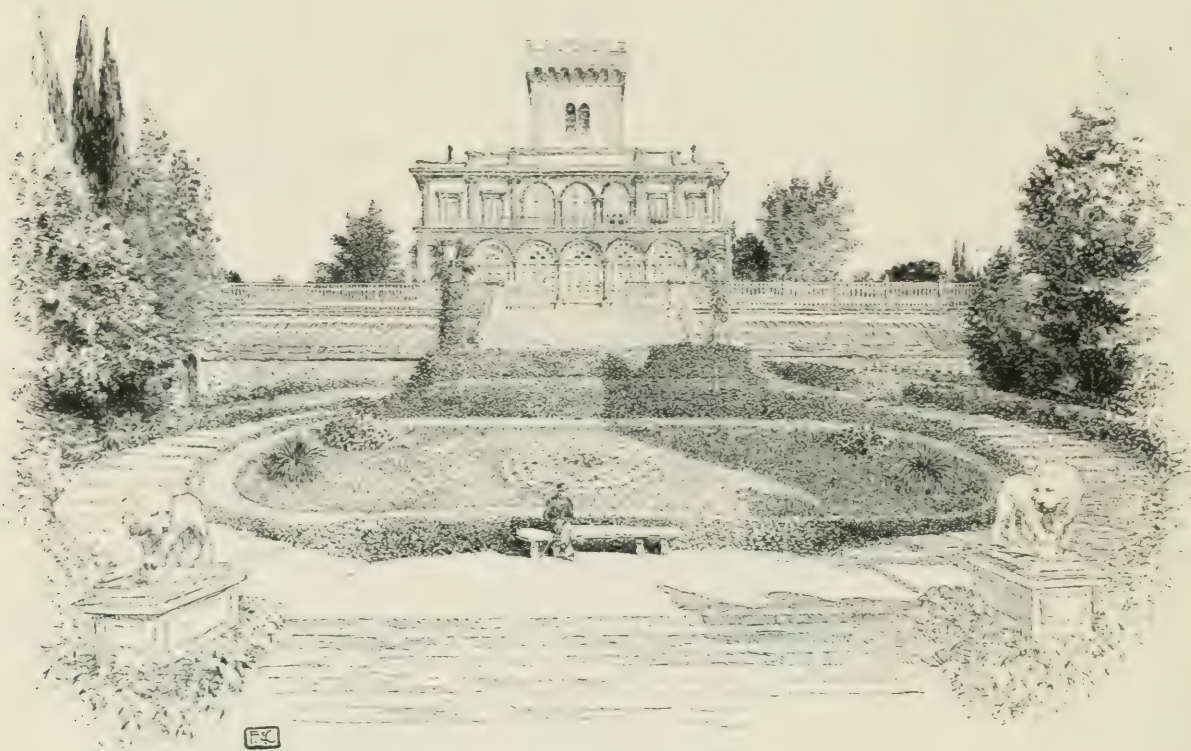


Interior Court of the Villa Palmieri.

Nothing can be more sudden than the transition from one side of Villa Bondi to the other. On one side the road runs right under the windows; one enters by the great *porte-cochère* into the arcaded court, with its old wells and medallions of Dante and Beatrice; while in the new villa all is modern comfort and gay embellishment.

What was the villa in Dante's time

upon the eye itself. Most of the villas save their choicest decorations and impressions for those who are within them, for those who are close to them or in love with them; but Palmieri is pleasing to any passer-by, looks beautiful from a distance, is gay and joyous from any point of view, within or without. Built around a court of exquisite size and proportion, the walls of which, like the exterior, are covered



Villa Fabbricotti.

was surrounded by a battlemented wall, all traces of which have disappeared. Nor is the beautiful view of Florence—framed in by several giant pines—what Dante looked down upon. For, as all know, the Duomo was not then as now the centre of all, nor did the lily-like Campanile hang and preside over all until Dante had come and gone.

It would be hard to cite a villa more pure in style, more Italian in decoration, more Renaissance in its gay, smiling surroundings than the Villa Palmieri. It is not the quaintest, it is not the most interesting historically, but it is of a real type, and produces as clear an impression upon the mental retina as

with stucco, ornamented with bold, effective stencil designs in different soft shades of brown and gray.

The upper terrace is of stone, with handsome stone balustrade; it is on a level with the principal rooms and court of the villa, is ornamented with palms and exotics, and, as it were, joins house to the gardens, which are on a lower plane. It is almost more an esplanade than a terrace, is pure in style, and essential to the general construction and effect. Nothing is more entertaining by day, or more romantic on a moonlight night, than a stroll on this terrace or along the walks of the lower garden, with its gay borders of flowers, through the hedge of box or hawthorn—I forget which—down to the



Terrace of the Lion—Villa Fabbricotti.

dreamy pond or small lake with its overhanging *loggia* and weeping-wilows. In America we should think of fever and microbes, and all kinds of practical disadvantages to this lake, but under Italian skies and in an Italian garden it takes on another aspect.

The legend has it that it was to this villa Boccaccio retired with a circle of admirers and friends during the terrible plague in Florence. Within sight of their native city, this coterie is said to have given itself up to songs and feastings of the coarsest description, while below in the city all was desolation and death.

Villa Palmieri is now the property of Lady Crawford, who has several times in late years lent it to her Majesty Queen Victoria. In the *loggia* overhanging the weird lake, Queen Victoria is said to have dictated many letters to Gladstone.

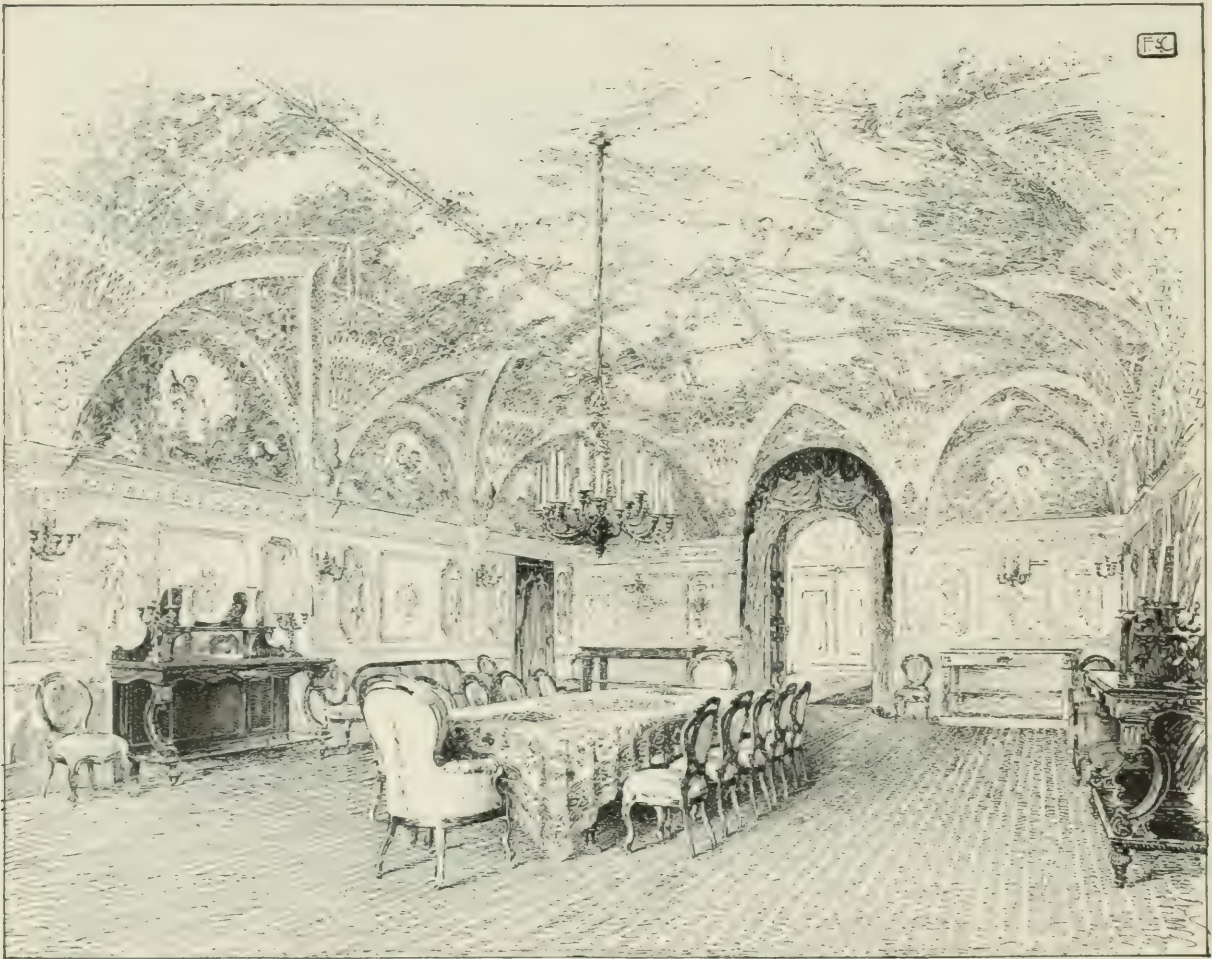
In the gardens is an unusually classic little chapel, not under the same roof as the villa, but separate and distinct, the single instance I recall of a chapel not included in the villa building.

Of the many villas around Florence, this is perhaps one of the most showy

and modern in all its decorations and comforts. There is nothing historical about Villa Fabbriotti, very little of interest which is even legendary. It has been restored a bit after the fashion of Petraia as it now is, with one great square tower. The terraces rise one after another from the public road, and would be very pleasing with their gay, flowering rhododendrons, at least in the spring, but for the presence of many whitewashed gods and goddesses with no pretensions to beauty or picturesque effect. But the Villa Fabbriotti was leased for some weeks to the Queen of England, whose presence is, of course, a never-failing source of in-

The drawing-rooms, salons, and dining-hall are furnished with many handsome things, the appointments are costly; but until the Queen's occupancy, the Villa Fabbriotti would scarcely have been included in a list of the most interesting villas about Florence, for this villa would seem to be only beginning its history, and as such belongs more to future than to present tales.

Queen Victoria here laid aside much of the necessary state and ceremony with which she is surrounded, and enjoyed her daily drives through the *bosca* of the villa and along the neighboring country roads in her little donkey carriage. It was rather a sad little



Dining Hall, Villa Poggio a Caiano, where Bianca Capello offered the poisoned cake to the Cardinal.

terest. As the Queen and royal party enjoyed tea on the beautiful terrace of the Lion, with its extended view of city and hills, her Indian servants were often to be seen in the top of the great square tower; a strange foreign touch in the otherwise Italian scene.

procession as the now very old lady moved slowly along, a groom at the donkey's head, a lady in waiting walking at one side, two faithful Scotchmen in plaids and kilts following the carriage, and the beautiful collie dog bringing up the rear.

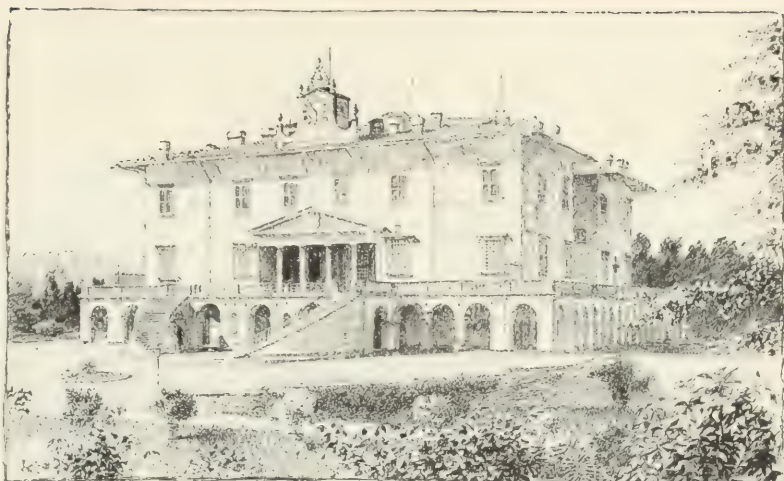
Her Majesty had tea on the terrace of first one villa, then another: her servants, tea, and sketching materials preceded her. From each villa she had a new and unexpected vista, and a fresh memory to take away from each of these wondrously beautiful Italian homes.

Majano is the name of a whole section of country as well as of Mr. Temple Leader's most beautiful home. Majano is a neighborhood much written of by Boccaccio, who praised the "beauty of the skies, the perfumed air, the half-hidden valleys, tranquil lakes, winding streams, shady woods, and fresh springs with which the hill-side abounds." Villa Majano bears evidences of having been a veritable castle, with towers, bastions, moat, and drawbridge; of having in fact every means for keeping out marauders and rival factions. It is now the handsomest villa of the section, and gives the impression of an old palace.

Mr. Temple Leader has added to and beautified Majano, which seems well to deserve these additions and care. There is nowhere a bolder position, a nobler view, or more interesting surroundings. Every comfort and luxury have been added to this place, which was once the home of the warlike Pazzi family—the family which is said to have

brought the sacred fire from Jerusalem to Florence.

The chapel of the villa has been renovated and refrescoed, and in the gardens has been built a swimming-pool, generous in size and supplied from several springs. The changes at Majano are as characteristic of its present owner as those at San Donato were of its Russian princely possessor, or those of the Villa Stibbert which suggest the home of an English gentleman of leisure, or those at Petraia which recall the history of the rather Bohemian King Emmanuel. In turn the owners of these various homes stamp upon them something of their individuality, some of their national characteristics or proclivities, but the foundations, the *fonds*, remain ever delightfully Italian.

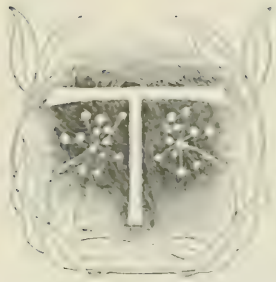


The Royal Villa Poggio a Caiano.



THE LOST CHILD

By H. C. Bunner



THE best of life in a great city is that it breeds a broad and tolerant catholicity of spirit: the best of country life is that it breeds the spirit of helpful, homely, kindly neighborliness. The suburban-dweller, who shares in both lives, is perhaps a little too ready to pride himself in having learned the lesson of the great metropolis, but the other and homelier lesson is taught so gradually and so unobtrusively, that he often learns it quite unconsciously; and goes back, perhaps, to his old existence in the city, only to realize that a certain charm has gone out of life which he misses without knowing just what he has lost. He thinks, perhaps, it is exercise he lacks. And it is, indeed—the exercise of certain gentle sympathies, that thrive as poorly in the town's crowded life as the country wild-flowers thrive in the flower-pots of tenement-house windows.

It was between three and four o'clock of an August night—a dark, warm, hazy night, breathless, heavy and full of the smell of grass and trees and dew-moistened earth, when a man galloped up one of those long suburban streets, where the houses stand at wide intervals, each behind its trim lawn, or old-fashioned flower-garden, relieved, even in the darkness, against a great rear-wood screen of lofty trees. Up the driveway of one of these he turned, his horse's hoof-beats dropping clear and sharp on the hard macadam. He reined up at the house and rapped a loud tattoo with the stock of his whip on a pillar of the veranda.

It was a minute or two before the noise, loud as it was, had reached the ears of two sleepers in the bedroom, just above his head. A much less startling sound would have awakened a whole city household; but slumber in the country has a slumber of its own: in summer time a slumber born

of night-air, laden with the odors of vegetation, and silent except for the drowsy chirp of birds that stir in vine and tree. The wife awoke first, listened for a second, and aroused her husband, who went to the window. He raised the screen and looked out.

"Who is it?" he said, without nervousness or surprise. Though ten years before in his city home such a summons might have shaken his spirit with anxious dread.

"I'm Latimer," said the man on the horse, briefly. "That boy of Penrhyn's—the little one with the yellow hair—is lost. He got up and slipped out the house, somehow, about an hour ago, they think, and they've found one of his playthings nearly half a mile down the Romneytown Road."

"Where shall I meet you?" asked the man at the window.

"At the Gun-Club grounds on the hill," replied Latimer; "we've sent a barrel of oil up there for the lanterns. So long, Halford. Is Dirck at home?"

"Yes," said Halford; and without another word Latimer galloped into the darkness, and in a minute the sound of his tattoo was heard on the hollow



"I'm Latimer," said the man on the horse, briefly.

pillars of the veranda of the house next door.

This was the summons—a bare announcement of an event without appeal, request, suggestion, or advice. None of these things was needed. Enough had been said between the two men, though they knew each other only as distant neighbors. Each knew well what that summons meant, and what duty it involved.

The rat-tat of Latimer's crop had hardly sounded before a cheery young voice rang out on the air.

"All right, old man! I heard you at Halford's. Go ahead."

It was Dirck's voice. Dirck had another name, a good long, Holland Dutch one, but everybody, even the children, called him by his Christian name, and as he had lived to thirty without getting one day older than eighteen, we will consider the other Dutch name unnecessary. Dirck and Halford were close friends and close neighbors. They were two men who had reached a point of perfect community of tastes and inclinations, though they came together in two widely different starting-places—though they were so little alike to outward seeming that they were known among their friends as "the mismates." Though one was forty and the other but thirty, each had closed a career, and was somewhat idly seeking a new one. As Dirck expressed it, "We two fellows had played our games out, and were waiting till we strike another that was high enough for our style. We ain't playing limit games."

Two very different games they had been, but neither had been a small one. Dirck had started in with a fortune to "do" the world—the whole world, nothing else would suit him. He had been all over the globe. He had lived among all manner of peoples. He had ridden

everything ridable, shot everything shootable, climbed everything climbable, and satisfied himself, as he said,

that the world was too small for any particular use. At the end of his travels he had a little of his fortune left, a vast amount of experience, the constitution of a red Indian, and a vocabulary so vast and so peculiar that it stunned and fascinated the stranger. Halford was a New York lawyer, gray, clean-shaven, and sharp of feature. His "game" had made him famous and might have made him wealthy, but he cared neither for fame nor wealth. For twenty years he had fought a host of great corporations to establish one single point of law. His antagonists had vainly tried to bribe him, and as vainly to

bully him. He had been assaulted, his life had been threatened, and altogether, as he admitted, the game had been lively enough to keep him interested; but having once won the game he tired of that style of play altogether. He picked out a small but choice practice which permitted him to work or be idle pretty much as the fancy took him. These were two odd chums to meet in a small suburban town, there to lead quiet and uneventful lives, and yet they were the two most contented men in the place.

Halford was getting into his clothes, but really with a speed and precision which got the job over before his impetuous next door neighbor had got one leg of his riding-breeches on. Mrs. Halford sat up in bed and expressed her feeling to her husband, who had never been known to express his.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "isn't it awful? Would you ever have thought of such a thing! They must have been awfully careless! Oh, Jack, you will find him, won't you? Jack, if such a thing happened to one of our children I should



That boy of Penrhyn's.

go wild ; I'll never get over it myself if he isn't found. Oh, you don't know how thankful I am that we didn't lose our Richard that way ! Oh, Jack, dear, isn't it too horrible for anything !"

Jack simply responded, with no trace of emotion in his voice :

"It's the hell !"

And yet in those three words Jack Halford expressed, in his own way, quite as much as his wife had expressed in hers. More, even, for there was a grim promise in his tone that comforted her heart.

Mrs. Halford's feelings being expressed and in some measure relieved, she promptly became practical.

"I'll fill your flask, of course, dear. Brandy, I suppose ? And what shall we women take up to the Gun Club besides blankets and clean clothes ?"

Mrs. Halford's husband always thought before he spoke, and she was not at all surprised that he filled his tobacco-pouch before he answered. When he did speak he knew what he had to say.

"First something to put in my pocket for Dirck and me to eat. We can't fool with coming home to breakfast. Second, tell the girls to send up milk to the Gun Club, and something for you women to eat."

"Oh, I sha'n't want anything to eat," cried Mrs. Halford.

"You must eat," said her husband, simply, "and you must make the rest of them eat. You might do all right without it, but I wouldn't trust the rest of them. You may need all the nerve you've got."

"Yes, dear," said his wife, submissively. She had been with her husband in times of danger, and she knew he was a leader to be followed. "I'll have sandwiches and coffee and tea : I can make them drink tea, anyway."

"Third," went on Jack Halford, as if he had not been interrupted, "bring my field-glass with you. Dirck and I will range together along the river. If

I put up a white handkerchief anywhere down there, you stay where you are and we will come to you. If I put up this red one, come right down with blankets and brandy in the first carriage you



Lanterns and hand-lamps dimly lit up faces.

can get hold of. Get on the north edge of the hill and you can keep a line on us almost anywhere."

"Couldn't you give us some signal, dear, to tell us if—if—if it's all right ?"

"If it was all wrong," replied the husband, "you wouldn't want the mother to learn it that way. I'll signal to you privately, however. If it's all right, I'll wave the handkerchief ; if I move it up and down, you'll understand."

Two minutes later he bade her good-bye at the door.

"Now remember," he said, "white means wait, red means ride."

And having delivered himself of this simple mnemonic device, he passed out into the darkness.

At the next gate he met Dirck, and the two swung into step together, and

walked up the street with a steady stretching tread of men accustomed to walking long distances. They said "Hello!" as they met, and their further conversation was brief.

"River," said Halford, "what do you think?"

"River, sure," said the other; "a lot of those younger boys have been taking the youngsters down there lately. I saw that kid down there last week, and I'll bet a dollar his mother would swear that he'd never seen the river."

"Then we won't say anything about it to her," said Halford, and they reached along in silence.

Before them, when they reached the end of the road, rose a hill with a broad plateau on its stomach. Here through the dull haze of the morning they saw smoky-orange lights beginning to flicker uncertainly as the wind that heralds the sunrise came fitfully up. The soft wet grass under their feet was flecked with little grayish-silver cobwebs, and here and there they heard the morning chirp of ground-nesting birds. As they went farther up the hill a hum of voices came from above; the voices of people, men and women, mingled and consonant like the voices of the birds, but with a certain tone of trouble and expectancy. Every now and then one individual voice or another would dominate the general murmur, and would be followed by a quick flutter of sound denoting acquiescence or disagreement. From this they knew that most of their neighbors had arrived before them, having been summoned earlier in the journey of the messengers sent out from the distant home of the lost child.

On the crown of the hill stood a curious structure, actually small, but looming large in the grayness. The main body of the building was elevated upon posts, and was smaller at the bottom than where the spreading walls met the peaked roof. This roof spread out on both sides into broad verandas, and under these two wing-like shelters some three or four score of people were clustered in little groups. Lanterns and hand-lamps dimly lit up faces that showed strange in the unfamiliar illumination. There were women with shawls over their shoulders and women with

shawls over their heads. Some of the men were in their shirt-sleeves, some wore shooting-coats, and a few had overcoats, though the night was warm. But no stranger arriving on the scene could have taken it for a promiscuous or accidental assemblage. There was a movement in unison, a sympathetic stir throughout the little crowd that created a common interest and a common purpose. The arrival of the two men was hailed with that curious sound with which such a gathering greets a desired and attended accession—not quite the sigh of relief, but the quick, nervous expulsion of the breath that tallies the coming of the expected. These were two of the men to be counted on, and they were there.

Every little community such as this knows its leaders, and now that their number was complete, the women drew together by themselves save for two or three who clearly took equal direction with the men; and a dozen in all, perhaps, gathered in a rough circle to discuss the organization of the search.

It was a brief discussion. A majority of the members of the group had formed decided opinions as to the course taken by the wandering child, and thus a division into sub-groups came about at once. This left various stretchings of territory uncovered, and these were assigned to those of the more decided minority who were best acquainted with the particular localities. When the division of labor was completed, the men had arranged to start out in such directions as would enable them to range and view the whole countryside for the extreme distance of radius to which it was supposed the boy could possibly have travelled. The assignment of Halford and Dirck to the river course was prompt, for it was known that they habitually hunted and fished along that line. The father of the boy, who stood by, was reminded of this fact, for a curious and doubtful look came into his face when he heard two of the most active and energetic men in the town set aside to search a region where he had no idea that his boy could have strayed. Some excuse was given also for the detailing of two other men of equal ability to take the range imme-

diately above the river bank, and within hailing distance of those in the marshes by the shore. Had his mind not been in the daze of mortal grief and perplexity, he would have grasped the sinister significance of this precaution; but he accepted it in dull and hopeless confidence. When after they had set forth he told his wife of the arrangements made, and she heard the names of the four men who had been appointed to work near the riverside, she pulled the faded old Paisley shawl that the child's nurse had wrapt about her across her swollen eyes, and moaned, "The river, the river—oh, my boy, my boy!"

Perhaps the men heard her, for being all in place to take their several directions, they made a certain broken start and were off into the darkness at the base of the hill, before the two or three of their sex who were left in charge of the women had fairly given the word. The tramp of men's feet and horse's hoofs died down into the shadowy distance. The women went inside the spacious old corn-crib that had been turned into a gun-club shooting-box, and there the mother laid her face on the breast of her best friend, and clung to her without a sound, only shuddering once and again, and holding her with a convulsive grip. The other women moved around, and busied themselves with little offices, like the making of tea and the trimming of lamps, and talked among each other in a quiet way with the odd little upward inflections with which women simulate cheerfulness and hope, telling tales of children who had been lost and had been found again all safe and unscathed, and praising the sagacity and persistence of certain of the men engaged in the search. Mr. Latimer, they said, was almost like a detective, he had such an instinct for finding things and people. Mr. Brown knew every field and hollow on the Brookfield Road. Mr. MacDonald could see just as well in the darkness as in the day-time; and all the talk that reached the mother's ears was of this man's skill of woodcraft, of that man's knowledge of the country, or of another's unfailing cleverness or tirelessness.

Outside, the two or three men in charge stood by the father in their own way. It had been agreed that he should wait at the hilltop to learn if a trail had been found. He was a good fellow, but not helpful or capable. . . . It was their work to "jolly" him, as they called it; to keep his hope up with cheering suggestions, and with occasional judicious doses of whiskey from their flasks. For themselves, they did not drink; though their voices were low and steady they were more nervous than the poor sufferer they guarded, numbed and childish in his awful grief and apprehension. They were waiting for the sounds of the beginning of the search far below, and presently these sounds came, or rather one sound, a hollow noise, changeful, uneven, yet of a cruel monotony. It was a cry of "Willy! Willy! Willy!" rising out of that gray-black depth, a cry of many voices, a cry that came from far and near, a cry at which the women huddled closer together and pressed each other's hands, and looked speechless love and pity at the woman who lay upon her best friend's breast, clutching it tighter and tighter. Of the men outside, the father leaned forward and clutched the arm of his chair. The others saw the great drops of sweat roll from his brow, and they turned their faces away from him and swore inaudibly.

Then, as the deep below began to be alive with a faint dim light reflected from the half awakened heaven, the voices died away in the distance, and in their place the leaves of the great trees rustled and the birds twittered to the coming morn.

The day broke with the dull red that prophecies heat. As the hours wore on the prophecy was fulfilled. The moisture of the dew and the river mist rose toward the hot sky and vanished, but the dry haze remained and the low sun shone through it with a peculiar diffusion of coppery light. Even when it reached the zenith, the warm, faintly yellow dimness still rose high above the horizon, throwing its soft spell upon all objects distant or near, and melting through the dim blue on the distant

hilltop into the hot azure of the great dome above.

For an hour the watchers on the hill remained undisturbed, talking in undertones. For the most part, they speculated on the significance of the faint sounds that came up from below. Sometimes they could trace the crash of a horse through dry underbrush; sometimes a tumultuous clamor of commanding voices would tell them that a flat boat was being worked across a broad creek or a pond; sometimes a hardly audible whirr, and the metallic clinking of a bicycle bell would tell them that the wheelmen were speeding on the search. But for the best part of the time only nature's harmony of sounds came up through the ever-lightening gloom.

But with the first of daylight came the neighbors who had not been summoned, and they, of course, came running. It was also noticeable of this contingent that their attire was somewhat studied, and showed more or less elaborate preparation for starting on the already started hunt. Noticeable also it was, that after much sagacious questioning and profoundly wise discussion, the most of the new-comers either hung about peering out into the dawn and making startling discoveries at various points, or else went back to their houses to get bicycles, or horses, or forgotten suspenders. The little world of a suburban town sorts itself out pretty quickly and pretty surely. There are the men who do and the men who don't, and very few of the men who *did*, in that particular town, were in bed half an hour after the loss of that child was known.

But, after all, the late arrivals were useful in their way, and their wives, who came along later, were still more useful. The men were fertile in suggestions for tempting and practicable breakfasts; and the women actually brought the food along; and by the time that the world was well alight, the early risers were bustling about and serving coffee and tea, and biscuits and fruit, and keeping up that semblance of activity and employment that alone can carry poor humanity through long periods of suspense and anxiety. And the first on

the field were the last to eat and the least critical of their fare.

It was eight o'clock when the first party of searchers returned to the hill. There were eight of them. They stopped a little below the crib and beckoned to Penrhyn to come down to them. He went, white-faced and a little unsteady on his feet; his guardians followed him and joined with the group in a busy serious talk that lasted perhaps five minutes—but vastly longer to the women who watched them from above. Then Penrhyn and two men went hastily down the hill, and the others came up to the crib and eagerly accepted the offer of a hasty breakfast.

They had little to tell, and that little only served to deepen the doubt and trouble of the hour. Of all the complication of unkind chance the searchers had to face the worst and the most puzzling. As in many towns of old settlement a road ran around the town, roughly circumscribing it, much as the boulevards of Paris anciently circumscribed the old fortifications of the city. It was little more than a haphazard connection of roads, lanes, and avenues, each one of which had come into existence to serve some particular end, and the connection had ended in forming a circuit that practically defined the town limits. It had been made certain that the boy had wandered this whole round, and that he had not left it by anyone of the converging roads which he must have crossed. Nor could the direction of his wandering be ascertained. The hard, dry macadam road, washed clean by a recent rainfall, showed no trace of his light, infantile footprints. But sure it was that he had been on the road not one hour, but two or three at least, and that he had started out with an armful of his tiny belongings. Here they had found his small pocket-handkerchief, there a gray giraffe from his Noah's ark; in another place a noseless doll that had descended to him from his eldest sister; then a top had been found—a top that he could not have spun for years to come. Would the years ever come when that lost boy should spin tops?

There were other little signs which attested his passage around the circle

—freshly broken stalks of milkweed, shreds of his brightly figured cotton dress on the thorns of the wayside blackberries, and even in one place the clear print of a muddy and bloody little hand on a white gate-post.

There is no search more difficult than a search for a lost child five or six years of age. We are apt to think of these wee ones as feeble creatures, and we forget that their physical strength is proportionately much greater than that of grown-up people. We forget also that the child has not learned to attribute sensations of physical discomfort to their proper sources. The child knows that it suffers, but it does not know why. It is conscious of a something wrong, but the little brain is often unable to tell whether that something be weariness or hunger. If the wandering spirit be upon it, it wanders to the last limit of physical power, and it is surprising indeed to find how long it is before that limit is reached. A healthy, muscular infant of this age has been known to walk nearly eight or ten miles before becoming utterly exhausted. And when exhaustion comes, and the tiny form falls in its tracks, how small an object it is to detect in the great world of outdoors! A little bundle of dusty garments in a ditch, in a wayside hollow, in tall grass, or among the tufts and hummocks of a marsh—how easy it is for so inconspicuous an object to escape the eye of the most zealous searcher! A young animal lost cries incessantly; the lost child cries out his pitiful little cry, finds itself lifted to no tender bosom, soothed by no gentle voice, and in the end wanders and suffers in helpless, hopeless silence.

As the morning wore on Dirck and Halford beat the swampy lands of the river-side with a thoroughness that showed their understanding of the difficulty of their work, and their conviction that the child had taken that direction. This conviction deepened with every hour, for the rest of the countryside was fairly open and well populated, and there the search should have been, for such a search, comparatively easy. Yet the sun climbed higher and higher in the sky, and no sound of guns fired in glad signal reached their ears. Hith-

er and thither they went through the hot lowlands, meeting and parting again, with appointments to come together at spots known to them both, or separating without a word, each knowing well where their courses would bring them together. From time to time they caught glimpses of their companions on the hills above, who, from their height, could see the place of meeting on the still higher hill, and each time they signalled the news and got back the despairing sign that meant "None yet!"

News enough there was, but not *the* news. Mrs. Penrhyn still stayed, for her own house was so situated that the child could not possibly return to it, if he had taken the direction that now seemed certain, without passing through the crowd of searchers, and intelligence of his discovery must reach her soonest at that point. Perhaps there was another reason, too. Perhaps she could not bear to return to that silent house, where every room held some reminder of her loss. Certainly she remained at the crib, and perhaps she got some unreasoning comfort out of the rumors and reports that came to that spot from every side. It was but the idle talk that springs up and flies about on such occasions, but now and then it served as a straw for her drowning hope to clutch at. Word would come of a farmer who had seen a strange child in his neighbor's wagon. Then would come a story of an inn-keeper who had driven into town to ask if anybody had lost a boy. Then somebody would bring a report at third or fourth hand of a child rescued alive from the river. Of course story after story, report after report, came to nothing. The child seen in the wagon was a girl of fourteen. The inn-keeper had come to town to ask about the lost child, but it was only because he had heard the report and was curious. A child indeed had been rescued from the river, but the story was a week old. And so it went, and the hot sun rose to the zenith and declined, and the coppery haze grew dim, and the shadows lengthened, and the late afternoon was come with its awful threat of impending night.



"The river, the river—oh, my boy, my boy!"

Dirck and Halford, down in the riverside marsh, saw that dreaded change fall upon the landscape, and they paused in their search and looked at one another silently. They had been ceaselessly at work all day, and the work had left its marks on them. Their faces

were burnt to a fiery red, they were torn and scratched in the brambles, their clothes were soaked in mud and water to the waist, and they had been bitten and stung by insects until they looked as though some strange fever had broken out on them.

They had just met after a long beat, each having described the half of a circle around a piece of open water, and had sunk down in utter weariness on a little patch of dry ground, and for a minute looked at each other in silence. Then the younger man spoke.

"Hal," he said, "he never came this far."

By way of answer the other drew from his pocket a child's shoe, worn and wet, and held it up.

"Where did you find it?" asked Dirck.

"Right over there," said Halford, "near that old wagon-trail."

Dirck looked at him with a question in his eyes, which found its answer in the grave inclination of the elder's head. Then Dirck shook his own head and whistled—one long, low, significant whistle.

"Well," he said, "I thought so. Any trail?"

"Not the least," replied Halford. "There's a strip of thick salt grass there, over two yards wide, and I found the shoe right in the middle of it. It was lying on its side when I found it, not caught in the grass."

"Then they were carrying him, sure," said Dirck, decisively. "Now then, the question is, which way."

The two men went over to the abandoned roadway, a mere trail of ruts, where, in years before, ox-teams had

hauled salt hay. Up and down the long strip of narrow grass that bordered it, they went backward and forward, hunting for traces of men's feet, for they knew by this time, almost beyond doubt, that the child was in the hands of tramps. The "tramp-hole" is an institution in all suburban regions which are bordered by stretches of wild and unfrequented country. These tramp-holes of camps are the headquarters of bands of wanderers who come year after year to dwell sometimes for a week, sometimes for months. The same spot is always occupied, and there seems to be an understanding among all the bands that the original territory shall never be exceeded. The tramps who establish these "holes" are invariably professionals, and never casual vagabonds; and apparently they make it a point of honor to conduct themselves with a certain propriety while they are in camp. Curiously



The father leaned forward and clutched the arm of his chair.

enough, too, they seem to come to the tramp-hole, mainly for the purpose of doing what it is supposed that a tramp never does, namely: washing themselves and their clothes. I have seen on a chill November day, in one of these places, half a dozen men, naked to the waist, scrubbing themselves, or drying



They had just met after a long beat.

their wet shirts before the fire. I have always found them perfectly peaceable, and I have never known them to accost lonely passers-by, or women or children. If a shooting or fishing party comes along, however, large enough to put any accusation of terrorism out of the question, it is not uncommon for the "hoves" to make a polite suggestion that the poor man would be the better for his beer; and so well is the reputation of these queer camps established that the applicant generally receives such a collection of five-cent pieces as will enable him to get a few quarts for himself and his companions.

Still, in spite of the mysterious system of government that sways these banded wanderers on the face of the earth, it happens occasionally that the tramp of uncontrollable instincts finds his way into the tramp-hole, and there, if his companions are not numerous or strong

enough to withstand him, commits some outrage that excites popular indignation and leads to the utter abolition of one of the few poor out-door homes that the tramp can call his own, by the grace and indulgence of the world of workers. That such a thing had happened now the two searchers for the lost child feared with an unspeakable fear.

Dirck straightened himself up after a careful inspection of the strip of salt grass turf, and looking up to the ridge, blew a loud, shrill whistle on his two fingers. There was no answer. They had gone a full mile beyond call of their followers.

"I'll tell you what, old man," said Dirck, with the light of battle coming into his young eyes, "we'll do this thing ourselves." His senior smiled, but even as he smiled he knit his brows.

"I'll go you, my boy," he said, "so far as to look them up at the canal-boats. If they are not there we've got to go back and start the rest off. It may be a question of horses, and it may be a question of telegraphing."

"Well, let's have one go at them, anyway," said Dirck. He was no less tenderhearted than his companion; he wanted to find the child, but also he wanted, being young and strong and full of fight, to hunt tramps.



On a chill November day, . . . half a dozen men, naked to the waist, scrubbing themselves.

There were three tramp-holes by the riverside, but two were sheltered hollows used only in the winter-time. The third was a collection of abandoned canal-boats on the muddy strand of the river. Most of them were hopeless wrecks; in three or four a few patches of deck remained, enough to afford lodgement and shelter to the reckless way-

farers who made nothing of sleeping close to the polluted waters that permeated the rotten hulks with foul stains and fouler smells.

From the largest of these long, clumsy carcasses of boats came a sound of muffled laughter. The two searchers crept softly up, climbed noiselessly to the deck and looked down the hatchway. The low, red sun poured in through a window below them, leaving them in shadow and making a picture in red light and black shades of the strange group below.

Surrounded by ten tramps; ten dirty, uncouth, unshaven men of the road, sat the little Penrhyn boy, his little night-shirt much travel-stained and torn, his fat legs scratched and bruised, his soiled cheeks showing the traces of tears, his lips dyed with the juices of the berries he had eaten on his way, but happy, happy, happy—happier perhaps than he had ever been in his life before; for in his hand he held a clay pipe which he made persistent efforts to smoke, while one of the men, a big black-bearded animal who wore three coats, one on top of the other, gently withdrew it from his lips each time that the smoke grew dangerously thick. And the whole ten of them, sitting around him in their rags and dirt, cheered him and petted him and praised him, even as no polite assemblage had ever worshipped him before. No food, no drink could have been so acceptable to that delicately nurtured child of the house of Penrhyn as the rough admiration of those ten tramps. Whatever terrors, sufferings, or privations he had been through were all

forgotten, and he crowed and shrieked with hysterical laughter. And when his two rescuers dropped down into the hole, instead of welcoming them with joy, he grabbed one of the collars of the big brute with the three coats and wept

in dire disappointment and affright.

"For God, boss!" said the spokesman of the gang, the sweat standing out on his brow, "we didn't mean him no harm, and we wouldn't have done him no harm neither. We found de little blokey over der in the ma'sh yonder, and we tuck him in and fed him de best we could. We was goin' to take him up to the man what keeps the gin-mill up the river there, for we hadn't no knowledge where he come from, and we didn't want to get none of you folks down on us.

I know we oughter have took him up two hours ago, but he was foolin' that funny like that we all got kinder stuck on it, see, and we kinder didn't want to shake him. That's all there was to it, boss. God in heaven be my judge, I ain't lyin', and that's the truth!"

The faces of the ten tramps could not turn white, but they did show an ashen fear under their eyes—a deadly fear of the two men for whom anyone of them would have been more than a match, but who represented the world from which they were outcasts, the world of Home, of whose most precious sweetness they had stolen an hour's enjoyment—the world so strong and terrible to avenge a wrong to its best beloved.

Then the silence was broken by the voice of the child, wailing piteously:

"I don't want to be taken away from the raggedy gentlemen!"



The mother knew that her lost child was found.

Dirck still looked suspicious as he took the weeping child, but Halford smiled grimly, thoughtfully, and sadly as he put his hand in his pocket and said: "I guess it's all right, boys, but I think you'd better get away for the present. Take this and get over the river and out of the county. The people have been searching for this baby all day, and I don't know whether they'll listen to my friend and me."

The level red light had left the valleys and low places, and lit alone the hill-top where the mother was watching, when a great shout came out of the darkness, spreading from voice to voice through the great expanse below, and echoed wildly from above, thrilling men's blood and making hearts stand still, and as it rose and swelled and grew toward her out of the darkness, the mother knew that her lost child was found.

THE LITTLE FIELD OF PEACE

By Charles G. D. Roberts

By the long wash of his ancestral sea
 He sleeps how quietly!
 How quiet the unlifting eyelids lie
 Under the tranquil sky!
 The little, busy hands and restless feet
 Here learn that rest is sweet;
 For sweetly, from the hands grown tired of play,
 The child-world slips away,
 With its confusion of forgotten toys
 And kind, familiar noise.

Not lonely does he lie in his last bed,
 For love o'erbroods his head.
 Kindly to him the comrade grasses lean
 Their fellowship of green.
 The wilding meadow companies give heed—
 Brave tansy, and the weed
 That on the dyke-top lifts its dauntless stalk—
 Around his couch they talk.
 The shadows of his oak-tree flit and play
 Above his dreams all day;
 The wind, that was his playmate on the hills,
 His sleep with music fills.

Here in this tender acre by the tide
 His vanished kin abide.
 Ah, what compassionate care for him they keep,
 Too soon returned to sleep!
 They watch him in this little field of peace
 Where they have found release.
 Not as a stranger or alone he went
 Unto his long content,
 But kissed to sleep and comforted lies he
 By his ancestral sea.



MISS MARY CASSATT

By William Walton

THE number of picture exhibitions in New York City, in the winter season of 1894-95, was very considerable, but, as among other institutions, those only of these displays make durable impressions which are endowed with strongly marked characteristics, and there are only a limited number that are worthy of permanent record. One of these in this case was undoubtedly that of a certain number of the works of Miss Cas-

satt, in which the strong individuality of the artist seemed to move and live, as it were, behind the mask of her works, and the spectator was impressed by a new personality with which he was brought almost into contact. The technical problems of their art, which have so great an importance in the eyes of the painters, interest only in slight degree, as everybody knows, the larger body of laymen, and it is the character-

istics of the painter himself, as he makes them manifest, that lend their value in the eyes of the public to these technical processes. Miss Cassatt's works, oils, pastels, and dry points, seemed to have so much a style of their own as to at once attract attention—even among those more conventional or more timid who preferred milder methods of painting pictures. So many things are required in the successful practice of this art, that the translation of impalpable qualities by tangible and material applications assumes all sorts of interests to different appreciations, and this little exhibition, somewhat peculiar in this respect, while appealing most strongly to the visitor with a certain amount of information, was yet interesting to everyone. The subjects were mostly simple studies of women, or of women and children, frequently of the same sitters; a certain superficial family resemblance characterizing the very important group of pastels and paintings executed within the last five years, and a similar bond uniting the very different series of dry points printed in colors, somewhat better known to the ordinary New York picture-seer. Of still different methods were the earlier pictures in oils, some of them painted as far back as twenty years ago. One of the most important and one of the best known of these early works was the portrait of Mrs. Cassatt, all in white, glasses on nose, reading the *Figaro* with a surprising naturalness of attention. Another, of about the same date, was the beautiful color study of a lady with a fan, vaguely contemplating nothing with her very dark blue eyes, and which, in its harmony of luminous and warm mellow yellows and grays and browns, suggested in a general way the painting of Alfred Stevens before his decline began, and was different in color scheme from anything else in the collection. The figure is represented at half length, seated in an upholstered easy-chair, the back of the lady's head and the top of her chair reflected in the bottom of the large mirror behind her.

Of these early pictures, however, the most surprising when viewed from the stand-point of the latest works, is the

earliest here shown, the Spanish balcony scene painted in Seville in 1873. It is not so much the careful academical rendering as the fine, old-fashioned, deliberately intelligent getting-up of the incident with which we used to be so familiar, that makes this work contrast so strongly with the direct modern way of presenting the subject. The man behind emerges from the dusky background in an effective fashion, the shawl of the pretty lady at the left is in dark red, and that of the heroine much lighter and yellowish, and ornamented with a flower pattern that is about the only thing in the whole picture that connects it with the painter's recent canvases. In the theatre scene, "In the Box," painted five years later, we seem to see the influence of Manet in the much freer and simpler rendering; a lady in profile, in black, seated in a box in the foreground and seen at half-length, looks through an opera-glass. Beyond her, in the distance, can be followed the long curving sweep of the stalls, brilliantly dark red and pale yellow in the warm artificial illumination, and spotted with vivid little black and white figures.

From these urban and somewhat conventional themes, Miss Cassatt seems to have turned in later years to the consideration of the simplest domestic and rural subjects, mothers with babies, or without their babies, seated on the grass, or on garden benches. Many of these are midsummer scenes, set in the greenest of landscapes. In all of them may be felt that directness and vigor of presentation which has caused this lady to be claimed by the impressionists; but hers is scarcely impressionistic painting as generally understood, vague as is that term. In all of them may be felt a certain sentiment, or charm, or poetry—something much more than mere good painting. The feeling of nature, of summer air and space, of the charm of green apple orchards, or parks, and, very frequently, the mystery of mother love and the pulchritude of the Baby. But seldom indeed has that inefficient but most valuable of potentates been more carefully studied and faithfully rendered, in many of his various moods, and in his relations with the mother



A SPANISH SCENE — IN OLD SEVILLE.
One of the artist's early works.

that bore him or the nurse that tends him. In this little exhibition alone might be seen a dozen variations on that old, old group of the Madonna—posing only as “Mother and Child,” or “The Young Mother,” or “Nurse and Child,” with a fine affectation of being only painter’s studies, with that aversion to the appearance of being sentimental so characteristic of the works of the artist of the day. In one painting only, the “Maternal Solitude,” has

the painter ventured to give the real title of her work—the wonderful, infinite motherly yearning over the queer little unresponsive, responsive being of which she knows so little. The mystery, real and fictitious, of these small, naked infants counts for even more in the obsession of the painter than the thorny technical problem of presenting their bodies—and she seems to render it even more truly. That later prophet, Nordau, in his character as general

scold, could never say of her infants as he does of those of Miss Kate Greenaway, that they are the disordered products of an unfortunately diverted love of children. Miss Cassatt seems to have two of these youthful sitters, one dark-haired, dark-eyed, and the other with scant yellowish hair, but also very effective dark eyes. The latter appears in the important painting reproduced in the frontispiece, and also in the "In the Garden" of the smaller illustration. For both of them she renders most sympathetically that imposing air of infancy, that putting-on of strangeness and unutterable knowledge, which no consciousness on our part of its unreliability deprives of its power over us. In art, as in real life, a first-rate make-believe is frequently just as good as the real thing.

In her rendering of the adults that hover round these infants, or occasionally occupy themselves without them, there is the same search for character and truthfulness, with even less regard for that mere prettiness of expression that was once thought so requisite in similar subjects. The old doctrine of "Beauty" has been superseded among the moderns by a haunting fear of falling into the pretty-pretty. Miss Cassatt is probably too conscious of her strength to be much troubled by this dread, but the unregenerate spectator will sometimes wish for a little more pandering to his prejudices in this matter. To adopt his point of view for the moment, we may say that there was a fine sentimental picture among these, in which the blonde sitter who appears so frequently is represented on a bench under the trees, and looking at a pink or a geranium which she holds somewhat stiffly before her. Her physical beauty in this instance is even less than usual; of that youthful charm and grace, which were formerly considered indispensable under these circumstances, there is scarcely a trace. The probabilities are, however, that by avoiding the conventional and the pretty the painter has evolved a better and more artistic situation—the suggestion perhaps of the upspringing of all these tender, youthful, feminine longings and aspirations, and half-

formed ideas in some soul more worthy of our interest than the usual one. A sort of variation on Hegel's theory of the beautiful—"the presence of the idea in limited phenomenon." This replacing of the pretty by something better is also very noticeable in "The Caress," suggesting the old renderings of the mystic marriage of Saint Catherine, and, like them, apparently meaning much more than it says. The baby's head is quite dignified and noble, and quite baby-like; and the settling of his fat, little shapeless body, creased by the mother's fingers in the mother's lap is excellently given. The thoughtfulness behind the good painting gives all these pictures their human interest.

In the technical rendering, the painter has apparently addressed herself, as the important thing, to the solution of the unsolvable problem of painting flesh. In this great problem even those are now beginning to be interested who, despite their interest in pictures, considered flesh as something unprofitable. Something ugly, meaty, and indecent, to be covered up on all occasions and not mentioned outside the bath-room. They are not yet converted to the artist's belief that it is the most beautiful substance in nature, and one of the most wonderful; that neither the Japanese, Barbedienne, nor Thiébaud frères can make such bronze as the clear, translucent brown of a young negro. The nature of the pigments supplied to the painter by his dealer is such that he is able, approximately, to render either the superficial color and form of this integument or something of its texture, but not both, and he is immediately called upon to decide. Many, and some of them of great renown, elect to try for the beautiful, smooth, delicately tinted surface; the more analyzing and tormented souls resolve, at all hazards, to give the substance and qualities of this baffling epidermis. The method of the intransigents is well known—to construct, as it were, the substance with varying and violently colored pigments, and then leave the putting on of the finishing and smoothing outer cuticle to the judicious spectator and his duly elonga-



The Family.

ted point of view. The solution of this problem by some of the masters, three or four hundred years ago, has been accepted as very nearly satisfactory without anyone's being able to discover just how they did it; at least one distinguished American painter devoted a large part of his working life to the attempt to solve the problem of "Titian's flesh," and is said to have

died in the belief that he had succeeded, without convincing his fellows. An experiment made upon a Rembrandt in the Louvre, a few years ago, seemed to determine, what had been suspected, that the yellow and golden glow of the picture was due in great measure to time, Spanish licorice, and many coats of varnish; but the new Rembrandt underneath was thought to be

even finer. The qualities of this admirable substance with which we are clothed are such that it is difficult even to describe it; Fuseli's apparently idiotic phrase for Rubens's flesh, "the

Miss Cassatt's selections and compromises, among the various methods of flesh-painting known, constitute one of the most interesting features of her work. She cannot reconcile herself to



CHILD WITH THE ORANGE (PASTEL).

brawny pulp of slaughtermen," is not to be despised. The conscientious painter thinks he must at least suggest all the qualities of this "brawny pulp"—its color and form, contexture, resilience and other properties, even to its muffled resonance when struck. And his pigments and chalks naturally abandon at once any such unequal contest.

the painting of a beautiful, smooth, hard substance like tinted ivory, and she is not satisfied with the coarsely hatched structure of many of her contemporaries, which at least suggests the depth of the fleshly integument, if not the finish. By wise and vigorous painting, with the full strength of her palette and a careful observance of the local variations, she secures the in-

trinsic quality of her fleshly tones—so that you can well imagine that her rendering would feel under your fingers much as the naked body does in life—and she is much aided in securing this

or the creases and dimples which her fingers make in his sides. In her painting, to supplement this rendering of the structure, she contrives, by a certain care in blending and finishing,



IN THE GARDEN (PASTEL).

desirable effect by a free use of that hard outline which the impressionists so generally disregard. In her etchings, also, this skilful use of the outline is of the greatest service in securing this truthfulness—an almost flat rendering of a baby's torso is made at once to seem both pulpy and solid by the strong folds of the lower part of his body when seated on his mother's arm,

to invest it with more of that smooth and pleasant outer surface than do generally the practitioners of the newer schools; but her main care is, evidently, to make sure of the pulpy and kneadable quality rather than of that pinkness and whiteness and exquisite smooth coolness which make a baby's or a young girl's cheek such a delight to the touch. There is much to be said on both sides

of this question—the delight of the eye is to be considered by the artist, and it may be doubted whether such flesh as sailors and laborers wear, and many painters paint, would ever have led civilized man to the invention of caresses and kisses. Something more than usual of this care for the outer finish may be seen in the beautiful pastel study of the child with the orange. This little maid's countenance, her round, white forehead, are so truly and beautifully rendered as to furnish a permanent joy—even her little nose is gently fleshly and compressible, instead of being hard and osseous in structure.

The modelling of the flesh in the dry points is generally summarily done by fine lines running in one direction, frequently diagonally, with none of the regular etcher's care for the individual black line. For the curious, decorative dry-point plates printed in colors, a flat, conventional grayish flesh tone generally does duty for all exposed portions, both of mother and infant, and the careful and sometimes eccentric outline finishes the rendering. The hair, on the contrary, is carefully done in detail, generally giving the light and shade and the contour of the head. The outline drawing of the infants, and sometimes of the adults, is a species of compromise between nature and Japanese methods. In her neglect of these structural qualities for the elaborate repetition of pattern on wall or drapery, Miss Cassatt also follows the traditions of the Japanese artist, who wrecks himself on the infinite detail of the *kimono* to the total neglect of the body it covers, because he is so constituted. The color is pleasant, decorative, and cool, running to grays and keeping within a reasonable distance of nature. Occasionally on tea-pots or other important substances, as well as on the human head, it breaks into a little modelling and roundness.

The color in the later pastels and

paintings ranges through a long scale, sometimes very rich and decorative, and at others much quieter and simpler. In the "Child with the Orange," one of the most sumptuous, the fruit makes a sudden and brilliant spot of color in the centre of the shining, beautiful greenish-blue of the dress, the silky yellow hair is crossed with a red rib-



The Lesson (etching).

bon, the vase behind has strong blue accents, and the background has apparently been constructed by striking a luminous green across a solid, rich reddish-brown. The advancing and receding planes are sometimes carefully attended to and sometimes neglected in these works, as the painter thought them important in her scheme or not, but the solidity of the figure is always taken care of; and the roundness, generally. There is also no hampering by definite rules about "finish"—in the lower part of the skirt of our little orange girl the gray pastel paper has been left almost wholly uncovered, because the painter found she had given enough of the luminous satiny color of the gown. The "Maternal Solicitude" and the mother and child in the garden are also very handsome and pompous; in the latter, the large, dark-red flowers in the background, which perhaps, keep their places, and perhaps do not, are all but dominated by the brilliant spots of orange, green, and yellow in the mother's dress. The bodice of the lady who stoops so tenderly over her black-headed little son, is in yellows

and oranges, very rich in color, and her skirt is pale pink with dark-greenish spots. In the large painting in oil reproduced for the frontispiece of this number—which the French Government vainly desired for the Luxembourg—the sturdy naked body of the baby is very delicately relieved against the nurse's pink dress, of almost similar value and color. The heavily laden boughs come down very solidly over their heads, and the stretch of grassy lawn behind them is painted almost flat—this painter believing that we see much less aerial perspective than we think we do.

Among the paintings shown in this exhibition was a large one, representing a section of a boating party, the back of the rower in the foreground, nearly life-size, being clothed in flat, very dark blue, pure color, and his sash of a paler blue, much like the flat water beyond. At the top of the picture was a strip of landscape of about the same value as the water; the corner of sail shown was distinctly greenish in hue, and the boat was painted in green and white, amidst all of which the baby in the stern-sheets was of a species of shrimp pink. As a contrast to this cheerful navigation there was a little marine—very like a Manet, a flat, grayish-yellowish expanse of sea spotted with three or four little black boats. Miss Cassatt's large painting for the decoration of the north tympanum of the Woman's Building at Chicago, two

years ago, will be remembered by many visitors notwithstanding the very inconvenient height at which it was placed. In this she had worked in the methods exemplified in the later pictures shown in the New York exhibition, and her theme was not dissimilar—carefully selected but not idealized figures of women and children gathering fruit in a long, green orchard. It may also be remembered that some of the Western "Lady Managers" thought this conception of "Modern Woman"—her theme—somewhat inaccurate.

To the first exhibition of the impressionists in Paris, in 1878, Miss Cassatt was an important contributor, and her works have appeared in the Salons both before and since that date and in this country—as in the galleries of the Society of American Artists and at the Loan Exhibition of Portraits of Women in New York, November, 1894—but in general she seems to have attained to that desirable condition, coveted of artists, of being able to dispense with the annual exhibitions. An art so learned, so well-inspired as hers, which so well combines the letter and the spirit, and knows how to present the prettiest and most popular of themes in a large and comprehensive way, preserving all the tenderness and avoiding all of the little and the commonplace, is sufficiently rare even in this age of over-production, and any knowledge of it is to be accounted as gain.

FRENCH BINDERS OF TO-DAY

By S. T. Prideaux

FRENCH craftsmen of to-day, as far as binding is concerned, fall naturally into two classes, those who still repeat and adapt old models and those who are bent upon seeking some new thing. The first consider that the right traditions of ornament have been given once and for all, and need only be followed with ever-increasing skill and technical perfection; the second feel that new departures are necessary if the art is to respond to modern needs.

The conservatives restrict their ornaments to the strictly traditional, admitting no further novelty than that which consists in fresh adaptations of the same "tools," the reformers will sooner go out of the lines hitherto recognized as legitimate, than continue to work in the well-worn grooves. It is the old opposition between "les classiques" and "les jeunes," often recurrent in the literary history of France, and permeating, as it would seem, the whole

artistic life of the country in a way that has no parallel here. Such a cleavage, well defined among poets and painters of the moment, is thus repeated in miniature in the humbler arts, greatly to their benefit, and to that of the public as well.

That the old traditions of any art at its best and most inspired periods should be kept green is a safeguard against its deterioration, and lapse into the merely novel and eccentric. That efforts should be made on the lines of a new interpretation of the scope and possibilities of that art prevents the lifeless copying of past achievement. It is thus that such opposition benefits the art or craft itself; but for the public too it is of equal value. They have on the one side, not only the actual models of the past, of which perhaps they must go in search, but their translations in the hands of the modern worker; and on the other side the attempts to get away from these models and to invent anew. The tendency toward the approval of mere eccentricity, which we must admit to be prevalent at the present time, has thus a chance of being held in check by the constant presence of that which has become classical. The art of binding will never be able to free itself from the support of tradition. If there are modern books belonging exclusively in initiation to our own age, and therefore lending themselves most appropriately to new experiments by the binder, who is original and personal in his work, there will always be others, numerous and valuable as well, that it will be impossible to fitly decorate without a profound study of all that was best in the past.

In noticing some typical French binders of to-day, we propose to take them in the following sequence: those who are purely classic in their decoration; those who, mainly classic, have yet a sympathy with new departures and have contributed toward them, and lastly those who, in the attempt to break fresh ground, have more or less invented a style of their own.

If there seems less to be said about the first than about some of the others, it is only because they are content not

to challenge criticism and because their work is confined to lines well known to all amateurs of binding.

And first we will take M. Chambolle, whose house was founded about 1834 by Duru. Duru learnt his solid "forwarding"—what the French so aptly call "*le corps d'ouvrage*"—as a pupil of Bauzonnet, in whose workshop Trautz was then a "finisher." He was desirous of setting up together with Trautz, but Bauzonnet, who had the same idea, carried the day, and his firm became that of Trautz-Bauzonnet, while Duru started on his own account. His Jansenist bindings soon became famous, and later on, with Marius Michel as gilder, and a clientèle of the richest booklovers of his day, he did much elaborate work, though always of a traditional kind. His reputation was so great that even old bindings were destroyed that the books might be clothed afresh by Duru. In 1861 he began to think of retirement, and associated Chambolle with him for the next two years, that he might pass on to a worthy successor the habits and practices of his house. These Chambolle has kept up, and although in the matter of style he has never ventured upon new paths, his bindings are among the best of their kind.

Another name, equally well known, is that of M. Marcelin Lortic, who, since the death of his father in 1892, has carried on his business alone. It was in 1840 that Lortic père came to Paris determined to make a name for himself in the craft that he loved. With patient resolution he gradually gained greater mastery over it, winning medals from time to time at different exhibitions, until the government finally recognized his services to art by giving him the Legion of Honor in 1878. The secret of his success, though an open one, is none the less difficult of imitation. A stern critic of his own results, he was never satisfied with falling below his own standard of perfection, and in the attainment of this ideal he would often strip and re-do the work until it met with his approval.

His feeling with regard to books was of the same order. Nothing short of the most perfect specimens were fit for

his efforts as an artist, and when he died there were some two hundred volumes, the best of their kind in bindings, executed by himself.

One son, M. Edmond Lortie, has inherited his taste for books and is well known as a librarian of valuable editions.

Marcelin was apprenticed as a binder at fourteen, and continued to learn "forwarding" for four years, when he became a "finisher," and has ever since devoted himself to that branch of the business. Like M. Chambolle, he prides himself upon being a pure classic, and it is not often that he deviates from the most beaten tracks.

We pass on to M. Émile Mercier, successor to François Cuzin, who died in 1890, and for whom he worked as gilder. M. Mercier began his apprenticeship in 1869 with M. Magnier, where he remained three and a half years. After that he was in two houses of second-rate importance until 1876, when he took over the whole bound morocco work at M. Smeers. In 1882 he joined M. Cuzin from whose taste and counsel he benefited greatly, and of whose friendly aid he can never say enough. For eight years their collaboration was of the closest and warmest nature, only ending with M. Cuzin's death. Two years later M. Mercier took over the direction of the business, and his great object ever since has been to sustain the reputation of his predecessor. All the gilding exhibited on the bindings of M. Cuzin in 1889 was done by M. Mercier, and a contemporary binder, writing of this display, describes it in the following terms: "We have rarely seen 'finishing' executed with such vigor; the decoration seems to be chased in massive gold. It is certainly of extraordinary solidity and will retain its brilliancy during many years." The French have a higher standard of the technical qualities of "finishing" than exists elsewhere, and criticise it entirely apart from design, or anything else connected with the binding. It is interesting to observe that in the opinion of his brother craftsmen M. Mercier is the finest gilder of the moment.

M. Léon Gruel's business is the old-

est established of all described in this paper. Founded in 1811 by M. Desforges it was given over to his son-in-law Gruel in 1825. On the death of her husband in 1846 Madame Gruel continued the conduct of the house till 1851, when she remarried with M. Englemann, a printer of note. Henceforth the firm, under the name of Gruel-Englemann, organized a new departure in the issue of fine editions of Service books, missals and the like, of which it has since made a specialty, but at the same time the binding department was kept up to its former level of excellence. In 1875 Madame Englemann, again left a widow, associated her two sons with her, M. Léon Gruel, son of the first marriage, became head of the bindery, and M. Edward Englemann, eldest son of the second marriage, took over the direction of the printing and publishing department. From its earliest days the business has always had the highest reputation, both for initiative in artistic matters, as well as for irreproachable execution in the detail of its many-sided achievements. It has indeed been the nursery of all the chief binders of the time, and no other house in any country has a roll-call of such distinguished names. Marius Michel père remained there twelve years, and only left it to establish himself as the most celebrated gilder of the century. Chambolle and Thouvenin were there also, as well as David, Thibaron, Motte, Joly, Loisetier and others, who have since founded binderies of their own. Nor must we omit the names of Rossigneux, Liénard, the designer and carver in wood, the brothers Sollier, enamellers of exquisite taste, all of whom contributed toward the revival of mediæval bindings, of which M. Gruel discovered anew the traditions. To the French the Prayer Book is a form of luxury, and on the occasion of a first Communion or of marriage affords the opportunity for a costly offering. It will thus easily be seen that on devotional works can be lavished a variety of binding that finds no place in the ordinary library. M. Gruel has employed all the decorative arts as adjuncts to the embellishment of the "livre de piété." Painted mosaics,

enamels, wrought metal in clasps, corners and panels, sculptured wood and ivory, the monastic invention of "cuir eisélé," all these arts of many kinds and many ages have been applied in faultless workmanship to the Service book of this century.

The work of his house is perhaps better known in America than that of any other, on account of the important collection sent to the Chicago Exhibition, which comprised a carefully studied variety of book-covers, including most of the kinds above mentioned. The possession of a very fine collection of ancient bindings has enabled M. Léon Gruel to become an authority on the history of binding and to make researches which took shape a few years back in the "*Manuel historique et bibliographique de l'amateur des relieurs*." This book, finely illustrated, is the most important work of reference we possess, though since its publication, M. Thoinan and others have written much and learnedly on the subject.

Besides the conduct of his varied and important business, of which he became sole head and representative in 1891, M. Gruel finds time to take a real interest in the technical education of the coming generation of binders.

He has been president of the *Chambre Syndicale Patronale des Relieurs*, etc., since its foundation in 1891, and it is through the genial and generous attitude he has always maintained toward his brother binders, as well as through his disinterested labors, that it is now established on a thoroughly sound basis.

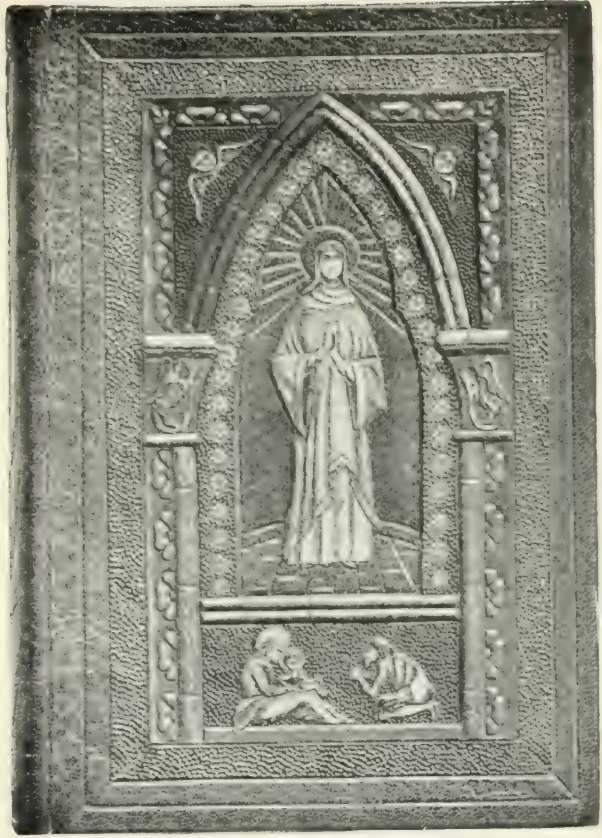
His help and advice are always forthcoming to the genuine lover of bindings, and the present brief account of what is being done in Paris at the present time owes its existence to his friendly aid.

We pass on now to another binder, who together with M. Gruel may be said to form a connecting link between the old and the new. M. Henri Michel is the son of the great gilder of that name. His father, born in 1821, made his first apprenticeship at Lyons, but came to Paris in 1838, and worked for a short time in the atelier of Reiss. But in 1839 he went to M. Gruel, where he

remained as gilder for ten years, getting more and more perfection of touch with every year that passed. In 1849, he set up for himself, and from that time, till 1876, he worked as finisher for all the chief binders in Paris. His first clients were Duru and Capé, but very soon others followed, till his employers included David, Hardy, and Chambolle, Thibaron, Cuzin, and every other binder of note. During more than a quarter of a century, Jean Michel, or Marius Michel, as he by that time called himself, continued to put forth the most exquisite "tooling" that has ever been seen. His taste was excellent, for while at that period there was no idea of invention in the matter of design, but only of copying the old masters, Marius Michel went straight to the very best period for his inspiration. The great unknown designer of the Renaissance, who decorated the books of Henri II., was his master, and to that style, the most purely classic in the best sense, he kept faithful throughout his life. Some of his best work is in the library at Chantilly, for the Duc d'Aumale, during his exile under the Empire, entrusted to Capé a succession of books, which, gilt by Marius Michel, constitute the former's chief title to fame. Unfortunately, most of Marius Michel's work bears only the name of the binder, who employed him, but after a time amateurs demanded his signature as well, and the volumes that have it are of great value in consequence of their limited number. Michel died only five years ago, at the age of seventy. His son, Henri, born in 1846, went into the workshops at sixteen, but he also attended the lectures at the *École des Arts décoratifs*, which have ever rendered much service to French industries. In 1866, he undertook the important task of making tracings for his father of all the historic bindings; and he gave especial study to the decoration of the backs that were in keeping with the sides, while he himself executed many of the most important backs for his father's clients. In conjunction with Marius Michel, he wrote two important works on Binding, the first serious attempts toward a literature of the subject. These were "*La Reliure*

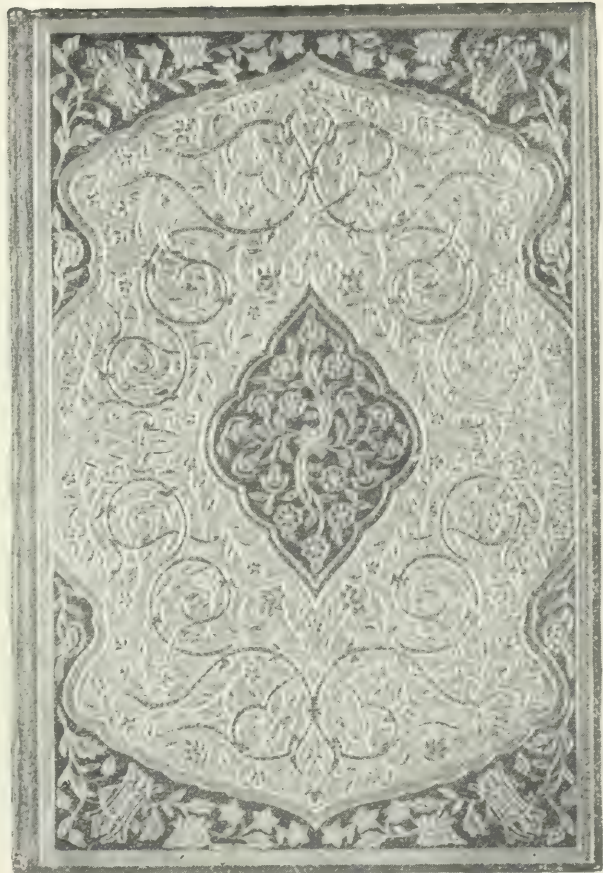


A Binding by Rapartier for "Herodias."



A Binding by Rapartier.

Française depuis l'invention de l'Imprimerie jusqu'à la fin du XVIII^e siècle," and "La reliure Française commerciale et industrielle depuis l'invention de l'Imprimerie jusqu'à nos jours," published in 1880 and 1881, respectively. In 1889, he published "L'ornamentation des reliures modernes," which sets forth, with admirable clearness, his views upon design. He was the first in this treatise to advocate novelty of treatment, and to deprecate the prevailing fashion of putting *fac similes* of the great masters on every book, new as well as old. He shows that the distinction of the nineteenth century binding is the attempt to get appropriateness of design, and dares even to find it amiss in the old masters that they clothed their most serious as well as their lightest works with the same fashion of ornament. Such a point of view, coming, as it does, from so perfect a reproducer of past *chefs-d'œuvre*, marks an era in the modern history of the art. Not less important are his remarks on the servile copying



A Binding by Lortic fils for Poe's "Tamerlane" (1834).



A Binding by Mercier for "Romeo and Juliet."

of patterns. The artist and artisan in former days made his careful sketch in church or museum, till, penetrated with the spirit of that which he admired, he was able to reproduce at will from memory, adding at the same time a part of himself. Now, in these days of cheap

reproduction, everyone buys a print or photograph, and all that is demanded of the workman is to copy it with slavish accuracy. Thirty years ago everything was good except what was modern, and the collector forgot that had the amateur of the past, himself a collector also, not appreciated the best that was modern in his time, some of the finest traditions in art could never have existed. Neither Mazarin nor Fouqué made Le Gascon copy Grolier. A style is not made in a day, but certainly entire preoccupation with the past will do much to hinder the possibility of that pressure of taste that constitutes a style. In this same treatise he insists further on the necessity of not mixing different motives, of keeping the details in harmony with the general scheme, and of letting the main idea always remain prominent, instead of being lost in accessories. The binder, too, should recognize the natural limitations of the craft, and abide by them. He should not attempt to entrench upon other arts, nor try to express more than he is able in his own field. The spirit of the text should be suggested in color and decoration, but the direct imagery of material motives should be left to the



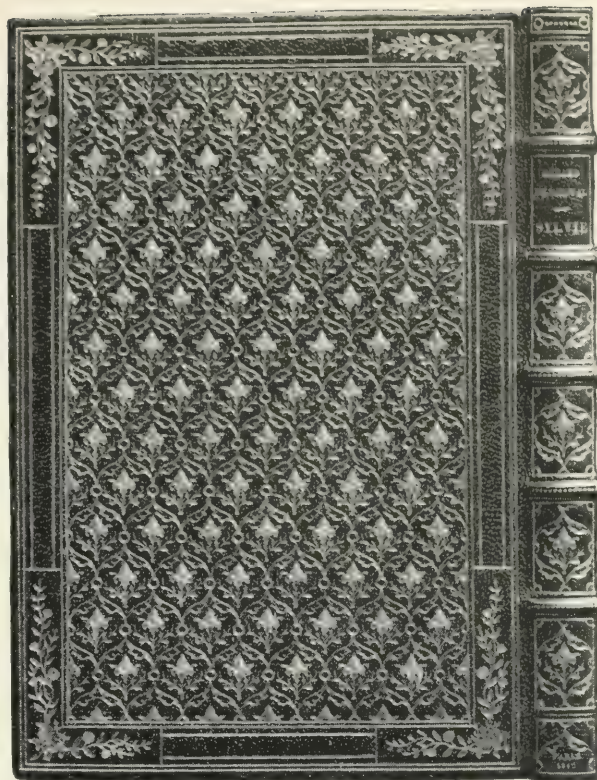
A Binding by Gruel for Zola's "Le Rêve."



A Binding by Gruel.

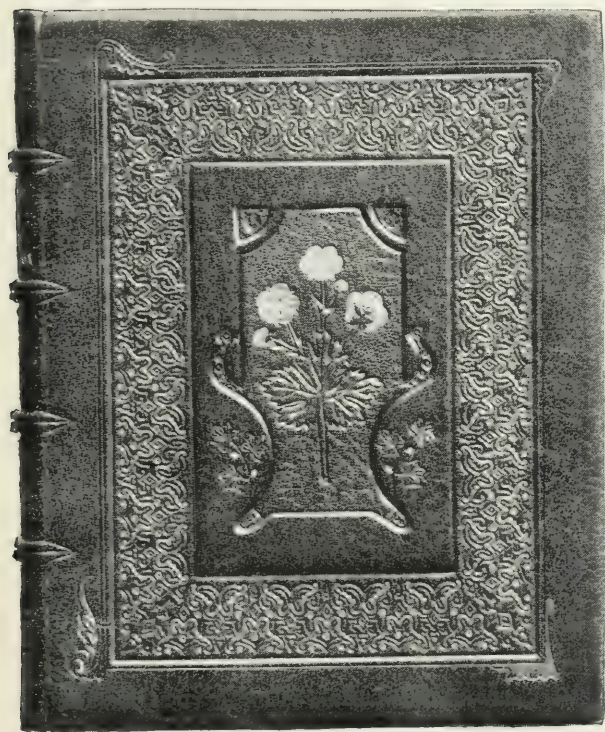
gift book and the advertising cover. It must be said that M. Michel has exemplified in his own work all that he here lays down as canons of taste. He set the example of fresh initiative by being the first to employ floral motives in the decoration of his bindings, drawing the flowers in the first instance straight from nature and subsequently conventionalizing them for the tool-cutter. His advice—to leave the making of copies and try new roads—has been adopted by several of the younger men, as we shall show later, but the restrictions of taste he advocates have, in some cases, not been adopted, and the bizarre and rococo are apparently thought to constitute a sufficient claim to originality.

The illustrations here given of M. Michel's work are not worthily representative, but he is reserving twenty-six of his best books for reproduction in M. Béraldi's "La Reliure du XIX^e siècle." An extremely facile and versatile designer, his styles are numerous and always undergoing fresh developments. Besides those styles already alluded to, we find one more recent, showing a certain reaction against gold. In this the mosaics are executed with

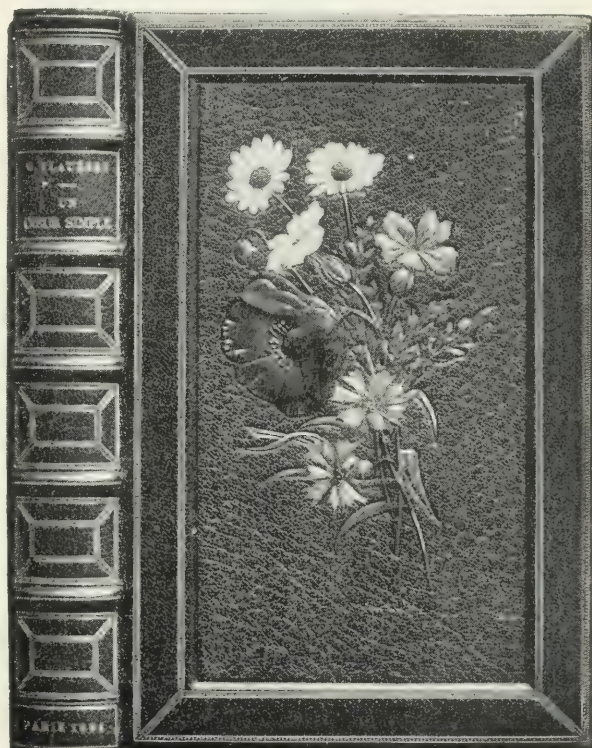


A Binding by Ruban for Gérard de Nerval's "Sylvie."

fine gradation of color, and all the tooling is blind. In some of the mosaic work, in which real iridescence of color is obtained, the effects are got by staining. But everywhere there is such mastery of line and curve, such perfect feeling for tone and tint, as well as



A Binding by Ruban.



A Binding by Ruban for Flaubert's "Un Cœur Simple."

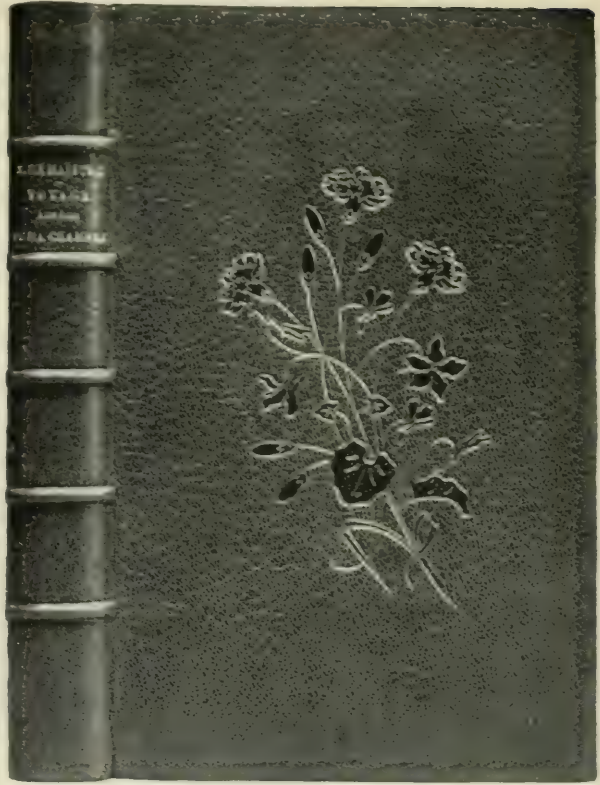


A Binding by Marius Michel for Gérard de Nerval's "Sylvie."

such exquisite workmanship, that gold would seem but a vulgar adjunct. M. Michel recently exhibited a case of bindings in this style at the Champ de Mars, of which all the decoration was done by his own hands.

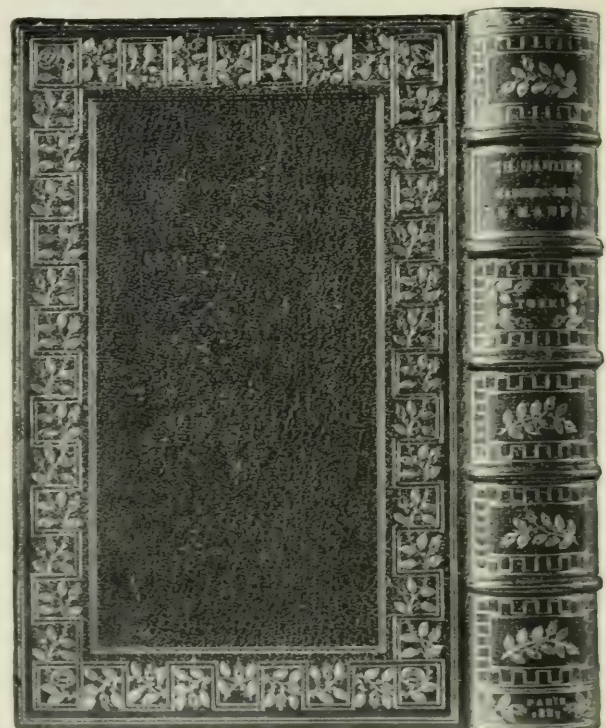
His influence on the most modern school of binding has been considerable, as it may well be, considering how sound he is as a theorist and how inspiring as a practitioner.

We come now to the younger generation of binders, the innovators of their day, who strike the personal note in what they undertake. Part of their work is often subjected to the criticism that it is not "binding," though it may be accepted as a new form of book-decoration, but this remark is hardly applicable to the first we shall mention, M. Pétrus Ruban, who founded his business in 1879 and gained a silver medal at the Exhibition of the Palais de l'Industrie in 1886. Only about six years ago he started the special kind of binding to which he now chiefly devotes himself, and only within the last two years



A Binding by Marius Michel for Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma Chambre."

has he signed his books inside with name and date—a new departure that he considers marks the time when he ceased to do any but the most highly finished work. His latest efforts are in morocco modelled by hand in relief, with lit-



A Binding by Chambolle for Gautier's "Mlle. de Maupin."

tle or no gold. An admirable example of this work may be found in the cover of a fine paper copy of the celebrated "*Histoire des quatre fils d'Aymon*," illustrated by Grasset, and now of extreme rarity. The foundation is a bronze-morocco with mosaics of different colors that blend rather than contrast with it, and all the work is "blind," with the exception of a little dull "old gold" in the mosaics, and the flowers which are studded with brilliant gold dots. This book, like the work of M. Marius Michel, somewhat similar in character, shows how mistaken are the majority who think no binding decorated unless it glistens with gold. The methods employed in this kind of modelling, for which none of the stamps are used that constitute the "tools" of the ordinary finisher, may perhaps be seen better on a copy of Flaubert's "*Cœur Simple*," where a bronze morocco is inlaid with naturalistic flowers of different colors modelled by hand in considerable relief and also without gold. Another style is found on a doublure of a binding of "*Sylvie*" by Gérard de Nerval. The outside is already figured in Bouchot's "*De la Reliure*," but the inside is given here as representative of a very attractive variation on the ordinary mosaic. The convolvulus flowers and leaves are stained and shaded by hand on a cream-colored morocco ground and delicately outlined in gold. There is no inlay, and the effect is excessively dainty, though slighter, and less emphasized than where different leathers are used. The cover is of the tan-colored leather known as *La Vallière*, inlaid with small flowers of a pale green, and has a design that, gilt three times, according to French custom in the best houses, took forty-five days to complete. M. Ruban is known for the care with which he suits his designs to the books they decorate, and even the accessories are studied in the same way, the brocaded silks that he employs as "ends" belonging to the period corresponding with the book. His work will be well represented in M. Béraldi's next volume.

As in all the ateliers described, with the exception of those of MM. Gruel and Marius Michel, the personnel of the

establishment does not consist of more than three or four workers, one of whom is a son of M. Cuzin and a promising "finisher." For such conditions to prevail as are found here and elsewhere in Paris, which include confidence on the part of the master, and leisure to work without pressure on the part of his subordinates, the workman must be worthy of his trust. "What saves France in her industries at the present time," said one of the great binders the other day, "is that her workmen are still artists." And it is true, whether French taste in matters of art coincides with our own, or is often at variance with it, the fact remains, that the majority of French workmen have the conscience, if not always the inspiration, of the artist.

M. Raparlier is the most enthusiastic innovator and the boldest in his deviations from the traditions of the craft. "*Le genre Raparlier*" consists in representing on the cover of a volume some typical subject or scene in the book, by an entirely original process. The book, after being covered in morocco, has the design roughly modelled on it by means of small sculptor's tools made in metal instead of boxwood. These tools are heated, by which means the leather is slightly burnt and shadowed in greater or less degree. Inlays of other colors are then applied of various thicknesses according to the relief required and the modelling proceeds, the whole being kept very wet until it is sufficiently worked up. A certain amount of acid or coloring matter is added, if required, to give vigor to the design, which, when completed, is perfectly hard and can be subjected to the ordinary pressure. M. Raparlier was a pupil of the *École des Beaux Arts*, and only a thorough training in design and modelling could possibly give the ability for this sort of work, which is more allied to sculpture than to anything else one can think of. The designs on each side of the cover are always different and not one is ever repeated. The artist's exhibit at the *Exposition Internationale du Livre* in 1892, for which he obtained a gold medal, attracted much curious attention on account of its undoubted originality, and of the

obvious artistic feeling shown in the harmony of color displayed throughout. M. Raparlier is a young artist, very keen to make his way, and at present asking but modest prices for work which involves the qualities of the inventor as well as the skill of the craftsman. The adventurous book-lover might do a good deal worse than encourage this attempt to open out a fresh field of book-decoration.

We have been dealing hitherto with binding of a special class—morocco work hand-tooled in all its variety, but it would not be fair to close this account of modern French binders, without mentioning a type of binding which the French have made peculiarly their own and which is now associated with the name of M. E. Carayon. This is known as “*cartonnage à la Bradel*.” Supposed to be of German origin, it bears the name of the binder who first adopted it in France. It has always been considered as binding of a purely provisional nature for books which it was proposed at some time or another to habit in a more costly manner. The main features of such a binding are that the sections are not “sawn in” at the back and remain intact, being sewn upon ribbon, that the edges are left untouched by the plough, and that the boards of the book instead of being made one with the back and being fixed in the joint, are removed a certain distance from the back, leaving a hollow in which the covering of paper, silk, or vellum is impressed. This hollow is peculiarly suited to vellum work on account of its stiffness, but not less to thin materials from the opposite reason that these are liable to give way at the hinge, when the board works sharply, as it does in the ordinary mode of binding. M. Carayon’s work has, then, for its aim, the preservation of the book, so that it loses none of its value on changing hands, and the purchaser gets it exactly in the same state as when it was first issued. It may be mentioned in passing that this is the only

style which the French allow to open perfectly flat, the only really comfortable form of binding we get from them, but that is a natural idiosyncrasy which it seems we must accept. The nature of M. Carayon’s work enables him to use all varieties of material that the most eccentric amateur can imagine; quaint, old-fashioned papers and cloths, silk brocades, snake and crocodile skins, Japanese leathers with their striking colors and curious designs. These *re-tiures de fantaisie*, in whole or half-bindings, are of endless diversity and are carried out with great taste and with a delicate freshness of handling that finds no parallel elsewhere. He is especially famed for bindings in vellum, the sides of which are decorated with sketches in water-color or pen and ink by the first illustrators of the day, such as A. Robaudi, Louis Morin and Henriot, whose talent in that particular line has no equal. These sketches are either original or represent some part of the story, and when both book and binding is decorated by the artist, the whole has a special fitness and value. M. Carayon does plenty of morocco work as well, gilt by skilful finishers, but even then it is always put through in the same way, the book left untouched and the boards not laced in. His varied exhibit at the Exposition de Livre in 1892 gained for him a gold medal. Such work, it is needless to say, can be intrusted to but few hands and those carefully and leisurely trained to delicate manipulations, and the workman who has been the shortest time with M. Carayon, has been helping him for more than fifteen years.

We cannot do better than quote in conclusion his own explanation of his success, a success, it may be added, not sufficiently recognized outside his own country. “*Le secret de mes succès, c’est tout simplement que je suis un amoureux du livre, que mon métier me plaît, et que je ne saurais à aucun prix massacrer un volume, fût il le plus infime.*”

BRITISH OPINION OF AMERICA

BY RICHARD WHITEING

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has builded better than he knew with his famous Message. He has compelled us, on both sides of the Atlantic, to revise our judgments of each other. National feeling has become self-conscious ; it has been a time of searching of heart. From first to last it has been all "a matter of opinion." Opinion dictated the Message ; opinion, too, averted the danger of war. British opinion of America is, as a rule, represented exclusively by the utterances of the cultured and cosmopolitan persons who take the toast of the evening at public dinners, and who have large interests all the world over. These are excellent mouthpieces of national sentiment, but they are not exactly the nation. There is still with us, as with you—for you have the same class in postprandial authority—the masters of that class, and of every other in the community ; that is to say, the community itself, the whole that is greater than the parts. One of those parts, and the largest, here as elsewhere, is the Man in the Street.

Our Man in the Street does not know much about America. It is an abstraction to him. He bears it absolutely no ill-will, but he is not aware of it in any sense derived from his familiarity with literature, institutions, or, above all, by personal contact. In spite of your annual exodus, our average man rarely meets an American. Now and then America becomes a concrete reality to him in the results of a boat-race, a yacht-race, or an athletic contest, and for a moment he becomes very much aware of it indeed. The Message had a startling effect upon him, for it seemed to bring his remote and unknown cousin to town. Hitherto he had only known his cousin by report, and scarcely by the report of history. Of history in the larger sense he has little or none. The little he ever had he has long since forgotten. It is but an affair of dates

and names at the best. He does not start fair, therefore, with your Man in the Street, or with his analogue in France or Germany. These are all taught history to practical ends of patriotism. Our Man has never learned the true meaning of America, nor of a certain declaration which Mr. Evarts once called "a capital transaction in human affairs." This ignorance, or this indifference, cuts both ways, and equally as against patriotic pride and patriotic searching of heart.

Our typical figure has a general sense that his country has done pretty well in the world, in glory, as in riches and possessions and the good things of life. More he has never been taught of set purpose. His indifference on these points is such that it required quite a "movement" to induce the authorities to place a national flag here and there in some of the larger common schools. Our banner is occasionally used as a business sign, and it usefully distinguishes one line of omnibuses from another, in which function it promises rest for the weary in the shape of a garden-seat on the roof. But no human being to the manner born thought of hailing it as "the Mother Flag of Destiny," until Miss Frances Willard wrote her amiable lines to "The Flag on the Omnibus." As Artemus Ward said of Shakespeare's conceivable defects as a contributor to the *Sunday Herald*, we "lacked the rekisit fansy and imagination." With us anniversaries pass absolutely unheeded. The regiments more immediately concerned are understood to do something on Waterloo Day, but the nation at large takes no account either of that or of the date of Trafalgar. We have nothing to correspond to the German Sedan Day, nor to your Fourth of July. A private association, moved thereto by Captain Mahan's treatise on sea-power, lately bethought itself of the date of Trafalgar, and placed a furtive wreath or two at the base of the Nelson

Column. But the Man in the Street simply looked on without the slightest interest in the performance. He is just as indifferently acquiescent when another association annually decorates the statue of the Martyr King, who would have made slaves of him and his heirs forever. He gets all his history from the newspapers, as he wants it, and just as he gets his tea or his beer. There is nothing kept in store. The papers, when it suits the party purpose of the moment, invite his attention to "the swelling act of the Imperial theme," and with some success. They give him the impression that England is the centre of things in general, and that his stand-point marks the centre of England. Our current history, as presented in daily report, is particularly seductive. It is all about fortunate little wars—now a Zulu kingdom wiped out, and now a robber kingdom in the Himalayas brought to his knees. This tends to a good workaday self-glorification which answers all the purposes of the more highly elaborated product of self-complacency manufactured by the historians and the bards.

Anything that tends to disturb this frame of mind gives our Man a very rude shock. The Message tended to disturb it. It did not frighten him. It did not even anger him. It annoyed him, it put him out, it hinted at a fault in the reckoning, at something wrong somewhere to which his historiographers of the hour had failed to direct his attention. Could it be that things were not going as well as possible in Venezuela, as they went everywhere else? Where was Venezuela—to begin with? The papers made haste to show him, and out came the maps. Then he felt much as a citizen of old Rome might have felt about vague reports of trouble on the Parthian frontier. It was very inconsiderate of the Parthians. It was sure to come all right. There were people whose business it was to look after these things, and they had offices in Downing Street. His music-halls, which have replaced the old bardic organizations of the earlier tribes—Modred at a shilling a head—foster this mood of cheery optimism. The patriotism is a part of the entertainment. It

is cheap in every sense; and it sends one comfortably to bed. It is, above all, appetizing—a good, strong, full-flavored blend of Imperialism and beer. For this reason Liberal parties, which sometimes have searchings of heart, or of stomach, about either the beer or the Imperialism, have never been popular at these places of entertainment, especially in the capital. This tends to make the Man in the Street a Conservative. The Liberals owe no small part of their discomfiture at the late election to the exertions of the "Lion Comiques." They were sung out of power for their treason to the conception of Britannia, the pride of the ocean, the home of the brave and the free.

There is another thing that helps to account for this frame of mind. As newspaper enterprise is now conducted few of us get the best view of any country. The paper is, in no sense, a "*chronique du bien*," a record of the finest in a nation's life. Of the immense amount of good work done by men and women in every land—in your land above all—we hear next to nothing. Our American report is all about the dreary Dunraven squabble, the lynchings, the peculations, the fierce and bloody strikes that have almost the proportions of civil wars. The American of popular conception is therefore a ruthless competitor, who, in his determination to win, is often indifferent to the rules of the game. All the nations of the Old World, and all classes in them, according to their degree of intelligence, share that view. Their typical "Yankee" is a pushing fellow, ever knocking at the door of the local Holy of Holies, and bound to come in at last. Nothing is sacred to him, as nothing French is sacred to a Sapper. He finds his way into the choicest clubs, conventions, social sets. He is as the Englishman abroad—only more so. He wants to enter the mosque without taking off his boots. Exasperation is heightened by the fact that he often does enter it, and that generally he contrives to make himself very much at home in places which most of the natives never dare approach. The Man in the Street is of that unprivileged majority. The American seems to him

omnipresent at the distribution of the pleasant things of life. Remember that the grievance of a Marlborough wedding affects both halves of the race. If you lose your heiress, we gain but an interloper in a ducal seat. It is "the Americans" once more. The new-comer is in the big drawing-room, while the disconsolate native can hardly come near the lodge gate. Nothing is so odious to us as another's excess in our dominant quality. The obtrusiveness of the person from Maine would try the patience of a saint. So thinks the Man in the Street.

But the Man in the Street is not everybody, and we must not make too much of him. There are the classes, and, in this connection, the working class above all. America, as a Land of Promise, has no longer the hold upon them that it once had. Mr. Burns on Chicago need not be quoted, for, no doubt, you remember it well enough. The latest deliverance of this sort is by Mr. Keir Hardie. The two leaders of the workmen differ in all things else, yet they agree in this, that America is no Paradise of their class. Mr. Keir Hardie, but just returned from the United States, seems disposed, like George III. on a memorable occasion, to "glory in the name of Briton." "There is not the same rush here as there," he says, "and, strange as it may appear, there is more personal freedom. Wages in most cases, not all, are higher in America; but it costs more to live, and whilst the standard of living is higher, there are more solid home comforts this side the Atlantic."

No, America has not its earlier meaning for our working folk. As it grows older it exhibits the same economic conditions as Europe. In its youth, of course, it had those conditions in the germ, but they were tempered by many circumstances favorable to the settler. It mattered little to him that some might easily grow too rich at the expense of the community, when he might so easily grow rich enough. There was a whole mighty land waiting to be tickled into harvests of gold. Theories of capital and labor, and of the state as against the individual, seemed futile, when you had only to labor with a will

to have your fullest need supplied in land or goods. The economic problems slumbered till the people multiplied. They awakened when America began to pick and choose in her welcome to the human race, and, after closing one gate, to keep the other on the jar. The rush for wealth had created a proletariat among the failures. The tramp became one of your common objects of the roadside. The slums of some of your great cities were more awful object lessons in misery than anything to be found in the old world. For, with your self-reliant national character, you naturally had the misery without the assuagements. Your society was not organized for those ministrations, as from wealth to poverty, which are dictated even more by prudence than by philanthropy on this side of the great sea. We must go back in imagination to the Forties or the Fifties—to the latter especially—to realize all that America once meant to the poor man of the Old World. Above all, we must be able to hum an old song to an old tune. One day it will be shown by some student of our ballad literature how a few popular songs served to people a continent. The author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and "To the West," was not a great writer, but he achieved this feat. Millions "trekked" to his verse across three thousand miles of sea. He summed up a whole movement of thought and aspiration, and pointed the moral of our welter of Chartism with words of courage and hope. He was the Carlyle of the masses, and his songs were a versified "Past and Present" without the bitterness, and, above all, with a Future thrown in.

Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow;
Courage! true hearts shall bear us on our
way;

Hope points before to show the bright to-morrow,

Let us forget the darkness of to-day.

The darkness was the worse than Egyptian gloom of the period of the potato famine in Ireland, and of the infancy of the trades-unions. Labor was the bondman of capital, and Manchester was winning the manufacturing lead of the world by reducing a whole

population to industrial slavery. To men in this condition, without a vote, and too often without a dinner, these songs were a trumpet-call.

To the West, to the West, to the land of the free!
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man if he's willing to toil,
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.

It was not exactly the finest blossom in the garland of Victorian poesy, but it was matchless criticism of life from the bread-and-butter point of view. It is still the song of the emigrant, though it has lost much of its import. Yet it has enough of that left when its echoes reach the saloon from the steerage o' nights on the great deep.

I have seen great theatres packed from floor to ceiling by its magic of hope, and huge audiences held spell-bound, especially in the region of the roof. The writer, Charles Mackay, is long since dead; the composer and singer, Henry Russell, has faded into the obscurity of a comfortable independence, and is now an old and, to this generation, an unknown man. The force of the appeal lay in its truth. It was a song of promise, and a song that kept its word. The West is still the land of the free, but it has lost its special gift of touching for the king's evil of poverty. In the opinion of our laboring people, it is now but a region very much like other regions. You may find a "job" there or you may not, and it is quite likely that you may land in the midst of a Pittsburg or a Pullman strike, or find your expected entertainers wholly absorbed by a Vanderbilt wedding. The New World, in fact, has become very much like the Old. You cross the ocean only to find the same social state. The word America has reverted to its uses as a geographical expression, and it no longer retains the virtues of a wonder-working charm. Precisely the same thing may be said of Australia, and for the same reasons; but America is our theme. There is no land of promise now, for the masses, in all the broad earth.

This has inevitably thrown us back

upon ourselves and lessened that interest in America which is but self-interest adapting its means to its ends. As America no longer has the same need of our toiling masses, they, perforce, must learn to have less need of America. Since America accepts them very much as matters of course, when she accepts them at all, they naturally return the compliment. The romance of their old relations has died out. That romance notoriously led the Lancashire weavers to starve during the cotton famine rather than join in the infamous cry for intervention to the detriment of the Union. At that time it seemed to be John Bright against a nation, but it was nothing of the sort. The great leader had the rank and file of the people with him, because the love and reverence of America was still fresh in every heart. The ruling and influential minority wished to see the republic divided, but the nation was sound. Its leader had only to appeal to a sentiment which was still a living force. The weavers were but a more shining and a more heroic example of the whole mass. The working folk throughout the land were sound for the Union, because they knew that their bread was still buttered on the American side, and, when all other reasons failed, because they loved America without knowing why. If they have ceased to love it, it is not by any means because they cherish the contrary feeling. A thousand times No. It is only that there is now a void where there was once a living spring of affection and regard. Perhaps the truest way of putting it is that a sentiment which was once active has now become dormant. People and people are still cousins, if you like, but they are cousins who have "ceased to write." There is no blame, either, to give or to receive. America, so far as our knowledge goes, has never knowingly wronged us in thought or deed. It has simply been very persistently minding its own business of late years, as we have been minding ours.

And ours—I am still speaking of the mass of the people—has been mainly to create an America for ourselves. "Here or nowhere is America," says Goethe's wise man of his own land and of his own strip of earth. Goethe's

countrymen, who form the bulk of the nation, have taken it to heart in the attempt to find their land of promise at home, as against Kaiser and Junker who wish to keep Germany as their own preserve. This is now the meaning of their political movement as it has long been the meaning of ours. We are for making our own democracy, our own republic, if you will, and we are strongly of opinion that we have already done wonders in that line. Our greatest pride is to see you sometimes coming here for lessons in the arts of our own teaching—inspecting our common schools and sending home glowing accounts of Glasgow or Birmingham as the most successful municipalities in the world. We like to think that we have been before you, thanks in great part to the splendid initiative of George Peabody, with the great problem of the housing of the poor. Our Socialists are all for this motto of “Here or nowhere is America.” The French variety have never had any other thought. They do not want to cross the sea for the right to live, they want to make France itself perfectly habitable for every mother’s son. They take no other community as a model, because their principle has ever been to evolve the desirable conditions from the inner consciousness. We are doing the same thing, and this has naturally weakened the hold of America on the popular imagination. And the change in us corresponds to a like change in you. As your tremendous national and individual prosperity has ministered more and more to the pride of life, you now have your strongest hold on the English classes and persons by whom that pride is fostered. The tie is now formed between American wealth, culture, and distinction, and the same things at home. All the “nice” things said as between country and country are said by travelling millionaires, or other persons of position. The democracies no longer exchange cards. The prophets of international good-will are Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Chauncey Depew. Our educated people have a readier access to the data of statesmanship and empire, and they know something of what America means. They can see it in its present popula-

tion and power, and foresee it in its growth. The moneyed and manufacturing classes pay homage to its achievements in their own line. Its significance as a democracy is, I firmly believe, lost on all classes whatsoever. But the material evidence of power is enough to insure respect with those whose apprehension is of material things.

Society, so called, has long since come to the conclusion that American Republicanism has no danger in it, as danger is estimated in Mayfair. Its members have been told that our system is really more democratic than yours, yet they find that ours suits them well enough, and does not preclude the highest possibilities of cakes and ale. The smooth things they prophesy at public dinner-tables about you are, therefore, quite sincere. Extremes meet: next to this worldly sentiment, the thing that binds us closest to America is the religious sentiment, as it exists in the dissenting bodies. There the solidarity seems perfect. The various churches that represent the principle of Independency on either side of the ocean are still as one in the communion of ideas. They are bound together by their scheme of Church government, which involves Republicanism in politics—of course only a latent Republicanism in our case. I always think that Deep of History and tradition is calling unto Deep when I see your Free Churchmen, of whatever stamp, exchanging greetings with ours, across the ocean, or across the table—the tea-table usually in this case. This keeps lower middle-class sentiment in England strong for the Union, and enshrines the image of America in the hearts of what may be called our yeomanry of the towns. An enormous intercourse takes place between the two great sections of what is virtually the same religious body. It leaves but slight traces in the newspapers, at any rate in those that reach the Man in the Street, but its signs and tokens are to be found on a thousand platforms, and in ten thousand homes. The intercommunication in philanthropic, temperance, and other works of that nature is enormous. The agreement of opinion, civil and religious, and the identity

of stand-point toward life are almost perfect. The much abused "Nonconformist Conscience" is for peace with America as the first of human concerns, and even of Divine.

The only danger lies in the too complete capture of the unthinking part of the nation by the astute and self-seeking promoters of the imperialistic idea. That idea has now come to mean business in the most literal sense of the term. Our cumbrous economic system of interests and classes which, after all, is with a difference the system of the whole world, needs a perpetual expansion into fresh markets. We have a pushing middle class all eager to become rich, and a resolute upper class determined to keep so. It is not to be done within the ordinary area of affairs; so there is a constant need of new sources of demand and supply. This means the extension of empire, on the part of a country like ours which would perish of inanition if left to itself. Other countries in Europe are in much the same position, and thus colonial extension is the all but universal policy of the time. It is the policy of Germany, and the policy of France—till now the most home-keeping nation, in its instincts, in all history. It has made Italy cast a longing eye on Tunis and the Argentine, and stretch forth a greedy hand toward Abyssinia. In our case, it is regarded as the only corrective to Socialism. The rich are to exploit new worlds, the poor are to find their account in the process by the increase of their opportunities as hewers of wood and drawers of water. The system, like some thriftless methods of farming, demands an ever fresh supply of virgin soil—in this case, the virgin soil of empire. To do the best with what we have involves problems in redistribution which the happy possessors of good things do not care to face. It is easier to take up new land abroad, and work it on the old lines. The late election marked the triumph of this policy carefully prepared in advance. It was fought to the cry of "Leave our time-honored institutions alone," which really meant, "Hands off our vested interests." The first result of it was a ministerial circular to the colonies in-

viting information as to the best methods of promoting trade. The mass were entertained with the more generous idea of empire for the sake of the fraternity of race, and they accepted it with the disinterestedness of their ignorance. The prudent liberals who feared the general hatred of the world in this wild scramble for territory, and that part of the working class under Socialistic influence which has small sympathy with the Imperial idea, were utterly overborne. They even contributed to each other's defeat by jealousies bred of the cross-purposes of party. The election was won, and the triumphant interests lost no time in setting to work. The first result of their activity is before the world as I write. They have promoted a filibustering expedition into the Transvaal on the shallowest of all pretexts of race grievance, and have brought upon us the bitterest humiliation we have had to endure since Majuba Hill. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the whole affair of Johannesburg was a put up job. The Boers were to be forced into a South African Confederation, whether they liked it or no, and were to cease to be masters in their own house. In fact their house room was wanted by their neighbors. The "City" has long had its eye on the Transvaal, as well as its hand, and it covets the vineyard all the more eagerly because of the gold beneath the soil. There was money in the raid, and money behind it. The pretext for the march of Jameson was that fellow-countrymen at Johannesburg who suffered oppression, also feared massacre. Yet the victims were careful to inform the deliverer, in their message of despair, that they would "guarantee his expenses." The success of his freebooting enterprise would have brought upon us the hate of the world, if not something worse. The Government itself was shocked by this hideous distortion of its own general policy, and worked in good faith to lay an effective veto on the adventure. The interests growled disapproval of the promptitude of the Minister, Mr. Chamberlain. The *Times* was evidently inspired by the conspirators. Things seemed in a very bad way, when the

rifles of the Boers once more settled the whole difficulty, national and international, and saved us from what might have been the greatest shame in our annals. The success of the South African Ring and their bagman buccaneer might have caused a deterioration in British public opinion, of which our re-

lations with America would have been the first to feel the effects. I have tried to tell you something of that opinion as it affects the United States. I hardly dare think of what would have been American opinion of Britain, if this abominable crime could have been carried out as it was planned.

THE SPRING

By Rupert Hughes

OYEZ! Oyez! a girl has run away!

She's truanting from Winter's convent-halls;
Stampeding all the world with fieldward calls,

And breeding mischief in the general clay.

She romps along the lanes and mimics May;

The savor of her blown, soft hair enthralls

The air. The snows melt where her footprint falls

On greening meads whose startled flowers betray

The coaxing tune her fleet vagary hums.

The leaves look out to watch her where she comes,

And pell-mell brooks break jail to scamper after;

And hill-homed cattle frisk that she is near.

She teases even the towns with fetching laughter.

Oyez! Who's seen the tomboy of the year?



A CHAMELEON

By Horace Annesley Vachell



MADE his acquaintance some ten years ago at the Hôtel Flaurent, Concarneau, Brittany. He introduced himself, I remember, at the *table d'hôte* and entertained me with much lively small talk.

"My name," he said, with a delightful laugh, which disarmed formality, "is Green. Apelles Green, of California. Pray don't touch that *ordinaire*. It's rank poison. Try the cider. I'm really awfully glad to see you, and I told old Flaurent to give you a good room facing the sea, and away from the smells."

I expressed my thanks.

"Not at all. The sight of a compatriot and a brother craftsman warms the cockles of my heart. I saw Jean Baptiste snake out your easel. What? Only an amateur! So much the better. We shall not quarrel. Do I know the ropes? Well, I should smile. Flaurent swears by me. And Madame—I must introduce you to Madame — she is my *particular friend*."

I scanned him critically, but he met my glance frankly, an amused smile hovering upon his lips. His physiognomy, no less than his physique, indicated remarkable vitality. A round, brown, hairless face it was, redeemed from the commonplace by a pair of sparkling hazel eyes, and a wide mouth, filled with dazzling teeth. His hair, fine as silk, was auburn in color; his small nose tiptilted skyward; his jaw, a trifle heavy for so young a man, protruded, and his forehead was low and broad. Sitting at table, I could form no just estimate of his physical proportions, but I learned subsequently that he had posed for Cabral, the sculptor, and the admirable symmetry of his limbs had found permanent expression in a bronze Discus Thrower, which had excited the enthusiastic admiration of "Tout Paris." I judged him to be some five and twenty years of age.

"Been here long?" I asked.

"Six months."

"Anything for the Salon?"

"Yes. A marine. Sky, sand, and sea. Figures are not my forte. I never had the patience to learn to draw really well."

We fell into art talk, and Apelles, under the influence of coffee and cigars, waxed confidential.

"I wish you had come earlier," he said, regretfully. "I must leave Concarneau soon and look up a dealer in Paris. I've half a dozen pot-boilers to dispose of, and it's folly selling 'em by proxy. It may amuse you, but I've a queer gift of the gab. I can screw fifty francs extra out of old Levy any day. Not to put a fine point on it, I'm stone broke. Not an obolus left! But Flaurent—God bless him—is my banker. He thinks the world of me, does Flaurent. Strange, isn't it?"

Soberly considering this question, I answer in the negative. The personality of this gay Californian was irresistibly pleasing. He had talent which counts with the Latin race; good looks which obtain recognition everywhere; and a twinkle in his left eye which commended itself to old and young. Some Englishmen, stopping at the hotel across the quay, had christened him "Joyous Green." The adjective was happily chosen.

"Un bon garçon," said Monsieur Flaurent to me, "il ira loin."

"No," cried a black-browed student from the "Beaux Arts." "No," he repeated, in broken English, snapping his powerful, spatulate fingers, "you have great wrong. He is a good fellow, yes, but he will not go far. He is—how do you call it—*l'eau de Seltz*?"

"Charged with gas," I suggested.

"*Parfaitement*; sparkling, you say. He has the gift of color, *bien entendu*, but his drawing—*Ciel!* He has no patience, he cannot work, work, work."

None the less, during the weeks we spent together I developed an amazing

friendship for "Joyous Green." He was good enough to say that my liking was returned. We fished together, walked together, and painted the same models. The latter, I remarked, were susceptible to magnetism. Indeed, wherever we went the eyes of the maidens rested boldly or shyly, as the case might be, upon Joyous Green.

But the time came—all too soon—when Apelles and I bade each other good-by. His trip to Paris could be no longer postponed. Standing upon the top of the diligence, he took an affecting leave. In his hand was a modest grip-sack; by his side a battered paint-box of japanned tin. His trunk, his easel, a crateful of canvases, and other impedimenta he intrusted to the care of Madame Flaurent. I can recall the scene. Francine, the chambermaid, in tears; Jean Baptiste staring stolidly at Apelles and muttering unintelligible nothings; Monsieur Flaurent gesticulating wildly; Madame waving a musk-scented pocket-handkerchief and crying shrilly "*Bon Voyage! Bon Voyage!*"

Apelles descended from his perch, kissed Madame upon each red cheek, shook hands once more with Flaurent and myself—I detected tears in his eyes—and remounted.

"*Je reviendrai*," he sang, in the words of a *chanson d'atelier*, "*Mardi, je reviendrai!*"

The stout Breton driver cracked his whip, the horses sprang into their collars, and the diligence clattered noisily down the stone-paved street.

"*Un charmant jeune homme*," murmured Monsieur Flaurent in my ear, as we re-entered the café, and I called for a couple of "bocks." . . . "*Un charmant jeune homme!*"

We sorely missed his pleasant face and cheery ways, but as the days sped by, we wondered vaguely at his silence. We watched the mails, but no letter came from Apelles. He never returned to Concarneau!

His trunk was burst open in my presence: it contained a pair of sabots, a paint-stained coat, some frayed underlinen, several numbers of an art journal, and a broken revolver.

"*Ce sacré Green*," cried mine host

between his set teeth. "*C'est un voleur, voyez vous, un voleur!*"

"*Mais charmant, tout de même*," sighed Madame.

"He owes me," shouted her husband, "seven hundred and fifty francs. Do you hear that, Madame Flaurent? Seven hundred and fifty francs, for board bills and cash advanced. Sappppppppristi!"

Three springs later I had the pleasure of meeting "Joyous" at Florence. He was accurately attired in fawn-colored cashmere cloth. A camellia adorned the silken lapel of his frock-coat. Upon his well-shaped feet were pointed, patent-leather boots. Upon his head a fashionable, tall hat. He had grown a small mustache, the ends of which were carefully waxed. In other respects he was unchanged.

"Why, Green," I cried, "this can't be you."

"Hush!" he whispered, laying his hand upon my arm. "Don't yell, dear boy, and don't call me Green. I am Green no longer. My salad days are over. I am Browne, with the final 'e,' if you please, Apelles Browne."

He winked. The twinkle evoked the sunniest memories. I saw once more the stone *digue* at Concarneau, the green surges of the mighty Atlantic, the white-coifed maidens, the gleaming stretches of wet sand, the brown-sailed fishing-smacks.

"Do you still paint?" I asked.

"Paint! *pas si bête, mon vieux*. I am private secretary to Mrs. Gideon T. Boal, of Philadelphia."

"Boal's axle-grease," I ejaculated.

"Yes, my boy. That blessed compound has limbered me up. What do you think of this, and this, and this?"

He pointed significantly to the pear-shaped pearl in his tie, the camellia, the patent-leather boots, the lemon-colored gloves.

"You never met Boal? No. He was a type. I ran across him at Forges les Eaux. He was taking the cure there, but it did him no good. He passed in his checks and I found myself alone with the widow. Five millions, old man, and no children. Think of it. I had paint-

ed the portrait of the dear departed, and the widow could not speak a word of French. Finally, she offered me two thousand a year as Private Secretary. I have been with her a little over a year, and—and—" He paused. I waited for the inevitable confession, but it did not come. He glanced quickly at my face and concluded his sentence, "and you must dine with us this very evening!"

"I am hardly in condition," I began, "to—er——"

"Come as you are," he said, eagerly. "Mrs. Boal is not particular. Bless you, you ought to have seen old Boal. He took life easy in a flannel shirt. And see here, my dear chap, the world does not seem to have wagged with you as it has with me. I've got more money than I know how to spend. Let me——"

"Stay," I said, holding up my hand. "I am not a subject for charity. And, Apelles, before we pick up the strands of our friendship, you must tell me why you changed your name."

"You suspicious old crank," he replied, lightly. "You look at me as if I'd robbed a train. However, I'll gratify your harmless curiosity at once. Let's hunt a shade-tree."

We walked down the Cascine, until we found an unoccupied seat. As we strolled along, I noticed that my companion frequently raised his hat in response to bows and greetings.

"You know all the world and his wife," I observed.

"I'm in the swim," he answered, carelessly, "but between you and me these society people are a dull crowd. But I'm awfully glad to see your picturesque old phiz again. Someway you inspire confidence, and I want to unbosom myself."

We sat down presently and lighted a couple of cigars.

"You have been in California?" said Apelles, abruptly.

"Yes—many times."

"Did you ever meet the Rev. Jerome White?"

"The man who wrote 'Tertullian and his Times?' Yes."

"He was my father. That astonishes you, eh? Oh, yes, he had other children

by another wife, but I was the eldest son, his Esau," he added, emphatically.

During our previous intercourse no bitter word had dropped from my friend's lips. His greatest charm in my eyes had been an easy "*bonhomie*," a "sweet reasonableness"—as Matthew Arnold would have it—which confronted alike good or ill-fortune with philosophical suavity.

"I was a fairly good boy," continued Apelles, gloomily, "not a godly youth, of course, but straight as a string, and plastic as clay in the hands of the potter. The old gentleman might have moulded me into a parson, if he had gone to work the right way, but he lived, among his books, way back in the centuries, and my step-mother was a regular devil. She sowed discord between us, and the governor had a hot temper. Every week or so he would have a row until the thing became monotonous. One morning, he dubbed me a 'son of Belial.' I told him, with a grin, not to revile himself. That made him boil. We had a frightful scene and I—I was nineteen—threatened to leave his roof. 'Go,' he said, pointing to the door, 'go, and disgrace my good name.'"

"I don't call White a good name," I retorted, "and from now on I propose to discard it."

"I left his house with a derisive laugh on my lips and shipped aboard a sailing ship bound to Havre, around the Horn. Before we were out of Golden Gate Bay, I regretted my rashness, but it was too late. The second mate asked me my name. 'Green,' I said. He eyed me curiously. 'Green, is it,' he said, not unkindly. 'Well, my lad, Green is a better name than Black.'"

Apelles laughed and slapped me on the shoulder.

"And that's how I filched the name of Green," he added, resuming his natural manner. "But I never liked the name. It smacked of a youthful verdancy, and, accordingly, some two years ago, I dropped it. I am no longer Green, but brown I always was, and Browne, with the final 'e' remember, I propose to remain."

"And your father?" I asked.

"When I landed at Havre I learned

by chance that he was dead. A little money came to me from his estate, but, like a fool, I spent it. I was always, you know, *un panier percé*. Then I drifted into Art, painted bon-bon boxes for a living. You know all about it."

"And now," I said, slowly, "you propose to marry Mrs. Boal."

"She proposes to marry me," he amended, "and why should I say her nay. I tell you, Horace, I'm not built for a poor man. My appetite for all the good things of life is too large, and my morals, you see I am honest, too slim. But it's easy—as dear Becky says, to be virtuous with ten thousand a year, and it must be easier still with an income of half a million. I used to wonder why the deuce Boal had been permitted to accumulate his vast pile. No one was the better off, not even his wife—poor woman—as long as he lived. But his death emphasized the eternal fitness of things. I could not hope to rake up a million dollars in a million years, but, by Jove, I can oil the wheels of a thousand lives with the proceeds of Boal's axle-grease. I mean to keep the Recording Angel busy jotting down my credits in the ledger. The poor little debits will soon be wiped out. I dare say you thought I had treated the Flaurents scurvily. So I did. I intended to remit, but my marine was skied at the Salon, and the pot-boilers went for a song. However, I paid the old dears in full a few months ago, and sent Madame a gold watch and chain. Well, old man, I have confessed and cried *mea culpa*. Is it all right?"

"It is all right," I replied, and we shook hands.

"And you will dine with us to-night at Doney's, hey?"

"With pleasure."

I had expected to find in the person of Mrs. Gideon T. Boal the typical American parvenu, a large, loud-voiced be-diamonded female. I was agreeably surprised to meet a pretty little woman, a sugar-blonde, of genteel (I apologize for the word) bearing, with precise manners and a "prunes and prisms" voice. Her chin and nose, faintly encarmined, were sharply moulded, and

I learned from Apelles that she suffered from dyspepsia, and had passed her thirty-fourth birthday.

During dinner, "Joyous" was in high spirits, but the widow spoke seldom. She watched Apelles out of the corner of her eye, and smiled approvingly at his quips. The approaching marriage was discussed, and my friend made no secret of his change of name.

"First White," he said, "then Green, now Browne. I am a chameleon, by Jupiter, a chameleon. I take my color from my environment. White in California, white with dust, white, too, of soul, a dear little innocent. Then green, green as the pleasant vineyards of France, and here in sun-baked Italy, brown. Brown as the eternal hills, brown as the faces of the *contadini*!"

"I must leave you two for five minutes," he observed, carelessly, after the coffee had been brought in. "I promised to meet a man at the Club. Be sure and take your Lacto-Peptine, Alethea." The widow's name was Alethea. "Fifteen grains, my love, in half a wineglassful of water."

"He has a beautiful figure," said Mrs. Boal to me, "but he is very young."

"You, too, are young," I replied, bluntly.

"No, I am no longer young, I don't feel young. Nobody feels young who takes Lacto-Peptine. Yes, thank you—fifteen grains. Ten used to be sufficient, but I had to increase the dose."

"You and Apelles intend to live in Philadelphia?"

"No. People are so unkind at home. They will say he married me for my money. He is not rich in this world's goods, but in morals, in morals," she repeated dramatically, "he is a millionaire!"

A bitter-sweet savor about this authoritative statement both amused and saddened me. Her confidence in Apelles was touching.

"He is very lucky," I murmured, "very lucky indeed."

"Mr. Boal," she observed, whimsically, "considered me a fool."

At the urgent request of this queerly assorted couple I consented to remain in Florence until after the wedding, and made thereby two discoveries, to

wit: Mrs. Boal was childishly fond of society, and, further, a devout church member, a Presbyterian of the straightest sect.

"My disposition," said Apelles to me, "is changing for the worse. This simple, pastoral diet of family prayers, tea-fights, and lawn-tennis palls on my jaded palate. Alethea is as good as gold. You mustn't think I'm kicking, the fact is I've not got a kick left in me. But—hang it all—the thought of measuring out that Lacto-Peptine three times a day, till death do us part, does make me squirm! There—pussy's out of the bag, and I feel better already!"

"My friend," I said, severely, "have you ever heard of the Doctrine of Compensation?"

"Damn the Doctrine of Compensation. I say," he whispered, "let's take a run up to Paris, and take in the Folies Bergères, etc."

"Are you mad?"

"Saner than you, I'll be sworn."

He pressed my arm affectionately.

"One little, harmless bust," he urged, "before the final catastrophe. It will do us both good. We shall return rejuvenated. I can invent a thousand excuses, a million, if necessary. Come, let us go; my feet are aching for the asphalt. We will dine at Bignon's, sup at——"

"You are not mad, Apelles," I said, angrily. "You are a fool!"

"You won't come with me?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I shall go alone."

"If you do that, Apelles, if you trifle with the feelings of a loving woman, I shall call you knave as well as fool. Confound it, man, have you no loyalty, no gratitude?"

"Come with me," he persisted. "Come with me?"

"No."

"Shake hands, you old curio, I was only joking."

I held out my hand reluctantly. Somehow, in my obtuse fashion, I failed to appreciate the jest. A strange light gleamed in my friend's eyes. In his hazel eyes some imp of unrest was dancing a fantastic *pas-seul*, a measure set to the music of Bohemia, those magical cadences of no time, no country,

which surely wooed the fancies of Sappho, Catullus, Murger, De Musset.

We walked in silence the length of the Lung' Arno, and then parted for the night. Apelles sought his club, and I my lodging, near the Mercato Vecchio. During the greater portion of the day following, I was busily employed collating a curious Latin manuscript at the monastery of the Certosa. Returning to Florence late in the afternoon, I met a young Englishman.

"Your friend Apelles," he said, laughing, "had better sacrifice to the gods that pear-shaped pearl of his. His luck is too good to last."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, haven't you heard? He was playing baccarat at the club last night, and won fifteen thousand francs. Fortune comes to him with both hands full."

As I mounted my steep staircase, I questioned the truth of this story. Mrs. Boal regarded all forms of gambling, even progressive euchre for bon-bons, with Pharisaical horror. Apelles cared little for card-playing. He had often assured me that he disliked the winning of a friend's money, and to gratify the widow he had renounced whist. Why—I asked myself—why this sudden indiscretion?

As I unlocked the door of my modest apartment, *sous les toits*, I perceived a letter lying upon the floor. I picked it up and opened it with sundry qualms.

"*Jacta est alea*," it began. "I leave Florence this afternoon for Paris, and ultimately Norway. Indirectly *you* are responsible for this flight into Egypt. Till you appeared on the scene I was satisfied with my condition. I hugged my chains. But the sight of your old velvetene coat suggested forbidden fruit. I began to sigh for Liberty, with a large 'L,' and that cursed phial of Lacto-Peptine, which I packed around in my vest pocket, grew heavier each day. I am awfully sorry for poor Alethea, but Capo di Monte will console her. He measures forty-four inches round the chest. The fact is she is a saint with an infirmity of stomach; I, alas, am a sinner. *Nous ne marchons*

pas dans le même chemin. I made a winning last night which will keep my feet out of miry places.

"Ever thine,
"APELLES."

"P.S. You know my idiosyncrasy, my chameleon-like habit. You will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that I have decided to drop the name Browne. It reminds me painfully of Boal. You can write me, care of the American Consul, Christiania, addressing Apelles Gray. Gray is a nice, neutral name, non-committal, in harmony with northern skies, granite cliffs, seething, swirling waters, and salmon leaping in lonely pools. Think kindly of me. *Vale.*"

I laid the letter down with a sigh. Why had this fellow twice crept into my life, and out of it? What subtle chord of sympathy connected us? Why did I feel so horribly, miserably lonely? To these and other questions I could find no answer.

The widow took, weeping, to her bed. Ariadne, lying lonely upon the strand of Naxos, shed no more acrid tears than she, but Don Giovanni Capodi Monte ultimately consoled her. She is now a principessa with three children and a triple-chin. I understand that Lacto-Peptine is not to be found in the princely medicine chest, and that Her Excellency enjoys superb health. She attends mass regularly, she plays poker, she rides a bicycle to reduce her flesh, and dances the cotillon! *Varium et mutabile semper femina!*

Seven years later I was in London, at the Westminster Aquarium. My small affairs had prospered. I was no longer out of elbows, nor out of pocket. But apart from material prosperity I had been singularly unfortunate. I had married and within eighteen months buried a young wife. I still walked the world alone, without kith or kin, a solitary man.

As I strolled idly from tank to tank, my attention was riveted upon the name "Apelles," in flaring type. Unconsciously my mind reverted to "Joyous Green." I had written him care of the American Consul, Christiania, but

the letter had been returned to me. I had also made inquiries in Berlin, Paris, New York, and London, but my *débonnaire* friend had disappeared.

"Who is Apelles?" I asked of a saleswoman.

"The Perfect Man," she replied, promptly. "He shows three times a day. Eleven to twelve. Three to four. Nine to ten. Go and see him."

"But who is he?"

"Nobody knows. He wears a mask. They say," she added, mysteriously, "that he's no end of a toff, a Westender, a reg'ler swell! Let me sell you his picture? Only a 'bob.'"

She pushed a photograph across the counter. I glanced at it, paid for it, and retired.

It was, indeed, Apelles. The face was hidden by the mask, but the rather coarse chin and magnificent throat were not to be mistaken. I consulted my watch—half past eight—and scribbled a line upon a card.

"Give that to Apelles," I said to one of the Aquarium servants.

"Hapelles don't see nobody," he replied. "Thank ye, sir, I'll send in the card, but 'e don't see nobody."

He returned, however, grinning:

"Yer in luck, sir. Hapelles is hami-able. 'E'll see yer in is dressink-room. Please to foller me."

I was ushered into a small room behind the big stage, and there, in white tights, with a cloak thrown across his broad shoulders and a cigar between his lips sat "Joyous Green!"

But joyous no longer. His face was redder and coarser; his eyes had lost their brilliance; the expression of his features was morose and gloomy.

"So we meet again," he cried, with a mirthless laugh. "What a world it is!"

I stared at him, for the moment speechless.

"Behold the Perfect Man," he continued, "and take a cigar, they're perfect, too."

They were, in fact, perfectos of the most expensive brand.

"What are you doing *here*?" I asked.

"Putting my muscles to a new and original abuse. I make thirty pounds a week. Do you earn as much?"

"No."

"I thought not. Scribbling is shockingly underpaid. I've kept partial track of you in the magazines and elsewhere. You preserve, my friend, the illusions, but not the appearance of youth. Your back is bowed; your hair is thin and gray. Look at me."

He flung his cloak aside and sprang, theatrically, to his feet. The light from two incandescent lamps fell full upon his superb body. He had grown larger, more massive, but still retained that marvellous proportion of strength and grace, that admirable combination of bone, muscle, and sinew, which had inspired the "Discus Thrower," the masterpiece of Cabral.

"I see a change," I said, coldly.

"Well, am I not a creature of change, a chameleon? White, Green, Browne, Gray, and now Black. Let me introduce myself to you; Apelles Black, Professional Poser."

"Where have you been these seven long years?"

"I spent four of them in the Southern Seas. I heard the waves breaking upon the coral reefs of Tahiti. I saw the palm groves of Samoa, the volcanoes of Hawaii. Then I wandered through Chili and Peru. Finally, I met the enterprising Spinks and he tempted me with his gold. It is he who has exploited me as the Perfect Man. I must face my audience in five minutes. Will you wait and see me go through my tricks?"

"No," I replied, hurriedly. "Not to-night."

"Ah, the difference between the perfect man and the imperfect soul is too offensively salient. Good-night, *mon cher*, come and see me to-morrow at eight."

Accordingly, at eight I presented myself, determined to make one vigorous effort to rescue this brand from the burning. Apelles was awaiting me. His humor had changed. He appeared five years younger.

"I was blue last night," he admitted, "an ugly color. I saw a ghost. It gibbered at me as I talked with you. The ghost of what I might have been, eh? The *coulisses* harbor many such grisly phantoms! You evoked the spirit, but Spinks laid it with a check."

"Quit this cursed business," I said, with energy. "Come to Paris with me and take up drawing again. You are young; you have talent; the gift of color; a trained sense of the beautiful. All you need is two years under Bouguereau; two years, eight hours a day, of black and white."

"Very fine, *mon vieux*, but if I leave my dear Spinks I walk out of this a pauper."

"I have enough for two. Live with me."

"You have the best heart, old fellow, the kindest in the world, but your brain is soft, too. Your ideas are Utopian. I am unstable as Reuben. My grandmother was a Spanish Mexican, and I inherit from her a brown skin and a cursed habit of procrastination. I can appreciate the better, but I choose the worse. That, perhaps, is the unpardonable sin. I have paved a whole section, six hundred and forty acres, in Hades with my good resolutions."

"But you can resist temptation," I said, warmly. "You abandoned a cool five millions. You——"

"The Lacto-Peptide did it," he interrupted, with a grimace. "That and the Westminster Confession of Faith. If I had gauged the true nature of that woman I might have married her. The Italian has kicked the foolishness out of her, so I hear, but she would have ruled me, I suppose, with a rod of iron. No, no, you must let me go to the devil in my own way, and at my own gait. Perhaps," he added, slowly, "we had better not meet. You are terribly upsetting, do you know it, with your cut and dried code of ethics; your well-salted apothegms; your sober, serious face. Go your ways, *mon vieux*, and leave me to wallow in peace. We will crack one bottle for old sake's sake, and part!"

I argued with him for ten minutes, and lost my temper. He rang a hand-bell and told the call-boy to send round some champagne.

"I'll not drink with you," I cried, hotly, seizing my hat. "I despise you too much. I could kick myself for wasting a thought upon you. You are rotten, rotten to the core."

He listened in silence, but when I turned to leave he barred the way.

"You are perfectly right," he said, coolly, "but I prefer to call myself names. I can do the subject justice; you can't! Good-night."

I hesitated. Something in his face moved me profoundly.

"I beg your pardon, Apelles. You are nobody's enemy but your own. I have no earthly right to reproach you. Here is my address in Paris. My offer to you remains open for six months. As the Perfect Man I have no use for you, nor you for me, but as Apelles, the painter, I would welcome you as a brother—Good-by."

As soon as my work, a comparison of certain MSS. in the library of the British Museum, was concluded I determined to return to Paris. London provoked my spleen. Go where I would, the name "Apelles" stared me in the face. The walls of the town were plastered with horrible advertisements. The Perfect Man met me at every corner. This shameful publicity angered me beyond measure. "I must take some drastic medicine," I reflected, "I must see this poser before I go. The sight of him, in public, will surely cure my absurd complaint."

But when I reached the Aquarium I learned, to my amazement, that Apelles had vanished. None knew whither! I interviewed Mr. Spinks, who foamed at the mouth with impotent rage, and denounced the Perfect Man in words which cannot be repeated.

"Black," he said, fiercely. "Black-guard would be the better name."

"Does he owe you money?" I asked, coldly.

"No, sir," replied the distinguished Spinks, "but he owes me *gratitood*. He paid up his forfeit, all he had, I reckon, but what of it? He's fooled me out of thousands; yes, sir, thousands! Why,

I'd signed papers to take him to New York. The women there would have gone crazy over his shape. His abdominal muscles were as good as a gold mine! In a year, one year, he'd ha' become famous!"

"Infamous," I suggested.

Mr. Spinks stared and continued:

"He's a fool, a damned, ungrateful, senseless fool. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord, what a fool he is!"

I returned to Paris rejoicing. My good Babette, the wife of the concierge, greeted me effusively.

"We have a new lodger," she cried, "a friend and compatriot of Monsieur."

"His name?" I asked, idly.

"*C'est drôle*," she replied, "but he has no name. He told me to call him Monsieur Blanc!"

The truth flashed upon me, and pushing Babette hastily aside I rushed upstairs. Apelles, with outstretched hands and smiling face, was standing at the door of my salon.

"Yes," he said later, "I have taken you at your word. I make no promises, no rash resolutions. I have realized, to my shame, that I cannot stand alone, but I lean on you. In my protean capacity I have rung change upon change. I have travelled a weary road from White to Black. Is it possible, I ask you, to retrace my steps?"

"It is possible."

"I hope so. I begin again to-morrow at Julian's. For a name, even a dog must have a name, I shall adopt that of Blanc. It suggests whitewash. *Blanc d'Espagne*. Honestly, I feel regenerate, but"—he sighed—"I know my weakness."

It is now September. For eight months Apelles has worked like a horse. Has he the staying qualities of that quadruped? That is the question.

THE POINT OF VIEW

On a Saying
of Burns.

SOMEONE who wrote a newspaper paragraph about the unwillingness of *Dumas fils* to connive at the posthumous publication of his literary relics, spoke of the fallibility of literary executors, and wound up with an allusion to the remark of Burns, that he did not want the awkward squad to fire over his grave. And was it Burns who said that? You knew it was, of course; but I confess that I had forgotten the saying and clean forgotten the application and authorship of it, so that though the words were really familiar when I read them, they were as good as new to me, and brought Burns back a human creature in plain sight and speaking. Ah, brethren, there was a man! What do I know of him, what do you know of him? unless you happen lately to have "read him up," or unless your memory is of a different quality from the gradual process of relinquishment which serves as mine. His poems we know, and somewhat about his circumstances, and about his various sweethearts, and what Walter Scott, who saw him once, said of his wonderful eyes, and about his predilection for alcohol, and his ill-contrived marriage, and what a misguided, unregulated son of nature he was. But of his mind and his humor, much as we know, it is not enough. We do not, and never can, know him nearly well enough as the man who could have deprecated, as he sank under the burden of his frailties and misfortunes, that inevitable volley of the awkward squad over his grave. With all our faults—with our reputed passion for publicity, our supposed desire to read everything about everybody in the newspapers, our preference of entertainment to instruction, and our tendency to gauge success by a money standard—with all our utilitarian processes we do

get out a greater proportion of what is in our good men nowadays than Burns's fellow-creatures got out of him. We know them better, use them more thriftily. Consider what we got out of Stevenson! The last spark of energy at that good writer's service was spent for us. How great his labor was, and done with what expenditure of gradually failing strength, appears in his letters to Mr. Colvin; but for every stroke expended he got his prompt material return in money that made practicable to him the only sort of life it was possible for him to live. Burns found recognition and appreciation as warm as any writer ever had. He was locally famous in his lifetime. His countrymen knew him for a great poet, and went duly and properly mad over him. But there was no market a century ago where poetry could be turned into gold. For twenty years Burns drudged at common work, and then died in poverty at thirty-seven, owner of a precious gift which could not lift him out of a squalid environment, or even bring him bread. Stevenson, a far frailer man, lived ten years longer and wrought at his art to the very last. That was partly because he was a civilized being and knew how to use and to preserve such strength as he had, but largely because he had access to a great literary market out of which he could get the money that enabled him to retain his spirit in its broken frame.

We hear it complained from time to time that literature nowadays has come to be too much a money-making trade, and that our writers, provided they get their so many cents a word, are careless of the quality of their deliverances. Stevenson was very cordially interested—almost as much as Tennyson himself—in the money his writings brought him, but ever with scrupulous diligence he strove to put

into them the best he had to bestow. Burns, poor man, was eager enough to win what meagre dole he could out of his poems, but the returns were too direfully scant, and failing to make a living as poet, he labored as a farmer, and failing there too, took office as an exciseman, and went the way that opened naturally in that vocation to his particular kind of flesh. One is bound to wish he could have been exposed to some of the demoralizing influences which are said to beset authorship in our day; that paragraphs might have spread his fame in two continents; that newspapers might even have published his likeness; that editors and publishers might have bid against one another for his poems; that a thousand readers might have known and read and paid tribute to him for every one that did. His verses might in some instances have been the more staid for it, but genius like his is hardy and would have had its say. It did have its say in spite of adversity, but adversity did not develop it, but quenched it long before its time.

IF there is any reason for disappointment in the two volumes of Matthew Arnold's letters that have been recently published, and that form all the biography we are to have of him, it is easily accounted for by the fact that the letters included are very limited in scope, and have evidently been most severely edited; and by the very quality which after all might have been expected in every strictly personal writing of their author. Nearly all of them are to members of his immediate family; and such letters, shorn, as they must be for publication, of the greater part of their intimacy, are apt to be left somewhat dry and meagre because we have not their whole atmosphere; because a man does not, except in rare instances, write to those who involuntarily supply all the knowledge of opinion, feeling, and circumstance—to those to whom he can talk *à demi mot*—in such a way as to make the most interesting reading for the world at large. And Mr. Arnold, by the very quality that made him the man he was, by the very terms of his creed, was as far as possible from the subjective natures that depict themselves involuntarily in any correspondence, intimate or other. His own personality was not to him the foremost thing in the universe; indeed, we are justified in thinking

that it interested him very little; while that kind of love of analysis of others which is likely to accompany the subjective and unduly introspective nature because it feeds it with material, was also foreign to him—or if not foreign he combated it. In spite of his unsurpassed power of characterization where he chose to use it, it is noticeable how little of it or of analytical comment there is in all this correspondence as compared with almost any other.

But if there is not as much direct expression of personality or opinion in these letters as would have been welcomed by many readers, there is the fullest reason in them for the renewal of our admiration of two qualities especially, which his friends must always have felt most strongly, but which the public may have lost sight of in other things. No additional illustration can be given of Matthew Arnold's exercise of the function of the critic in his own highest sense; of the singular lucidity of his every thought and performance, even if founded on a mistaken premise; of his value as a teacher of true sight and clear thinking, in literature at least; but these volumes illustrate anew his courage, and the largeness, that is the true humanity, of his aims. If there is any remnant left of the feeling that his was a donnish attitude, there is ample evidence in these letters to change it, if they are read thoughtfully. What he wanted was not that some of us should have the truth and patronize the rest with it; but that all should have it. He gave the great labor of his life for this, and against circumstances of which the discouraging nature creeps into these letters again and again—always met with the spirit shown in a sentence of one of the letters to his mother: "We are not here to find facilities, but to make them." To fulfil the old popular conception of him, his references to his task in popular education should be filled with the plaint of the fastidious scholar called from his pleasant fields by a disagreeable duty; instead of which it is plain that his work had, in Mr. Birrell's phrase, an "almost passionate" devotion and conviction behind it. That most significant paragraph from the paper contributed by Mr. Birrell to this Magazine just after Arnold's death—which Mr. Morley cites in the *Nineteenth Century* as "the most acute, just, manly, and felicitous of all the many criticisms of which Arnold has been the subject"—can hardly be

recalled too often. Mr. Morley quotes it in full, but that is no reason for not quoting it again.

"Liberalism is not a creed, but a frame of mind. Mr. Arnold's frame of mind was Liberal. No living man is more deeply permeated with the grand doctrine of Equality than was he. He wished to see his countrymen and countrywomen all equal: Jack as good as his master, and Jack's master as good as Jack; and neither talking clap-trap. He had a hearty un-English dislike of anomalies and absurdities. He fully appreciated the French Revolution, and was consequently a Democrat. He was not, like Mr. Gladstone, a democrat from irresistible impulse; nor, like Mr. Labouchere, from love of mischief; nor, like Mr. Morley, from hatred of priests; nor, like the average British workman, from a not unnatural desire to get something on account of his share of the family inheritance—but all roads lead to Rome, and Mr. Arnold was a democrat from a sober and partly sorrowful conviction that no other form of government was possible. He was an Educationalist, and Education is the true Leveller. His almost passionate cry for better middle-class education arose from his annoyance at the exclusion of large numbers of this great class from the best education the country afforded."

And later in the same paper, Mr. Birrell says again:

"The best of Everything for Everybody. This was his gospel and his prayer."

THE *London Graphic* published a short time ago some half dozen direct reproductions of photographs of scenes after one of the massacres in Armenia—reproductions made, that is, without any retouching or other intervention of the artist, and therefore giving precisely, with a certain ghastly crudeness, what the light of that morning in the Armenian village printed on the film. In one picture the bodies of men, women, and children, roughly collected for burial, lie in a little field; in another they are laid in long rows in a shallow pit. There are no "effects;" there is no dramatic grouping, such as the sketches of artist correspondents emphasize; there is nothing but this stark presentment of what actually lay before the camera, when its shutter clicked and it made the scene a part of recorded history for all time.

The Photograph
in History.

The *Graphic* printed a few impressive words with these photographs, pointing out that here, for perhaps the first time, photography gave its inexorable testimony in a historic case where all the world was studying and questioning the evidence; but in spite of this note I doubt if most of those who read it digested all the food for thought that the matter gave. I do not mean the Armenian massacre; that belongs to a larger topic, which is in no danger of neglect and is under discussion elsewhere than in paragraphs like this; but the appearance of the photograph in history. The phonograph, speaking in the future with the voice of a man a hundred years dead, is a possibility whose impressiveness has been noticed often enough; but to my thinking it is nothing to what the recording bit of sensitized glass or paper suggests.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,

Horace Smith said to the mummy. What if we had a plate a few inches square on which the Theban sun had printed those streets full of the action of a busy afternoon? What if we had a photograph of a thoroughfare or a courtyard on the morning of the last day of Pompeii? What if the shutter of a camera had been opened for a tenth of a second on Whitehall on a certain January day in 1649, or on the Place de la Concorde in the same month of 1793? There seems a ghastly kind of flippancy in mentioning possibilities like these last: they belong, perhaps, to the unspeakable; but we have to face the fact that analogous things are just what the men of a century or two hence will have in their archives. The recording man stops at nothing, and the human nature that knit stockings by the foot of the guillotine would point cameras at a king on the scaffold.

It is curious to wonder what will be the effect of this and other means of starkly authentic record on the race, and especially on the quality which we variously call sentiment or reverence or the idealizing quality. How will it bear all this? Will it diminish or increase as it is able oftener to see things without haloes or manufactured atmosphere of any kind? Or will it go on just as it always has, taken in the large; extracting the essential truth whether it is presented in the form of a work of art or some scratches on a pebble?

THE FIELD OF ART

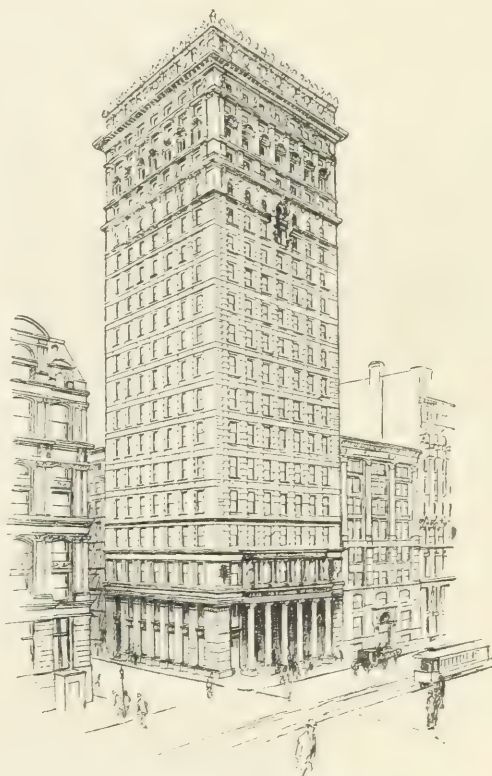
HIGH BUILDINGS—THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY'S EXHIBITION—GUSTAVE FLAUBERT—JOHN P. DAVIS.



THE high business buildings were mentioned in these pages of the January number as parts of the natural landscape and not as architectural structures; but now that the subject of their actual and possible architectural merit comes up, it becomes necessary to allude once more to their effect upon the spectator when viewed from a considerable distance—half a mile or more. Architects of standing and first-rate intelligence were discussing the Surety Building the other night, and agreed that its design was a failure so far as distant effect was concerned; for what was it but a box when seen from the ferry-boats? The details, they thought, should be so modified as to give stronger and broader shadows, and in this way tell their architectural tale. It is a fair question to ask these critics: What building do they know whose details are effective half a mile away? The answer must be that the gigantic *pilastrata* of St. Peter's could be seen at this distance when the sun shone full upon it; but that order is thirty-four metres high as the drawings scale, or say one hundred and thirteen feet. It is the common opinion of good judges that a colossal order like this does more harm than good, dwarfs the building to which it is applied, and the neighboring buildings as well, and, from the impracticability of investing the building with sculpture on the same scale, must needs be cold and bare. The order of St. Peter's dwarfs its one hundred and sixty feet of vertical wall to the

apparent size of a commonplace structure. If we can imagine the Surety Building with its three-hundred-foot wall divided into two orders with proportionate basement and attic, these two words being used in their architectural sense, we can imagine also how the architectural value of the building would be sacrificed to the bare possibility of a distant effect.

It seems as if the old and familiar principles of architectural design must be held to apply to the "sky-scrapers" as well as to other buildings, and that Nature must be allowed to dress them up in robes of light and shadow for distant effect, a thing which Nature understands. There remains, of course, the



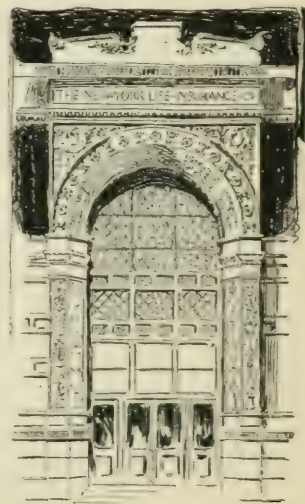
The American Surety Building.

question of sky-line, and the Surety Building might, of course, be treated with a pyramidal roof and sixty-foot chimneys rising from the walls to overtop the roof like a sixteenth century château. That experiment is yet to be tried; one of the competitors in the matter of this same Surety Building proposed to try it. It is yet to be tried in twenty-story buildings, but in St. Paul the building of the New York Life Insurance Company shows the result of the experiment on a somewhat smaller scale. The St. Paul building is, in its way, an architectural triumph. It has only eleven stories available for offices; but those who have tried to make a design out of even eleven stories will not say that they and their aggregate height of one hundred and fifty feet or so are easy to manage. The difficulty is, of course, that except for your basement story and, perhaps, your higher and more prominent ground story, the rest of your mass must be divided into horizontal layers of nearly the same height, importance, and distribution. The exterior must be divided into bands of the same width, each band divided into small windows with narrow piers between them. There is no way of escape from this, except the making windows of three or four stories into the semblance of one huge window; but this scheme always ends in confusion and failure. The St. Paul building is not marred by this serious fault. It is treated somewhat in the spirit of the German Renaissance, except that it is kept well in hand, and also that its detail has a refinement and delicacy rather fifteenth-century Italian than sixteenth-century German. The windows are nearly all square-headed, and had better have been so one and all, beautiful as the windows in the seventh story are in themselves. Two stories are in the roof, and their rooms are lighted by dormer windows, but the lower pitch of the curb roof is so steep as to pass for a wall. The story below these two serves for a *bahut* or super-cornice to start the roof from, and these three stories are masked by the decorative gables, which form the chief features of the front. The front of the building is divided into two masses projecting from a still larger mass in the rear and divided by a narrow courtyard. It is these two masses which are crowned by the gables; their corners are marked by emphatic quoins, the more pronounced because of stone, while the body

of the upper wall is of brick. Between the projections enclosing the front of the courtyard is a most exquisite Renaissance door-piece, which, of course, masks an entrance corridor.

It is to be regretted that the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts did not, in its recent exhibition, continue the traditions of the two preceding exhibitions in regard to hanging. The Salon of the Champ-de-Mars has shown the possibility of making a large art exhibition less ugly as an *ensemble* than of old, and one of the means is to hang each artist's work in a group, a space between each picture, and a greater one between each group, with not more than two or three rows of pictures. By following this plan the exhibition is smaller but choicer; there is infinitely less bewilderment and fatigue to the spectator, and better justice is done to the individual artist. One wonders what the old masters would have thought of a modern crowded art gallery with its curious juxtapositions and barbaric frames.

What a virile, magnificent talent is that of Winslow Homer! He is perhaps at his best in painting the ruder life and landscape of our country, the forest primeval, with its sombre pines and quiet lakes, camp life, and tragedies of the chase, or the ocean in its wilder moods, as in the three superb marines at the academy. What a vivid impression they give one of the roar and bang of waves, the weight of water in motion, and the solid black rocks that resist its advance. Truly there is hope for a country that has produced a painter of such uncompromising honesty. Such art is a good foundation for the future—all the better that it is sometimes a little rude. But Mr. Homer has other claims upon our admiration than his independence: his Americanism, so pronounced that one might call him the Walt Whitman of our painters; he is, besides, a paint-



Doorway of the New York Life Insurance Building.

er whose work may claim kinship with the best old art, whether Greek, Japanese or Dutch, for its decorative qualities, its feeling for line and color.

In Mr. Alexander's work we are transported to quite another world. Here are seen fair women in Parisian gowns, the sheen of costly fabrics and furnishings, an atmosphere of luxury and elegance. He has a fine perception of feminine grace, and unites in a manner exceedingly rare, sentiment, that "mystery without which there is no charm," and the solid qualities of realism. For his figures, with one or two exceptions, are very real; they exist with their recognizable surroundings, and are not phantoms in the land of anywhere-you-please. They are delightfully modern, but with all his evident admiration of Whistler and the great French *modernistes*, Mr. Alexander is always himself, for which we should be thankful. His canvases are pictorial in the best sense of the word, and are most happy in their arrangement of line and mass, in their charming and varied tonality, and subdued but full color.

Altogether, without specifying other work, of which there was much of interest and value, suffice it to say that the pilgrimage to the Quaker City fully repaid the art lover. Among the exhibits in the sculpture gallery were examples by St. Gaudens and Warner, a charming group by Miss Bessie Potter, and an excellently well-characterized figure of Eakins the painter, palette and brush in hand, by Samuel Murray.

THERE are golden words in the correspondence of Gustave Flaubert—words full of interest and inspiration to the artist and lover of art. There is denunciation and lamenting over the times, like that of the Hebrew prophets of old; with Flaubert the half-hearted or trifler, the inefficient or mercenary artist is a villain, and his works misdeeds; he cannot express too strongly his disdain for successful ineptitude, and this

severity seems uncalled for or grotesque to those to whom art is not everything. With Flaubert, art was not one of many interests, but the only one of importance, and everything else was secondary. He planned a

book with the title "*Monsieur le Préfet*," affirming that no one had ever understood what a comic, important, and useless person is a prefect.

Though Flaubert was an artist in words alone, these sayings are applicable to all forms of art—little matter the material, whether it be phrases or colors used to express; to make visible and tell others what one feels and sees. "Let us try and see things as they are, and not wish to be cleverer than the good God. Formerly sugar was found in sugar-cane alone, now it is extracted from nearly ev-

erything; it is the same with poetry, let us find it everywhere. There is not an atom of matter that does not contain it, and let us form the habit of considering the earth as a work of art, of which we try to reproduce the processes in our own."

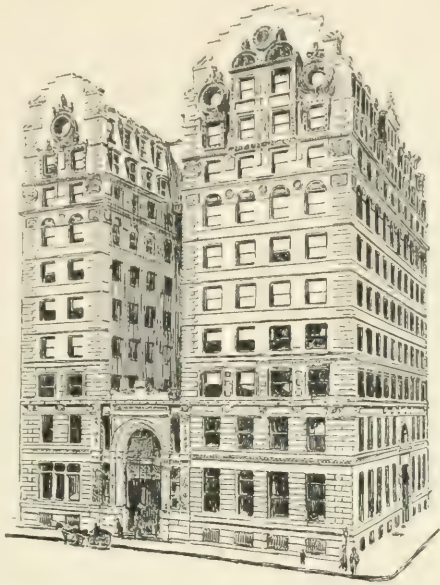
"The conditions under which Greek art flourished will never return, and to attempt to wear their clothes is folly. It is not chlamydes that we need in the north, but furs. The antique form is insufficient for our needs, and our life is not in accord with their simple airs. Let us be as thorough artists as they, if possible, but in another manner. Instead of laboring to reproduce old forms, let us strive to invent new ones."

"What fills me daily with indignation, is to see placed in the same rank a *chef-d'œuvre* and a crime. Little men are exalted and great ones abased; nothing is more stupid or immoral."

"It is by aspiration that we are worth considering; a soul is measured by the amount of its desire, as one judges in advance of a cathedral by the height of its spire."

"Success is a consequence and should not be an end. I have never worked for it, and do so less and less, although I desire it."

"A work of art worthy the name and



The New York Life Insurance Building at
St. Paul, Minn.

wrought with conscience, is not appreciable, has no commercial value, and cannot be paid for."

"I write (I speak of a writer who respects himself) not only for the reader of to-day, but for all the readers who may appear as long as the language endures."

"For an artist there is but one principle: sacrifice everything to art. Life should be considered only a means, nothing more, and the first person ignored should be the artist himself."

"Be regular in your life, in order to be violent and original in your work."

"The important thing is to keep one's soul at a high altitude, far above the mire of earth. The pursuit of art should give one pride; one can never have too much."

"Talent alone is not sufficient; without character a work of art, whatever one does, will be always mediocre; honesty is the first thing necessary."

IN these latter days, when the mechanical processes of reproduction have attained a degree of efficiency undreamed of when photography was first brought to the aid of the wood-engraver, it is worth noting that this advance, instead of being the death-blow to the older and finer art, has but emphasized its special qualities, and is indeed dependent upon it for many of its best effects.

To the careful observer it will be very evident that the best of the process plates owe much of their brilliancy and finer contrasts of light and shade to a delicate retouching by the hand of the engraver.

This aspect of the case is dwelt upon with considerable satisfaction by one of the oldest and most experienced of our American wood-engravers, John P. Davis, whose engraving of Miss Cassatt's painting serves as a frontispiece to this number of the *MAGAZINE*. Mr. Davis began his apprenticeship forty-five

years ago when few artists knew how to put their own work on the block in a way that would satisfy the prevalent restricted ideas of the capacity of wood-engraving.

The best work was done in England, where the principles of Bewick, the father of all modern wood-engraving, were being followed with varying degrees of success. There was one man there whose influence has been most powerful on the art in this country, of whom Davis says: "From out the English school, like the spire from a church, erect and pointing hopefully upward, stood the art of Linton. Much as we ought to admire, much as we might wonder at the juicy, toneful, deep-colored work of the English engravers in general, every youthful American engraver who felt an interest in his work modestly averred that he had studied Linton. Linton came to America and was found to be an artist. It was the artist's side of an art which he expressed, and this, so unlike our mechanical utterance, was what appeared marvellous."

Linton's influence was an inspiration and gave a new aspect to the art, but the application of photography, which opened the way for transferring a painting directly to the prepared wood surface, was the real basis of wood-engraving as we know it to-day. With this came a demand for men who could do more than merely symbolize the work of the painter; the engraver could now make use of all methods by which an accurate copy of the original might be reproduced in the wood.

Mr. Davis's name has been a prominent one in the development of the "American school" of wood-engraving, and he has followed his art through its many phases with undiminished enthusiasm; he has been the secretary of the Society of American Wood-engravers for a number of years, and was one of the judges of engraving at the World's Fair in 1893.

ABOUT THE WORLD



HE unkindest cut of all that the horse has received in this century of newfangled machinery is surely the horseless carriage. Driven from the saddle-girth by the all-pervad-

ing bicycle, he is now to be discarded from the shafts, if we may believe the gentlemen

The Horseless
Carriage.

whose editorial articles supplement the meagre news of Monday morning newspapers. No more lame horses, expensive stables and ghastly hay bills, intolerant coachmen and tardy feeding stops, say these hair-trigger prophets. The seven-hundred-mile race between Bordeaux and Paris for carriages sufficient unto themselves, the more recent trials at Tunbridge Wells, in England, and the Chicago races on Thanksgiving Day and over the larger course to Muskegon, in America, have, indeed, demonstrated more than the theoretical feasibility of several different inventions. The, to our yet unaccustomed eyes, extremely awkward-looking "auto-locomotors" succeeded in trundling off some fifteen miles an hour over good, level roads, and four or five on the up-hill stretches. A spanking road horse will do about half as well on even ground, and scarcely better on the climb. But the great and final advantage of the machine is its endurance; properly baited with a few pints of oil every one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, it will run an unwearying course until overtaken by the fate of the deacon's one-horse shay. Every variety of power has been tried in the effort to get the maximum work from a motor of minimum weight—electricity, steam, petroleum, gas, gas-explosions, springs, and what-not—and oil seems to have won in

the experiments that have been made. The petroleum-driven carriage, weighing three or four hundred pounds without a load, can be run at an expense of one cent an hour; when it is considered that this tax comes only during the actual use of the vehicle, whereas the horse must have his oats three times a day no matter how much he is loafing, no one will object on the score of economy to the large initial cost—over one thousand dollars at present—of the automatic wagon.

So far things certainly look dark for the horse. In this age he should have but little chance against a rival that can go faster, farther, and more cheaply. Even in their crude stage of construction and aside from advertising purposes, the horseless carriages can be already used to advantage on good roads for the local transportation of express parcels and such traffic. Several responsible manufacturing establishments have begun the work of introducing their several brands to the American market, and we actually see the ungainly affairs puff and rumble along our city streets. What will, what can Mr. Ruskin say—seeing that he has exhausted on railroad trains the possibilities of condemnation—if he is fated to live on into a generation of steam wagons!

But notwithstanding these portentous appearances, the autumn Horse Show seems to have rather gained than lost in fascination and importance. And quite aside from his position as a figure in society the horse has his faithful friends and admirers who will continue to saddle and harness him maugre all the bicycles and devices for "auto-locomotion" for a long time to come. To tell the truth, all mankind may, with great clearness, be divided into two parts—those who understand horses and those who do not. There are peo-

ple who will drive or ride a nag all day, nay, who may own one and use it for years, whose powers of observation are not sufficiently enlisted in the details of the animal to distinguish it from any strange horse in the next stall, unless there be some gross difference in color. Such equestrians will be content to see a fine horse, with nerves, eyes, muscles, and possibilities for good or evil, cashiered in favor of the dead certainty of a peripatetic steam-engine. The second, smaller and—aside from horse-dealers—more noble group of individuals cannot so much as enter a fortuitous close cab without taking unconscious note of the stockings, the withers, the size, and the facial expression of the creature between the shafts. One whose sympathy with the Houyhnhnm stands this test, has felt the thrill imparted by the responsive spring of a glorious saddle horse, has enjoyed mental conversations with the shapely, all-expressive ears of the sensitive creature, has been fairly exalted by mere proximity to the splendid spirit of a hard-driven thoroughbred, and has quivered with the same heady drink which brilliant frosty mornings have brought to the smoking muzzles of his dancing bays, with their flashing eyes and strong, curved necks—but is it not absurd to defend a good horse from a horseless carriage? Each will have its appointed duties, and no one will be so glad as the man that makes a friend of his nag that a nerveless substitute has been found for the straining, scrambling, jaded creatures which afford such heart-breaking scenes on the icy cobble-stones of the city.

IF Mr. Lowell establishes communications with the Martians, they should be interviewed at an early stage of the conversation with respect to their gratifying success in canal-building; for on this particular planet, the earth, it must be classed with meteorology and the other inexact sciences. Notwithstanding the large experience of the past few years in digging and operating such important waterways as the Suez Canal, the Manchester Ship Canal, the great Kiel affair, the complicated system from Lake Superior to the Atlantic, and other works of scarcely less magnitude—there is the widest divergence between the honest views of different engineering authorities who have recently investigated those gigantic projects on the isthmus

Some Canals
of the
Next Century.

of Panama. The original estimates of the capital necessary to complete the Nicaragua Canal swelled gradually to \$75,000,000. Before long the more conservative financiers decided that \$100,000,000 was none too little. The reports of the Nicaragua Canal Commission, which have been so much discussed this winter, put the probable cost at \$133,500,000; and Mr. Colquhoun, the correspondent of the London *Times*, is wise enough to allow himself a leeway of some \$50,000,000 over the hundred million mark. The last-named authority firmly believes in the feasibility of the Nicaragua route, and in its great advantages over the ill-starred Panama enterprise. But immediately we are warned that the Panama Canal is to be rapidly advanced, that three thousand eight hundred men are at work on it, and six thousand more are soon to be added. Its abettors even promise completion in six years. This rather disheartening news to the Nicaragua projectors is reinforced by the tenor of the commission's report, though these gentlemen warn us that it would require far more time and money—some eighteen months and \$150,000—than has been at their disposal, to make any study of the situation claiming final authenticity.

Even as to the value of the great work, assuming the practicability of construction, there is a curious difference of opinion, which is scarcely to be accounted for by the prejudices arising out of individual interests. In the year of our Lord 1492 one Christopher Columbus was keenly alive to the advantage of a "Western Passage to Asia," and his zeal would have been several degrees higher if he had been aware of the existence of a whole new continent south of Cathay. And these schemes for digging through Central America are for nothing more nor less than a final attainment of the western water passage that Columbus did not find. Now, to be sure, the Suez Canal gives England's preference to the Eastern passage; and for her, the Panama cut would mean only access to the Pacific coasts of America. Against that, too, would be arrayed the advantages that the Yankees would gain in the sea-voyage to China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand, not to speak of Ecuador, Chili, and Peru. It sounds cheerful to hear that the canal would put New York shippers in communication with 500,000,000 people who are now

beyond the practical reach of the Yankee argosies; but there are sceptics who cannot argue from these lordly figures to the certain number of tons which, at a fair rate of toll, would pay interest on \$150,000,000. In the United States, however, such critics very generally advocate the completion of the waterway, even though it be unprofitable commercially, on account of its strategic importance.

If the Nicaragua Canal were finished in the seven years which he deems sufficient, Mr. Colquhoun calculates that by 1905 the yearly shipping would amount to 7,000,000 tons; and at the rate charged by the Suez concern—\$1.75 per ton—this business would return a net profit of six per cent. on his extreme estimate of \$150,000,000. The theorizing engineers and diplomats find room to differ even on the question of ownership and control. A great majority of Americans and many Englishmen appreciate the advisability of vesting the management in one strong government, which must, of course, be the United States. The Venezuelan controversy ought to make it easier to settle this phase of the canal question rather than more difficult, in spite of the many opinions to the contrary which have been heard during this rather curious disturbance over the "Monroe Doctrine." The final settlement of the Venezuelan dispute ought to clear the ground finely for an amicable arrangement in Central America. But in another way the canal projects have been greatly hindered by the international bickerings of the winter; for the financial and engineering problems are so stupendous as to demand a very large portion of the attention which the capitalists' and the government have to bestow, whereas the public mind has been monopolized by Venezuela, Armenia, and South Africa.

America is not alone in present wrestlings with majestic canal schemes. France is discussing a waterway from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, while a still greater engineering work is contemplated by the Russians, in the canal from the Baltic to the Black Sea. The latter is to begin at Riga, and following the Dwina, Dneiper, and Beresina rivers, will find its southern terminus at Kherson. The European papers assert that this canal has been finally mapped; it is nearly a thousand miles long, is to have a minimum depth of thirty feet, a bottom width of one hundred feet, and a surface width of two hundred.

It should be completed in five years if the Russian Government can raise the necessary 200,000,000 roubles. Grave fears are expressed by British journalists that this canal is to be valued more from a strategic than from a commercial point of view. Its dimensions, say they, do not savor of peace; the wheat barges of Central Russia may furnish part of its traffic, but warships of the first class will also be able to go from the Baltic to the Crimean shores in six days.

EVER since the confusion which attended that memorable structure in the plain of the Chaldees, there have been special practical vexations connected with the most exalted edifices of men. One account has the Babylonian effort humbled by fire, while another authority insists that the tower was blown down. The tough and elastic steel framework of our modern "sky-scrapers" will not give much ground for the second theory when the traditions of Chicago are pondered in the minds of men a few thousand years hence. But it is becoming more and more usual for meditative and observant citizens to select those offices, *cæteris paribus*, which command an immediate view of nearby and not unattainable housetops, if they are determined to avail themselves of the undeniable luxuries in the twenty-story building. For these titanic structures, with their metal skeletons, present certain invitations to catastrophe, even in their "fire-proof" state, that are not found in the more modest and inflammable houses. Several costly experiences have shown that the metal girders of a building, as yet unattacked by flame, will expand in response to the heat from a neighboring conflagration, even across a respectably wide street, to such an extent as to force apart the beams from their resting-places and cause a general collapse.

A Halt Called
on "Sky-
scrapers."

Firemen complain, too, of the steam generated by water thrown on the vast system of iron beams—a result which may fatally impede their work. The evident remedy for these defects in the monster steel buildings is the careful sheathing of all metal supports in practically non-conducting brick and cement.

Some experiments along these lines are being made in Europe which promise to have value in solving the problems of our big

office buildings. In Vienna a test was made of fire-resisting material by enclosing two iron beams, together with alloys melting at various temperatures, in a sheathing of brick and mortar, and, with the requisite stress of weight on the column, subjecting the whole to a tremendously fierce fire. After cooking two hours and a half, the heat was so intense that no examination could be made until the next day; it was then found that the iron had suffered absolutely no harm, that the melting alloys proved a temperature of only 150° Fahr., inside the sheathing, and that the brick work had only crumbled at the edges for an inch and a half. But while this shows the great need for protecting the iron framework, it is still merely a precaution—not a final remedy; “fire-proof” is clearly but a relative term. Those who have made a first-hand study of fires, and who have delved in the literature of the subject, too, are one in the opinion that utterly unforeseen conditions are likely to develop in every large conflagration—such as the generation of explosive gases, and powerful fire draughts, which upset all the calculations of the builders.

Chicago, the nursery of giant buildings, now has an ordinance restricting the height of future edifices to 130 feet, and the city Fire Department has been put through its paces

this winter to see what would happen if it were necessary to fight flames on top of the loftiest sky-scrapers with the present engine power. The minds of Chicagoans were relieved by the performance of an engine which achieved the summit of the Masonic Temple—the tallest building in the world—a feat which means that the water was pumped through a stand pipe 323 feet high. St. Louis has also taken alarm; she proposes to restrict the height of her buildings to 125 feet. Of course the fire danger is not the only argument for moderate dimensions. “The blessed sun himself” is excluded from the already too dismal streets when they wander at the bottom of such iron cañons as we are rapidly building. But the fire-reason is a serious one, and comes home to us with the more force when we are reminded by the people who manipulate figures that New York, for instance, suffers from three times as many fires in a year as the Parisians can boast, although the French capital has a third more population. With an additional cost of only ten per cent. to furnish the most effective fire-proof qualities known to builders, it seems strange that large, flimsy, and unprotected buildings should still be constructed—there being no longer that incentive in the early days of roast pig and the period recorded by Elia.





LORD LEIGHTON,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

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LORD LEIGHTON

(SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.*)

By Cosmo Monkhouse



THE enemy, then, is this indifference in the presence of the ugly; it is only by the victory over this apathy that you can rise to better things; it is only by the rooting out and extermination of what is ugly that you can bring about conditions in which beauty shall be a power among you." These words are taken from the Presidential Address by Sir Frederick Leighton, at the Art Congress of Liverpool in 1888, and they embody, in a few words, the artistic creed of the speaker. From the beginning of his career to the present day the aim of his art has been to cultivate the spirit of pure, unalloyed beauty. He has not been content to make a beautiful whole out of imperfect or unlovely elements, but, like the ancient Greeks, has determined that every item of his compositions, to the very smallest detail, shall be beautiful of its kind and wrought with the utmost care. If the millennium is to be brought about by the "extermination of what is ugly," he may claim to have done his best by precept and practice to hasten its advent.

* This article was already in type when the news was received of Sir Frederick Leighton's elevation to the peerage, at the beginning of the year; and it was preparing for the press when word came of his death on January 25th. The familiar "Sir Frederick Leighton" has been retained throughout the text, as has the present tense used in speaking of his plans and work. An added interest is given to the subjects chosen for illustration by the fact that he assisted in their selection.

It may perhaps be stated as the distinction of Sir Frederick Leighton among his peers, that he has worshipped beauty, and especially the beauty of form, more exclusively than they. There is little or nothing of the mystic or the didactic in his art, which exists to create beautiful images. Often beauty is their sole motive, sometimes they clothe a beautiful idea, sometimes they present a fine dramatic scene; but in all cases the treatment is essentially æsthetic, whether the subject be the face of a woman or some tremendous theme like "Hercules Wrestling with Death," or "Rizpah Defending the Dead Bodies of her Children." No violence is sufficient to make his draperies fall in ungraceful folds; no passion will disturb his features to disfigurement; with the pathos of deformity his art has no concern, and it has little toleration even for strength without refinement. In these respects he follows the traditions of the finest artists of Greece; and in others also, for he goes to nature for his models, and his ideal is no fantastic offspring of his own imagination, but the perfect development of a normal body. It is not confined to one type of beauty, and perhaps, therefore, I should have said his "ideals," for there is perhaps no other artist so devoted to beauty in the abstract, who has also so wide a feeling for its different manifestations. If we could gather together

all his female heads, we should find Greek and English, Turkish and Italian, French and Spanish, blonde and brunette, severe and lively, robust and delicate—a very gallery of different types, but each beautiful after its kind, with a beauty of pure form, independent of accident or expression. These heads are studies from nature, but they are ideal also, for they are all moulded with an elegance, draped with a refinement, and colored with a charm which are personal to the artist.

After saying this it may seem, at first sight, to be somewhat of a contradiction to affirm that another distinction of Sir Frederick Leighton's art is its impersonality; but, except that it betrays his love of beauty in all its phases, his elevated feeling, his wide culture, and a taste refined almost to fastidiousness, we learn little from it about its author. It would be difficult, without other aid, to divine the school or schools in which he was trained, or even the nationality to which he belongs; while of his personal experiences of life, his convictions, predilections, or opinions, his artistic work shows no signs. He has elected to keep his art apart from all current influences, from fashionable sentiment, and even from the attractions of association. On the other hand, he has never attempted to dissociate himself from his country or his century by the adoption of a foreign or an antique style. The movements of the Pre-Raphaelites and the Mediævalists affected him as little as those of the more modern Gallicists and Impressionists. He has always been himself, without af-

fection, neither aping old masters nor imitating new ones, but he has searched for beauty everywhere, and rendered it in accordance with the order of his own mind. He has always followed "art for art's sake" in more than one sense of that much abused phrase. He has followed it perhaps too completely as an end in itself, but he has followed it also in the finest sense of all, for he has

endeavored, "for art's sake," to sustain its ancient dignity, as an inspirer of noble emotion and a giver of pure delight.

It was once said by one of Leighton's most distinguished colleagues, that he was "born President of the Royal Academy," and birth has perhaps more to do with it than is apparent at first sight. At all events he was, as the phrase has it, a "born artist" of cultured parents, and was brought up under conditions favorable to the development of those qualities of mind, character, and manners, which can alone enable a man to fulfil all the duties of his pres-



Study of a Girl.

By permission of the artist.

ent office with becoming ease and dignity.

Although an Englishman, Leighton was brought up abroad, and this is no doubt a sufficient reason why his works seem to stand apart from those of his contemporaries of the English School. Born at Scarborough on the 3d of December, 1830, the son of a doctor, he was taken abroad at a very early age, on account of his mother's delicate health. He did not return to England except for short visits, till he was thirty years old.* He soon showed such a

* See Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., his Life and Work, by Mrs. A. Lang.

distinct predilection for art, that though his father did not wish him to follow it professionally, he gave him every opportunity of cultivating his taste, while

no choice in the matter ; nature has done it for you."

He now attended anatomy classes under Zanetti, and was sent to the *Accademia delli Belli Arti*, but soon returned to his studies at Frankfort, and received no further direct instruction in art for five years. He went to Brussels in 1848, where he met Wiertz and Gallait and painted some pictures, including "Cimabue finding Giotto," "Othello and Desdemona," and a portrait of himself. In 1849 he spent a few months in Paris, studying from the nude, and copying Titian in the Louvre. He then returned to Frankfort, where he settled down to really serious work under Edward Steinle.

Steinle belonged to the Christian or Gothic movement in German art, a revolt against classicism in style and Paganism in feeling, corresponding in some degree to the "Romantic" movement in France, but actuated by an intensely religious feeling. It was started by a devoted band of young men from various parts of Germany, among whom were



Study for *Fatidica*.

By permission of the artist.

not neglecting other studies. In 1840 the Leightons went to Rome, where he learnt drawing regularly under Signor Meli. They then moved to Dresden and Berlin, where he attended classes at the Academy. In 1843 he was sent to school at Frankfort, and in the winter of the following year accompanied his family to Florence. It was here that his future career was finally settled. His father consulted Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor, who in answer to the question, "Shall I make him an artist?" replied, "Sir, you have

Overbeck and Cornelius, Schadow and Veit, Schnor and Führich, who for some years lived in Rome, leading an ascetic life and imitating Raphael and his precursors as the classicists imitated Greek art. Steinle left Rome in 1833 and had been settled at Frankfort for some eleven years before Leighton became his pupil. There was probably no other German artist who could have been more useful to Leighton at this period. Though he belonged to the "Nazarenes," which was the nickname of his school, he had a strong



CIMABUE'S MADONNA CARRIED IN PROCESSION

By permission of Her Majesty the Queen of England. It was the first picture exhibited by the artist, and was purchased by the Queen from the walls of the Royal Academy.

romantic vein, and a refined feeling for color, which the others for the most part lacked. On the other hand, no one was more qualified to instil the high principles of his fellows, their desire to sustain art at the noblest level, to exclude all that was ugly, base, or trivial, to cultivate severe design, and an execution conscientious, unhurried, and complete. Whether or not we regard the "Nazarenes" as mistaken in their aim, there is no doubt they followed in the footsteps of the greatest Italian artists, in sparing no efforts for the complete organization of their works, in building up dignified compositions by the adjustment of component parts beautiful in themselves, and so constructing a whole—unified, well-balanced, and coherent. While it must be left for some future historian to ex-

amine minutely the effect of Leighton's German masters on his art, it is plain that their example as regards these qualities was not lost, and that the personal genius of Steinle, as shown in such pictures as the "Violin Player" and "Loreley," was not without its influence on his pupil. Yet, though Leighton spent so many years at Frankfort, and there received the greater part of his artistic training, his heart, if we may judge from the subjects of his early pictures, always remained at Florence. At Paris, as has been stated, he painted "Cimabue finding Giotto," and "Othello and Desdemona," and among the works executed under Steinle we hear of a picture of "Tybalt and Romeo" and a cartoon of the "Plague at Florence," a sketch for which is in the possession of the artist. Though the instruction



THROUGH THE STREETS OF FLORENCE.

In front of the Madonna walks Cimabue crowned with laurels; by his side is his pupil Giotto; behind the Madonna are Arnolfo di Lapo, Gaddo Gaddi, Andrea Tafi, Nicola Pisano, Bufalmaceo, and Simone Memmi, with Dante in the corner.

of Meli at Rome and of Bezzuoli and Segnolini at Florence had been superseded, not even Steinle could make him see beauty through German spectacles. Indeed, though still a youth when he was placed under this master, his taste had been cultivated by sojourn in many countries, and if not completely formed, it was probably strong enough to resist undue pressure from his immediate surroundings. The love not only of Italian art, but of Italy itself, is very plain in the first picture by which he became known to the British public. This was "Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence." It had no title in the catalogue, but instead there was a description which ran thus :

"Cimabue's celebrated Madonna is carried in procession through the streets of Florence ; in

front of the Madonna, and crowned with laurels, walks Cimabue himself with his pupil Giotto ; behind it, Arnolfo di Lapo, Gaddo Gaddi, Andrea Tafi, Nicola Pisano, Bufalmaceo, and Simone Memmi ; in the corner Dante."

The exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1855 was a very memorable one, for it contained the most celebrated of all Holman Hunt's pictures—and perhaps one may venture to say, one of the most celebrated pictures of the century—"The Light of the World." There was also his "Awakened Conscience," which excited almost as much attention, and "The Rescue" by Millais, who had already attained his Associateship by "The Huguenot" and other of his famous early pictures. The public mind was so absorbed with the works of the Pre-Raphaelites that, to divert their attention to a picture in a new but differ-

ent style was no easy feat; yet Leighton's "Procession" did more than this, it created a sensation of its own. Its size alone compelled attention; it occupied nearly the whole side of one of the rooms, and it was hung on the line, an honor to a young and quite unknown artist which could not be ignored; and it was unlike anything which the British public had ever seen. And when it was examined surprise gave way to admiration at its stately arrangement of beautiful forms and its strange, rich beauty of color. Even Ruskin praised it, and many of those who demanded a deeper moral significance, a stronger subjective expression in a work of art, and who sneered at it as a "mere pageant" and "only decorative," were impressed; while others went home possessed with a new and inexplicable joy. Of the latter, I, then a schoolboy, was one, and wrote as perhaps others wrote, lines about it in which the future eminence of the artist was prophesied with a confidence only equalled by the poorness of the verses.

Though this was the first of Leighton's works exhibited in England, some tidings of his promise had already arrived there. He had visited England in 1851 to see the Great Exhibition, and he had spent two years and more in Rome since he left Frankfort in 1852. His agreeable manners, his many accomplishments, and his familiarity with continental languages made him welcome and at ease in the distinguished and cultivated society which gathered in the Rome of those days. It was there he first made the acquaintance of Thackeray, who told Millais that he had just met in Rome a "versatile young dog who will run you hard for the presidency one day."

It is somewhat remarkable that the success of "The Procession of Cimabue's Madonna" did not induce Leighton to make another effort in the same direction. It still remains almost unique among his pictures. He has given us other processions, but scarcely any other vision of mediæval Italy. This was certainly not from any lack of personal interest, as may be seen by his fine "Italian Crossbow Man" of 1863, the noble "Dante in Exile" of

1864, his "Condottiere" of 1872, his mural painting in the South Kensington Museum of the "Arts of War," and not least, his admirable illustrations to George Eliot's "Romola." In the latter we see his sympathy with Florence and the Florentines, with the picturesque of its architecture and of its costumes in the fifteenth century. They show us also a side of his nature which he has generally carefully excluded from his pictures, his sense of character, his perception of humor. Taken as a whole, the *Romola* series is more representative of the artist's individuality, and the range of his human sympathies, than all his other works put together. It is a little world in itself. It touches notes in almost every octave of human nature, from brightest joy to deepest tragedy, from the finest pathos to the gayest of frolic. It introduces us to all sorts and conditions of men and women, from the austere ecclesiastic to the grinning street boy, and all of these are delineated with a power and veracity which speak of a wide interest in humanity and a rare keenness of observation. As we turn the pages on which the strange, momentous history of *Romola* and *Tessa*, of *Tito* and *Baldassare*, is so powerfully depicted, and the old surging life of Florence is brought before our eyes with such vividness and vivacity, it is impossible not to regret that the genius of Leighton should not have returned more frequently to an atmosphere in which it breathed so freely, and scenes amid which it seemed so completely at home.

But a rarer air invited him. The serene and elevated beauty of Athens prevailed as a rival against the more picturesque charms of Florence. The claims of abstract beauty were preferred to the richness and variety of character, and Leighton's artistic imagination sought an ideal which seemed to it more perfect and more pure. A strong indication of the path which it was in future to follow most devotedly, was given by his second contribution to the Royal Academy. This was in 1856, when he sent a large picture called "The Triumph of Music;" Orpheus, by the power of his art, redeems his wife from Hades. It was a failure.



MEMORIES.

By permission of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi.

Leighton had boldly represented Orpheus as playing on a fiddle. If my recollection serves me, it was life-size, and perhaps more than life-size. The fiddle, which Leighton chose instead of the lyre on account of its inimitable range of expression, is doubtless accountable for much, but not all, of the coolness with which it was received. It is memorable chiefly as showing that

Leighton, even when engaged on classical themes, determined to work out his own conceptions without too much regard either to tradition or public opinion.

The conception of his first Orpheus was Romantic ; and it was not till 1864, when his second appeared, that the Hellenic spirit began to predominate in his work. During much of the



"HIT!"

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"Romantic" period he lived a great deal abroad. The years 1855-58 were partly spent in Paris, where he painted his first Orpheus. In 1858 he visited London and made the acquaintance of the leading Pre-Raphaelites—Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt, and the spring of 1859 was passed at Capri, where he was much impressed by the fine type of the inhabitants. Part of the year was spent in Rome, and it was not till 1860 that he had a settled residence in England. In this year he took up his quarters at No. 2 Orme Square, Bayswater, where he stayed till he removed in 1866 to his present home in Holland Park Road, Kensington. It was a ballad of Goethe which suggested a pretty little picture of "The Fisherman and the Syren" in 1858, and the "Lieder ohne Worte," in 1861,

ental beauty, with which he has since shown so great a sympathy.

In 1864 he exhibited three remarkable works, "Dante in Exile," the most powerful of his Italian pictures, "Orpheus and Eurydice" (signaling his return to classical subject), and "Golden Hours," one of the most perfect of his simple dreams of beauty. In its reliance for effect upon the beautiful arrangement of form and color, it reminds us of the work of Albert Moore, an artist of as exquisite, if more limited, taste. Before the next year's exhibition he had been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Since then the main effort of his life has been to realize dreams of beauty suggested by classic myth and history. If we add to pictures of this kind a few of which the subject is Scripture, a few more of

was German at least in title. "The Star of Bethlehem" in 1862, and "Jezebel and Ahab taking Possession of Naboth's Vineyard," were his first biblical pictures, and both in conception and execution were far finer than any other works on the walls. To this period belong a few subjects from Italian history and poetry, like the "Paola e Francesca" (1861), and "Michael Angelo Nursing his Dying Servant" (1862), but the rest were principally actuated by a pure joy of life and beauty, like "A Girl Feeding Peacocks" (1863), and the "Odalisque" (1862), compositions marked by the rhythm of line and luxury of color which are among the most constant attributes of his art. The "Odalisque," the motive of which was the sympathy between the elegant lines of a beautiful woman and a swan, may be regarded as his first dream of ori-



THE MUSIC LESSON.

By permission of the London Fine Art Society.

which the suggestion came from the Orient, one or two of a tenderer sentiment, like the beautiful "Wedded Bliss" (one of the most popular of his pictures), a number of studies of various types of female beauty, Teresina, Biondina, Amarilla, etc., and an occasional portrait, we shall pretty nearly exhaust the classes into which this painter's work can be divided.

The Academy of 1865 contained "David"—one of the most beautiful of his scriptural pictures. The psalmist is musing on his palace top at night and longing for the "wings of a dove" that he might "fly away and be at rest." It is remarkable for the quiet solemnity of its sentiment, a mood of spiritual yearn-

ing which the President has seldom indulged. Nearest to it in biblical feeling is perhaps the "Elisha" of 1881, where the pathetic figure of the venerable prophet crouched over the outstretched body of the widow's son, forms a composition of grave beauty. In his other pictures of this class, especially his illustrations to Dalziel's Bible, the text seems to have excited his imagination to conceptions more objective and violent. The Samson pinning the young lion against a rock, and the desperate "Rizpah" of 1893 are instances of this. In the "Rizpah," which is one of the most original and carefully studied of his compositions, he has allowed the horror of the situation to

overpower the deeper elements of its tragedy. Like also in unwonted audacity of design is the "St. Jerome" of 1868 (his diploma picture), in which the strange and almost grotesque silhouette of the faithful lion sitting upright against the sky attracts the attention too forcibly. Both this and the "Elijah in the Wilderness" (1879) are impressive in conception and full of fine

qualities of drawing and color. But perhaps the greatest of all his designs from sacred history is that of Cain and Abel in Dalziel's Bible. The scene is the rocky bed of a watercourse high in the mountains. Above, across the stones, the fair young body of Abel lies in the sun, while in the foreground, his face hidden in his own shade, the first murderer, dizzy with dread, and feeling



THE RETURN OF PERSEPHONE.

By permission of the London Fine Art Society.



THE BATH OF PSYCHE.

By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company.

his way with his hands, creeps crouching round a huge boulder. No greater contrast could be found than that between these noble but agitated conceptions, and the calm atmosphere of luxurious enjoyment which surrounds his few exquisite pictures of the Orient, painted after seeing the East with his own eyes in 1867, 1868, and 1873. In 1868 he went up the Nile with M. de Lesseps, and in 1873 he reached Damascus. Impressions, also oriental in character, were received during a visit to Spain in 1866. Wherever he went he made little vivid sketches which now cover much of his studio walls. His extreme delight in Mohammedan architecture, and decorative art is perhaps most plainly shown in his house, with his famous Arab hall walled with the soft splendor of Damascus tiles, and dimly lit with light transmitted through rich Oriental glass, and cooled with a silvery jet of water rising from a basin of black marble. Was it Sir Frederick, or Mr. Aitchison, his architect, who stole Aladdin's lamp? In his studio and elsewhere beautiful bits of the pottery of Persia, Asia Minor, and Rhodes, and rare products of Eastern looms attest the same taste.

Not indeed the most elevated in thought, but perhaps the most perfect of his pictures, is "The Music Lesson," in which a lovely little girl is seated on her lovely young mother's lap, learning to play the lute. It is a dream of the purest and tenderest affection, a collection of dainty and exquisite things, arranged with inimitable grace, and executed with a skill which leaves little to desire. A great contrast to this in the strangeness of its aim and the austerity of the subject, is "The Eastern Slinger," a nearly nude figure standing on a platform in a level sea of corn, scattering the birds with a sling. His spare form, illumined by the sun's



ATHLETE STRANGLING A PYTHON.

Bronze statue. By permission of the artist.

rays, glows golden against the plain blue sky. It is a daring and most original picture, but whether it is quite a success, I doubt if anyone has fully determined.

The first of his classical pictures after the second Orpheus, was Helen of Troy,

exhibited in 1865. In the figure of Helen he dared greatly, but without complete success. It is monumental in height and rigidity, the limbs are cast in a heroic mould, and the general effect of it is impressive and well-contrasted with the less dignified attitude

and more agitated drapery of her attendants, but her tread is heavy, her drapery encumbers her, both hands are occupied in holding it, and his desire to complete the perfect oval of her face has made him almost denude her head of the glory of her hair.

In 1866 he exhibited his second great processional picture, the "Syracusan Bride leading wild beasts in procession to the temple of Diana," and ever since then his imagination has been constantly employed on classic themes. They range from the "Venus disrobing for the Bath" of 1867, to the "Garden of Hesperides" of 1892, and later still. The list is too long to be treated exhaustively, but a few of the most memorable works must be mentioned. Among these were the magnificent figure of "Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon" (1869), the grand struggle between "Hercules and Death" (1871), the "Clytemnestra" (1874), the gentle but noble conception of "Nausicaa" (1878), the vision of calm Arcadian loveliness called "An Idyll" (1881), two lovers underneath a spreading oak listening to the piping of a shepherd, and gazing on the rich

plain below; the "Phryne" of 1882, a figure of ideal loveliness, her flesh transmuted into gold by the rays of the sun; the "Cymon and Iphigenia" (1884), remarkable for the elaborate drapery which overflows from Iphigenia's sylvan couch warmly illuminated by the afterglow. And the "Captive Andromeda" of 1888, the classical counterpart of his "Dante in Exile," in some respects his masterpiece, but tame in comparison with the original sketch.

Of all these works, and of some of his later ones, as the "Garden of Hesperides" and the "Perseus and Andromeda," it may be said that they treat great themes in an elevated style, sometimes with a success attained by few modern artists, and always with an elegance which is peculiarly the artist's own. Like all whose constant aim is so high, he fails here and there, more or less, to hit the mark, and now and then he suggests comparisons not to his advantage with the works of other men, ancient and modern, but there is at least one of these paintings which is incomparable, and that is the great processional picture of the Theban festival of the



The Dying Message.

From the illustrations to "Romola." By permission of George Smith, Esq. Reproduced from the drawing on wood by the artist before the block was cut.



BIANCA.

By permission of the London Fine Art Society.

"Daphnephoria." In this picture all his most special qualities, his dainty color, his grace, his feeling for music, his delight in the innocent and refined happiness of humanity, find full exercise. Few visions are more lovely than that band of fair women and children moving in rhythmical order, their sweet mouths quivering with song. In composition also it is singularly successful,

its coherence being maintained from beginning to end of the long line without strain or obvious art, while the slenderness and motion of the figures are finely contrasted with the solemn dignity of the cypress groves. If any testimony to the unusual beauty of this picture is to be trusted, it is that of Mr. Holman Hunt, who has written its eulogy in words which are evidently as



The Summer Moon.

By permission of Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi

sincere as they are enthusiastic. He has painted but few portraits, but among them are two at least which are masterpieces. One of these is of Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveller and oriental scholar, and the other of himself, painted for the Gallery of the Uffizi. As a colorist Sir Frederick is original and effective, and his palette is select and varied. He is as fastidious in the beauty of his individual tints as in the selection of his forms. He has a lovely gamut of red, plum, crimson, olive, cinnamon, chocolate, saffron, orange, amber, pink, and other nameless broken tints, and closes it with a very fine and pure purple of which he is very fond. With this affluent and luxurious scale he constructs many harmonies grave and gay, dainty and luscious, which often give much pleasure and are always highly ornamental; but the general effect is somewhat artificial, and misses the quietude, the ful-

ness, and the depth of the greatest color-poets.

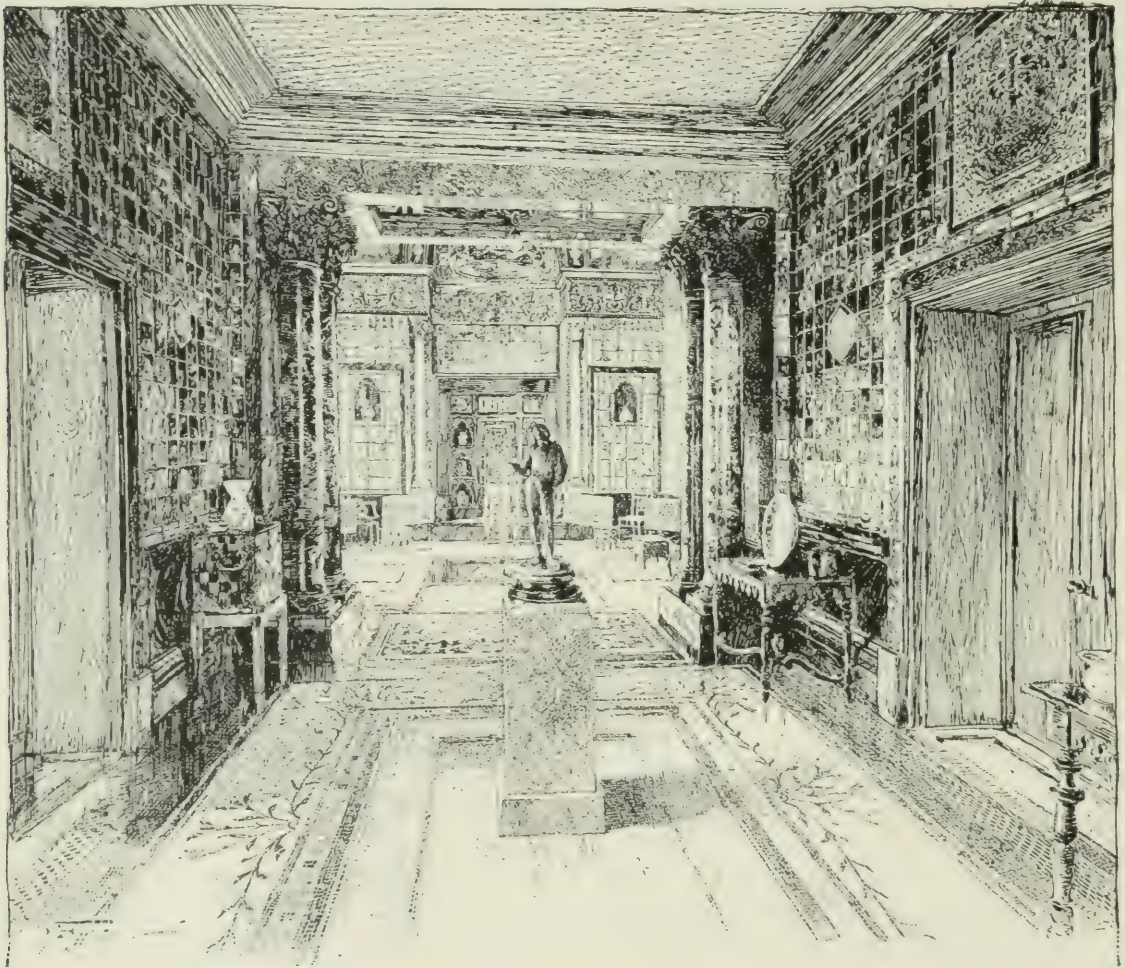
As a draughtsman he is learned and thorough, correct and elegant, with a fine sense of the rhythm of line; and his modelling is fine as well as subtle. He is truly a master of form, as is seen not only in his pictures, but in the too few pieces of sculpture which he has executed, of which the "Athlete Strangling a Python" is the best known. This and the "Sluggard," a life-size figure of equal merit, and perhaps more originality, and a charming statuette called "Needless Alarm," now the property of Sir John Millais, rank amongst the best and most refined work of the modern school. In the movement which of late years has rescued sculpture from the bonds of convention, and inspired new life into the art, Sir Frederick may be regarded as a leader. The finer characteristics of the new school, the recurrence to nat-

ure, the discovery of fresh motives, the subtler observation of the play of light upon surface, the more tender, thorough, and intimate modelling, all resulting in a more life-like rendering of form and substance, are seen distinctly in these beautiful figures; but at the same time the artist has characteristically drawn the line at too great realism, and a freedom that would admit the ugly or the base.

It is needless to describe at length his more purely decorative work; the well-known mural paintings at Kensington, the fine fresco in Lyndhurst Church of the "Wise and Foolish Virgins," a frieze and some other figures for private houses, the designs for the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, or the large picture with which he has recently filled one of the wall spaces in the Court of the Royal Exchange. They have much the same merits and defects as his other works. The last,

which is a gift to the Exchange, attests that patriotic desire to promote the art of his country, by the decoration of public buildings, which, despite its little encouragement, has always animated our nobler artists. It would be strange indeed if such a feeling were unknown to Sir Frederick, whom no one can accuse of indifference to the highest interests of his country's art. He has never shrunk from his responsibilities as the leader of art in England, but has always promptly intervened wherever his example could be of value, whether to preside over an Art Congress, or to procure the removal to its proper site of Alfred Stevens's monument to Wellington. It is not only in the ornamental functions of his high position that he has shown his worthiness to hold it.

Of his courteous manners and his fine oratory there is no occasion here to speak, nor perhaps of the admirable



Leighton House—the Passage from the Vestibule to Arab Hall.
From a copyrighted photograph by Bedford Lemere & Co.

lectures to the students which he has delivered on subjects chosen with a view to extend their artistic interest to matters beyond the narrow curriculum of the Academy. But his punctilious and cheerful discharge of his more arduous duties, his generous encouragement of young artists, the sympathy which never fails to detect merit in any work, however opposed to his own theories of art, need a warm note of acknowledgment. Nor should the influence which he has exercised on the Council of the Academy, in support of wise and liberal reforms, be lost sight

of, nor the improvement which has taken place in the methods of instruction in the Academy schools, nor yet the wisdom which has in the main governed the election of Associates during his presidency.

Honorable and honored, Sir Frederick Leighton has worked on, in spite of ill-health which would daunt a lesser man, striving still to reach some higher peak of art, though conscious like his own "Spirit of the Summit," that when the loftiest of all is reached, the heaven of his ideal is as unattainable as ever.

THE DREAMER

By Clinton Scollard

THROUGHOUT his span of argent days
 From birth to death—a narrow zone—
 He wanders by untrodden ways,
 Alone, yet not alone.

For ariel fancy moulds him mirth,
 A slave to work his lightest whim;
 And every vagrant wind of earth
 Is company for him.

He sees a brother in the star
 Set on the evening's violet verge,
 And like his own the pulse-beats are
 In the deep ocean surge.

He finds a fellow in the tree
 Reliant in its thews of power,
 And, rival of the lover bee,
 He woos the lady flower.

He from the poet brook beguiles
 The secret of its clearest rhyme,
 And year on shortening year he smiles
 In the hard face of Time.

So when he slips from earth at last,
 This alien in the clay, it seems
 As though from bondage he had passed
 To other dearer dreams.



They saw the window open and a figure in a white shawl creep out of it.—Page 423.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XV

THE MAN WHO NEVER CAME

"IS it true that your mother's a bonny swearer?"

Tommy wanted to find out all about the Painted Lady, and the best way was to ask.

"She does not always swear," Grizel said, eagerly. "She sometimes says sweet, sweet things."

"What kind of things?"

"I won't tell you."

"Tell me one."

"Well, then, 'Beloved.'"

"Word we have no concern with," murmured Tommy. He was shocked, but still curious. "Does she say 'Beloved' to you?" he inquired.

"No, she says it to him."

"Him! Wha is he?" Tommy thought he was at the beginning of a discovery, but she answered, uncomfortably,

"I don't know."

"But you've seen him?"

"No, he—he is not there."

"Not there! How can she speak to him if he's no there?"

"She thinks he is there. He—he comes on a horse."

"What is the horse like?"

"There is no horse."

"But you said——"

"She just thinks there is a horse. She hears it."

"Do you ever hear it?"

"No."

The girl was looking imploringly into Tommy's face as if begging it to say that these things need not terrify her, but what he wanted was information.

"What does the Painted Lady do," he asked, "when she thinks she hears the horse?"

"She blows kisses, and then—then she goes to the Den."

"What to do?"

"She walks up and down the Den, talking to the man."

"And him no there?" cried Tommy, scared.

"No, there is no one there."

"And syne what do you do?"

"I won't tell you."

Tommy reflected, and then he said, "She's daft."

"She is not always daft," cried Grizel. "There are whole weeks when she is just sweet."

"Then what do you make of her being so queer in the Den?"

"I am not sure, but I think—I think there was once a place like the Den at her own home in England, where she used to meet the man long ago, and sometimes she forgets that it is not long ago now."

"I wonder wha the man was?"

"I think he was my father."

"I thought you didna ken what a father was?"

"I know now. I think my father was a Scotsman."

"What makes you think that?"

"I heard a Thrums woman say it would account for my being called Grizel, and I think we came to Scotland to look for him, but it is so long, long ago."

"How long?"

"I don't know. We have lived here four years, but we were looking for him before that. It was not in this part of Scotland we looked for him. We gave up looking for him before we came here."

"What made the Painted Lady take a house here, then?"

"I think it was because the Den is so

like the place she used to meet him in long ago."

"What was his name?"

"I don't know."

"Does the Painted Lady no tell you about yoursel'?"

"No, she is angry if I ask."

"Her name is Mary, I've heard?"

"Mary Beauchamp is her name, but—but I don't think it is her real name."

"How, does she no use her real name?"

"Because she wants her own mamma to think she is dead."

"What makes her want that?"

"I am not sure, but I think it is because there is me. I think it was naughty of me to be born. Can you help being born?"

Tommy would have liked to tell her about Reddy, but forbore, because he still believed that he had acted criminally in that affair, and so for the time being the inquisition ended. But though he had already discovered all that Grizel knew about her mother and nearly all that curious Thrums ever ferreted out, he returned to the subject at the next meeting in the Den.

"Where does the Painted Lady get her money?"

"Oh," said Grizel, "that is easy. She just goes into that house called the bank, and asks for some, and they give her as much as she likes."

"Ay, I've heard that, but——"

The remainder of the question was never uttered. Instead,

"Hod ahint a tree!" cried Tommy, hastily, and he got behind one himself; but he was too late; Elspeth was upon them; she had caught them together at last.

Tommy showed great cunning. "Pretend you have eggs in your hand," he whispered to Grizel, and then, in a loud voice, he said: "Think shame of yoursel', lassie, for harrying birds' nests. It's a good thing I saw you, and brought you here to force you to put them back. Is that you, Elspeth? I caught this limmer wi' eggs in her hands (and the poor birds sic bonny singers, too!), and so I was forcing her to——"

But it would not do. Grizel was ablaze with indignation. "You are a horrid story-teller," she said, "and if I

had known you were ashamed of being seen with me, I would never have spoken to you. Take him," she cried, giving Tommy a push toward Elspeth, "I don't want the mean little story-teller."

"He's not mean!" retorted Elspeth.

"Nor yet little!" roared Tommy.

"Yes, he is," insisted Grizel, "and I was not harrying nests. He came with me here because he wanted to."

"Just for the once," he said, hastily.

"This is the sixth time," said Grizel, and then she marched out of the Den. Tommy and Elspeth followed slowly, and not a word did either say until they were in front of Aaron's house. Then by the light in the window Tommy saw that Elspeth was crying softly, and he felt miserable.

"I was just teaching her to fight," he said, humbly.

"You looked like it!" she replied, with the scorn that comes occasionally to the sweetest lady.

He tried to comfort her in various tender ways, but none of them sufficed this time. "You'll marry her as soon as you're a man," she insisted, and she would not let this tragic picture go. It was a case for his biggest efforts, and he opened his mouth to threaten instant self-destruction unless she became happy at once. But he had threatened this too frequently of late, even shown himself drawing the knife across his throat.

As usual the right idea came to him at the right moment. "If you just kent how I did it for your sake," he said, with gentle dignity, "you wouldna blame me; you would think me noble."

She would not help him with a question, and after waiting for it he proceeded. "If you just kent wha she is! And I thought she was dead! What a start it gave me when I found out it was her!"

"Wha is she?" cried Elspeth, with a sudden shiver.

"I was trying to keep it frae you," replied Tommy, sadly.

She seized his arm. "Is it Reddy?" she gasped, for the story of Reddy had been a terror to her all her days.

"She doesna ken I was the laddie that diddled her in London," he said, "and I promise you never to let on, Elspeth. I—I just gaed to the Den

with her to say things that would put her off the scent. If I hadna done that she might hae found out and ta'en your place here and tried to pack you off to the Painted Lady's."

Elspeth stared at him, the other grief already forgotten, and he thought she was getting on excellently, when she cried with passion, "I don't believe as it is Reddy!" and ran into the house.

"Dinna believe it, then!" disappointed Tommy shouted, and now he was in such a rage with himself that his heart hardened against her. He sought the company of old Blinder.

Unfortunately Elspeth had believed it, and her woe was the more pitiful because she saw at once, what had never struck Tommy, that it would be wicked to keep Grizel out of her rights. "I'll no win to Heaven now," she said, despairingly to herself, for to offer to change places with Grizel was beyond her courage, and she tried some childish ways of getting round God, such as going on her knees and saying, "I'm so little, and I hinna no mother!" That was not a bad way.

Another way was to give Grizel everything she had, except Tommy. She collected all her treasures, the bottle with the brass top that she had got from Shovel's old girl, the "housewife" that was a present from Miss Ailie, the teetotum, the pretty buttons Tommy had won for her at the game of buttony, the witchy marble, the twopence she had already saved for the Muckley, these and some other precious trifles she made a little bundle of and set off for Double Dykes with them, intending to leave them at the door. This was Elspeth, who in ordinary circumstances would not have ventured near that mysterious dwelling even in daylight and in Tommy's company. There was no room for vulgar fear in her bursting little heart to-night.

Tommy went home anon, meaning to be whatever kind of boy she seemed most in need of, but she was not in the house, she was not in the garden; he called her name, and it was only Birkie Fleemister, mimicking her, who answered, "Oh, Tommy, come to me!" But Birkie had news for him.

"Sure as death," he said in some awe,

"I saw Elspeth ganging yont the double dykes, and I cried to her that the Painted Lady would do her a mischief, but she just ran on."

Elspeth in the double dykes—alone—and at night! Oh, how Tommy would have liked to strike himself now! She must have believed his wicked lie after all, and being so religious she had gone to— He gave himself no time to finish the thought. The vital thing was that she was in peril, he seemed to hear her calling to him, "Oh, Tommy, come quick! oh, Tommy, oh, Tommy!" and in an agony of apprehension he ran after her. But by the time he got to the beginning of the double dykes he knew that she must be at the end of them, and in the Painted Lady's maw, unless their repute by night had blown her back. He paused on the Coffin Brig, which is one long narrow stone; and along the funnel of the double dykes he sent the lonely whisper, "Elspeth, are you there?" He tried to shout it, but no boy could shout there after night-fall in the Painted Lady's time, and when the words had travelled only a little way along the double dykes, they came whining back to him, like a dog despatched on uncanny work. He heard no other sound save the burn stealing on tiptoe from an evil place, and the uneasy rustling of tree-tops, and his own breathing.

The Coffin Brig remains, but the double dykes have fallen bit by bit into the burn, and the path they made safe is again as naked as when the Kingoldrum Jacobites filed along it, and sweer they were, to the support of the Pretender. It traverses a ridge and is streaked with slippery beech-roots which like to fling you off your feet, on the one side into a black burn twenty feet below, on the other down a pleasant slope. The double dykes were built by a farmer fond of his dram, to stop the tongue of a water-kelpie which lived in a pool below and gave him a turn every night he staggered home by shouting, "Drunk again, Peewitbrae!" and announcing, with a smack of the lips, that it had a bed ready for him in the burn. So Peewitbrae built two parallel dykes two feet apart and two feet high, between which he could

walk home like a straight man. His cunning took the heart out of the brute, and water-kelpies have not been seen near Thrums since about that time.

By day even girls played at palanlays here, and it was a favorite resort of boys, who knew that you were a man when you could stand on both dykes at once. They also stripped boldly to the skin and then looked doubtfully at the water. But at night! To test your nerves you walked alone between the double dykes, and the popular practice was to start off whistling, which keeps up the courage. At the point where you turned to run back (the Painted Lady after you, or so you thought) you dropped a marked stone, which told next day how far you had ventured. Corp Shiach long held the championship, and his stone was ostentatiously fixed in one of the dykes with lime. Tommy had suffered at his hands for saying that Shovel's mark was thirty yards farther on.

With head bent to the level of the dykes, though it was almost a mirk night beneath the trees, and one arm outstretched before him straight as an elvint, Tommy faced this fearful passage, sometimes stopping to touch cold iron, but on the whole hanging back little, for Elspeth was in peril. Soon he reached the paling that was not needed to keep boys out of the Painted Lady's garden, one of the prettiest and best-tended flower-gardens in Thrums, and crawling through where some spars had fallen, he approached the door as noiseless as an Indian brave after scalps. There he crouched, with a heart that was going like a shuttle on a loom, and listened for Elspeth's voice.

On a night he had come nearly as far as this before, but in the tail of big fellows with a turnip lantern. Into the wood-work of the east window they had thrust a pin, to which a button was tied, and the button was also attached to a long string. They hunkered afar off and pulled this string, and then the button tapped the death-rap on the window, and the sport was successful, for the Painted Lady screamed. But suddenly the door opened and they were put to flight by the fierce barking of a dog. One said that the brute nabbed him in the leg, another saw the vive

tongue of it, a third played lick at it with the lantern; this was before they discovered that the dog had been Grizel imitating one, brave Grizel, always ready to protect her mother, and never allowed to cherish the childish fears that were hers by birthright.

Tommy could not hear a sound from within, but he had startling proof that Elspeth was near. His foot struck against something at the door, and, stooping, he saw that it was a little bundle of the treasures she valued most. So she had indeed come to stay with the Painted Lady if Grizel proved merciless! Oh, what a black he had been!

Though originally a farm-house, the cottage was no larger than Aaron's, and of its two front windows only one showed a light, and that through a blind. Tommy sidled round the house in the hope that the small east window would be more hospitable, and just as he saw that it was blindless something that had been crouching rose between him and it.

"Let go!" he cried, feeling the Painted Lady's talons in his neck.

"Tommy!" was the answer.

"It's you, Elspeth?"

"Is it you, Tommy?"

"Of course. Whisht!"

"But say it is."

"It is."

"Oh, Tommy, I'm so fleid!"

He drew her farther from the window and told her it had all been a wicked lie, and she was so glad that she forgot to chide him, but he denounced himself, and he was better than Elspeth even at that. However, when he learned what had brought her here he dried his eyes and skulked to the door again and brought back her belongings, and then she wanted him to come away at once. But the window fascinated him; he knew he should never find courage to come here again, and he glided toward it, signing to Elspeth to accompany him. They were now too near Double Dykes for speaking to be safe, but he tapped his head as a warning to her to remove her hat, for a woman's head-gear always reaches a window in front of its wearer, and he touched his cold iron and passed it to her as if it were a snuff-mull. Thus

fortified, they approached the window fearfully, holding hands and stepping high, like a couple in a minuet.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PAINTED LADY



IT had been the ordinary dwelling room of the unknown poor, the mean little "end" —ah, no, no, the noblest chamber in the annals of the Scottish nation. Here on a hard anvil has its character been fashioned and its history made at rush-lights and its God ever most prominent. Always within reach of hands which trembled with reverence as they turned its broad page could be found the Book that is compensation for all things, and that was never more at home than on bare dressers and worm-eaten looms. If you were brought up in that place and have forgotten it, there is no more hope for you.

But though still recalling its past, the kitchen into which Tommy and Elspeth peered was trying successfully to be something else. The plate-rack had been a fixture, and the coffin-bed and the wooden bole, or board in the wall, with its round hole through which you thrust your hand when you wanted salt, and instead of a real mantelpiece there was a quaint imitation one painted over the fireplace. There were some pieces of furniture too, such as were usual in rooms of the kind, but most of them, perhaps in ignorance, had been put to novel uses like the plate-rack, where the Painted Lady kept her many pretty shoes instead of her crockery. Gossip said she had a looking-glass of such prodigious size that it stood on the floor, and Tommy nudged Elspeth to signify, "There it is!" Other nudges called her attention to the carpet, the spinet, a chair that rocked like a cradle, and some smaller oddities, of which the queerest was a monster velvet glove hanging on the nail that by rights belonged to the bellows. The Painted Lady always put on this glove before she would touch the coals, which diverted Tommy, who knew that common folk lift coals with their

bare hands while society uses the fringe of its second petticoat.

It might have been a boudoir through which a kitchen and bedroom had wandered, spilling by the way, but though the effect was tawdry, everything had been rubbed clean by that passionate housewife, Grizel. She was on her knees at present ca'ming the hearthstone a beautiful blue, and sometimes looking round to address her mother, who was busy among her plants and cut flowers. Surely they were know-nothings who called this woman silly, and blind who said she painted. It was a little face all of one color, dingy pale, not chubby, but retaining the soft contours of a child's face, and the features were singularly delicate. She was clad in a soft gray, and her figure was of the smallest; there was such an air of youth about her that Tommy thought she could become a girl again by merely shortening her frock, not such a girl as gaunt Grizel, though, who would have looked a little woman had she let her frock down. In appearance indeed the Painted Lady resembled her plain daughter not at all, but in manner in a score of ways, as when she rocked her arms joyously at sight of a fresh bud or tossed her brown hair from her brows with a pretty gesture that ought, God knows, to have been for some man to love. The watchers could not hear what she and Grizel said, but evidently it was pleasant converse, and mother and child, happy in each other's company, presented a picture as sweet as it is common, though some might have complained that they were doing each other's work. But the Painted Lady's delight in flowers was a scandal in Thrums, where she would stand her ground if the roughest boy approached her with roses in his hand, and she gave money for them, which was one reason why the people thought her daft. She was tending her flowers now with experienced eye, smelling them daintily, and every time she touched them it was a caress.

The watchers retired into the field to compare impressions, and Elspeth said emphatically, "I like her, Tommy, I'm not none fleid at her."

Tommy had liked her also, but being

a man he said, "You forget that she's an ill aue."

"She looks as if she didna ken that hersel'," answered Elspeth, and these words of a child are the best picture we can hope to get of the Painted Lady.

On their return to the window they saw that Grizel had finished her ca'ming and was now sitting on the floor nursing a doll. Tommy had not thought her the kind to shut her eyes to the truth about dolls, but she was hugging this one passionately. Without its clothes it was of the nine-pin formation, and the painted eyes and mouth had been incorporated long since in loving Grizel's system; but it became just sweet as she swaddled it in a long yellow frock and slipped its bullet head into a duck of a pink bonnet. These articles of attire and the others that you begin with had all been made by Grizel herself out of the colored tissue-paper that shopkeepers wrap round brandy bottles. The doll's name was Griselda, and it was exactly six months old, and Grizel had found it, two years ago, lying near the Coffin Brig, naked and almost dead.

It was making the usual fuss at having its clothes put on, and Grizel had to tell it frequently that of all the babies—which shamed it now and again, but kept her so occupied that she forgot her mother. The Painted Lady had sunk into the rocking-chair, and for a time she amused herself with it, but by and by it ceased to rock, and as she sat looking straight before her a change came over her face. Elspeth's hand tightened its clutch on Tommy's; the Painted Lady had begun to talk to herself.

She was not speaking aloud, for evidently Grizel, whose back was toward her, heard nothing, but her lips moved and she nodded her head and smiled and beckoned, apparently to the wall, and the childish face rapidly became vacant and foolish. This mood passed, and now she was sitting very still, only her head moving, as she looked in apprehension and perplexity this way and that, like one who no longer knew where she was, nor who was the child by the fire. When at last Grizel turned and observed the change, she may have

sighed, but there was no fear in her face; the fear was on the face of her mother, who shrank from her in unmistakable terror and would have screamed at a harsh word or a hasty movement. Grizel seemed to know this, for she remained where she was, and first she nodded and smiled reassuringly to her mother, and then leaning forward, took her hand and stroked it softly and began to talk. She had laid aside her doll, and with the act become a woman again.

The Painted Lady was soothed, but her bewildered look came and went, as if she only caught at some explanation Grizel was making to lose it in a moment. Yet she seemed most eager to be persuaded. The little watchers at this queer play saw that Grizel was saying things to her which she repeated docilely and clung to and lost hold of. Often Grizel illustrated her words by a sort of pantomime, as when she sat down on a chair and placed the doll in her lap, then sat down on her mother's lap; and when she had done this several times Tommy took Elspeth into the field to say to her:

"Do you no see? She means as she is the Painted Lady's bairn just the same as the doll is her bairn."

If the Painted Lady needed to be told this every minute she was daft indeed, and Elspeth could peer no longer at the eerie spectacle. To leave Tommy, however, was equally difficult, so she crouched at his feet when he returned to the window, drawn there hastily by the sound of music.

The Painted Lady could play on the spinet beautifully, but Grizel could not play, though it was she who was trying to do it now. She was running her fingers over the notes, producing noises from them, while she swayed grotesquely on her seat and made comic faces. Her object was to capture her mother's mind, and she succeeded for a short time, but soon it floated away from all control, and the Painted Lady fell a-shaking violently. Then Grizel seemed to be alarmed, and her arms rocked despairingly, but she went to her mother and took loving hold of her, and the woman clung to her child in a way pitiful to see. She was on Grizel's knee now, but she still shiv-

ered as if in a deadly chill, and her feet rattled on the floor, and her arms against the sides of the chair. Grizel pinned the trembling arms with her own and twisted her legs round her mother's, and still the Painted Lady's tremors shook them both, so that to Tommy they were as two people wrestling.

The shivering slowly lessened and at last ceased, but this seemed to make Grizel no less unhappy. To her vehement attempt to draw her mother's attention she got no response; the Painted Lady was hearkening intently for some sound other than Grizel's voice, and only once did she look at her child. Then it was with cruel, ugly eyes, and at the same moment she shoved Grizel aside so viciously that it was almost a blow. Grizel sat down sorrowfully beside her doll, like one aware that she could do no more, and her mother at once forgot her. What was she listening for so eagerly? Was it for the gallop of a horse? Tommy strained his ears.

"Elspeth—speak low—do you hear anything?"

"No; I'm ower fleid to listen."

"Whisht! do you no hear a horse?"

"No, everything's terrible still. Do you hear a horse?"

"I—I think I do, but far awa'."

His imagination was on fire. Did he hear a distant galloping or did he only make himself hear it? He had bent his head, and Elspeth, looking affrighted into his face, whispered, "I hear it too, oh, Tommy, so do I!"

And the Painted Lady had heard it. She kissed her hand toward the Den several times, and each time Tommy seemed to hear that distant galloping. All the sweetness had returned to her face now, and with it a surging joy, and she rocked her arms exultantly, but quickly controlled them lest Grizel should see. For evidently Grizel must be cheated, and so the Painted Lady became very sly. She slipped off her shoes to be able to make her preparations noiselessly, and though at all other times her face expressed the rapture of love, when she glanced at her child it was suspiciously and with a gleam of hatred. Her preparations were for going out. She was long at the famous mirror, and when she left it her hair

was elaborately dressed and her face so transformed that first Tommy exclaimed "Bonny!" and then corrected himself with a scornful "Paint!" On her feet she put a foolish little pair of red shoes, on her head a hat too gay with flowers, and across her shoulders a flimsy white shawl at which the night air of Thrums would laugh. Her every movement was light and cautious and accompanied by side-glances at Grizel, who occasionally looked at her, when the Painted Lady immediately pretended to be tending her plants again. She spoke to Grizel sweetly to deceive her, and shot baleful glances at her next moment. Tommy saw that Grizel had taken up her doll once more and was squeezing it to her breast. She knew very well what was going on behind her back.

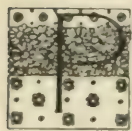
Suddenly Tommy took to his heels, Elspeth after him. He had seen the Painted Lady coming on her tiptoes to the window. They saw the window open and a figure in a white shawl creep out of it, as she had doubtless escaped long ago by another window when the door was barred. They lost sight of her at once.

"What will Grizel do now?" Tommy whispered, and he would have returned to his watching place, but Elspeth pointed to the window. Grizel was there closing it, and next moment the lamp was extinguished. They heard a key turn in the lock, and presently Grizel, carrying warm wraps, passed very near them and proceeded along the double dykes, not anxious apparently to keep her mother in view, but slowly, as if she knew where to find her. She went into the Den, where Tommy dared not follow her, but he listened at the stile and in the awful silence he fancied he heard the neighing of a horse.

The next time he met Grizel he was yearning to ask her how she spent that night, but he knew she would not answer; it would be a long time before she gave him her confidence again. He offered her his piece of cold iron, however, and explained why he carried it, whereupon she flung it across the road, crying, "You horrid boy, do you think I am frightened at my mamma!" But when he was out of sight she came back and slipped the cold iron into her pocket.

CHAPTER XVII

IN WHICH TOMMY SOLVES THE WOMAN PROBLEM



ITY made Elspeth want to like the Painted Lady's child now, but her own rules of life were all from a book never opened by Grizel, who made her religion for herself and thought God a swear; she also despised Elspeth for being so dependent on Tommy, and Elspeth knew it. The two great subjects being barred thus, it was not likely that either girl, despite some attempts on Elspeth's part, should find out the best that was in the other, without which friendship has no meaning, and they would have gone different ways had not Tommy given an arm to each. He, indeed, had as little in common with Grizel, for most conspicuous of his traits was the faculty of stepping into other people's shoes and remaining there until he became someone else; his individuality consisted in having none, while she could only be herself and was without tolerance for those who were different; he had at no time in his life the least desire to make other persons like himself, but if they were not like Grizel she rocked her arms and cried, "Why, why, why?" which is the mark of the "womanly" woman. But his tendency to be anyone he was interested in implied enormous sympathy (for the time being), and though Grizel spurned his overtures, this only fired his pride of conquest. We can all get whatever we want if we are quite determined to have it (though it be a king's daughter), and in the end Tommy vanquished Grizel. How? By offering to let her come into Aaron's house and wash it and dust it and ca'm it, "just as if you were our mother," an invitation she could not resist. To you this may seem an easy way, but consider the penetration he showed in thinking of it. It came to him one day when he saw her lift the smith's baby out of the gutter and hug it with a passionate delight in babies.

"She's so awid to do it," he said basely to Elspeth, "that we needna let

on how much we want it done." And he also mentioned her eagerness to Aaron as a reason why she should be allowed to do it for nothing.

For Aaron to hold out against her admittance would have been to defraud himself, for she transformed his house. When she saw the brass lining of the jelly-pan discolored and that the stockings hanging from the string beneath the mantelpiece had given way where the wearers were hardest on them; when she found dripping adhering to a cold frying-pan instead of in a "pig," and the pitcher leaking and the carrot-grater stopped—when these and similar discoveries were made by Grizel, was it a squeal of horror she gave that such things should be, or a cry of rapture because to her had fallen the task of setting them right?

"She just made a jump for the besom," was Tommy's graphic description of how it all began.

You should have seen Grizel on the hoddy-table knocking nails into the wall. The hoddy-table is so-called because it goes beneath the larger one at night, like a chicken under its mother, and Grizel, with the nails in her mouth, used them up so quickly that you would have sworn she swallowed half of them; yet she rocked her arms because she could not be at all four walls at once. She rushed about the room until she was dizzy, and Tommy knew the moment to cry "Grip her, she'll tumble!" when he and Elspeth seized her and put her on a stool.

It is on the hoddy-table that you bake and iron. "There's not a baking-board in the house," Elspeth explained. "There is!" cried Grizel, there, and then converting a drawer into one.

Between her big bannocks she made baby ones, for no better reason than that she was so fond of babies, and she kissed the baby ones and said, "Oh, the loves, they are just sweet!" and she felt for them when Tommy took a bite. She could go so quickly between the board and the girdle that she was always at one end of the course or the other, but never gave you time to say at which end, and on the limited space round the fire she could balance such a number of bannocks that they were as much

a wonder as the Lord's prayer written on a sixpence. Such a vigilant eye she kept on them, too, that they dared not fall. Yet she had never been taught to bake; a good-natured neighbor had now and again allowed her to look on.

Then her ironing! Even Aaron opened his mouth on this subject, Blinder being his confidant. "I thought there was a smell o' burning," he said, "and so I gaed butt the hoose; but man, as soon as my een lighted on her I minded of my mother at the same job. The crittur was so busy with her work that she looked as if, though the last trumpet had blawn, she would just have cried, 'I canna come till my ironing's done!' Ay, I gaed ben without a word."

But best of all was to see Grizel "redding up" on a Saturday afternoon. Where were Tommy and Elspeth then? They were shut up in the coffin-bed to be out of the way, and could scarce have told whether they fled thither or were wapped into it by her energetic arms. Even Aaron dared not cross the floor until it was sanded. "I believe," he said, trying to jest, "you would like to shut me up in the bed too!" "I should just love it," she cried, eagerly; "will you go?" It is an inferior woman who has a sense of humor when there is a besom in her hand.

Thus began great days to Grizel, "sweet" she called them, for she had many of her mother's words, and a pretty way of emphasizing them with her plain face that turned them all into superlatives. But though Tommy and Elspeth were her friends now, her mouth shut obstinately the moment they mentioned the Painted Lady; she regretted ever having given Tommy her confidence on that subject and was determined not to do so again. He did not dare tell her that he had once been at the east window of her home, but often he and Elspeth spoke to each other of that adventure, and sometimes they woke in their garret bed thinking they heard the horseman galloping by. Then they crept closer to each other, and wondered whether Grizel was cosey in her bed or stalking an eerie figure in the Den.

Aaron said little, but he was drawn

to the girl, who had not the self-consciousness of Tommy and Elspeth in his presence, and sometimes he slipped a penny into her hand. The pennies were not spent, they were hoarded for the fair, or Muckle Friday, or Muckley, great day of the year in Thrums. If you would know how Tommy was making ready for this mighty festival, listen.

One of his sources of income was the *Mentor*, a famous London weekly paper, which seemed to visitors to be taken in by every person of position in Thrums. It was to be seen not only in parlors, but on the arm-chair at the Jute Bank, in the gauger's gig, in the Spital factor's dog-cart, on a shoemaker's form, protruding from Dr. McQueen's tail pocket and from Mr. Duthie's oter pocket, on Cathro's school-desk, in the Rev. Mr. Dishart's study, in half a dozen farms. Miss Ailie compelled her little servant, Gavinia, to read the *Mentor*, and stood over her while she did it; the phrase, "this week's," meant this week's *Mentor*. Yet the secret must be told: only one copy of the paper came to Thrums weekly; it was subscribed for by the whole reading public between them, and by Miss Ailie's influence Tommy had become the boy who carried it from house to house.

This brought him a penny a week, but so heavy were his incidental expenses that he could have saved little for the Muckley had not another organization given him a better chance. It was a society, newly started, for helping the deserving poor; they had to subscribe not less than a penny weekly to it, and at the end of the year each subscriber was to be given fuel, etc., to the value of double what he or she had put in. "The three Ps" was a nickname given to the society by Dr. McQueen, because it claimed to distribute "Peats and Potatoes with Propriety," but he was one of its heartiest supporters nevertheless. The history of this society in the first months of its existence not only shows how Tommy became a moneyed man, but gives a glimpse into the character of those it benefited.

Miss Ailie was treasurer, and the pennies were to be brought to her on

Monday evenings between the hours of seven and eight. The first Monday evening found her ready in the school-room, in her hand the famous pencil that wrote red with the one end and blue with the other; by her side her assistant, Mr. T. Sandys, a pen balanced on his ear. For a whole hour did they wait, but though many of the worthiest poor had been enrolled as members, the few who appeared with their pennies were notoriously riff-raff. At eight Miss Ailie disconsolately sent Tommy home, but he was back in five minutes.

"There's a mask of them," he told her, excitedly, "hanging about, but feared to come in because the others would see them. They're ashamed to have it kent that they belong to a charity society, and Meggy Robbie is wandering round the Dovecot wi' her penny wrapped in a paper, and Watty Rattray and Ronny-On is walking up and down the brae pretending they dinna ken ane another, and auld Connacher's Jeanie Ann says she has been four times round the town waiting for Kitty Elshioner to go away, and there's a one-leggit man hodding in the ditch, and Tibbie Birse is out wi' a lantern counting them."

Miss Ailie did not know what to do. "Here's Jeanie Ann's penny," Tommy continued, opening his hand, "and this is three bawbees frae Kitty Elshioner, and you and me is no to tell a soul they've joined."

A furtive tapping was heard at the door. It was Ronny-On, who had skulked forward with twopence, but Gavinia answered his knock, so he just said, "Ay, Gavinia, it's yoursel'. Weel, I'll be stepping," and would have retired had not Miss Ailie caught him. Even then he said, "Three bawbees is to you to lay by, and one bawbee to Gavinia no to tell."

To next Monday evening Miss Ailie now looked with apprehension, but Tommy lay awake that night until, to use a favorite crow of his, he "saw a way." He borrowed the school-mistress's blue-and-red pencil and sought the houses of the sensitive poor with the following effect. One sample will suffice; take him at the door of Meggy Robbie

in the West Muir, which he flung open with the effrontery of a tax-collector.

"You're a three P," he said, with a wave of his pencil.

"I'm no sic thing!" cried the old lady.

"It winna do, woman," Tommy said, sternly. "Miss Ailie telled me you paid in your first penny on the chap of ten." He wetted the pencil on his tongue to show that it was vain to trifle with him, and Meggy bowed her head.

"It'll be through the town that I've joined," she moaned, but Tommy explained that he was there to save her.

"I'm willing to come to your house," he said, "and collect the money every week, and not a soul will I tell except the committee."

"Kitty Elshioner would see you coming," said Meggy.

"No, no, I'll creep yont the hedge and climb the hen-house."

"But it would be a' found out at ony rate," she remembered, "when I go for the peats and things at Hogmanay."

"It needna be," eagerly replied Tommy. "I'll bring them to you in a barrow in the dead o' night."

"Could you?" she cried, passionately, and he promised he would, and it may be mentioned here that he did.

"And what for yoursel'?" she inquired.

"A bawbee," he said, "the night afore the Muckley."

The bargain was made, but before he could get away, "Tell me, laddie," said Meggy, coaxingly, "has Kitty Elshioner joined?" They were all as curious to know who had joined as they were anxious to keep their own membership a secret; but Tommy betrayed none, at least none who agreed to his proposal. There were so many of these that on the night before the Muckley he had thirteen pence.

"And you was doing good all the time you was making it," Elspeth said, fondly. "I believe that was the reason you did it."

"I believe it was!" Tommy exclaimed. He had not thought of this before, but it was easy to him to believe anything.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MUCKLEY

EVERY child in Thrums went to bed on the night before the Muckley hugging a pirlie, or, as the vulgar say, a money-box; and all the pirlies were ready for to-morrow, that is to say, the mouths of them had been widened with gully knives by owners now so skilful at the jerk which sends their contents to the floor that pirlies they were no longer. "Disgorge!" was the universal cry, or, in the vernacular, "Out you come, you sweer deevils!"

Not a coin but had its history, not a boy who was unable to pick out his own among a hundred. The black one came from the 'Sosh, the bent lad he got for carrying in Ronny-On's sticks. Oh mighty me, sure as death he had nearly forgotten the one with the warts on it. Which to spend first? The goldie one? Na faags, it was ower ill to come by. The scarrit one? No, no, it was a lucky. Well, then, the one found in the rat's hole? (That was a day!) Ay, dagont, ay, we'll make the first blatter with it.

It was Tommy's first Muckley, and the report that he had thirteen pence brought him many advisers about its best investment. Even Corp Shiach (five pence) suspended hostilities for this purpose. "Mind this," he said, solemnly, "there's none o' the candies as sucks so lang as Californy's Teuch and Tasty. Other kinds may be sweeter, but Teuch and Tasty lasts the longest, and what a grip it has! It pulls out your teeth!" Corp seemed to think that this was a recommendation.

"I'm nane sure o' Teuch and Tasty," Birkie said. "If you dinna keep a watch on it, it slips ower when you're swallowing your spittle."

"Then you should tie a string to it," suggested Tommy, who was thought more of from that hour.

Beware of Pickpockets! Had it not been for placards with this glorious announcement (it is the state's first printed acknowledgment that boys and girls form part of the body politic) you might

have thought that the night before the Muckley was absurdly like other nights. Not a show had arrived, not a strange dog, no romantic figures were wandering the streets in search of lodgings, no stands had sprung up in the square. You could pass hours in pretending to fear that when the morning came there would be no fairyland. And all the time you *knew*.

About ten o'clock Ballingall's cat was observed washing its face, a deliberate attempt to bring on rain. It was immediately put to death.

Tommy and Elspeth had agreed to lie awake all night; if Tommy nipped Elspeth, Elspeth would nip Tommy. Other children had made the same arrangement, though the experienced ones were aware that it would fail. If it was true that all the witches were dead, then the streets of stands and shows and gaming-tables and shooting-galleries were erected by human hands, and it followed that were you to listen through the night you must hear the hammers. But always in the watches the god of the Muckley came unseen and glued your eyes, as if with Teuch and Tasty, and while you slept—Up you woke with a start. What was it you were to mind as soon as you woke? Listen! That's a drum beating! It's the Muckley! They are all here! It has begun! Oh, mighty, mighty, mighty, whaur's my breeks?

When Tommy, with Elspeth and Grizel, set off excitedly for the town, the country folk were already swarming in. The Monypenny road was thick with them, braw loons in blue bonnets with red bobs to them, tartan waistcoats, scarves of every color, woollen shirts as gay, and the strutting wearers in two minds—whether to take off the scarf to display the shirt, or hide the shirt and trust to the scarf. Came lassies, too, in wincey bodices they were like to burst through, and they were listening apprehensively as they ploughed onward for a tearing at the seams. There were red-headed lasses, yellow-chy-headed and black-headed, blue-shawled and red-shawled lasses; boots on every one of them, stockings almost as common, the skirt kilted up for the present, but down it should go when

they were in the thick of things, and then it must take care of itself. All were solemn and sheepish as yet, but wait a bit.

The first-known face our three met was Corp. He was only able to sign to them, because Californy's specialty had already done its work and glued his teeth together. He was off to the smithy to be melted, but gave them to understand that though awkward it was glorious. Then came Birkie, who had sewn up the mouths of his pockets, all but a small slit in each, as a precaution against pickpockets, and was now at his own request being held upside down by the Haggerty-Taggertys on the chance that a half-penny which had disappeared mysteriously might fall out. A more tragic figure was Francie Crabb (one and seven pence), who like a mad, mad thing, had taken all his money to the fair at once. In ten minutes he had bought fourteen musical instruments.

Tommy and party had not yet reached the celebrated corner of the west town end where the stands began, but they were near it, and he stopped to give Grizel and Elspeth his final instructions: (1) Keep your money in your purse, and your purse in your hand, and your hand in your pocket; (2) if you lose me, I'll gie Shovel's whistle, and syne you maun squeeze and birse your way back to me."

Now then, are you ready? Bang! They were in it. Strike up, ye fiddlers; drums, break; tooters, fifers, at it for your lives; trumpets, blow; bagpipes, skirl; music-boxes, all together now—Tommy has arrived.

Even before he had seen Thrums, except with his mother's eye, Tommy knew that the wise begin the Muckley by measuring its extent. That the square and adjoining wynds would be crammed was a law of nature, but boyhood drew imaginary lines across the Roods, the west town end, the east town end, and the brae, and if the stands did not reach these there had been retrogression. Tommy found all well in two quarters, got a nasty shock on the brae, but medicine for it in the Roods; on the whole, yelled a hundred children, by way of greeting to each other, a better Muckley than ever.

From those who loved them best, the more notable Muckleys got distinctive names for convenience of reference. As shall be ostentatiously shown in its place, there was a Muckley called (and by Corp Shiach, too) after Tommy, but this, his first, was dubbed Sewster's Muckley, in honor of a seamstress who hanged herself that day in the Three-cornered Wood. Poor little sewer, she had known joyous Muckleys too, but now she was up in the Three-cornered Wood hanging herself, aged nineteen. I know nothing more of her, except that in her maiden days when she left the house her mother always came to the door to look proudly after her.

How to describe the scene, when owing to the throng a boy could only peer at it between legs or through the crook of a woman's arm? Shovel would have run up ploughmen to get his bird's-eye view, and he could have told Tommy what he saw, and Tommy could have made a picture of it in his mind, every figure ten feet high. But perhaps to be lost in it was best. You had but to dive and come up anywhere to find something amazing; you fell over a box of jumping-jacks into a new world.

Everyone to his taste. If you want Tommy's sentiments, here they are, condensed: "The shows surpass everything else on earth. Four streets of them in the square! The best is the menagerie, because there is the loudest roaring there. Kick the caravans and you increase the roaring. Admission, however, prohibitive (threepence). More economical to stand outside the show of the 'Mountain Maid and the Shepherd's Bride' and watch the merriman saying funny things to the monkey. Take care you don't get in front of the steps, else you will be pressed up by those behind and have to pay before you have decided that you want to go in. When you fling pennies at the Mountain Maid and the Shepherd's Bride they stop play-acting and scramble for them. Go in at night when there are drunk ploughmen to fling pennies. The Fat Wife with the Golden Locks lets you put your fingers in her arms, but that is soon over. 'The Slave-driver and his Victims.' Not worth the money; they are not blood-

ing. 'To Jerusalem and Back in a Jiffy. This is a swindle. You just keek through holes."

But Elspeth was of a different mind. She liked to Jerusalem and Back best, and gave the Slave-driver and his Victims a penny to be Christians. The only show she disliked was the wax-work, where was performed the "Tragedy of Tiffano and the Haughty Princess." Tiffano loved the woodman's daughter, and so he would not have the Haughty Princess, and so she got a magician to turn him into a pumpkin, and then she ate him. What distressed Elspeth was that Tiffano could never get to heaven now, and all the consolation Tommy, doing his best, could give her was "He could go, no doubt he could go, but he would have to take the Haughty Princess wi' him, and he would be sweer to do that."

Grizel reflected: "If I had a whip like the slave-drivers wouldn't I lash the boys who hoot my mamma! I wish I could turn boys into pumpkins. The Mountain Maid wore a beautiful muslin with gold lace, but she does not wash her neck."

Lastly, let Corp have his say: "I looked at the outside of the shows, but always landed back at Californy's stand. Sucking is better nor near onything. The Teuch and Tasty is stickier than ever. I have lost twa teeth. The Mountain Maid is bidding all night at Tibbie Birse's, and I gaed in to see her. She had a bervie and a boiled egg to her tea. She likes her eggs saft wi' a lick of butter in them. The Fat Wife is the ane I like best. She's bidding wi' Shilpit Kaytherine on the Tanage Brae. She weighs Jeems and Kaytherine and the sma' black swine. She had an ingin to her tea. The Slave-driver's a fushless body. One o' the Victims gies him his licks. They a' bide in the caravan. You can stand on the wheel and keek in. They had herrings wi' the rans to their tea. I cut a hole in Jerusalem and Back, and there was no Jerusalem there. The man as ocht Jerusalem greets because the Fair Circassian winna hae him. He is bidding a' night wi' Blinder. He likes a dram in his tea.

Elspeth's money lasted till four o'clock. For Aaron, almost the only

man in Thrums who shunned the revels that day, she bought a gingerbread house; and the miraculous powder which must be taken on a sixpence was to make Blinder see again, but unfortunately he forgot about putting it on the sixpence. And of course there was something for a certain boy. Grizel had completed her purchases by five o'clock, when Tommy was still heavy with threepence halfpenny. They included a fluffy pink shawl, she did not say for whom, but the Painted Lady wore it afterward, and for herself another doll.

"But that doll's leg is broken," Tommy pointed out.

"That was why I bought it," she said, warmly, "I feel so sorry for it, the darling," and she carried it carefully so that the poor thing might suffer as little pain as possible.

Twice they rushed home for hasty meals and were back so quickly that Tommy's shadow strained a muscle in turning with him. Night came on, and from a hundred strings stretched along stands and shows there now hung thousands of long tin things like trumpets. One burning paper could set a dozen of these ablaze, and no sooner were they lit than a wind that had been biding its time rushed in like the merriman, making the lamps swing on their strings, so that the flaring lights embraced, and from a distance Thrums seemed to be on fire.

Even Grizel was willing to hold Tommy's hand now, and the three could only move this way and that as the roaring crowd carried them. They were not looking at the Muckley, they were part of it, and at last Thrums was all Tommy's fancy had painted it. This intoxicated him, so that he had to scream at intervals, "We're here, Elspeth, I tell you, we're here!" and he became pugnacious and asked youths twice his size whether they denied that he was here, and if so, would they come on. In this frenzy he was seen by Miss Ailie, who had stolen out in a veil to look for Gavinia, but just as she was about to reprove him, dreadful men asked her was she in search of a lad, whereupon she fled home and barred the door, and later in the evening warned

Gavinia, through the key-hole, taking her for a roystering blade, that there were policemen in the house, to which the astounding reply of Gavinia, then aged twelve, was, "No sic luck."

With the darkness, too, crept into the Muckley certain devils in the color of the night who spoke thickly and rolled braw lads in the mire, and egged on friends to fight and cast lewd thoughts into the minds of the women. At first the men had been bashful swains. To the women's "Gie me my faring, Jock," they had replied, "Wait, Jean, till I'm fee'd," but by night most had got their arles, with a dram above it, and he who could only guffaw at Jean a few hours ago had her round the waist now, and still an arm free for rough play with other kimmers. The Jeans were as boisterous as the Jocks, giving them leer for leer, running from them with a giggle, waiting to be caught and rudely kissed. Grand, patient, long-suffering fellows these men were, up at five, summer and winter, foddering their horses, maybe, hours before there would be food for themselves, miserably paid, housed like cattle, and when the rheumatism seized them, liable to be flung aside like a broken graip. As hard was the life of the women: coarse food, chaff beds, damp clothes their portion; their sweethearts in the service of masters who were loth to fee a married man. Is it to be wondered that these lads who could be faithful unto death drank soddenly on their one free day, that these girls, starved of opportunities for womanliness, of which they could make as much as the finest lady, sometimes woke after a Muckley to wish that they might wake no more?

Our three brushed shoulders with the devils that had been let loose, but hardly saw them; they heard them, but did not understand their tongue. The eight-o'clock bell had rung long since, and though the racket was as great as ever, it was only because every reveller left now made the noise of two. Mothers were out fishing for their bairns. The Haggerty-Taggertys had straggled home hoarse as crows; every one of them went to bed that night with a stocking round his throat. Of Monypenny boys, Tommy could find none in the square

but Corp, who, with another tooth missing, had been going about since six o'clock with his pockets hanging out, as a sign that all was over. An awkward silence had fallen on the trio; the reason, that Tommy had only threepence left and the smallest of them cost threepence. The reference of course is to the wondrous gold-paper packets of sweets (not unlike crackers in appearance) which are only seen at the Muckley, and are what every girl claims of her lad or lads. Now, Tommy had vowed to Elspeth—But he had also said to Grizel—In short, how could he buy for both with threepence?

Grizel, as the stranger, ought to get—But he knew Elspeth too well to believe that she would dry her eyes with that.

Elspeth being his sister—But he had promised Grizel, and she had been so ill brought up that she said nasty things when you broke your word.

The gold packet was bought. That is it sticking out of Tommy's inside pocket. The girls saw it and knew what was troubling him, but not a word was spoken now between the three. They set off for home self-consciously, Tommy the least agitated on the whole, because he need not make up his mind for another ten minutes. But he wished Grizel would not look at him sideways and then rock her arms in irritation. They passed many merry-makers homeward bound, many of them following a tortuous course, for the Scottish toper gives way first in the legs, the Southron in the other extremity, and thus between them could be constructed a man wholly sober and another as drunk as Chloe. But though the highway clattered with many feet, not a soul was in the double dykes, and at the easy end of that formidable path Grizel came to a determined stop.

"Good-night," she said, with such a disdainful glance at Tommy.

He had not made up his mind yet, but he saw that it must be done now, and to take a decisive step was always agony to him, though once taken it ceased to trouble. To dodge it for another moment he said, weakly: "Let's—let's sit down a whiley on the dyke."

But Grizel, while coveting the packet, because she had never got a present in

her life, would not shilly-shally. "Are you to give it to Elspeth?" she asked, with the horrid directness that is so trying to an intellect like Tommy's.

"N-no," he said.

"To Grizel?" cried Elspeth.

"N-no," he said again.

It was an undignified moment for a great boy, but the providence that watched over Tommy until it tired of him came to his aid in the nick of time. It took the form of the Painted Lady, who appeared suddenly out of the gloom of the Double Dykes. Two of the children jumped, and the third clenched her little fists to defend her mamma if Tommy cast a word at her. But he did not; his mouth remained foolishly open. The Painted Lady had been talking cheerfully to herself, but she drew back apprehensively, with a look of appeal on her face, and then—and then Tommy "saw a way." He handed her the gold packet, "It's to you," he said, "it's—it's your Muckley!"

For a moment she was afraid to take it, but when she knew that this sweet boy's gift was genuine, she fondled it and was greatly flattered, and dropped him the quaintest courtesy and then looked defiantly at Grizel. But Grizel did not take it from her. Instead she flung her arms impulsively round Tommy's neck, she was so glad, glad, glad.

As Tommy and Elspeth walked away to their home, Elspeth could hear him breathing heavily, and occasionally he gave her a furtive glance.

"Grizel needna have done that," she said, sharply.

"No," replied Tommy.

"But it was noble of you," she continued, squeezing his hand, "to gie it to the Painted Lady. Did you mean to gie it to her a' the time?"

"Oh, Elspeth!"

"But did you?"

"Oh, Elspeth!"

"That's no you greeting, is it?" she asked, softly.

"I'm near the greeting," he said, truthfully, "but I'm no sure what about." His sympathy was so easily aroused that he sometimes cried without exactly knowing why.

"It's because you're so good," Elspeth told him; but presently she said, with a complete change of voice, "No, Grizel needna have done that."

"It was a shameful thing to do," Tommy agreed, shaking his head. "But she did it!" he added, triumphantly; "you saw her do it, Elspeth!"

"But you didna like it?" Elspeth asked, in terror.

"No, of course I didna like it, but—"

"But what, Tommy?"

"But I liked her to like it," he admitted, and by and by he began to laugh hysterically. "I'm no sure what I'm laughing at," he said, "but I think it's at mysel'." He may have laughed at himself before, but this Muckley is memorable as the occasion on which he first caught himself doing it. The joke grew with the years, until sometimes he laughed in his most emotional moments, suddenly seeing himself in his true light. But it had become a bitter laugh by that time.

(To be continued.)

AN IDYL OF TWO MAYS

By Charles Henry Webb

THE air was sweet with blooms of May,
Her head upon my bosom lay.
A year before we two had stood
Where now we sat, within the wood.
As now fell blossoms at our feet,
With woodsy smells the air was sweet;
All Nature's heart was glad astir,
And mine was full of love for her
Who stood beside me on this spot;
Perhaps she knew—I spoke it not.
The robin sung with rippling throat,

A bluebird trilled a love-born note ;
 A mocking bird with saucy beak
 Besought its mate—I could not speak ;
 Each flower that would a tendril twine
 Laid bare its heart—I showed not mine,
 But picked a bud that near us grew,
 Its lips yet fragrant with the dew,
 To lay it that it might caress
 The little hand I dare not press.
 Instead I held it in mine own,
 And said, "Too soon this bud has blown."
 Strange that a year can do so much.
 Not now her hand I feared to touch.
 The birds that so outbraved me then
 Sang their old love-notes o'er again.
 The flowers that once my speech outvied
 Had long since wedded, withered, died.
 But I—see what a year can do !—
 Had found new voice and courage too—
 And yet no timorous hand was pressed—
 I took the whole girl to my breast,
 And said, "I love you, dearest dear,
 I've loved you for the longest year."
 And that she might believe it more,
 I said the same thing o'er and o'er
 Until each tree and echoing rock
 With faint "I love yous" seemed to mock.
 That she might more the truth perceive
 I kissed her lips, I do believe.
 I kissed her eyes, their eyelids through—
 Dear eyes, though shut, they saw and knew—
 Until a magpie fled the glen,
 Remarking on ill-mannered men ;
 And a dear robin near us said—
 Blushing till all her breast was red :
 "If those queer birds now both agree
 To build, why here's a vacant tree."
 Nothing there was of life but lent
 Unto our love encouragement.
 And I had thought to find reproof
 From all beneath that arching roof !
 But nature, who these things commands,
 Blessed with high-lifted, holy hands,
 And smiling on us seemed to say,
 "My children, there's no other way."
 And she whose dear and sacred head
 Lay on my bosom, when I said,
 "If this be bad, why, dearest, know
 I was as bad a year ago,"
 Put up her lips—I bent to hear—
 And whispered softly in my ear :
 "If all this badness in your breast
 A year ago you had confessed
 I might have pardoned ; now I see
 How much, how long you've cheated me—
 But I absolve you, dear, by this"—
 Ne'er sweeter cross did sinner kiss.

A · DAY · AT · OLYMPIA ·



· BY · DVFFIELD · OSBORNE ·
· WITH · PICTURES · BY · CORWIN · KNAFF · LINSON ·



PHRAANES, the Mede, was hastening along the Sacred Way that led from the city of Elis to Olympia. It was over a fortnight since he landed from his galley in the bay of Kenchreæ, and his vexation over the delays to which he had been put had been in no wise lessened, upon his arrival at Elis, to learn that his father's guest-friend, Evander, the son of Evagoras, had despaired of his coming and set out alone for their common destination. Drawing bridle now to water his horse at a little stream that flowed by the roadside, he took a letter from his girdle and read again its familiar contents :



READ AGAIN ITS FAMILIAR CONTENTS

"Evander to Phraanes: health and greeting. This letter is your suppliant. It is time to gratify the wish I have heard you utter; that you might behold the famous games celebrated every fourth year before the face of Zeus, who sits throned at Olympia. Lest you hesitate to venture among the hereditary foes of the Great King, your master, do not forget that many days before the festival, and in order that all may attend in safety, the heralds proclaim a sacred truce throughout Hellas; and whosoever after that engages in any war or draws his sword in violence, is visited with the heaviest penalties both by gods and men. Come, then, and I will await you at Elis until the tenth day before the full moon of the summer solstice. Should you be unduly delayed, follow me in all haste to Olympia. Commend me to your father and brothers—Farewell."

Putting the letter away again, the Mede resumed his journey, viewing with wonder the multitudes of horsemen and footmen that, together with the chariots and litters of the wealthy, thronged the Sacred Road. Time and again the press parted to right and left, giving way to some band of theoroi; and many companies of these sacred deputies from states and cities, swept by, vying with each other in the elegance of their robes of office and rich equipage, in their carriages laden with gifts to the shrine of Zeus, and in the droves of victims for the great altar, picked from their kind for beauty and freedom from blemish.

Suddenly Phraanes reined up, gazing spellbound before him. The plain of Olympia, in all its glory and loveliness, had burst upon his view. Temples grand beyond all human conception, and statues more numerous than man could count, gleamed white amid the green of the plane-trees and the sombre gray of the wild olives. There stood the sacred grove of Zeus, confined by its terraced walls and the rugged heights of Kronos on the north. Along the western boundary flowed the Kladeus, eager to join the broad flood of Alpheus that dashed across the plain to the south. And now the Mede recalled a legend told him by his friend, how this same Alpheus once loved a nymph named Are-

thusa, who, flying from his embraces, was transformed into a fountain in Ortygia, a far distant island in the western sea. But the river god, nothing daunted, forced for himself a channel beneath the ocean and, rising in the land where she had taken refuge, hastened to mingle his waters with those of the fountain that was once his beloved. Thus it happens, thought Phraanes, that he bounds proud and gleeful by the groves of Zeus, knowing that, ere nightfall, he shall be with her.

Eastward up the valley his eyes wandered over an expanse of rich foliage flecked with countless tents, and stretching away to where the snow-crowned ranges of Erymanthus and Kyllene gleamed, now pink, now violet, beneath the sunbeams that streamed down from the cloudless blue.

With some questioning he found the tent of Evander, who greeted him joyfully and led him within, asking many questions about his family and friends. Then, having bathed and donned a fresh robe and partaken of a supper of figs and cheese-cakes, together with wine of Lesbos, Phraanes went forth into the Altis to behold the beauties of the fairest spot in all Hellas.

It was evening, but evening far brighter than his Persian days. The soft rays of the moon bathed groves and temples and statues in floods of placid light, and the water of Alpheus flowed like a stream of very silver. Torches flared beneath the trees, and the smoke and flame curled upward from a hundred altars. There loomed the great temple of Zeus, builded by Libon, of Olympia, "A monument such as is reserved for no other mortal," said Evander; "if, peradventure, he came not himself from the race of gods." On every side were colonnades of Doric pillars, and, far above, the vast roof rested upon the backs of eagles, to symbolize that Zeus had sent his sacred messengers that they might bear up his house to a height fitting the dignity of the king of gods and men. Upon the frieze of the western front they saw the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ carven by Alkamanes; upon the east, Pæonius had wrought in marble the moment when Pelops and Œnomaus were bending



ON THE ROAD TO OLYMPIA ~ ~ ~

over their impatient chargers, about to loose the reins upon their necks and launch the chariots toward the goal. A party of Athenians who had been admiring the entablature turned away as the friends drew near, and they heard one remark to his companions that Hiero of Syrakuse had entered four chariots for the games.

"You see," said Evander, "Pelops himself, having won the daughter of Œnomaus by conquering him in the chariot race, founded the sports of the hippodrome here to commemorate his victory, and he presides over them as does Herakles over the contests where man contends against man. It is doubtless true," he added, glancing around, "that these races add much to the glory and splendor of the festival, and that those who win them are held in high esteem; yet, to my mind, that honor which a man attains by the wealth that allows him to buy the speediest horses and hire the most skillful drivers, compares poorly with the honor he wins who descends naked into the stadion and conquers by the strength of his muscles, the cunning of his brain, and the courage of his heart. But come; let me show you the twelve labors of Herakles depicted along the metopes within the colonnades; that is, when you are done gazing at the golden Victory there upon the roof."

Entering the temple, they stood before the great statue of the god himself, seated upon his chryselephantine throne rich with sculptured fables; and read the words engraved thereon: "Phidias the Athenian made me." The right hand supported a winged Victory of ivory and gold, the left wielded a sceptre of blended metals on whose tip an eagle had perched, while about his brow was carved the encircling branch of his own wild olive. The sandals and the robe adorned with lilies delicately traced, were all of gold. Around the base of the throne danced six Victories. Above hovered the Graces and the Hours, eager to minister to their sire.

"What dignity!" exclaimed Phraanes; "what power, what serenity, is throned in that benignant face! Surely

it is no work of men's hands, but the very god who sits yonder."

Again, the friends went out into the Altis, passing by the table of gold and ivory whereon were the crowns and palm branches to be given the victors, and wandered through the thronged enclosure. On every side rose statues of the gods that might well have been worshipped for their beauty alone, and among them, as though acknowledged worthy of such fellowship, stood hundreds of victors of past Olympiads:—boxers, pentathletes, wrestlers, pancratisers, runners—yes, and chariots and horses wooed from the stubborn rock by the chisels of men from whom Phidias had learned his craft: groves of carven marble amid groves to which the earth alone had given birth. Near the centre of the Altis, towered the great lozenge-shaped altar of Zeus.

"Can you conceive," said Evander, "that it is builded from the sacrificial ashes of three hundred years, hardened into clay by the waters of Alpheus?"

Westward rose the shrine of Pelops, and beyond it the temple of Here, yielding in glory only to that of her lord. Northward, toward Kronos, stood the Metroön, rich with the art of Panænus, and, still farther, upon the breast of the hill, the treasure-houses of the states, with Sykion on the west and Gela on the east. Turning again, and looking beyond the shrines of Here and Pelops, they could see the palæstra and gymnasium upon the bank of the Kladeus.

"There, for the last thirty days," explained Evander, "the athletes have been completing their training under the eyes of the Hellanodikæ."

Resuming their stroll, the friends passed close to a group of men and boys from whose midst floated the notes of a lyre and the words of a hymn to Dionysus.

"It is Simonides of Keos," said Evander; "and but yesterday, Æschylus read his tragedy of 'The Persians' to a great multitude that shouted and wept."

So they walked on, by groups listening eagerly to rhapsodists who recited lines of Homer, now stirring and again sad; past groups leaning forward



THERE LOOMED THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ZEUS

around shabby-looking men who talked of immortality and virtue and love—Sokrates, Hippias of Elis, and sophists innumerable that thronged the Porch of Echoes; until, at last, evening waned into night, the sounds died away one by one, and the people slept, some beneath their tents, more beneath the vaulted heaven, with none but Artemis and the constellations to guard their slumber.

It was the third day of the festival. Upon the first Phraanes had beheld the great initiatory sacrifice. He had seen the ten judges, seated before their white tents amid the olives, classing and arranging the competitors. He had seen the games of the second day, where boys contended with each other; and the sun that now peeped over the crests of Erymanthus was fated to look down upon the greatest honor and the greatest victories.

Having sent slaves to retain their places on Mount Kronos, Evander hurried with his guest to the Bouleuterion. A great crowd surged around the Council House, for the competitors and their witnesses were taking the solemn oaths.

"Hear, O Zeus!" they cried, laying their hands upon the quivering victim. "We, who stand before you now are of

pure Hellenic blood; free sons of free parents, neither branded with dishonor nor guilty of any sacrilege. We have duly undergone for ten months the training to fit us to contend before thee, and we will so contend, striving earnestly by all lawful means, and without guile or bribery, to attain victory."

Then the sacred procession wound on toward the stadion, and judges, scourge-bearers, and contestants vanished down the vaulted passage reserved for them between the brazen statues of Zeus, placed there as a final warning. "For these," said Evander, "are paid for out of the fines imposed for violations of the laws of the games."

The friends were not long in finding the seats reserved for them. On every side hills sloped downward to the oblong level of hard sand, with its limestone thresholds that marked starting-point and goal. At the latter was the pillar wreathed with olive that the runners turned in the double and long courses. Above it sat the judges surrounded by scourge-bearers, and before

them, upon an altar of white stone, the priestess of Demeter Chamyne.

"Yonder there, by the barrier," said Evander, "is the tomb of Endymion, the shepherd beloved of Artemis. You see, even the love of a goddess cannot ward off death. Shall we not sacrifice a dove to Aphrodite, when we go forth?" he added, jestingly; but Phraanes made answer, with warning finger, that those who sacrificed to her the most were often the most harshly dealt with.

And now, leaning back, their eyes wandered over the multitude that crowned the heights and cloaked the hill-sides, until, as Homer wrote, "The very air was thick with the breath of men." On every hand wealth jostled with poverty. Coarse cloaks of sophists brushed against purple robes of kings, rich with embroidery of saffron and glittering with gold and gems. Here a group of young Corinthians with flowered mantles were joking each other about some famous hetaira, as though they wished the by-standers to know them for fashionable votaries of pleasure.

"That fellow with the thick accent," explained Evander, "is a Theban, and he who is wasting wit upon his dull intellect is the Athenian, Thucydides. Those shepherds with goat-skins about their shoulders and loins, are doubtless from some valley among the Arkadian Mountains. There sit the Spartan deputies amid their countrymen."

"Why do their youths give place to that old man and close up against his companion of equal years?" asked Phraanes.

"Doubtless the latter is a bachelor," replied Evander. "It is a saying of the Spartans that no young man need rise for one who has no sons who may return the courtesy in after-years. Do you note the magnificence of the Syrakusan deputies? Their tyrant, Hiero, is a man of wealth and taste, whatever else is said of him. Simonides of Keos has come with them to celebrate such victories as they may win."

"Are all the women of Hellas young and beautiful?" queried the Mede. "You do well to let them attend your festivals."

Evander laughed. "Only the maidens," he said, "are allowed to be present. Matrons have other duties, nor is it considered fitting that the mothers of our children be seen of all men and waste their days in silly gossip, making trouble and jealousies, like enough, among their husbands—but see! The procession of contestants is marching around the stadion. It is for the single course: the oldest and most famous of the games. Do you realize that one of those thirty youths will, by the supreme effort of a few short seconds, give his name to the next four years?"

In every face Phraanes could read the intense question: "Shall it be the Olympiad of Diagoras the Corinthian, of Kallikles the Athenian, or of Amertas the Spartan? Whose brow shall be bound with twigs shorn by the golden sickle from the boughs of Kallistephanos? What city shall, rejoicing, bear the victor through the breach levelled in its wall? Whose statue shall Phidias erect in the sacred grove? Whose praises shall Pindar sing?" "Hark! The herald is about to make proclamation."

A voice rang through the stadion:

"Let him stand forth and speak who has aught to allege against the blood or character of any of these men!"

There was silence, and again the voice cried out:

"Set yourselves now to decide the contest. Zeus will grant the victory. Let the runners put their feet to the mark!"

The contestants bent over the limestone threshold. The oil glistened upon their naked bodies. The sparrows chirped upon the crest of Kronos. Then the trumpet sounded, and the waiting line seemed fairly to leap forward. For an instant it stretched straight north and south across the stadion; then bent in graceful curves; then broke into fragments. Two men dashed foremost with great bounds. The people had found tongue now. "Pallas! Pallas! Athene!" "See! the Athenian is ahead. The Corinthian loses"—"no—not yet. He clings close to his heels. The rest are beaten." "Kastor speed thee!—Kastor! Kastor! See the Spartan!" He had shot like



"Are all the women
of Hellas young
and beautiful?"

an arrow from the bow of runners—past the Corinthian—gaining upon the Athenian. "Gods! is there time!" The mountain seemed to reel beneath the swaying multitude. A mad roar ascended to scatter the very clouds—"Gods! he has him!" "He is close behind! He is up! He is by!—He wins! Kastor! Kastor!"—"It is the Olympiad of Amertas the Spartan."

Slowly the uproar and excitement subsided. The victor was led away, and the faces of his friends were again as stern and impassive as before that single flash of delight which overcame even their trained stolidity.

"You should have seen the stadion," said Evander; "if an Ionian had won, with his countrymen embracing each other and weeping and showering down flowers and gifts—yes, and the sun would have been well up ere they could clear the course as the Alysæ are clearing it now. It is the *diaulos*—the

double stadion—which they run next."

Twelve runners gathered at the barriers.

"There is Myron, the brother of Amertas," cried an Elian.

"They say that the Mantinæan Protolaus is his most formidable opponent," commented another. "Zeus! they are off! There is no contest here.

The Mantinæan has it with scarce an effort. Note the advantage he gained at the start, and how he improves it at every stride. Already he turns the goal." "Where is Myron?" "See! That is he turning now. He is not so far behind. Hear the Lacedæmonians shout to him. He gains! What godlike speed!" "The Mantinæan loses!"—"Now, Myron, now! One effort!" "They are even—Myron leads—He wins—Kastor! Kastor!"

"It is a white day for the unwallèd city," cried Evander. "Two victors already, and brothers."

"What is that commotion? Someone has fainted? Who is it?—a Spartan faint? The father of the two who have just won, did you say?—What! He is *dead*? The joy of the moment?"

"There," said Evander, "is a happy life. Solon spoke truth when he said that no career could be called happy



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until ended. Yonder old man has known such joy as was beyond his power to bear, and, in the midst of it, he has gone forth where no evil can ever poison his rejoicing. But look! Here come the wrestlers: ten pairs. See! they are facing each other according to the lots."

The trumpet sounded, and twenty athletes were twining and straining together in all the holds known to their art. Here and there one was thrown,

and his bout was over. Here and there the contestants went down together and continued the struggle writhing upon the ground.

"You notice the bodies of these men do not glisten like those of the runners," said Evander; "for when wrestlers and pankratists are anointed, they are also sprinkled with fine dust, that the hands and arms of each may retain his hold."

After a short rest, the winners of the

first bouts stood forth. Again, and yet again, the number was diminished until two only remained—a Lokrian and an Argive. Crouching low, these approached. They rushed together.

"See! It is still a Dorian day!" cried the people. "The Argive has won the better hold."

They tugged and strained. The great muscles stood out. The sweat streamed down their brown bodies; but he of Lokris could neither break his adversary's hold nor resist its leverage. Steadily he was forced over, despite his exertions. His strength was failing him. Suddenly the Argive, half turning, threw his now helpless rival upon his hip and, swinging him into the air, brought him down at full length on the sand.

Not yet, however, was the victory his, for in this deciding contest the vanquished must be twice thrown. Quickly the men were washed, and freshly anointed and sprinkled. The Lokrian seemed feeble. It was evident that he had not recovered from the ex-

haustion of his last effort. Still, he gathered his remaining strength at the signal, and, as the wrestlers again clinched, he gained the under hold, and, winding his arms around the Argive's waist, tried to lift him from the ground. For an instant his friends cried out with joy, but only for an instant. The man was too weak to use his advantage. His opponent broke the grasp of his weary arms and thrust him back. Then, stooping quickly, he seized him by both feet and brought him to the ground.

"Yes, truly," said Evander; "it is a lucky day for the Dorians. . . . Now we shall view the race of the dolichos. Do you see those twelve golden eagles with expanded wings near the barrier? One of them will be removed each time that the runners, after turning the pillar at the goal, reach again the starting-point. There are but eight contestants—picked men. That dark youth with black, curling locks is Demaratus the Rhodian, who won four years ago; he who has drawn the



BENDING EAGERLY FORWARD

northernmost place is Euthymus, the Athenian, and the young man with limbs and flanks clean-cut and graceful as those of a wild ass, is my fellow-townsmen, Kleomedes."

So Evander talked on until the trumpet cut short his speech, and the runners started up the course. The pace was slow at first, for this was not for one or two—no, nor for twelve stadia. They turned the pillar, and again the comments of those around him came to the ears of the Mede.

"Who is it that leads?" "Polykletus the Theban?" "I do not fancy he can hold it long." "There goes the first eagle."

They were speeding again toward the goal, and Demaratus began to press the Theban. The pace increased. These two turned the pillar well in advance of the rest. Down came the second eagle, and Polykletus still led. The third fell; then the fourth—the fifth—the sixth. Half the race was over. The wiser of the spectators shook their heads as if to say that emulation had pushed the leaders beyond good judgment; for they were breathing hard, while the rest, though far behind, seemed fresh and strong. Polykletus was yet ahead, but, as the seventh eagle came down, Demaratus bounded past him.

"Listen to the shouting and clapping of the islanders!" cried Evander. "They applaud too soon."

The eighth eagle was gone. The Theban had fallen back exhausted and beaten, but the six men behind were gaining upon the Rhodian, and, of the six, Euthymus and Kleomedes were foremost.

"Who," asked Phraanes, "is that girl with dark, cloudy hair, bending eagerly forward, as if to urge on some runner with the power of her deep eyes?"

"It is Charaklea," said Evander, following his friend's glance; "daughter of old Kallianax of Elis. They say she loves Kleomedes, but that her father denies her to him because he is poor. If he wins, no father or maid in Hellas will scorn him."

The ninth eagle had fallen. It was now easy for all to note the fault Demaratus had committed. Both the

Athenian and the Elian gained steadily. He ran with heavy feet, his strength was fast waning, and he glanced anxiously over his shoulder. The tenth eagle was down, and he was doubtless calculating his strength, the distance yet to be run, and the space that separated him from his pursuers. Then Kleomedes passed the Athenian. There were powers that urged him on well-nigh more potent than the desire for a crown. The eleventh eagle fell.

"Do you see *her*? She is as pale as the Rhodian—Zeus! how he struggles! I could almost wish him victory." "He turns the pillar—still ahead—Gods!"

Never was a face so ghastly. He swerved for an instant.

"Courage! Courage!" cried the islanders. "Herakles help thee!"

"It is not courage he needs," cried another. "The help of the gods is all that can save him."

Kleomedes was almost up now—but a stride behind; and the girl clenched her little hands and called to him by his name. He shot forward. A chorus of cries burst forth.

"They are even." "No! no!" "See the Rhodian!" "He regains his lead"—"Gods! what an effort!" "He *must* drop"—"no—by Zeus! he wins! he!"

A deep groan burst from the breasts of the spectators, as Demaratus, with the twelfth eagle almost stooping to his hand, reeled and fell across the path of his rival, and Kleomedes, rising like a bird, cleared the prostrate form with the same bound that bore him over the line.

"Look at the girl's face now. How the warm blood flushes through the palor! I warrant those coral ears lose not a note of the plaudits." "And the Rhodian? What of him?" "They say he is dead." "By all the gods! I believe it was his corpse that ran the last stadion. Well, it is better thus—for a conqueror of crowns. He ran bravely, but he contended with one to whom Eros had lent his wings; and there is a glory in such dying."

They bore away the body of the vanquished man; past his own statue that, breathing life, looked down pityingly upon its mortal prototype; and the people turned to see the boxers enter. There were but four—great giants all



THE LEAP OF KLEOMEDES



of them: Telestas of Sykion Glaukus of Kroton, Demarkus of Samos, and Xenokles of Messene.

"No Spartan is allowed to contend," said Evander; "though why the Ephors forbid them, is difficult to tell."

"Surely," said Phraanes, "these men are too fat. The runners and wrestlers were like greyhounds and lions, but these resemble oxen fit for the butcher."

Evander smiled.

"You do not realize, my Phraanes," he replied, "that this combat is different from the others. Those heavy cestus that the attendants are binding upon the hands and wrists of the boxers, would make havoc of bones without flesh. The men may have less agility and endurance, but blows that would break a wrestler to pieces will here only cut and bruise."

And now the four, having drawn lots, faced each other. The combat between the Sykionian and the Messenian was short, for the former, losing his footing for an instant in avoiding a blow, received the cestus of Xenokles full in the forehead and sank, stunned and senseless, to the earth. Nor was the struggle between the Samian and Krotonian of much longer duration. Glaukus of Kroton had won many wreaths by the strength of his arm, and it was easy to see that Demarkus was not his

match. The friends of the latter cried out to him to surrender, but he fought on until he too fell senseless upon the sand.

Then, after a short breathing space, Xenokles and Glaukus stood forth, the former unhurt from his first victory, the latter showing but a bruised shoulder received from the vanquished Samian. They were cautious, these two, as if Xenokles fully realized the power and achievements

of his opponent, and Glaukus wished to test the guards and attacks of an unknown rival before proceeding to fight in earnest. The sun was already declining toward the western sea. An hour had passed. The spectators grew impatient. Were the boxers contending only to weary each other in holding up the weight of their armed hands? Such fights had been; but different tactics were looked for from Glaukus. They knew him for no cowardly trifier. Xenokles, too, must be of good heart to face so famous a fighter.

"See! did I not say it?" cried a Krotonian.

Without warning from eye or muscle, Glaukus had suddenly closed with his opponent; but, to his evident astonishment, the other, without trying to evade the rush, met it with a blow full on the chest, which resounded through the stadium. Glaukus's career was checked, but Xenokles, not satisfied with this, now sprang forward and struck again and again with all his strength, until Glaukus rallied from his surprise and, taking advantage of an open guard, brought his rival to earth.

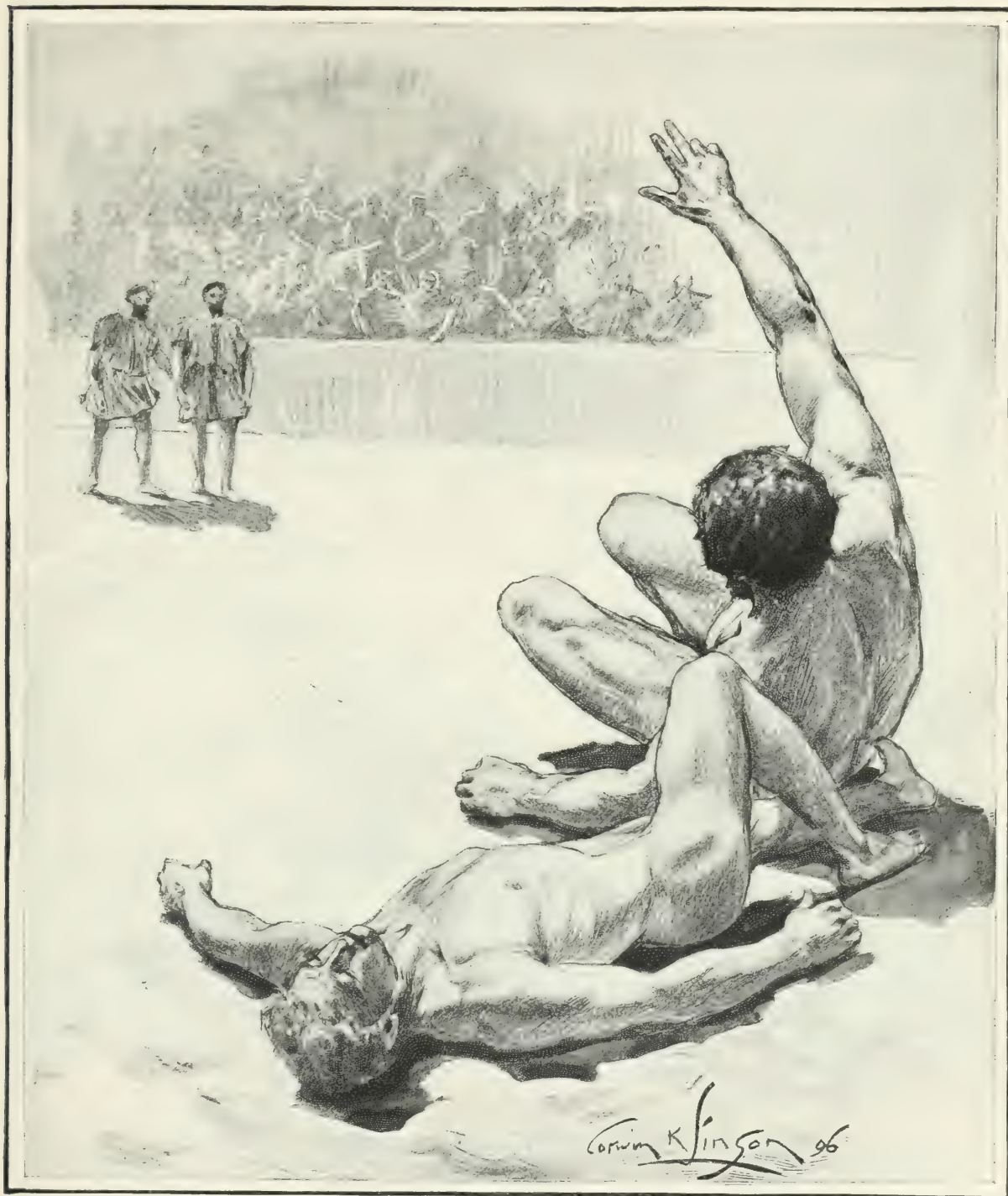
The Messenian was on his feet almost as soon as he touched the ground. The combat was no longer tame. Both men were wounded and bleeding, but they

came together like raging bulls. Their great arms swung through the air raining down blow after blow, while the clashing of brass upon brass, as they guarded the strokes, rang like the forge of Hephæstus.

"What courage!" exclaimed Phraanes. "What strength! what endurance! No wonder that men who bear all this for a garland of twigs drove our armies into the sea."

And now came a lull in the fury of the battle. Both antagonists were exhausted, and panting, and weakened by pain and loss of blood. Glaukus staggered like a drunken man, and the Messenian seemed but little better. Only the hearts remained steadfast.

Again they closed, and the Krotonian began to give ground before the rushes of his adversary. His head swung from side to side, as blows he



✿ HE RAISED HIS RIGHT HAND ✿ ✿ ✿ ✿

was too weak to fend, crashed in upon him. It seemed as if some god—perhaps Pollux himself—must be standing by to turn or weaken strokes each one of which was like to end the contest.

"Look!" cried one. "Surely he gains strength. Gods! what a blow!" and the fainting spirits of the Italian Greeks rose, as their champion's cestus fell upon the brow of Xenokles, who staggered backward. He tried to regain his guard—not yet! a second blow descended, and those nearest could hear the jaw-bone crackle. The fortune of the fight had changed, and the man, almost beaten a moment since, seemed now about to conquer.

But Xenokles still bore up. His armed hands swung like the hammers of smiths. Phraanes found himself marvelling how men could fight like these; staggering against each other and reeling back from each stroke, with the blood running down them in streams, until not a hand's-breadth upon their great bodies but was red with a tint richer than that of Tyre.

"Will not your Alytæ interpose?" exclaimed the Mede.

"The rules forbid it," said Evander; "but whoever kills an adversary loses his crown—ha! that was too much for the Messenian. See how he sways and drops his hands."

"Now, Glaukus! now!" screamed the crowd. "Strike ere he recover!"

But the wary Krotonian paused to watch the effect of his last blow. He knew that the limit of human endurance had been almost reached, and he wished to conquer with as little danger to his foe as possible.

"He has judged well," said Evander, as the Messenian sank down. "Glaukus is too practised a boxer to risk losing a won victory."

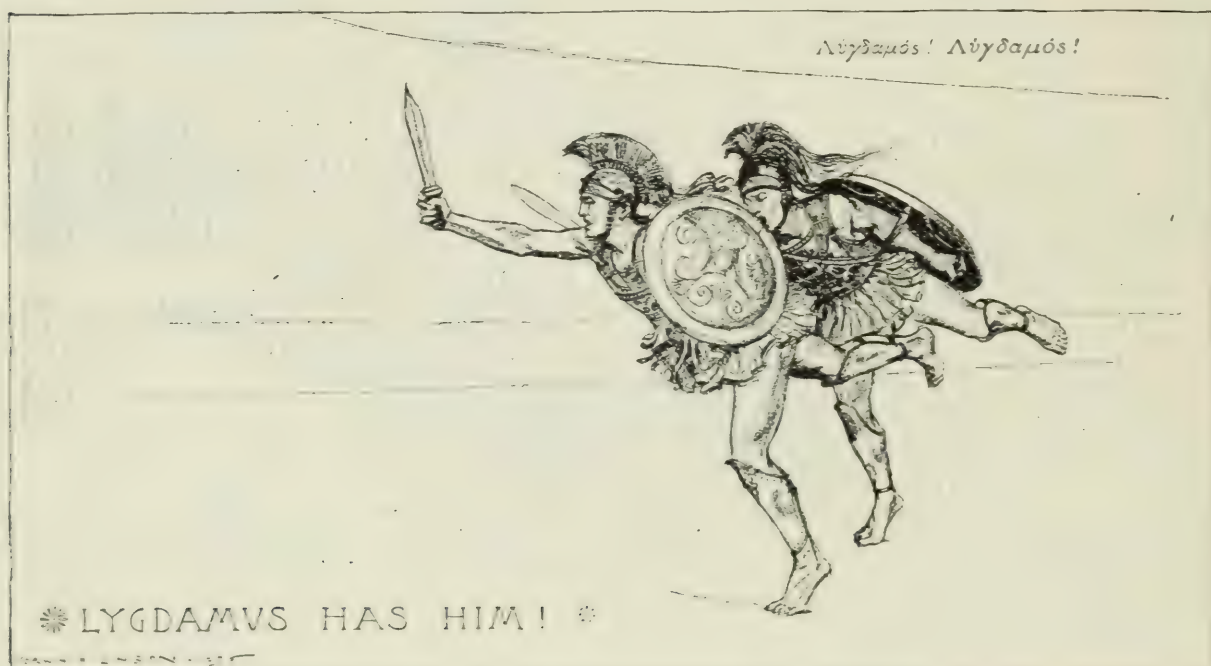
"Is not the man dead?" asked Phraanes. "See how the Alytæ gather round him. No, he is on his feet. They are supporting him away."

"May the gods grant him a speedy recovery and a long life!" exclaimed Evander. "As for Glaukus, he has earned his crown if ever boxer did."

"I wonder," said Phraanes, after a short pause, "that no such contests are held in my country. Surely they minister to manhood."

"Few Medes and Persians are like you," replied Evander. "Your countrymen would enjoy our games merely for the suffering of the contestants; where we note but their courage, strength, endurance, and skill. What are wounds, or even death, in comparison with glory and freedom! Our young men are taught to endure with equanimity what the timid hold to be the greatest evils; or even to regard them as good, when borne as an example and an encouragement to others."

As he finished speaking, they came





CERWIN-KNAIP (LINSON) 1977

AND THEIR BROWS BOUND WITH
THE LEAVES OF KALLISTEPHANOS.

forth who were to contend in the race of the hoplites ; each runner equipped in full panoply, with shield upon his arm and sword girt at his side.

"What better trial," commented Evander, "for those who would learn to bear the hardship of armed marches, and yet, on seeing the enemy, have heart to run forward, singing the pæan and eager to fight."

Twenty-nine men took their places at the limestone mark. The brass of breastplate and greaves glittered against the western sun, while crests of feathers and horsehair nodded above knitted brows or floated out upon the breeze. The trumpet rang, and the glittering line swept forward as though charging some hostile array. Phraanes shuddered as he viewed them, thinking of Marathon, and of the tales his father told ; how the men with serpents on their shields bore down upon the Persian ranks at full run, with their long spears bristling in front, and how his people fell before them or were swept away by the very fury of the onset.

"The course is but a single stadion," cried Evander. "The Syrakusan has

it!" "No, Theagines the Theban!" "They have crossed the line. Who wins?"

A babel of voices rose, as the partisans of each runner claimed the victory ; but, at the blast of the trumpet, the clamor died away, and the herald proclaimed :

"Lygdamus the Syrakusan and Theagines the Theban have run equally. Let them once more put their feet to the line, that Zeus may show the victor!"

The rest had retired, and the Syrakusan and Theban again faced the course and awaited the trumpet. It sounded, and they were off. Again Lygdamus led, but Theagines was scarce a stride behind him : now the Theban was on even terms—now ahead.

"No—no ! Lygdamus still has him !" The whole mountain was up with waving arms. "Lygdamus !" they cried ; "Lygdamus !" "He has it !" "Wait ; let the judges decide."

Once more the voices were hushed, and the herald proclaimed :

"Lygdamus the Syrakusan, son of Antiphon, wins the race for the heavy armed."



IT IS THE LYRE OF PINDAR

"Herakles! Herakles!" cried the multitude.

"And now," said Evander, "you are about to look upon a rare contest. It is not often that the pankration brings forth but two competitors. You shall see athletes whose equals the world has never known, save Herakles and Pollux; and victory in the pankration is to him who can wrestle as well as box. Look! Here they come. That giant is Timanthes the Arkadian. He claims descent, on his mother's side, from Arkas himself; and yet they say he is nothing but a barbarian at heart, surly in speech, feeble in intellect, and great only in that strength which the gods give sometimes to fools. Hear the herald telling his name and conquests, while he stands with folded arms looking around at the people as though claiming worship. 'Victor four years ago at Olympia; victor twice at the Isthmus; and once at the festival of the Pythian Apollo.' Here comes his opponent: Aristeus the Athenian; victor once on the Krissean plain, and once amid the groves of Nemea. No other dares face the Arkadian. It is not so unequal a match—skill and agility against strength; and then I doubt that the hearts of these giants are always proportioned to their bulk. See! they are facing each other. They wear no cestus in the pankration, that the hands may be free to grasp."

Phraanes looked critically at the men.

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DRINKING IN A FAINT SOUND

Aristeus, though above middle height and moulded to the perfect type of athletic manhood, seemed but a boy

beside the gigantic Arkadian. It was difficult to conceive how any degree of skill could compensate for so appalling a disparity.

"Has Rustam come back to earth?" murmured the Mede.

Cautiously, Aristeus approached his rival, who stood like a statue, but for his eyes that followed every movement of the Athenian. Suddenly the latter sprang forward and struck. Timanthes made no effort to avoid the blow, but, receiving it unconcerned, he caught his adversary up and held him struggling but helpless.

A sound from the assembled Athenians—half gasp, half sigh—broke the tense silence. Timanthes heard it and glanced toward them. Then he ran over and set his writhing burden carefully upon the ground directly before their seats, and sprang back with a laugh of mingled scorn and triumph.

Answering laughter and shouts long and loud burst from the Arkadians. Then all was again silent.

And now Aristeus, stung beyond all endurance by the shame of his humiliation, cast judgment and caution aside, and, crouching like a tiger before a buffalo, he sprang upon Timanthes as if to tear him to pieces. There was a furious grapple, a swaying to and fro, and then the men went down writhing together amid a cloud of dust. All tongues were loosened. The air was full of cries of excitement, prayers and vows, to Athene and Herakles, and shouts of advice and encouragement addressed to the deaf ears of the athletes. Then it was observed that the right arm of the Arkadian was about the Athenian's neck, and that the latter strove in vain to escape from its strangling pressure. Gradually his struggles slackened and became more aimless. His face grew black.

"He is choking him to death," cried several voices.

"Yes! yes! kill him! kill him!" shrieked the Arkadians, filled with a blind frenzy.

"Barbarians!" exclaimed an Athenian, in scornful accents. "They are good fighters, though," he added, half to himself, and his mind seemed to dwell for a moment on some reminiscence.

"The Arkadian wins!" was the cry; while not a few of the beaten man's townsfolk called to him to make the signal of surrender. Others shook their heads as if to say that he could not hear the well-meant advice.

At that instant the Athenian's grasp upon the body of Timanthes was seen to relax. For a moment he lay still, and then, with a convulsive effort, seized the left arm of the Arkadian in both hands and wrenched it backward. A roar of pain came from Timanthes, and, rolling away from his antagonist, he raised his right hand in token of surrender. Then he struggled to his feet with his left arm hanging helpless. The joyful cries of the Athenians broke forth over the victory snatched from defeat. Aristeus lay still upon the sand.

"Why did he yield?" cried one. "Do you not see? his shoulder is dislocated." "But what ails Aristeus?"

The Alytæ had gathered around the prostrate man. A rumor ran from mouth to mouth:

"Aristeus is dead."

The Arkadians roused themselves from their dismay and began to noisily claim the victory, even though the crown should be withheld. A contest of voices followed.

"But your man made the signal!" "How can one who is killed be victor?" "Silence! The heralds are demanding silence." "Let us listen."

"It is the decision of the judges that Aristeus the Athenian, dead, is conqueror in the pankration over Timanthes the Arkadian, living. Let the body be borne forth, that it may be crowned."

"Surely," exclaimed Evander, "Charon has never received a more illustrious passenger."

The contests of the day were over, and the sun was sinking below the horizon. The crowd flowed back to the Altis. Evening came. The procession of the victors' compatriots wound toward the hill of Kronos bearing thank-offerings to the gods and chanting the ancient hymn of Archilochus.

"Hail, hail to thee!" they sang. "Hail in the palm of victory!"

"It is an old song of the heroic days," said Evander, "written, they

tell us, for Herakles himself, when he overcame King Augeas."

Soon Mountain and Altis blazed with the wood of poplars. All hastened to join the sacred revel; for the Olympionikoi were now marching to the temple of Zeus, marching over a pathway strewn with flowers, to stand upon the table of ivory and gold, while the palm branches should be placed in their hands and their brows bound with the leaves of Kallistephanos—a prize purposely valueless to symbolize that it was beyond all value.

"Have you not heard," said Evander, "the legend of the sacred tree brought, as Pindar sings, by Herakles himself, 'From the dark fountain of Ister in the land of the Hyperboreans, to be a shelter common to all men and a crown of noble deeds?' They say that, in the early days, when King Iphitus sent to ask of the Oracle at Delphi, what manner of prize should be bestowed upon the victors here, the priestess answered: 'Give to the victor for his reward no fruit of the apple, but thou mayest crown him with the fruit of the wild olive-tree, which now is surrounded with the delicate webs of the spider.' And Iphitus returned, wondering at the words of the oracle, and saw, close to the temple of Zeus,

the tree Kallistephanos, upon every bough whereof the spiders had spun their intricate webs. Then Iphitus rejoiced, for that which had seemed dark was become clear. Nor is a crown the only reward of him who conquers at Olympia," continued Evander. "If the victor be an Athenian, he feasts forever in the Prytaneion, and a yearly pension of five hundred drachmas is paid him by the state; if a Spartan, the post of danger in battle is his reward—a fitting recompense from a city foremost in war."

"Friend," exclaimed the Mede, as he leaned upon the arm of Evander, "do you take me hence, for I am overcome with all those things which I have seen and heard, and I know they will be to me as a dream of the golden age, when sleep shall come to my eyes in far-distant Ekbatana."

But the Greek heard him not. He stood gazing toward Kronos and drinking in a faint sound that rose upon the night-air.

"It is the lyre of Pindar himself," he whispered.

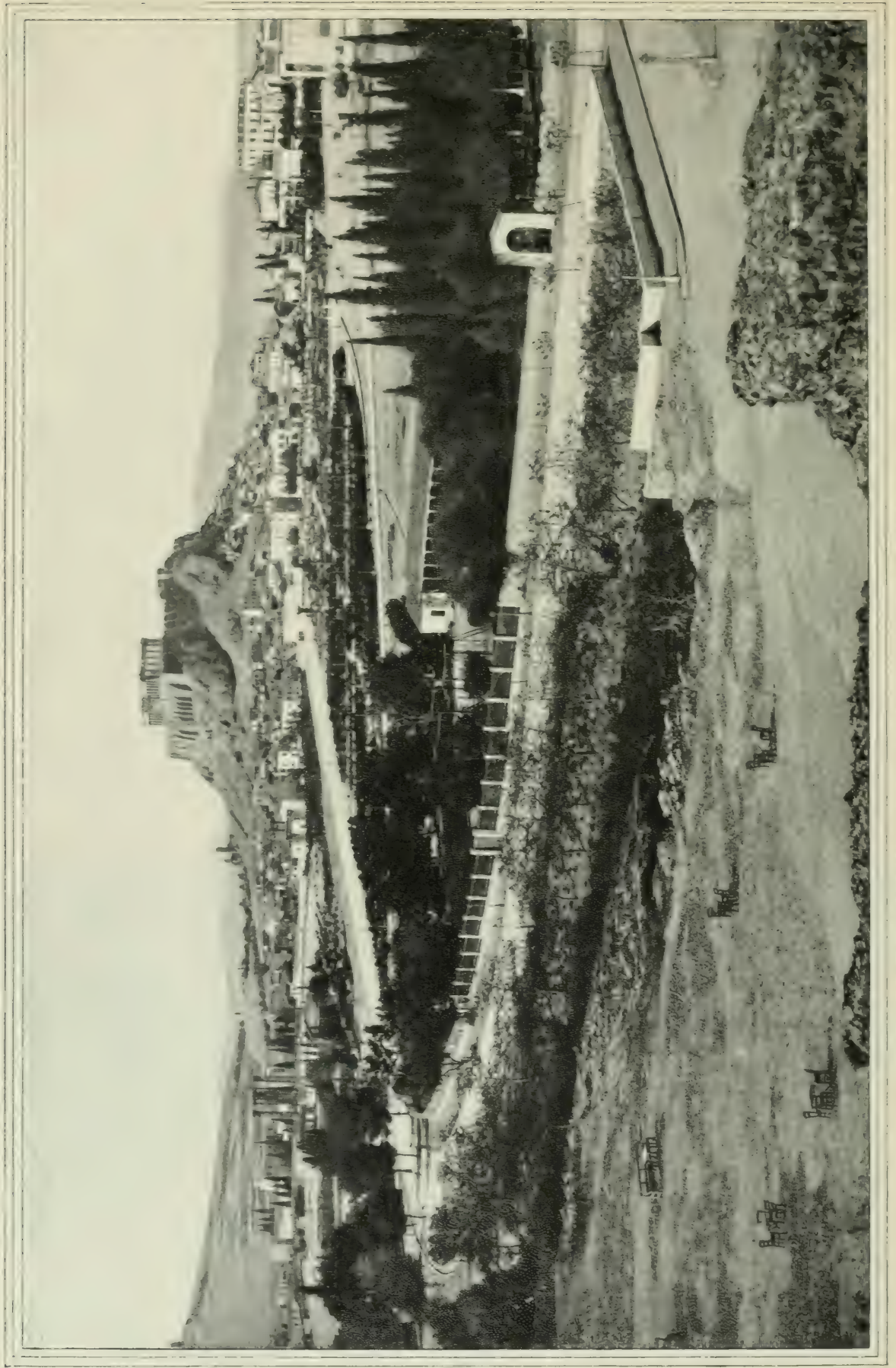
And then there floated to them from afar, in accents broken by the distance:

"When evening comes and the clear light of the beautiful Selene appears, then shall the Holy City resound with songs of praise at joyful feasts."

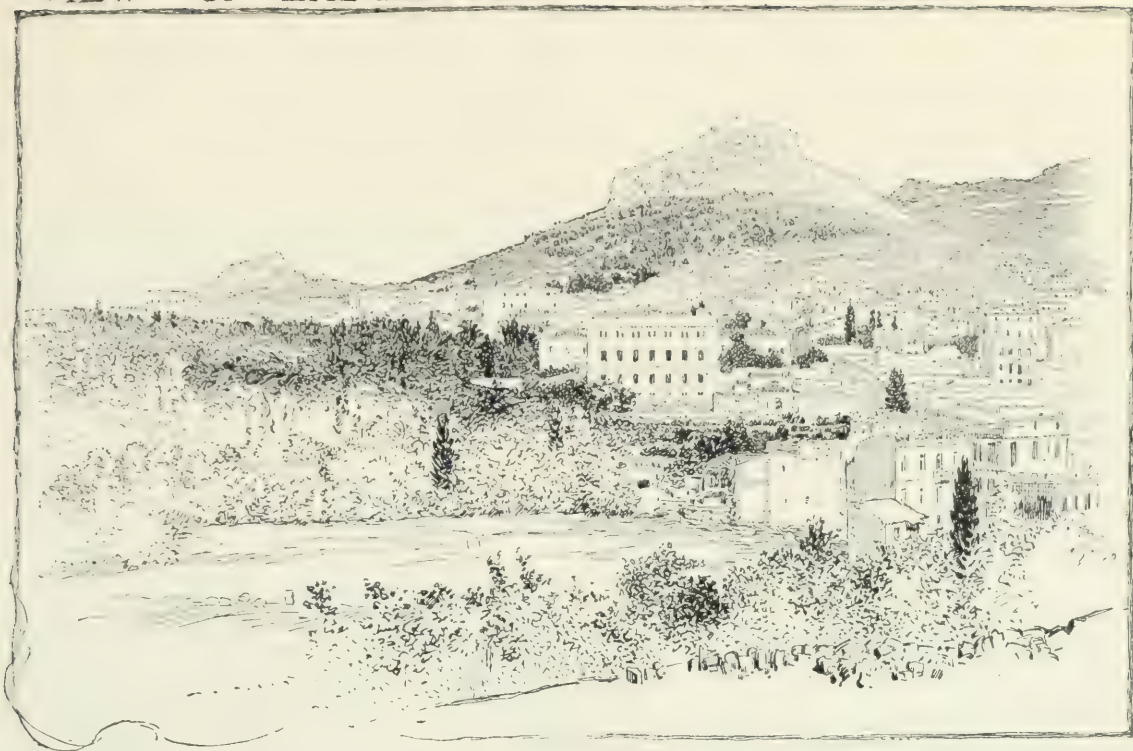


WHEN EVENING COMES





VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS FROM A POINT NEAR THE STADION (stadium in foreground)



THE REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

RESTORING THE STADION AT ATHENS

By Rufus B. Richardson

FOR several months an unwonted activity has prevailed in one quarter of Athens. Herodes Atticus Street behind the royal garden, one of the most retired streets of the city, has resounded all day long with the rattle of heavy wagons bringing blocks of marble from Pentelikon.

At sunrise and sunset crowds of workingmen are seen moving through this street, the lower end of which opens upon a bridge across the Ilissos, and on the opposite bank lies the Panathenaic Stadion, now being lined with marble for the Olympic games which are to be held in it early in April. The time is short, and the work is being pressed forward.

When the International Athletic Committee, at a session in Paris last year, decided to have a series of athletic contests once in four years in various countries, it is not surprising that they selected Greece for the first contest.

Although Greece now has as little of the athletic habit as any nation of the civilized world, its past is interwoven with athletics. Ancient Greece witnessed a very apotheosis of athletics. Olympia is a magic word, and the committee were doubtless swayed partly by sentimental reasons in the choice of name and place.

But some may wonder why, since the games come to Greece, they are not to be held at Olympia, to justify the name which they have taken. This is because the originators of the scheme, although they have conceded something to sentiment, are no visionaries, but men of practical common sense. Even their concession to sentiment is likely to turn out to be a clever piece of practical management, calculated to launch the games upon the world with greater éclat and presage of success than could have been secured in any other way. The games also have a name which will be

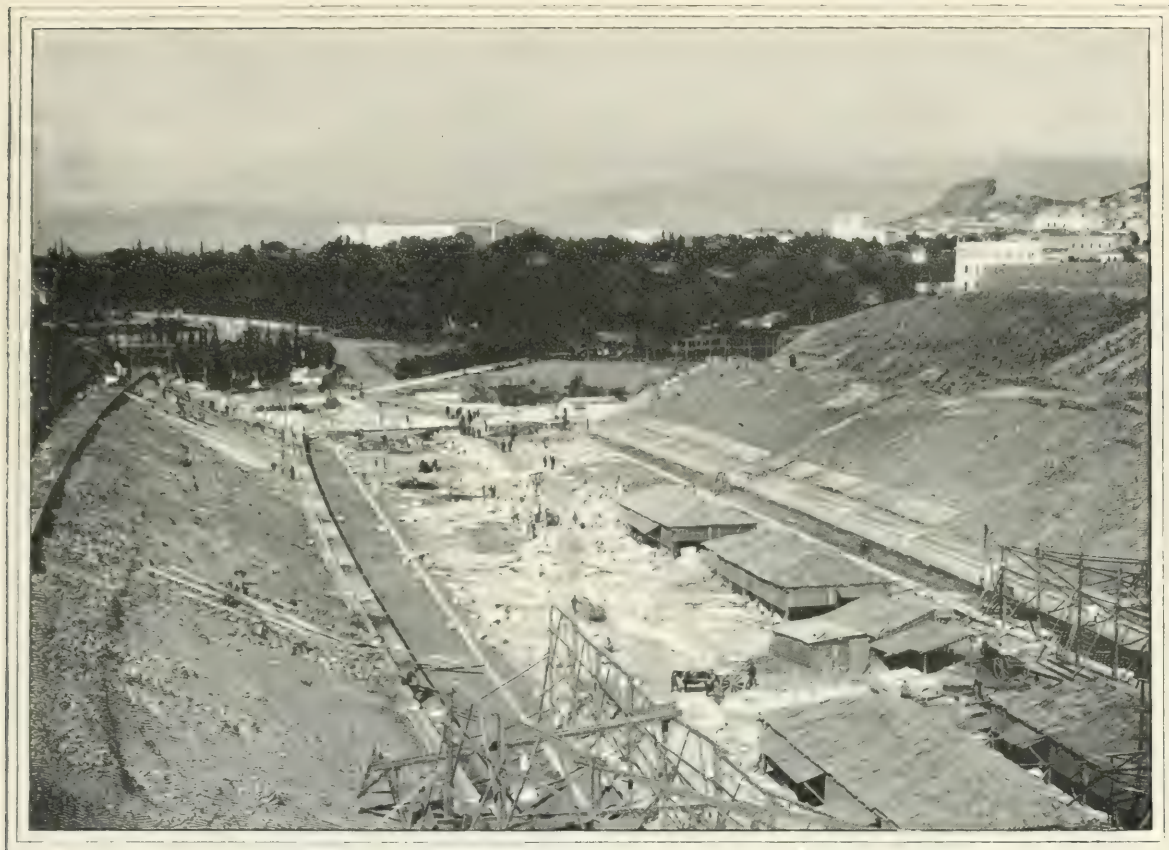


The Stadion, Looking Toward the Sphendone.

just as true in 1900 at Paris, and in 1904 in America, as it is this year in Athens.

Now, however fine a thing it might be to let scholastic athletes stir real "Olympic dust," and to let runners put their heels into the very groove of the old starting-sill, with the feeling that thirty centuries looked down upon them, it would not be practical. A successful athletic contest cannot be held in the wilderness. It demands a crowd and sustenance for a crowd. The crowd is the one essential concomitant of the athletes. But a crowd will not go where it cannot eat and sleep. To bring to Olympia a concourse sufficient to make the games anything like a success, would demand the organization of a first-class commissary department, and that too for a service of half a month only. Shelter and food for such an occasion come naturally only in connection with some city with a market. Ancient Olympia, with all its magnificent buildings, was of course a sort of city, albeit practically a deserted city except for a few days once in four years.

The visitors at Athens next April—and it is hoped that there will be tens of thousands of them—will doubtless feel keenly enough the inadequacy even of a city of 130,000 inhabitants, to give them all that they seek in the way of material comforts. The problem of seating a large crowd of spectators did not come up before the International Committee. But it is this problem which has found a most happy solution in Athens. The Stadion at Olympia, although excavated at each end by the Germans, still lies in most of its course under fifteen or twenty feet of earth. But the Stadion at Athens has always in modern times been a fit place for a monster meeting, provided people would be contented to sit on its sloping sides without seats. When a local Athenian committee was formed, composed of most of the citizens conspicuous for wealth or position, and some resident foreigners, under the presidency of Constantine, crown prince of Greece, one of the first questions before it was this question of seating; and its attention was naturally directed to the Stadion.



The Stadion, Seen from the Sphendone—the Royal Gardens and Palace in the Background.

A wealthy and generous Greek of Alexandria, George Averoff, who, like many other Greeks living *in partibus infidelium*, was known as a man always on the watch to do something for Athens, readily took upon himself the expense of restoring it to something like its former splendor, when it was lined with marble and seated fifty thousand spectators. He has already given over nine hundred thousand drachmas, which, if the drachma were at par, would be \$180,000, but which now amounts to only about \$100,000.

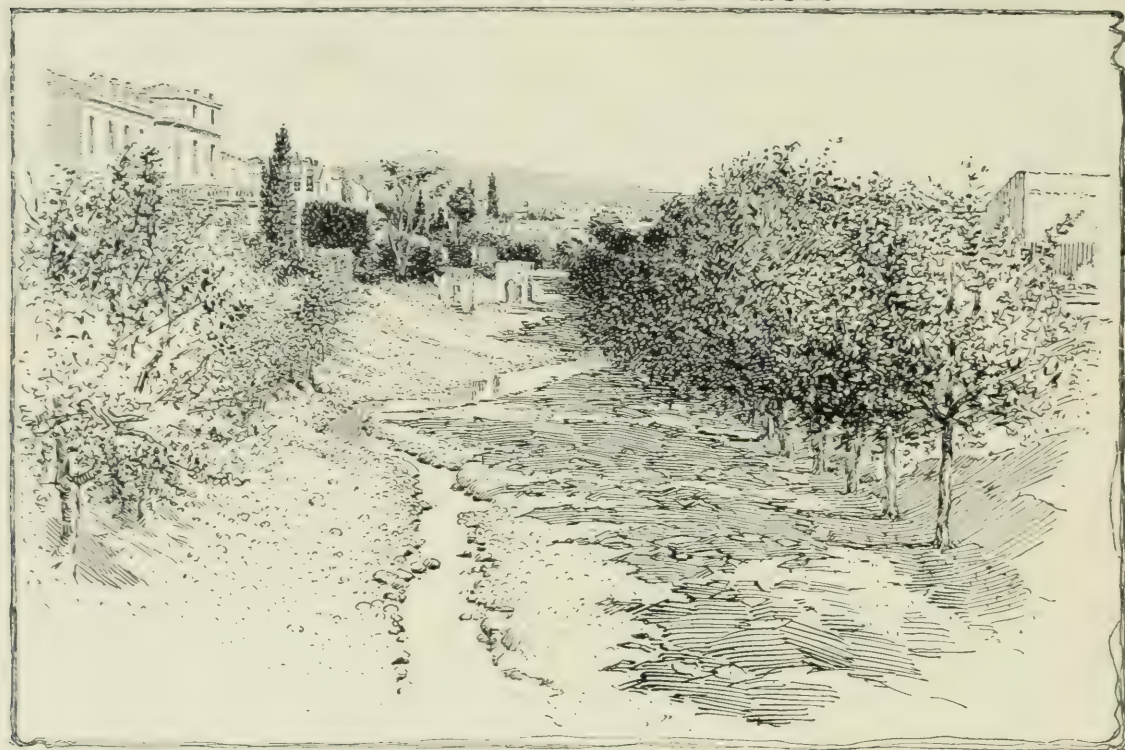
There is a sub-committee of the general committee above described, designated as the committee on the preparation of the Stadion, composed of several practical architects, but including also the Ephor General of Antiquities, and the directors of the foreign archaeological schools. The presence of the archaeological element on this committee emphasizes the fact that the new work is to be a restoration of the old. The process of arranging the new is daily teaching us about the old. This fact calls for a few words about the construction and history of the old Stadion.

The earliest Stadion at Athens—and no Greek city could be without a Stadion—appears to have been in the plain toward Phaleron. It is only subsequent to the battle of Chæroneia, when Athens's political aspirations were crushed, that the Stadion which we know was begun. Lykurgos, the orator, the stanch friend of Demosthenes, the man of unimpeachable probity, the enemy of sinners to such a degree that the Athenians used to say of him that "he dipped his pen not in ink but in death," was intrusted with the care of the finances of the city for twelve years, and became a greater builder than Eubouleus, who, as his predecessor had, with his "repairs of old buildings and fountains and fooleries" been a thorn in the flesh of Demosthenes, who wanted to convert all the revenues of the state into sinews of war against Philip. Now that there was no more war against Philip, Lykurgos built for Athens its first stone theatre, and laid out the new Stadion, a certain Deinias, the owner of the land, giving it for the purpose out of regard for Lykurgos.

What Lykurgos had at his disposition was well adapted to his purpose. At a distance of about a thousand feet south of the Ilissos two hills joined by a saddle-run down nearly parallel toward the Ilissos, until they nearly reach it. It was just such a place as the Greeks were apt to choose for a theatre; but a Stadion was a sort of theatre, and is sometimes called a theatre by ancient writers; only it had the curve of the seats prolonged in straight lines, because the attention of the spectators was directed not at a point but at a line. The

ance of his duties as agonothele, or superintendent of the Panathenaic games, he turned to the crowd and said, "At your next gathering here I promise you a Stadion of marble." The Panathenaic festival, as organized by Peisistratos, was a quadrennial one, so that four years were allowed for the work. But the completion of it in that time was regarded as a marvel. The completed work itself, however, was the great marvel. The ancient writers grow enthusiastic over it. Pausanias drops his sangfroid and in-

BED OF ILISSOS NEAR STADION LOOKING EAST



indispensable thing in a Stadion was the level track for the runners. This Lykurgos prepared by taking away earth from the hill end and filling it in at the river end. Whether he narrowed the latter by retaining walls, or whether he made any seats, is unknown. If he did so his work has been obliterated by the next reconstruction. This was made five hundred years afterward by a rich Athenian, Herodes Atticus, a contemporary of Hadrian and the Antonines, a great benefactor and builder, whose gifts adorned not only Athens, but Corinth, Olympia, Delphi, and other places. Being once crowned in the Stadion for an efficient perform-

dulges in hyperbole, saying that "in the work the greater part of the marble of the quarries of Pentelikon was used up," whereas the material for ten thousand such Stadia could be drawn from Pentelikon without making any perceptible alteration in the shape of that mountain of marble. Pausanias's mind is evidently dwelling on the size of the work, and yet it was the shaping, the proportions, the white marble carved with fine taste, the sculptured decorations, that make Philostratos speak of it as a "work surpassing all marvels." From this point of view we may well believe that it surpassed the Colosseum and the Circus Maximus, although it

could not be said to be in competition with the Parthenon. If its restoration is completed by April the world will have an opportunity to judge whether the sight of a building submerged in the earth can evoke enthusiasm.

Herodes's work failed to placate the Athenians, who made his life miserable as long as he lived, but praised him with evident sincerity after his death, and buried him in the Stadion, making it his monument.

During his lifetime they used to speak of it with an exhibition of Attic salt, saying that it was well called Panathenaic, because it was built with money stolen from all the Athenians. The fact was that Herodes had touched them in that sensitive spot, the pocket. His father, who had become enormously rich by a treasure-trove, was persuaded by friends, who thought that they recognized in young Herodes a rather close-fisted fellow, to make a will giving each Athenian citizen a mina a year in perpetuity; Herodes got the citizens to agree to a compact by which he should pay them five minæ down, in the place of the annuity.

When, however, they came to his bank to draw their credits, they found that he had deducted in each case the sums which they owed to his father and grandfather, which in many cases left little and in some cases nothing at all to their credit. While one can in a measure enter into the feelings of the Athenians, one must still agree with their later verdict, and with that of Philostratos, who says of Herodes, "Of all mankind he made the best use of his money."

What became of all this marble magnificence? Whatever early travellers reported as visible, when Ziller, in 1869-70, at the expense of King George, excavated the sphendone—as the rounded end of a stadion, the end farthest from the entrance, was called—nothing was visible. Nature, in the shape of running water, had reasserted its right and brought down earth enough to cover the sphendone ten feet deep, making restitution for what Lykurgos had carried away.

In these excavations a good deal of the old marble was found *in situ*, particularly of the wall bounding the arena

and the front retaining wall of the seats; two parallel curves between which was a passage for distribution of the spectators.

But how little of the total was found! The marble had been ripped away before the washing down of the earth. Three lime-kilns in the part excavated showed where it had gone. Near one of these was found the right upper half of a beautiful female head and a piece of a breast with drapery belonging to the same figure. We may suppose that the figure was dragged whole to the lime-kiln, broken in pieces with a sledgehammer, and thrown in.

Ziller's conclusions, based upon inadequate excavations, were in some cases erroneous. For example, he declared that there was no diazoma—a name given to a horizontal distributing passageway found in most theatres halfway up the cavea, dividing it into two nearly equal parts—but, in the work of restoring, the old diazoma has come to light.

In many other cases by digging down far enough we have been able to put the new upon old foundations. In April there will hardly be a feature of the Stadion that is restored by hypothesis only. In the light of our newly acquired knowledge we may briefly describe a few features of the Stadion of Herodes Atticus.

The hills, as they approached the Ilisos, diverged too much for the form of a stadion. So at the lower end two massive walls were built out in front of the hills, and the inclined slope of the seats rested against these. Only the ends of these walls appeared, presenting to one crossing the Ilissos the form of a great right-angled triangle, the sloping line of the seats forming the hypotenuse. How the shape thus given to the stadion compares with the natural shape of the valley in which it was laid out, is shown by the continuous line compared with the broken line in the annexed cut.

The arena was about 650 feet long and 125 feet broad. The regular length of a stadion race-course was 600 Greek feet, which was a trifle shorter than English feet. There was then plenty of room to lay out in this arena, between a starting-point and a goal, both some-

what removed from the ends, the traditional course.

The passageway between the seats and the arena was a foot lower than the arena itself, and as the face-wall of the seats was about five feet high, people might pass to and fro during the games without cutting off the view of those in the seats. The most singular feature of this passage, and a great surprise when discovered, is its varying width, caused by a continuous curve of the bounding wall of the seats, while the long sides of the arena are straight lines. The whole cavea thus takes the form of an elongated horse-shoe. The practical purpose of this curve is easily seen. It did for the spectators at the ends just what they would otherwise be tempted to do for themselves, by getting up and leaning forward to see the finish, which took place at the sphendone.

For the distribution of the spectators, besides the two horizontal passages already referred to, there was a third at the top of the cavea and thirty-one flights of steps running from top to bottom, besides two broad staircases running up the face of the end walls as far as the diazoma.

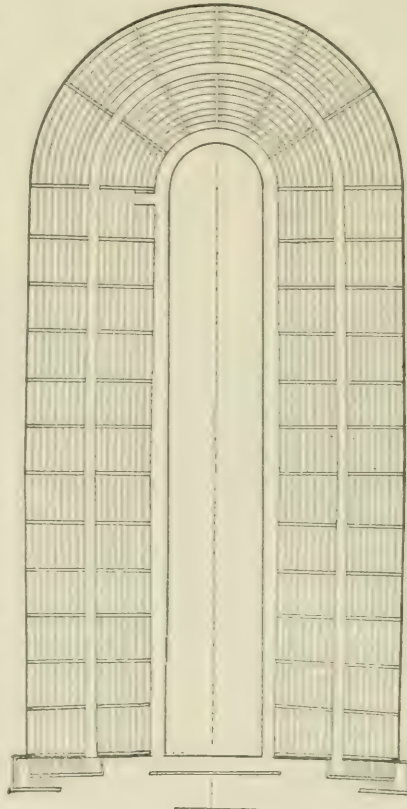
On the east side, just where the curve of the sphendone begins, the seats are broken by a rock-cut passage running clear through the hill. This was probably made for the entrance of wild beasts into the arena. We are told that Hadrian introduced here that sort of spectacle, which seems a desecration of a Greek stadion, where it was customary for man to meet man in bloodless and fair encounter of strength and skill. Traces of an iron railing on the top surface of the bounding wall of the arena are an additional token of this use.

For the completion of his work, while

Herodes had four years, Averoff has had less than one. It begins to appear that, with all that human hands can do, the Stadion cannot be lined with marble in the time now remaining. It is a perplexing question what to do. Probably the sphendone will have twenty-four rows of marble seats up to the diazoma.

In the rest of the cavea four lower rows will be completed in marble. It has been proposed to finish the rest in

Peiræus limestone, but the plan to finish in wood painted white, is gaining favor, because it is believed that the stone seats cannot be finished in time, and because if the intention of Averoff is ever carried out, to finish the whole cavea in marble, a greater loss of labor will be incurred by working away at the peiræus stone than by employing wooden seats, which can be easily removed, and sold for something besides. So, in spite of the fact that wood is expensive in Greece, the bulk of the crowd at the games is likely to find itself seated upon wood, with the consolation that even oak is not so hard as marble. But the King, who will distribute the silver wreaths to the victors, will sit in his box sur-



Plan of the Restored Stadion.

(Arena about six hundred Greek feet long.)

rounded by the marble splendor of the sphendone.

Above the diazoma it will be impossible to lay any seats for the coming occasion, and although Averoff wishes to have the upper half also completed, yet when provision is once made for seating twenty-four thousand people, it is extremely doubtful whether any more seats will be added without the stimulus of a second great occasion. The pride of the donor alone will secure this.

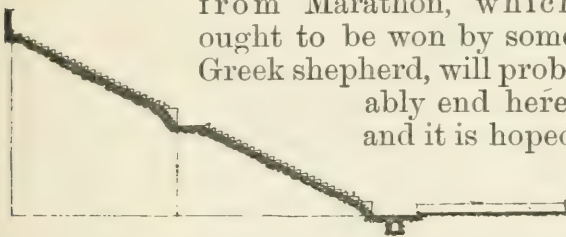
Averoff is a man of such modesty that he declines to be present at the games, although he has been pressed by even



Exterior View of Restored Stadion.

the King to do so. But his statue in marble will be set up between the Ilissos and the magnificent double-gated, sculpture-bedecked façade of the Stadion. Some Demosthenes of the present day may thunder against him from the platform or in the newspapers, for not giving his money to free the Greeks of Macedonia from the oppressor, putting the Stadion under the head of "fountains and fooleries;" but most of those who come to the games will probably praise the absent donor as one who, "of all mankind, has made the best use of his money."

In the Stadion thus more or less finished, and on a track that will be prepared by the best experts, all the so-called field athletics will take place. There is now talk of a representation of Antigone here with actors and chorus on the same level. The historic run from Marathon, which ought to be won by some Greek shepherd, will probably end here, and it is hoped



A Cross Section (half-width), showing the Arrangement of the Seats.

that the winner will not fall dead at the goal. It may be taken as a sign

of the altered condition of things since Glaukos was admired at Olympia, that boxing has been omitted from the list of sports as ungentlemanly.

Perhaps it is felt that good boxing readily passes over into professionalism. A good many contests which would have seemed strange to the ancient Greeks, none more so perhaps than the bicycle race, will take place outside the Stadion. The aquatic sports at Phaleron will occupy more than one day.

The beauty of Athens is a hackneyed theme, but as one sits in the Stadion it forces itself upon one. The east side affords a view of the Acropolis, with the ruins of the Olympieion nearer at hand. The west side affords a near view of Lykabettos to the left and of Hymettos to the right, with Pentelikon and Parnes farther off. The sea alone is shut out by the enclosing arms of the Stadion.

One might hear the Ilissos murmuring by, if the Ilissos ever indulged in murmuring.

Toward sunset, at that bewitching hour when Hymettos puts on its "purple crown," the events of the Stadion will be neglected. Then, especially in the upper tiers, visitors will

s'enivrer de lumière et de l'azur,

and forget the toil of the arena.

If surroundings could effect aught, then, if ever, one might triumphantly ask:

"Can trouble live with April days?"



"CINDERELLA"

By Richard Harding Davis



HE servants of the Hotel Salisbury, which is so called because it is situated on Broadway and conducted on the American plan by a man named Riggs, had agreed upon a date for their annual ball and volunteer concert, and had announced that it would eclipse every other annual ball in the history of the hotel. As the Hotel Salisbury had been only two years in existence, this was not an idle boast, and it had the effect of inducing many people to buy the tickets, which sold at a dollar a piece, and were good for "one gent and a lady," and entitled the bearer to a hat-check without extra charge.

In the flutter of preparation all ranks were temporarily levelled, and social barriers taken down with the mutual consent of those separated by them; the night-clerk so far unbent as to personally request the colored hall-boy Number Eight to play a banjo solo at the concert, which was to fill in the pauses between the dances, and the chambermaids timidly consulted with the lady telegraph operator and the lady in charge of the telephone, as to whether or not they intended to wear hats.

And so every employee on every floor of the hotel was working individually for the success of the ball, from the engineers in charge of the electric light plant in the cellar, to the night-watchman on the ninth story, and the elevator-boys who belonged to no floor in particular.

Miss Celestine Terrell, who was Mrs. Grahame West in private life, and young Grahame West, who played the part opposite to hers in the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera that was then in the third month of its New York run, were among the honored patrons of the Hotel Salisbury. Miss Terrell, in her utter inability to adjust the American coinage to English standards, and also

in the kindness of her heart, had given too generous tips to all of the hotel waiters, and some of this money had passed into the gallery window of the Broadway Theatre, where the hotel waiters had heard her sing and seen her dance, and had failed to recognize her young husband in the Lord Chancellor's wig and black silk court dress. So they knew that she was a celebrated personage, and they urged the *maitre d'hôtel* to invite her to the ball, and then persuade her to take a part in their volunteer concert.

Paul, the head-waiter, or "Pierrot," as Grahame West called him, because it was shorter, as he explained, hovered over the two young English people one night at supper, and served them lavishly with his own hands.

"Miss Terrell," said Paul, nervously—"I beg pardon, Madam, Mrs. Grahame West, I should say—I would like to make an invitation to you."

Celestine looked at her husband inquiringly, and bowed her head for Paul to continue.

"The employees of the Salisbury give the annual ball and concert on the sixteenth of December, and the committee have inquired and requested of me, on account of your kindness, to ask you would you be so polite as to sing a little song for us at the night of our ball?"

The head-waiter drew a long breath and straightened himself with a sense of relief at having done his part, whether the Grahame Wests did theirs or not.

As a rule, Miss Terrell did not sing in private, and had only broken this rule twice, when the inducements which led her to do so were forty pounds for each performance, and the fact that her beloved Princess of Wales was to be present. So she hesitated for an instant.

"Why, you are very good," she said, doubtfully. "Will there be any other people there—any one not an employee, I mean?"

Paul misunderstood her, and became a servant again.

"No, I am afraid there will be only the employees, Madam," he said.

"Oh, then I should be very glad to come," murmured Celestine, sweetly. "But I never sing out of the theatre, so you mustn't mind if it is not good."

The head-waiter played a violent tattoo on the back of the chair in his delight, and balanced and bowed.

"Ah, we are very proud and pleased that we can induce Madam to make so great exceptions," he declared. "The committee will be most happy. We will send a carriage for Madam, and a bouquet for Madam also," he added grandly, as one who was not to be denied the etiquette to which he plainly showed he was used.

"Will we come?" cried Van Bibber, incredulously, as he and Travers sat watching Grahame make up in his dressing-room. "I should say we would come. And you must all take supper with us first, and we will get Letty Chamberlain from the Gaiety Company and Lester to come too, and make them each do a turn."

"And we can dance on the floor ourselves, can't we?" asked Grahame West, "as they do at home Christmas-eve in the servants' hall, when her ladyship dances in the same set with the butler and the men waltz with the cook."

"Well, over here," said Van Bibber, "you'll have to be careful that you're properly presented to the cook first, or she'll appeal to the floor committee and have you thrown out."

"The interesting thing about that ball," said Travers, as he and Van Bibber walked home that night, "is the fact that those hotel people are getting a galaxy of stars to amuse them for nothing who wouldn't exhibit themselves at a Fifth Avenue dance for all the money in Wall Street. And the joke of it is going to be that the servants will vastly prefer the banjo solo by hall-boy Number Eight."

Lyric Hall lies just this side of the Forty-second Street station along the line of the Sixth Avenue Elevated road, and you can look into its windows from

the passing train. It was after one o'clock when the invited guests and their friends pushed open the storm-doors and were recognized by the anxious committee-men who were taking tickets at the top of the stairs. The committee-men fled in different directions, shouting for Mr. Paul, and Mr. Paul arrived beaming with delight and moisture, and presented a huge bouquet to Mrs. West, and welcomed her friends with hospitable warmth.

Mrs. West and Miss Chamberlain took off their hats and the men gave up their coats, not without misgivings, to a sleepy young man who said pleasantly, as he dragged them into the coat-room window, "that they would be playing in great luck if they ever saw them again."

"I don't need to give you no checks," he explained; "just ask for the coats with real fur on 'em. Nobody else has any."

There was a balcony overhanging the floor, and the invited guests were escorted to it and given seats where they could look down upon the dancers below, and the committee-men, in dangling badges with edges of silver fringe, stood behind their chairs, and poured out champagne for them lavishly, and tore up the wine-check which the barkeeper brought with it, with princely hospitality.

The entrance of the invited guests created but small interest, and neither the beauty of the two English girls nor Lester's well-known features, which smiled from shop-windows and on every ash-barrel in the New York streets, aroused any particular comment. The employees were much more occupied with the lancers then in progress, and with the joyful actions of one of their number who was playing blind man's buff with himself, and swaying from set to set in search of his partner, who had given him up as hopeless and retired to the supper-room for crackers and beer.

Some of the ladies wore bonnets and others wore flowers in their hair, and a half-dozen were in gowns which were obviously intended for dancing and nothing else. But none of them were in *décolleté* gowns. A few wore gloves. They had copied the fashions of their

richer sisters with the intuitive taste of the American girl of their class and they waltzed quite as well as the ladies whose dresses they copied, and many of them were exceedingly pretty. The costumes of the gentlemen varied from the clothes they wore nightly when waiting on the table, to cutaway coats with white satin ties, and the regular blue and brass-buttoned uniform of the hotel.

"I am going to dance," said Van Bibber, "if Mr. Pierrot will present me to one of the ladies."

Paul introduced him to a lady in a white cheese-cloth dress and black walking-shoes, with whom no one else would dance, and the musicians struck up "The Band Played On," and they launched out upon a slippery floor.

Van Bibber was conscious that his friends were applauding him in dumb show from the balcony, and when his partner asked who they were, he repudiated them altogether and said he could not imagine, but that he guessed from their bad manners they were professional entertainers hired for the evening.

The music stopped abruptly, and as he saw Mrs. West leaving the balcony, he knew that his turn had come and as she passed him he applauded her vociferously, and as no one else applauded even slightly, she grew very red.

Her friends knew that they formed the audience which she dreaded, and she knew that they were rejoicing in her embarrassment, which the head of the downstairs department, as Mr. Paul described him, increased to an hysterical point by introducing her as "Miss Ellen Terry, the great English actress, who would now oblige with a song."

The man had seen the name of the wonderful English actress on the billboards in front of Abbey's Theatre, and he had been told that Miss Terrell was English, and confused the two names. As he passed Van Bibber he drew his waistcoat into shape with a proud shrug of his shoulders, and said, anxiously, "I gave your friend a good introduction, anyway, didn't I?"

"You did, indeed," Van Bibber answered. "You couldn't have surprised

her more; and it made a great hit with me, too."

No one in the room listened to the singing. The gentlemen had crossed their legs comfortably and were expressing their regret to their partners that so much time was wasted in sandwiching songs between the waltzes, and the ladies were engaged in criticising Celestine's hair, which she wore in a bun. They thought that it might be English, but it certainly was not their idea of good style.

Celestine was conscious of the fact that her husband and Lester were hanging far over the balcony, holding their hands to their eyes as though they were opera-glasses, and exclaiming with admiration and delight; and when she had finished the first verse, they pretended to think that the song was over and shouted "bravo, encore," and applauded frantically, and then apparently overcome with confusion at their mistake, sank back entirely from sight.

"I think Miss Terrell's an elegant singer," Van Bibber's partner said to him. "I seen her at the hotel frequently. She has such a pleasant way with her, quite lady-like. She's the only actress I ever saw that has retained her timidity. She acts as though she were shy, don't she?"

Van Bibber, who had spent a month on the Thames the summer before, with the Grahame Wests, surveyed Celestine with sudden interest, as though he had never seen her before until that moment, and agreed that she did look shy, one might almost say frightened to death. Mrs. West rushed through the second verse of the song, bowed breathlessly, and ran down the steps of the stage and back to the refuge of the balcony, while the audience applauded with perfunctory politeness and called clamorously to the musicians to "Let her go."

"And that is the song," commented Van Bibber, "that gets six encores and three calls every night on Broadway!"

Grahame West affected to be greatly chagrined at his wife's failure to charm the chambermaids and porters with her little love-song, and when his turn came, he left them with alacrity, assur-

ing them that they would now see the difference, as he would sing a song better suited to their level.

But the song that had charmed London and captured the unprotected coast town of New York, fell on heedless ears; and except the evil ones in the gallery, no one laughed and no one listened, and Lester declared with tears in his eyes that he would not go through such an ordeal for the receipts of an Actors' Fund Benefit.

Van Bibber's partner caught him laughing at Grahame West's vain efforts to amuse, and said, tolerantly, that Mr. West was certainly comical, but that she had a lady friend with her who could recite pieces which were that comic that you'd die of laughing. She presented her friend to Van Bibber, and he said he hoped that they were going to hear her recite, as laughing must be a pleasant death. But the young lady explained that she had had the misfortune to lose her only brother that summer, and that she had given up everything but dancing in consequence. She said she did not think it looked right to see a girl in mourning recite comic monologues.

Van Bibber struggled to be sympathetic, and asked what her brother had died of? She told him that "he died of a Thursday," and the conversation came to an embarrassing pause.

Van Bibber's partner had another friend in a gray corduroy waistcoat and tan shoes, who was of Hebraic appearance. He also wore several very fine rings, and officiated with what was certainly religious tolerance at the M. E. Bethel Church. She said he was an elegant or—gan—ist, putting the emphasis on the second syllable, which made Van Bibber think that she was speaking of some religious body to which he belonged. But the organist made his profession clear by explaining that the committee had just invited him to oblige the company with a solo on the piano, but that he had been hitting the champagne so hard that he doubted if he could tell the keys from the pedals, and he added that they'd excuse him if he would go to sleep, which he immediately did with his head on the shoulder of the lady recitationist, who

tactfully tried not to notice that he was there.

They were all waltzing again, and as Van Bibber guided his partner for a second time around the room, he noticed a particularly handsome girl in a walking-dress, who was doing some sort of a fancy step with a solemn, grave-faced young man in the hotel livery. They seemed by their manner to know each other very well, and they had apparently practised the step that they were doing often before.

The girl was much taller than the man and was superior to him in every way. Her movements were freer and less conscious, and she carried her head and shoulders as though she had never bent them above a broom. Her complexion was soft and her hair of the finest, deepest auburn. Among all the girls upon the floor she was the most remarkable, even if her dancing had not immediately distinguished her.

The step which she and her partner were exhibiting was one that probably had been taught her by a professor of dancing at some East Side academy, at the rate of fifty cents per hour, and which she no doubt believed was the latest step danced in the gilded halls of the Few Hundred. In this waltz the two dancers held each other's hands, and the man swung his partner behind him and then would turn and take up the step with her where they had dropped it; or they swung around and around each other several times, as people do in fancy skating, and sometimes he spun her so quickly one way that the skirt of her walking-dress was wound as tightly around her legs and ankles as a cord around a top, and then as he swung her in the opposite direction, it unwound again, and wrapped about her from the other side. They varied this when it pleased them with balancings and steps and posturings that were not sufficiently extravagant to bring any comment from the other dancers, but which were so full of grace and feeling for time and rhythm, that Van Bibber continually reversed his partner so that he might not for an instant lose sight of the girl with auburn hair.

"She is a very remarkable dancer," he

said at last, apologetically. "Do you know who she is?"

His partner had observed his interest with increasing disapproval, and she smiled triumphantly now at the chance that his question gave her.

"She is the seventh floor chambermaid," she said. "I," she added in a tone which marked the social superiority, "am a checker and marker."

"Really?" said Van Bibber, with a polite accent of proper awe.

He decided that he must see more of this Cinderella of the Hotel Salisbury; and dropping his partner by the side of the lady recitationist, he bowed his thanks and hurried to the gallery for a better view.

When he reached it he found his professional friends hanging over the railing, watching every movement which the girl made with an intense and unaffected interest.

"Have you noticed that girl with red hair?" he asked, as he pulled up a chair beside them.

But they only nodded and kept their eyes fastened on the opening in the crowd through which she had disappeared.

"There she is," Grahame West cried excitedly, as the girl swept out from the mass of dancers into the clear space. "Now you can see what I mean, Celestine," he said. "Where he turns her like that. We could do it in the shadow-dance in the second act. It's very pretty. She lets go his right hand and then he swings her and balances backward until she takes up the step again, when she faces him. It is very simple and very effective. Isn't it, George?"

Lester nodded and said, "Yes, very. She's a born dancer. You can teach people steps, but you can't teach them to be graceful."

"She reminds me of Sylvia Grey," said Miss Chamberlain. "There's nothing violent about it, or faked, is there? It's just the poetry of motion, without any tricks."

Lester, who was a trick dancer himself, and Grahame West, who was one of the best eccentric dancers in England, assented to this cheerfully.

Van Bibber listened to the comments of the authorities and smiled grimly.

The contrast which their lives presented to that of the young girl whom they praised so highly, struck him as being most interesting. Here were two men who had made comic dances a profound and serious study, and the two women who had lifted dancing to the plane of a fine art, all envying and complimenting a girl who was doing for her own pleasure that which was to them hard work and a livelihood. But while they were going back the next day to be applauded and petted and praised by a friendly public, she was to fly like Cinderella, to take up her sweeping and dusting and the making of beds, and the answering of peremptory summonses from electric buttons.

"A good teacher could make her worth one hundred dollars a week in six lessons," said Lester, dispassionately. "I'd be willing to make her an offer myself, if I hadn't too many dancers in the piece already."

"A hundred dollars—that's twenty pounds," said Mrs. Grahame West. "You do pay such prices over here! But I quite agree that she is very graceful; and she is so unconscious, too, isn't she?"

The interest in Cinderella ceased when the waltzing stopped and the attention of those in the gallery was riveted with equal intensity upon Miss Chamberlain and Travers, who had faced each other in a quadrille, Miss Chamberlain having accepted the assistant barkeeper for a partner, while Travers contented himself with a tall, elderly female, who in business hours had entire charge of the linen department. The barkeeper was a melancholy man with a dyed mustache, and when he asked the English dancer from what hotel she came, and she, thinking he meant at what hotel was she stopping, told him, he said that that was a slow place, and that if she would let him know when she had her night off, he would be pleased to meet her at the Twenty-third station of the Sixth Avenue road on the uptown side, and would take her to the theatre, for which, he explained, he was able to obtain tickets for nothing, as so many men gave him their return checks for drinks.

Miss Chamberlain told him in return,

that she just doted on the theatre, and promised to meet him the very next evening. She sent him anonymously instead two seats in the front row for her performance. She had much delight the next night in watching his countenance when, after arriving somewhat late and cross, he recognized the radiant beauty on the stage as the young person with whom he had condescended to dance.

When the quadrille was over she introduced him to Travers, and Travers told him he mixed drinks at the Knickerbocker Club, and that his greatest work was a Van Bibber cocktail. And when the barkeeper asked for the recipe and promised to "push it along," Travers told him he never made it twice the same, as it depended entirely on his mood.

Mrs. Grahame West and Lester were scandalized at the conduct of these two young people and ordered the party home, and as the dance was growing somewhat noisy and the gentlemen were smoking as they danced, the invited guests made their bows to Mr. Paul and went out into cold, silent streets, followed by the thanks and compliments of seven bare-headed and swaying committee-men.

The next week Lester went on the road with his comic opera company; the Grahame Wests sailed to England, Letty Chamberlain and the other "Gee Gees," as Travers called the Gaiety Girls, departed for Chicago, and Travers and Van Bibber were left alone.

The annual ball was a month in the past, when Van Bibber found Travers at breakfast at their club and dropped into a chair beside him with a sigh of weariness and indecision.

"What's the trouble? Have some breakfast?" said Travers, cheerfully.

"Thank you, no," said Van Bibber, gazing at his friend doubtfully; "I want to ask you what you think of this. Do you remember that girl at that servants' ball?"

"Which girl?—Tall girl with red hair—did fancy dance? Yes—why?"

"Well, I've been thinking about her lately," said Van Bibber, "and what they said of her dancing. It seems to

me that if it's as good as they thought it was, the girl ought to be told of it and encouraged. They evidently meant what they said. It wasn't as though they were talking about her to her relatives and had to say something pleasant. Lester thought she could make a hundred dollars a week if she had had six lessons. Well, six lessons wouldn't cost much, not more than ten dollars at the most, and a hundred a week for an original outlay of ten, is a good investment."

Travers nodded his head in assent, and whacked an egg viciously with his spoon. "What's your scheme?" he said. "Is your idea to help the lady for her own sake—sort of a philanthropic snap—or as a speculation? We might make it pay as a speculation. You see nobody knows about her except you and me. We might form her into a sort of stock company and teach her to dance, and secure her engagements and then take our commission out of her salary. Is that what you were thinking of doing?"

"No, that was not my idea," said Van Bibber, smiling. "I hadn't any plan. I just thought I'd go down to that hotel and tell her that in the opinion of the four people best qualified to know what good dancing is, she is a good dancer, and then leave the rest to her. She must have some friends or relations who would help her to make a start. If it's true that she can make a hit as a dancer, it seems a pity that she shouldn't know it, doesn't it? If she succeeded, she'd make a pot of money, and if she failed she'd be just where she is now."

Travers considered this subject deeply, with knit brows.

"That's so," he said. "I'll tell you what let's do. Let's go see some of the managers of those continuous performance places, and tell them we have a dark horse that the Grahame Wests and Letty Chamberlain herself and George Lester think is the coming dancer of the age, and ask them to give her a chance. And we'll make some sort of a contract with them. We ought to fix it so that she is to get bigger money the longer they keep her in the bill, have her salary on a rising scale.

"Come on," he exclaimed, warming to the idea. "Let's go now. What have you got to do?"

"I've got nothing better to do than just that," Van Bibber declared, briskly.

The managers whom they interviewed were interested but non-committal. They agreed that the girl must be a remarkable dancer indeed to warrant such praise from such authorities, but they wanted to see her and judge for themselves, and they asked to be given her address, which the impresarios refused to disclose. But they secured from the managers the names of several men who taught fancy dancing and who prepared aspirants for the vaudeville stage, and having obtained from them their prices and their opinion as to how long a time would be required to give the finishing touches to a dancer already accomplished in the art, they directed their steps to the Hotel Salisbury.

"'From the Seventh Story to the Stage,'" said Travers. "She will make very good newspaper paragraphs, won't she? 'The New American Dancer,' endorsed by Celestine Terrell, Letty Chamberlain, and Courtland Van Bibber.' And we could get her outside engagements to dance at studios and evening parties after her regular performance, couldn't we?" he continued. "She ought to ask from fifty to a hundred dollars a night. With her regular salary that would average about three hundred and fifty a week. She is probably making three dollars a week now, and eats in the servants' hall.

"And then we will send her abroad," interrupted Van Bibber, taking up the tale, "and she will do the music halls in London. If she plays three halls a night, say one on the Surrey Side, and Islington, and a smart West End hall like the Empire or the Alhambra, at fifteen guineas a turn, that would bring her in five hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. And then she would go to the Folies Bergère in Paris, and finally to Petersburg and Milan, and then come back to dance in the Grand Opera season, under Gus Harris, with a great international reputation, and hung with flowers and medals and diamond sun-bursts and things."

"Rather," said Travers, shaking his head enthusiastically. "And after that we must invent a new dance for her, with colored lights and mechanical snaps and things, and have it patented; and finally she will get her picture on soda cracker boxes and cigarette advertisements, and have a race-horse named after her, and give testimonials for nerve tonics and soap. Does fame reach farther than that?"

"I think not," said Van Bibber, "unless they give her name to a new make of bicycle. We must give her a new name anyway, and rechristen her, whatever her name may be. We'll call her Cinderella—La Cinderella. That sounds fine, doesn't it, even if it is rather long for the very largest type."

"It isn't much longer than *Carmen-cita*," suggested the other. "And people who have the proud knowledge of knowing her like you and me, will call her 'Cinders' for short. And when we read of her dancing before the Czar of All the Russias, and leading the ballet at the Grand Opera House in Paris, we'll say, 'that is our handiwork,' and we will feel that we have not lived in vain."

"Seventh floor, please," said Van Bibber to the elevator boy.

The elevator boy was a young man of serious demeanor, with a smooth-shaven face and a square, determined jaw. There was something about him which seemed familiar, but Van Bibber could not determine just what it was. The elevator stopped to allow some people to leave it at the second floor, and as the young man shoved the door to again, Van Bibber asked him if he happened to know of a chambermaid with red hair, a tall girl on the seventh floor, a girl who danced very well.

The wire rope of the elevator slipped less rapidly through the hands of the young man who controlled it, and he turned and fixed his eyes with sudden interest on Van Bibber's face, and scrutinized him and his companion with serious consideration.

"Yes, I know her—I know who you mean, anyway," he said. "Why?"

"Why?" echoed Van Bibber, raising his eyes. "We wish to see her on a

matter of business. Can you tell me her name?"

The elevator was running so slowly now that its movement upward was barely perceptible.

"Her name's Annie—Annie Crehan. Excuse me," said the young man, doubtfully, "ain't you the young fellows who came to our ball with that English lady, the one that sung?"

"Yes," Van Bibber assented, pleasantly. "We were there. That's where I've seen you before. You were there too, weren't you?"

"Me and Annie was dancing together most all the evening. I seen all youse watching her."

"Of course," exclaimed Van Bibber. "I remember you now. Oh, then you must know her quite well. May be you can help us. We want to put her on the stage."

The elevator came to a stop with an abrupt jerk, and the young man shoved his hands behind him, and leaned back against one of the mirrors in its side.

"On the stage," he repeated. "Why?"

Van Bibber smiled and cleared his throat in some embarrassment at this peremptory challenge. But there was nothing in the young man's tone or manner that could give offence. He seemed much in earnest, and spoke as though they must understand that he had some right to question.

"Why? Because of her dancing. She is a very remarkable dancer. All of those actors with us that night said so. You must know that yourself better than anyone else, since you can dance with her. She could make quite a fortune as a dancer, and we have persuaded several managers to promise to give her a trial. And if she needs money to pay for lessons, or to buy the proper dresses and slippers and things, we are willing to give it to her, or to lend it to her, if she would like that better."

"Why?" repeated the young man, immovably. His manner was not encouraging.

"Why—what?" interrupted Travers, with growing impatience.

"Why are you willing to give her money? You don't know her."

Van Bibber looked at Travers, and Travers smiled in some annoyance.

The electric bell rang violently from different floors, but the young man did not heed it. He had halted the elevator between two landings, and he now seated himself on the velvet cushions and crossed one leg over the other, as though for a protracted debate. Travers gazed about him in humorous apprehension, as though alarmed at the position in which he found himself, hung as it were between the earth and sky.

"I swear I am an unarmed man," he said, in a whisper.

"Our intentions are well meant, I assure you," said Van Bibber, with an amused smile. "The girl is working ten hours a day for very little money, isn't she? You know she is, when she could make a great deal of money by working half as hard. We have some influence with theatrical people, and we meant merely to put her in the way of bettering her position, and to give her the chance to do something which she can do better than many others, while almost any one, I take it, can sweep and make beds. If she were properly managed, she could become a great dancer, and delight thousands of people—add to the gaiety of nations, as it were. She's hardly doing that now, is she? Have you any objections to that? What right have you to make objections any way?"

The young man regarded the two young gentlemen before him with a dogged countenance, but there was now in his eyes a look of helplessness and of great disquietude.

"We're engaged to be married, Annie and me," he said. "That's it."

"Oh," exclaimed Van Bibber, "I beg your pardon. That's different. Well, in that case, you can help us very much, if you wish. We leave it entirely with you!"

"I don't want that you should leave it with me," said the young man, harshly. "I don't want to have nothing to do with it. Annie can speak for herself. I knew it was coming to this," he said, leaning forward and clasping his hands together, "or something like this. I've never felt dead sure of Annie, never once. I always knew something would happen."

"Why, nothing has happened," said Van Bibber, soothingly. "You would both benefit by it. We would be as willing to help two as one. You would both be better off."

The young man raised his head and stared at Van Bibber fixedly.

"You know better than that," he said, sternly. "You know what I'd look like. Of course she could make money as a dancer, I've known that for some time, but she hasn't thought of it yet, and she'd never have thought of it herself. But the question isn't me or what I want. It's Annie. Is she going to be happier or not, that's the question. And I'm telling you that she couldn't be any happier than she is now. I know that, too. We're just as contented as two folks ever was. We've been saving for three months, and buying furniture from the instalment people, and next month we were going to move into a flat on Seventh Avenue, quite handy to the hotel. If she goes onto the stage could she be any happier? And if you're honest in saying you're thinking of the two of us—I ask you where would I come in? I'll be pulling this wire rope and she'll be all over the country, and her friends won't be my friends and her ways won't be my ways. She'll get out of reach of me in a week, and I won't be in it. I'm not the sort to go loafing round while my wife supports me, carrying her satchel for her. And there's nothing I can do but just this. She'd come back here some day and live in the front floor suite, and I'd pull her up and down in this elevator. That's what will happen. Here's what you two gentlemen are doing." The young man leaned forward eagerly. "You're offering a change to two people that are as well off now as they ever hope to be, and they're contented. We don't know nothin' better. Now, are you dead sure that you're giving us something better than what we've got? You can't make me any happier than I am, and as far as Annie knows, up to now, she couldn't be better fixed, and no one could care for her more."

"My God! gentlemen," he cried, desperately, "think! She's all I've got. There's lots of dancers, but she's not a

dancer to me, she's just Annie. I don't want her to delight the gayety of nations. I want her for myself. Maybe I'm selfish, but I can't help that. She's mine, and you're trying to take her away from me. Suppose she was your girl, and someone was sneaking her away from you. You'd try to stop it, wouldn't you, if she was all you had?" He stopped breathlessly and stared alternately from one to the other of the young men before him. Their countenances showed an expression of well-bred concern.

"It's for you to judge," he went on, helplessly; "if you want to take the responsibility, well and good, that's for you to say. I'm not stopping you, but she's all I've got."

The young man stopped and there was a pause while he eyed them eagerly. The elevator bell rang out again with vicious indignation.

Travers struck at the toe of his boot with his stick and straightened his shoulders.

"I think you're extremely selfish, if you ask me," he said.

The young man stood up quickly and took his elevator rope in both hands. "All right," he said, quietly, "that settles it. I'll take you up to Annie now, and you can arrange it with her. I'm not standing in her way."

"Hold on," protested Van Bibber and Travers in a breath. "Don't be in such a hurry," growled Travers.

The young man stood immovable, with his hands on the wire and looking down on them, his face full of doubt and distress.

"I don't want to stand in Annie's way," he repeated, as though to himself. "I'll do whatever you say. I'll take you to the seventh floor or I'll drop you to the street. It's up to you, gentlemen," he added helplessly, and turning his back to them threw his arm against the wall of the elevator and buried his face upon it.

There was an embarrassing pause, during which Van Bibber scowled at himself in the mirror opposite as though to ask it what a man who looked like that should do under such trying circumstances.

He turned at last and stared at Travers. "Where ignorance is bliss,

it's folly to be wise," he whispered, keeping his face toward his friend. "What do you say? Personally I don't see myself in the part of Providence. It's the case of the poor man and his one ewe lamb, isn't it?"

"We don't want his ewe lamb, do we?" growled Travers. "It's a case of the dog in a manger, I say. I thought we were going to be fairy godfathers to 'La Cinderella.'"

"The lady seems to be supplied with a most determined godfather as it is," returned Van Bibber.

The elevator boy raised his face and stared at them with haggard eyes.

"Well?" he begged.

Van Bibber smiled upon him reassuringly, with a look partly of respect and partly of pity.

"You can drop us to the street," he said.

A HISTORY OF THE LAST QUARTER-CENTURY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

THE DEMOCRACY SUPREME

THE PANIC OF 1893
TARIFF REVISION
THE INCOME TAX
BOND ISSUES
COXEY'S ARMY

THE PULLMAN STRIKE
FEDERAL INTERFERENCE
HAWAIIAN REVOLT
VENEZUELA
OVERTHROW OF TAMMANY



THE success of the Columbian Exposition was the more remarkable in view of the terrible commercial panic occurring the same summer. On June 26, 1893, the Government of British India suspended the free coinage of silver in that vast dominion. The decree seemed somehow to take effect on our side of the globe. A monetary panic ensued, in some respects the most distressing on record, closing mines, depriving laborers of work, breaking banks, and convulsing trade. Vast sums of gold were hoarded; much left the country. The Treasury reserve fell far below the traditional \$100,000,000. Banks called in outstanding credits and refused new ones. Values shrank phenomenally, and

innumerable failures took place. Deeming the disorder due to Treasury purchases of silver under a clause of the Sherman law, to secure, if possible, the repeal of that clause, President Cleveland convoked the Fifty-third Congress in special session. This began on August 7th. Both Houses being Democratic, the whole legislative, as well as the executive authority of the government, was now in Democratic hands. It was an epoch in our history. At no time before, since March, 1859, in Buchanan's time, when the Thirty-fifth Congress ended its labors, had the Democracy been thus exalted. The country eagerly watched to see what action it would take on the various important measures awaiting legislation. The outcome was not what patriots hoped. In its responsible situation the

Democratic party showed little leadership, cohesion, or wisdom. Rapidly, and at last almost entirely, it lost public confidence, preparing the Republican tidal wave of 1894. President Cleveland suffered as well as his political associates; his friends and his enemies—and he had many of both—agreeing that his second administration was far less successful than his first.

In one particular this was untrue. Mr. Cleveland's civil service record during his second term was in the highest degree commendable, excelling that of any of his predecessors, and doing much to redeem the promises in this respect with which he took office at first. While public thought was turned to other matters, he silently and persistently extended the range of the merit system in appointments to office. The first day of 1896 found approximately 55,736 Government employees in the classified service, 12,807 more than on March 4, 1893. A still greater gain than this occurred during the same period, in the transfer to the competitive list of 2,955 offices previously excepted therefrom. These exceptions had covered the highest and most important positions in the classified service. The theory was that the places were excepted in order that they might be filled by persons of qualifications too high to be gauged by the ordinary tests; but they had in fact nearly always been filled for political reasons. Numerous exceptions in any branch of the classified service had the most evil effect, going far to nullify the beneficial influence of examinations. The reduction in the number of such exceptions was therefore a noteworthy step in advance. Progress was not confined to the classified service. For the first time in our history examinations—non-competitive, indeed—were now made prerequisite to the appointment of consuls.

After a long fight, especially acrimonious in the Senate, the silver purchase law was repealed on November 1st. The result did not fulfil expectations. The gold flow from the Treasury was not stanchd. February 1, 1894, the reserve stood at \$65,438,377. Though it was replenished meantime by the sale of \$50,000,000 in bonds, June saw it

again down to \$64,873,025, \$42,000,000 going out in five months. November 24, 1894, the reserve was \$57,669,701; February 1, 1895, \$41,340,181. Following precedent, the Secretary of the Treasury paid in gold every Treasury note that was presented. Whenever, therefore, in the struggle for gold, exchangers wished to send gold abroad, the government hoard was at their mercy. By collecting greenbacks and Sherman notes from banks and Trust Companies and presenting these at the Sub-Treasury, the gold they wished for, however great the sum, was paid into their hands. None could tell when it would all be gone and the country forced to a silver basis. In consequence, the revival of business after the repeal was slight and gradual.

THE WILSON BILL

THIS unsatisfactory result most Democrats ascribed to the continuing exactions of the McKinley tariff; most Republicans to the fear of freer trade. It was a fear rather than a certainty, since none knew whether the President would have the temerity to urge a revision of the tariff when the country's business was already so unsettled. Should he insist on doing so, many Democrats were likely not to act with him. But Mr. Cleveland did not flinch; the tariff must be revised at whatever cost. The controversy did not begin till the regular session, but then it came in earnest, with shocks opening wide seams in the party. On December 13th Chairman Wilson, of the Ways and Means Committee, reported to the House "An Act to reduce taxation, to provide revenue for the government, and for other purposes." Besides cutting down duties on many articles, the bill placed sugar, wool, coal, lumber, and iron ore on the free list. A vote of 182 to 48 carried an amendment providing for a tax upon incomes exceeding \$4,000. The whole was then passed, 204 to 140. In the House the chief theme of discussion on the bill was its purpose "to reduce taxation." In the Senate, where it arrived March 20, 1894, other phases of it were considered, and all perceived that

it could not become law without large modifications. Its ability "to provide revenue for the government" was denied. "Protection" was contended for not by Republicans alone. It was publicly charged and widely believed that corrupt influences to preserve extortionate duties were at work upon Democrats. Hottest conflict raged over the sugar schedule. Consistency with the nature of the legislation required a heavy duty on raw sugar, a light one on refined; while the sugar refiners sought, at last successfully, to have the heavier tariff laid on refined sugar. Prospects of their triumph in this changed from day to day, and therewith the value of Sugar Trust certificates. It being alleged that Senators were speculating in these, one admitted that he was doing so, but boldly defended his course. The Sugar Trust was accused of bribing the Democracy by large contributions to its campaign funds. The allegations touching Senatorial corruption were investigated, but little pertinent evidence was elicited.

When, on July 7th, the Senate amendments came up in the House, Chairman Wilson moved not to concur in them. His reasons were that except in the case of wool and lumber the principle of free raw materials had been abandoned, that many specific duties had been substituted for *ad valorem* ones, and that most of the Senate changes were in the direction of higher taxes. In a letter read before the House, President Cleveland upbraided the Senate Democrats who had abandoned the principle of free raw materials as guilty of "party perfidy and dishonor." He pronounced sugar a legitimate subject for taxation, in spite of the "fear, quite likely exaggerated," that carrying out this principle might "indirectly and inordinately encourage a combination of sugar-refining interests." The motion against concurrence passed the House.

In conference the chief controversy was upon sugar, coal, wool, iron ore, pig and structural iron, and steel rails. The Senate proposed a forty per cent. duty on all grades of sugar, with a differential of one-eighth of a cent in favor of refined sugar, adding one-tenth of a cent more if it came from countries

paying an export bounty. The Republicans contended that free coal and iron ore would mean a gift of \$10,000,000 to a Nova Scotia corporation and its Boston promoters. Mr. Gorman indignantly flung back the aspersions of the President's letter read in the House, showing, by the testimony of three Senators, that when consulted about the compromise the President had declared himself "willing to do or say anything that would pass the bill." Voting upon iron ore and coal, the Senate refused, 65 to 6 and 64 to 6, to recede from its wish as uttered in the bill. That indicated its attitude touching the other disputed rates. In this conflict the Senate had great advantage over the House. Acquaintance among members, general and often close, was supplemented by "senatorial courtesy" in reference to executive appointments, so that an affront to one was the concern of all. The Senate's self-esteem had been incurably wounded, while the stock of effective White House influence had been exhausted during the silver debate. Instead, therefore, of crushing the senatorial will, presidential hammering rendered it solid as a drop forging. When this became clear panic seized the House leaders, and they hastened to enact the Senate draft, covering their retreat as best they could with "pop-gun bills" for free coal, iron ore, barbed wire, and sugar. Rarely has an executive been in so merciless a dilemma as now tormented the Chief Magistrate. By signing the bill he would give his official approval to a measure which he had denounced in the severest language at his command. His veto, on the other hand, leaving the McKinley act in force, would be a confession of Democratic hypocrisy and incompetency. Mr. Cleveland, therefore, neither signed nor vetoed the bill, but let it become a law without bearing his name.

Like the tariff of abominations in 1828 this new law, agitation over which had so long impeded business, was an economic monstrosity. It pleased nobody. Protectionists denounced it as a free-trade measure; free-traders as exactly the reverse. It violated the Democrats' plighted word, and it did this to enhance the profits of great corpora-

tions and by votes believed to have been purchased. Its best friends could only say that, as its rates averaged about a quarter lower, it was on the whole preferable to the McKinley act. When it was under debate in the Senate Senator Hill had declared the proposed income tax unconstitutional, unnecessary, and populistic. It was a direct tax, he said, and could therefore be constitutionally levied only State by State and according to population. He decried it as sectional, and also odious, being a war tax. He complained that its high under-limit of \$4,000 made it an offensive species of class legislation, that it discriminated against small investments in favor of government bonds, was retroactive upon incomes realized after January 1, 1894, inquisitorial in its administrative provisions, a step toward socialism, and unwise from every point of political expediency. Nevertheless, as in the House, so in the Senate, the income tax amendment proved stronger than the main bill.

NEW BOND ISSUES

WHEN the Supreme Court decided its income tax provisions unconstitutional, disgust at the legislation became general and complete. It was now clear that the law must fail as a revenue measure, necessitating either additional enactments or the issue of more bonds to eke out current expenses. The latter alternative was adopted. Between February 1, 1894, and the beginning of 1896, the Treasury sold \$162,315,400 in bonds for about \$82,000,000 in gold. On January 6, 1895, a new bond issue of \$100,000,000 was offered. Apologists for the tariff sought to make it appear that the necessity for these bond issues lay not in deficient revenue, but solely in the existence of the greenback debt, but it gradually became evident that this was an error. During the twenty-three months between the two bond sales named the Government's receipts fell short of its expenditures by some \$90,000,000. To this extent at least borrowing would have been necessary had no greenbacks existed. As for the remainder, men urged, it should not

have been borrowed at all. Had an insignificant percentage of a payment made in redemption of Treasury notes occasionally been in silver, according to the French policy, exporters would have drawn their gold from banks, leaving the Treasury gold piles and the government credit intact. Many insisted that borrowing gold abroad largely defeated its own end. It inflated prices here, stimulating imports and checking exports, thus increasing the demand for gold for export, necessitating fresh drafts from the Treasury stock, and so on in ceaseless round. The manner of effecting the loan of 1895, as well as the loan itself, was severely criticised. Instead of borrowing from any and all who might wish to lend, the bonds were placed with a syndicate of bankers, partly foreign, at a rate much under what they might have brought. The inordinate gain was declared necessary to remunerate the syndicate for its good offices in preventing for some months serious exportations of gold. This was a confession that, under this policy, the Treasury was at the mercy of gold-mongers. If they could keep gold here for a given consideration, for a higher reward they could presently send it abroad and place us on a silver basis.

"COMBINES"

THE last five sections of the tariff act declared combinations in restraint of competition illegal and void, property belonging to them liable to forfeiture, and persons injured by them entitled to three-fold damages plus costs and attorney fees. These provisions did not render the legislation any more popular. They enraged monopolists, yet were too tame, too obviously ineffectual to please others. Such anti-trust utterances were, however, of interest, as calling special attention to that peculiar growth of modern industry, the "combine." Officers of The American Sugar Refining Company admitted before the Senate Investigating Committee that this Trust, when formed, raised the price of sugar to consumers, and that it was constantly making efforts to control legislation. Though conspicu-



The Town of Pullman, Looking East from the Depot along the Boulevard.

From a photograph by J. W. Taylor.



George M. Pullman.

a normal product of modern industry, they needed keen legislative attention. The crimes to which some of them resorted to crush out competition were unworthy of civilization, making it not strange that legislation against them should be constantly urged and attempted. Laws passed for this purpose were, however, usually of little avail.

THE GREAT STRIKE OF 1894

If the income tax and anti-trust enactments of 1894 betrayed a Democratic leaning toward populism, events occurring the same year proved that the President, for his part, still stood quite erect. The city of the World's Fair was, in 1894, the scene of the greatest railroad strike in history. It originated in Pullman, Ill., near Chica-

go, the town whose miniature was so much admired at the fair. The very soldier who marshalled the Civic Parade in 1893, next year, in the same locality, arrayed armed soldiers against angry citizens. The utmost discontent had prevailed in the labor world since early in the season. In March, bands of "Commonwealers" or

"Industrials," as they were called, were formed in various Western States, with the purpose of marching to Washington to show Congress and the President the desperateness of the labor situation and to demand relief. From first to last fourteen States and two Territories were in more or less commotion from this movement. "General" Coxey led the advance; "General" Kelly followed with a larger force. At Des Moines Kelly had 1,250 in his train. At St. Louis many deserted him; the rest took boats for Cairo, where they disembarked and resumed their pilgrimage on foot. Though most of the tramps meant well, their mission was so novel and their destitution so complete that they spread terror all along their line of march. For food they depended on the country traversed. Many fed them from sympathy, others from fear. At best they suffered much from hunger and from cold. When not supplied by gifts they stole, and arrests for theft much thinned their ranks as they advanced. At points they were violent, and the militia had to be called out to deal with them. In the State of Washington several marshals and deputies were killed in a conflict with Commonwealers. Here and there they captured a freight train and forced it into their service. Having suffered much from desertion in Ohio, Coxey's band reached Pittsburg April 2d, and Homestead April 5th, only 500 strong. On the



Burned Cars in the C. B. & Q. Yards at Hawthorne, Chicago.

From a photograph by R. D. Cleveland.

15th it was at Cumberland, Md.; on the 28th at Washington, where it went into camp. On May 1st the Industrials attempted their meditated demonstration on the grounds and steps of the Capitol. The leaders, Coxey, Brown, and Jones, were arrested and jailed; the rest dispersed. Coxey was released on June 10th, having meantime been nominated for Congress in the Eighteenth District of Ohio. His followers early began to desert, yet a camp of them remained in Washington till July 13th, when the remnant was shipped West.

Pullman had been founded in 1880. Its real estate was owned by the Pullman Palace Car Company. Economy, beauty, cleanliness, and symmetry marked the buildings, which were pleasantly set off by lakelets, parks, and wide streets. The sale of liquor was not permitted in the town, but there seem to have been no other municipal regulations. Nevertheless, careful observers early noted in the population a sense of restraint, leading to frequent removals, also a disposition to speak of the company in an undertone, as a Russian might mention the Czar. "It is like living in a hotel, is it not?" was asked a Pullmanite once. "We call it camping out," he answered. Residents believed that they were watched by the company's "spotters." One visitor denominated the system a "benevolent feudalism." Such paternalism offended the American spirit of

independence. Herein was a potent cause of the troubles.

Wholly aside from its landlordship of the town of Pullman, the company's business was immense. It had a capital stock of \$36,000,000, whereon, for the year ending with June, 1893, the dividends had amounted to \$2,520,000. It ran cars over 125,000 miles of rails, or about three-fourths the total mileage of the country. It also manufactured and repaired such cars, besides building cars for the general market. There was no complaint till June, 1893, when hard times were held to necessitate a severe cut in wages. The general infelicity at Pullman alluded to above, certain petty shop tyrannies, and the fact that rents were not reduced while the salaries of officers continued as before and Pullman stock was still quoted far above par, made this cut the occasion of extreme discontent. Though leniency was shown such as were in debt for rent, in the months of March and April, 1894, great numbers of the employees took refuge in the American Railway Union.

This body, claiming 150,000 members, had been formed in 1893, answering to a combination among railway employers known as the General Managers' Association. This association originated in 1886, and embraced the twenty-four railroads entering Chicago. They had an aggregate mileage of 40,933, a capitalization of considerably over \$2,000,-



The Camp of the U. S. Troops on the Lake Front, Chicago. (From the roof of the Auditorium Hotel.)

From a photograph by R. D. Cleveland.

000,000, and employed 221,000 men. Though the association "had no more standing in law than the old Trunk Line Pool—but was a usurpation of power," it absolutely determined the policy of the roads toward their workmen and the public. A comparative table of wages enabled the associated roads to equalize wages, and cuts here and there showed a tendency to do this. All the time that Pullman employees were enlisting in the union's

ranks, it was engaged in a struggle with the Great Northern Railway. Arbitration was proposed, but, sanguine of success, union leaders, until persuaded by St. Paul and Minneapolis business men, "had nothing to arbitrate." A settle-

ment was arrived at, which gave the union nearly all it demanded, and it was elated with the triumph.

Upon May 7th and 9th a committee of forty-six employees called upon Messrs. Pullman and Wickes urging that the wages schedule of June, 1893, be restored. This was refused, but those gentlemen promised to investigate the shop abuses complained of, and declared that no one should be prejudiced with the company for serving on the committee. The next day, however, three members of the committee were laid off, and the union determined upon a strike. The company then laid off the remainder of the workmen. The Pullman management would no longer entertain any communication from the union. A committee of employees, the Civic Federation of Chicago, Mayor Pingree, of Detroit, endorsed by the mayors of over fifty cities, urged the company to submit the dispute to arbitration. The steadfast answer was, "The company has nothing to arbitrate." Nor would it debate this proposition before arbitrators. At the bar of public opinion the company did appear, seeking to justify itself by alleging the unprofitableness of its manufacturing business. The union, too, was resolute. The young giant, flushed with recent victory, eager to redress new wrongs,



Eugene V. Debs.



Company H—Men who Joined at the Bluffs on the March.

used to magnanimous dealing, deemed arbitration certain to be granted when due pressure was brought to bear. A national convention of the union unanimously voted that unless the Pullman Company soon consented to arbitration, members of the union should, on June 26th, everywhere cease handling Pullman cars. This boycott was sympathetic in origin, while yet it could be traced to wages reductions, blacklisting, and the ominous growth and attitude of the Managers' Association. Once begun, it assumed portentous dimensions, far beyond the expectations or control of its authors, paralyzing nearly every railroad west of Ohio.

Organized labor is at fault in not having done its utmost to purge its ranks of those who in a strike resort to violent measures; but, it is wholly labor's misfortune that its blows must be struck in presence of an irresponsible and highly explosive element, usually quite distinct from the strikers themselves, which social conditions have developed in our cities. In 1894 the tide ebbing after

and miles of track torn up. Workmen replacing strikers continued to be "persuaded" by fair means and foul. Interlocking systems of track, also switches and engines, were deftly rendered useless. The Managers' Association was accused of hiring these things done to pervert public opinion, in the expectation of collecting damages from the tax-

the World's Fair had left stranded in Chicago many representatives of this semi-criminal class. From June 26th to July 3d, the date when troops arrived, there was, indeed, no uncontrolled violence in the city. Turbulent scenes followed an injunction issued July 2d, to prevent Railway Union men from "inducing" employees to strike. Spite of Federal and State troops, deputy marshals and city police, thousands of angry men and women now fell to burning and looting property. Over two thousand cars were demolished or robbed



Kelly Addressing the Men at the Transfer. (Eugene V. Debs had just entered the car to welcome Kelly.)



The Head of the Column Crossing the Northwestern Railway Tracks on their Way to Camp Chautauqua.

payers of Chicago ; but no proof accompanied the charge.

On July 7th the soldiers received orders, in case of any act like firing upon railroad trains, or assaulting trainmen, marshals, or soldiers, to repel these assaults by the use of fire-arms. Next day a bloody conflict occurred at Hammond, Ind., one employee being killed by the mob and four wounded. At the Monon depot, thirty-five regulars, amid ugly hoots and hisses, long kept a vast crowd at bay. Several passenger trains were successfully pulled out, which frenzied the mob. Sticks and stones flew. The hoodlums charged, were forced back by bayonets, then rallied and made another rush, when twelve or fifteen of them were shot down.

REASONS FOR FEDERAL INTERFERENCE

On July 10th, Sovereign, their General Master Workman, bade the Knights of Labor "lay down the implements of toil for a short season and under the banner of peace, and with a patriotic desire to promote the public welfare, use the powers of their aggregate num-

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

bers, through peaceable assemblages, to create a healthy public sentiment in favor of an amicable settlement of the issues growing out of the strike." In the East, the Knights ignored this order, but it was obeyed in Chicago, where industry was half paralyzed already, and also farther west. By the 11th the strike had extended to North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Wyoming, and New Mexico, when President Cleveland issued a proclamation calling on all persons engaged therein to disperse. On July 17th, Debs, Howard, and Keliher, head officers of the Railway Union, were arrested and lodged in jail for contempt in disobeying injunctions of court. On the 19th indictments were found against them and thirty-nine others. The worst was now over. The excesses of law-

less men had so effectually alienated public sympathy from Debs and his cause, that as soon as these leaders were in durance the strike collapsed.

The number of men involved in this strike, the miles of road it tied up, and the size of the mobs it mustered was greater than in the strike of 1877, but the loss of life was decidedly less. The property destroyed was also less. It was estimated at only \$250,000, as against \$5,000,000 in 1877. That life and capital suffered so little was in great measure due to prompt and decisive though widely unpopular action by the authorities at Washington, exhibiting in a manner which astonished many, the strength that the central power in our government had gradually acquired. When the Federal soldiers appeared in Chicago, Governor Altgeld protested against their presence, declaring his official ignorance of disorder warranting Federal intervention, denying the Federal authority to send troops thither except upon his request, and asking their withdrawal. Mr. Cleveland answered: "Federal troops were sent to Chicago in strict accordance with the Constitution and laws of the United States, upon the demand of

the Post-office Department that obstruction of the mails should be removed, and upon the representation of the judicial officers of the United States that processes of the Federal courts could not be executed through the ordinary means, and upon abundant proof that conspiracies existed against commerce between the States. To meet these conditions, which are clearly within the province of Federal authority, the presence of Federal troops in the city of Chicago was deemed not only proper but necessary."

After 1887 Federal courts produced much alarm among wage-workers by peculiar applications of injunctions and processes for contempt, which many wholly conservative people considered a dangerous inroad upon the precious right of trial by jury. The Interstate Commerce Law was construed to authorize enjoining engineers from refusing to haul cars. Such an injunction being disobeyed, the offending workmen and any officers under whose orders they acted were forthwith imprisoned for contempt, no jury trial being had. Early in 1894 a United States Circuit Court injunction forbade Northern Pacific employees to strike in a body, assuming that the purpose of such an act must be to cripple the road. On December 14th Judge Woods sentenced Debs to six months' imprisonment for contempt, the other leaders to three months each. This novel use of injunctions aroused indignation among the radicals, and clothed with scowls faces went to smile upon all measures for disciplining wage-workers. Even the New York *Evening Post* uttered

warning against it. Said the *Springfield Republican*, after Debs had been sentenced: "This action of the judicial power cannot be allowed to go without rebuke. It makes for the subversion of the most fundamental rights of American citizens. If Debs has been violating law, let him be indicted, tried by a jury, and punished; let him not be made the victim of an untenable court order and deprived of his liberty entirely within the discretion of a judge. The right of trial by jury for criminal offences lies at the bed-rock of free institutions. It cannot be denied without placing the

liberty of every citizen in jeopardy. If the precedent now established is to stand, there is no limit to the power which the judiciary may establish over the citizen." In one point, indeed, laborers' rights were maintained. The United States Court of Appeals held that in the absence of an express contract, a workman without the right to strike at will "is in a condition of involuntary servitude—a condition which the supreme law of the land declares shall not exist within the United States."



Princess (afterwards Queen) Liliuokalani.

From a photograph made at Honolulu; in the possession of Mrs. Isabel Strong.

This judgment the Supreme Court did not reverse, leaving it to be understood that railroad employees might combine to quit work in a body, yet commit no illegal act. But the higher court emphatically affirmed the legitimacy of enjoining violent interference with railroads and of enforcing the injunction by punishing contempt. To be within the law, a strike must be absolutely peaceable.

On July 25th the President appointed John D. Kernan, of New York, and Nicholas E. Worthington, of



The Government Building at Honolulu. (A company of marines was stationed in front while the United States flag was run up over the building, and Minister Stevens's proclamation was read, taking possession of the Hawaiian Islands, in the name of the United States.)

Drawn by Otto H. Bacher from a photograph.

Illinois, to serve with Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, as a commission to investigate the nature and causes of the strike. The commission announced the view that as combination goes on something approaching governmental control must be exercised over quasi-public corporations. Its report even suggested, cautiously, that, at the proper juncture, government ownership might be undertaken. It recommended a permanent

ing careful attention. The commission suggested the consideration of some system of conciliation and arbitration like that of Massachusetts, with larger powers, and proposed that contracts requiring men, as conditions of employment, not to join labor organizations, or, if members, to leave them, be made illegal. It spoke of the Managers' Association as "an illustration of the persistent and shrewdly devised plans of corporations to overreach their limitations and to

usurp indirectly powers and rights not contemplated in their charters and not obtainable from the people or their legislators." It also noted the fact that "until the railroads set the example, a general union of railroad employees was never attempted."



The Queen's Bungalow at Honolulu.

Drawn by Otto H. Bacher from a photograph.

United States Railroad Strike Commission of three to investigate railway labor difficulties and recommend settlements enforceable by the courts. It urged that labor unions should be encouraged to incorporate, and be required to provide that all members guilty of violence, lawlessness, or intimidation forfeit their rights and privileges. The licensing of railway employees was mentioned as deserving

CALIFORNIA AND
THE "OCTOPUS"

A CALIFORNIA
public opinion

nearly unanimous supported the Pullman strike. In that State any movement "against the railroad" was popular, so that there, Kearneyism, treated in a previous chapter, was one scene, and the strike of 1894 another, of the same drama. Only this phase, more than the previous one, more than any event before, "led the rich men of the State to take an interest in the grievance of the masses. They had stood aside too long and too selfishly, and their apathy upon all matters stirring the people was a reproach to the State. It was a healthy thing that the forces of public

Pacific Company, under the *alias* of the Pacific Mail Company, contracted with the Panama Railroad for exclusive privileges. In consideration of a subsidy varying between \$65,000 and \$110,000 per month, not more than one-sixth of the increased profits accruing to the Southern Pacific from the deal, the isthmus railroad declined to receive freight from independent carriers on the coast. This control of business with the East was enough by itself to place the railroad's hand upon every Californian's pocket, but that was not the worst. The Southern Pacific seemed bent on



The Town of Hinckley, Minn., Before

opinion at last roused them, and made them throw in their lot with all the others. It was well for the railway authorities to learn of a power higher than theirs; to be shown that a seaport city like San Francisco might be made independent of them, and could not be played with as if it were their toy or pocket-piece."

Nearly the entire railway system of California being in the monopoly's hands, including the two railroad gateways to the East, if water competition were also cut off, a camel could go through the eye of a needle easier than any independent California dealer could, with profit, ship goods to or from the East.* This fact in view, the Southern

forcing interior districts to trade with the East, or with Asia, costly as this was, to the detriment of San Francisco. Rates between that city and other points in California were often over twice as high as from New York. Tea direct from Tokio cost inland merchants less than tea from San Francisco. However cheaply goods might reach the Golden Gate, unless they were consigned to some inland point, high freights from San Francisco on prohibited them from taking this route. The effect and obviously also the purpose of this discrimination was to turn the entire eastern commerce of the coast to New Orleans as its seaport, whence all business to the far West was absolutely monopolized by the Southern Pacific. In most parts of California the question whether

* For this California history the writer is much indebted to Julian Ralph's article in *Harper's Weekly*, for March 2, 1895.

one could profitably grow fruit or wheat, or engage in manufacturing or trade, turned entirely upon freight charges. People were in a state of peonage. Seeing this, would-be immigrants stayed away. One large ranch-owner vowed that until another railroad was built he would raise nothing that could not carry itself to market on its own legs. A common sight in California, perhaps observed nowhere else in the world, was teams of horses, mules, or oxen hauling merchandise in competition with railway trains. It was urged that having

200,000 signatures, a number nearly equal to that of all California's voters. Each mail brought congressmen envelopes bearing red letter legends such as "*The Grip of the Octopus!*" or "*How Congressmen are Bribed.*" Circulars were inside, many of which, for spirit and bitterness, rivalled Junius.

Numerous schemes for attaining freedom had been considered, and some of them tried. A merchant had to make an enormous shipment East. He was informed that the company "had him in the door and was going to squeeze



and After the Great Fire of 1894.*

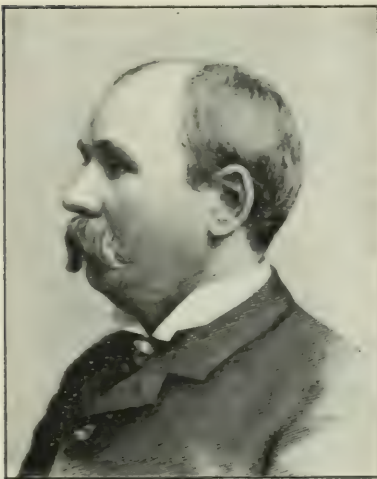
to maintain long stretches of rails through deserts like those of Nevada, expensive, but no more profitable than so much bridge, the railroad must charge all that the traffic would bear. But people had no mind to starve for the sake of a corporation paying dividends equal to eighteen per cent. on the value of its plant. The Reilly bill, introduced in Congress in 1894, to refund at two per cent. for fifty years the Southern Pacific's Central Pacific debt of some \$60,000, incensed all California. A petition against it, circulated by the San Francisco *Examiner*, received over

him." He hired a steamship and sent his goods around the Horn. His rates were subsequently halved. In 1892 the Merchants' Traffic Association of San Francisco put a line of vessels on the Cape Horn route. The monopoly at once deserted its small partner in Panama. The Panama line was taken up by the San Franciscans, who raised a fund of \$300,000 for its maintenance and connected both its ends with speedy steamships. This reduced transcontinental tariffs forty per cent., saving California \$500,000 a month; but when the contract expired in the spring of 1894, the merchants found that their work had been philanthropic rather than profitable, and they withdrew exhausted. A far more promising movement had its beginning in January,

* In the early days of September, 1894, destructive fires swept through the pine forests of central and eastern Minnesota. Not far from four hundred square miles were burned over. Hinckley and seven other hamlets were destroyed; some four hundred lives lost, two thousand people left destitute, and about one million dollars worth of property destroyed. (The pictures are from photographs by W. G. Hopps.)

1895, when a meeting of delegates discussed bonding the central counties of California to construct railways within their limits. Next day leading men of wealth in San Francisco called for \$350,000 for a road through the rich San Joaquin Valley, ultimately to connect San Francisco with southern California and with the Santa Fé railway system. Capitalists and financiers, notably Claus Spreckles and his sons,

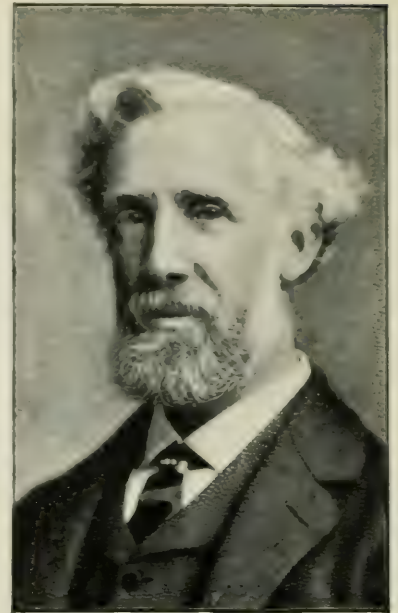
also James D. Phelan, and James Flood, supported the enterprise, which bade fair to require millions of dollars instead of thousands. The managing committee announced that "the good, the advancement, the future, the prosperity of the State of California demanded a people's railroad, to be owned by the people and operated in the interests of the people." The experiment was watched with deep concern, owing to the fear that this young plant, should it mature, would go the way of preceding roads into the clutch of the "Octopus." Though a careful plan was devised to prevent this, by placing the shares of the new corporation in the hands of a trustworthy trust, acute students of the movement and of the events leading to it believed that nothing short of a governmental or state railway system would meet the requirements of California.



Thomas L. Byrnes.



William L. Strong.



John W. Goff.

THE ANTI-LOT- TERY BILL

As in the strike President Cleveland would not submit to laboring men's dictation, in another matter he displayed commendable independence of a great mon-

eyed interest. He un-

hesitatingly signed the Anti-Lottery Bill, which the indomitable energy and persistence of Professor S. H. Woodbridge, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, had carried through Congress in spite of perhaps the most powerful and enterprising lobby influence ever organized. When it was learned that the lottery company was operating from Honduras throughout the United States by means of the express companies, a bill was introduced in Congress making this illegal. It soon got through the Senate, but the House passed it only two days before the dissolution of the Fifty-third Congress. Having been slightly amended, it returned to the Senate, where it barely escaped strangulation. The amendments were concurred in, but a motion was at once entered to reconsider the vote to concur. This stopped the bill from going to the engrossing clerk to be prepared for the official signatures. Many thought further effort useless, but it proved otherwise. A motion to take up the motion to reconsider was met by a threat that, owing to the brevity of Congress's remaining life, the appropriation bills would completely fail if any other matter were brought before the Senate. The motion to take up reconsideration was lost. It was now eleven o'clock, night. But thirteen hours remained for action. At three in the



Lexow.
Parkhurst.

Goff.

Creeden.

Reppenhagen.

THE LEXOW INVESTIGATION.

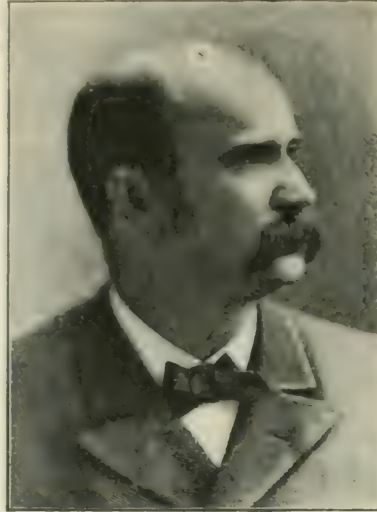
The Scene in the Court Room after Creeden's Confession, December 15, 1894.

(As Captain Creeden left the witness stand after making a full confession of the corrupt practices in vogue among the police, all the spectators crowded forward to shake his hand and congratulate him.)

Drawn by W. R. Leigh from photographs.



A. P. Gorman.



David B. Hill.



N. W. Aldrich.

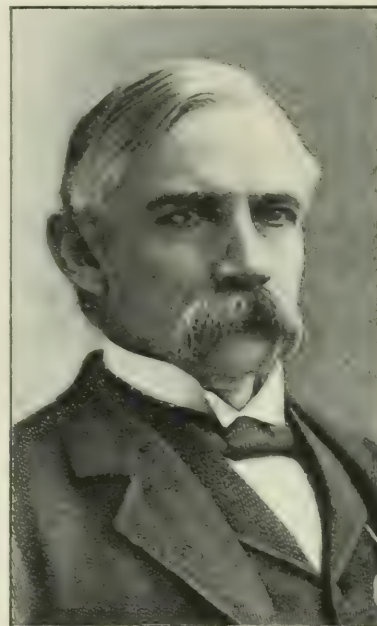
again, followed instantly by one to table the motion to reconsider. This could not be debated and was at once carried. The Anti-Lottery Bill had passed, and it was speedily enrolled. The question now was how to secure the signatures which should make it law. The Vice-President signed at 10.50 in the forenoon, but it took some time yet for the document to reach the Executive Mansion. The Chief Magistrate's signature was affixed to it barely five minutes before twelve, the moment when that Congress expired.

THE HAWAIIAN MUDDLE

WITH his party and the people at large Mr. Cleveland's foreign policy was for a long time even less popular than his procedure touching tariff and finance. His ratification of an extradition treaty with Russia was violently criticised, as also his refusal to press Turkey for the humane treatment of Christians in that empire. When, wholly without warrant, a Spanish gunboat fired on the *Alliança*, a United States passenger steamer, off

the coast of Cuba, many thought our Government indecently dilatory in demanding reparation. When Great Britain occupied Corinto, in Nicaragua, to compel the payment of \$75,000 in reparation for Nicaragua's expulsion of Consul Hatch, an influential paper bitterly assailed the President for permitting this affront to the Monroe Doctrine. Not a few felt

that we meanly deferred to Great Britain and even to Nicaragua in dealing with the Bluefields incident in 1894. Republican insurgents in Cuba might control half the island for a year; no hint of recognizing their belligerency emanated from our Executive. These complaints were not wholly partisan; Democrats joined Republicans in viewing Mr. Cleveland's foreign policy, at least till the middle of 1895, as spiritless and "un-American." The severest reprobation met his dealings with Hawaii.



William L. Wilson.

Hawaii consists of twelve islands situated in the Pacific, southwest of California. The influence there of European navigators made the way easy for missionaries, who landed upon the islands in 1820. Through the unselfish labors of these men civilization expanded rapidly. "The missionary in

such a land is something besides a minister of religion. He represents civilization. He is condemned to be an organ of reform. He could scarce evade, even if he desired, a certain influence in political affairs." The sons of the missionaries, more selfish than their sires, but at first equally influential, roughened Hawaii's upward path by taking the chief offices of state and a rich portion of the land. In 1875 a reciprocity treaty with the United States enormously increased sugar planting, when practically all the sugar land went to foreigners. The new proprietors imported Asiatic and Portuguese labor on the contract system, largely superseding the Kanakas. Seeing wealth spring from the islands as by magic, while his native subjects were excluded from even a dribble of it, filled the King of Hawaii with hatred of foreigners. The native majority in the legislature raised the cry of "Hawaii for the Hawaiians," and rallied to the king, who found himself in the power of a reactionary clique as unprincipled as any of the "missionary party."

In 1887, after secret preparations, the progressists marched to the palace under arms and extorted a new constitution, which reduced royal authority to a mere shadow. It made the ministry responsible to the legislature, the House of Nobles elective under a high property qualification; and it gave foreign whites the right to vote. The State's relations with the United States were made more intimate by a renewed reciprocity treaty along with the concession of Pearl Harbor in the Island of Oahu, one of the finest naval stations in the Pacific.

Figuratively as well as literally, the islands were now volcanic. The thin political crust above the molten native element was ruptured when Liliuokalani succeeded her brother Kalakaua as shadow-monarch. Biding her time, this shrewd and unscrupulous woman took advantage of a split in the dominant party to effect a *coup d'état*. Having on January 14, 1893, prorogued the Legislature, she proposed a new constitution, disfranchising non-naturalized whites, and re-transferring to the crown the power of making nobles. Under

persuasion she modified her purpose, giving out a proclamation that "any changes in the fundamental law would be sought only by methods provided in the (old) constitution." Much excitement attended these events and none knew what might happen next. American residents appointed a Committee of Safety, which, on consultation with Minister Stevens, petitioned the United States man-of-war Boston, lying at Honolulu, for protection. The troops landed sooner than most of the committee expected or desired, giving some color to the allegation that this act really caused the revolution. The Queen's Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Governor of the island protested, solemnly assuring all that the old constitution would be upheld and no changes made save by the method therein provided. Later the same day the Cabinet called upon the American Minister for the aid of the United States in suppressing the revolt. On the afternoon of January 17th, the "citizens and residents of the Hawaiian Islands organized and acting for the public safety and the common good," declared the monarchy abrogated and a provisional government established, "until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon." The Committee organized as a Provisional Government, which the United States Minister at once recognized as the *de facto* government of the country. Sanford B. Dole, the new President, requested the immediate support of United States forces in preserving order. The Queen, assured by members of the Provisional Government that her case would be strengthened by peaceful submission, though under protest, surrendered "to the superior forces of the United States of America."

Opposed by certain of the white inhabitants, also, naturally, by the bulk of the natives, the Government, on February 1st, formally placed itself under the protectorate of the United States. Early in the morning a force of our marines was drawn up before the Government building, and the Stars and Stripes were hoisted. Minister Stevens sent home a despatch, saying :

"The Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe, and this is the golden hour for the United States to pluck it." On February 11th, President Harrison disavowed the protectorate, though authorizing the presence on land of such marine force as might be necessary to secure the lives and property of American citizens. The flag, nevertheless, still floated, and the American garrison was maintained until after the Democratic Administration came into power March 4th, the marines of the Boston parading through the Honolulu streets thrice each day. A steamer was hastily chartered to carry commissioners to negotiate annexation. A treaty was soon concluded. It provided for the continuance of the existing government and laws of Hawaii, subject to the paramount authority of the United States, to be vested in the person of a commissioner, with power to veto any acts of the local government. The United States was to take over the public debt of \$3,250,000, paying an annual allowance of \$20,000 to Liliuokalani and a lump sum of \$150,000 to her daughter. In his message submitting the treaty President Harrison declared that the United States had in no way promoted the overthrow of the monarchy, that it was evidently effete and should not be restored even if it could be. He declared it "essential that none of the other great powers should secure the islands."

On succeeding Harrison, Cleveland entirely changed this policy. Withdrawing the treaty from the Senate, he sent to Hawaii Hon. James H. Blount, of Georgia, as special commissioner bearing paramount authority, to make investigations touching all our relations with the Hawaiian Government. On April 1st, by Blount's direction, the protectorate was formally terminated, the American flag hauled down, and the garrison of marines withdrawn. In May, Mr. Blount was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary, Stevens being recalled. But during its days under the American ægis the Provisional Government had much strengthened its hands. It had mustered a force of 1,200 soldiers, acquired control of all arms and explosives in the islands, enacted alien and sedition laws, suppressed disloyal news-

papers, and decreed that anyone speaking against the Provisional Government should be liable to a fine of \$100, and to imprisonment for thirty days.

Complete as was the Dole government's *de facto* status, Mr. Cleveland, viewing the revolution as due to improper United States influence, sent Albert S. Willis as minister to the Islands, with instructions looking to a restoration of the Queen. But for her stubbornness this would probably have occurred. Quite long enough to show her spirit, she refused her consent to amnesty, insisting on the execution of the chief conspirators and the banishment of their families. Moreover, the Provincial Government declined Willis's request that they "relinquish to the Queen her constitutional authority." President Dole denied that the Queen owed her downfall to the interference of American forces. "The revolution," he said, "was carried through by the representatives, now largely reinforced, of the same public sentiment which forced the monarchy to its knees in 1887, which suppressed the insurrection of 1889, and which for twenty years had been battling for representative government in this country." Without the sanction of Congress Mr. Cleveland could not use force, and such sanction he could not obtain. On the contrary, that body, like the country at large, bitterly opposed the Administration's Hawaiian policy. The progressive element in Hawaii was therefore safe. An insurrection was attempted, resulting in loss of life, but it proved abortive, almost farcical. Being arrested, the ex-Queen, for herself and her heirs, forever renounced the throne, gave allegiance to the republic, counselled her former subjects to do likewise, and besought clemency for her co-conspirators. Of these the chief were sentenced to death, but their sentence was commuted to a fine of \$10,000 each with thirty-five years imprisonment. On December 27, 1893, Prince Kuniakea wrote to the *Hawaiian Star*: "Permit me as the last representative of the Kamehameha line to say that I am with you heart and soul for annexation. My name will be added to the roll of the Annexation Club at once, and in case

of trouble I will join your forces with a rifle." The numerous Portuguese in Honolulu were a unit in favor of the republic and of annexation. Minister Willis himself declared "an analysis of the list of the queen's special advisers not encouraging to the friends of good government or American interests." "The Americans," he said, "were ignored, and other nationalities, English especially, placed in charge." He further remarked that the Provisional Government and its supporters consisted of men of "high character" and "large commercial interests."

THE VENEZUELAN EXCITEMENT

A FIRMER spirit pervaded the State department after Secretary Gresham's death, in May, 1895, and the promotion of Attorney-General Richard Olney to his portfolio. The vigor shown by Mr. Olney when Attorney-General, in enforcing law and order during the Chicago strike, he now displayed in conducting foreign affairs. With a boldness going to the extreme limit of diplomacy he insisted, on the ground of the Monroe Doctrine and of our essential sovereignty upon this continent, that Great Britain should submit to arbitration a long-standing boundary dispute with Venezuela. This being refused, Mr. Cleveland on December 24, 1895, sent to Congress a startlingly bold message on the subject, which rent the air like a thunder-bolt. A declaration of war could hardly have produced more commotion. After recommending the creation of a commission to determine and report upon "the true divisional line between Venezuela and British Guiana," he said: "When such report is made and accepted, it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist, by every means in its power, as a wilful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands, or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which, after investigation, we have determined of right belong to Venezuela."

The two branches of Congress vied with each other in rallying to the Pres-

ident's support. The Commission was provided for at once, by an act unanimously passed in both houses, neither pausing to refer it to a committee. Wall Street, however, took the other side. It was estimated that American securities fell in value from \$300,000,000 to \$500,000,000, in consequence of the message. The Treasury's gold reserve lessened ominously. In three days the war message had to be followed by another begging for legislation to preserve the national credit. While the President's belligerency met with immense popular applause, it was fiercely criticised in influential quarters. Papers and persons hitherto always friendly to the President now denounced him. Some thought his act a bid for a third term in the presidency; others said he was aping President Jackson and seeking to atone for his record in the Hawaii affair. Not a few, wishing "peace at any price," argued, in effect, that such a message would be a crime no matter what Great Britain might do. Sober persons in great numbers believed that, while the time and the tone of the message might perhaps leave something to be desired, its deliverance would be found, when all the facts and diplomacy concerning the case became known, to have been patriotic and wise.

THE LEXOW INVESTIGATION

THE reader has by this time no difficulty in accounting for the vast political changes which rendered the Fifty-fourth Congress overwhelmingly Republican. Yet the account would be defective were we to omit the revelations made through the famous Lexow Committee in 1894, showing that New York City, under Tammany Hall, was ruled by "a compact of freebooters." The New York City Society for the Prevention of Crime was organized in October, 1878, to remove "the causes and sources of crime by enforcement of the laws, and arousing public opinion, especially in regard to the excise laws, gambling, and public nuisances." Dr. Howard Crosby and the venerable Peter Cooper were among the incorporators.

In 1892, six months after joining the Society, Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., became its second president. Co-operating with the New York Police Department, the society had hitherto failed of flattering achievements. Before accepting the office the new leader insisted that his associates should deal with the Force "as its arch-antagonist." The New York press had long teemed with charges against the Department, but the community, half credulous, indifferent, or resigned and hopeless, only stirred uneasily. It was the crisis of a grave disease. Nearly a year later Dr. Parkhurst delivered from his pulpit an unsparing philippic against the administration of the city police force. Others at once took up the criticism. People awoke to hear the city officials, particularly those of the Police Department, fiercely attacked as "a damnable set of administrative blood-hounds." Newspapers dilated upon the startling prevalence of gambling and prostitution. As usual, the police called for "proof." This Dr. Parkhurst and agents of his society supplied in abundance by personal visits to dives and dens in various precincts. Such a bold course at first brought upon Parkhurst the bitterest denunciation. Some of his detectives suffered personal violence. But the opposition soon combined with the exposures to bring the brave clergyman the resistless support of public opinion and of a nearly unanimous press. On January 25, 1894, the New York City Chamber of Commerce, concerning itself with municipal politics for the first time in its history, asked for the appointment of a legislative committee to investigate the government of New York City. On January 30th the Senate unanimously appointed the Lexow Committee. The Committee sat most of the time from February till December.

The metropolis inclined to scout the competency of "hayseed legislators" to deal with her problems, while the up-country looked across the Harlem with more sorrow and jealousy than pride, longing to redeem the *imperium in imperio* from its wickedness and its Democracy—both, to the prevailing mind, embodied in the Tammany tiger.

Though there was an exodus of criminals from the city, and though many of those remaining were intimidated and cajoled to prevent their testifying, the Committee obtained ample evidence of deplorable misgovernment. Their success was largely due to the skill and boldness of their counsel, John W. Goff. Like Charles O'Connor, who did so much to crush the Tweed ring, Mr. Goff was an Irish Catholic. Once, as a green immigrant, he had handled packing-boxes in the day-time, while studying law at Cooper Union in the evening. As Assistant District Attorney, he had thoroughly learned how to trace the devious ways of criminals. He threw himself into the Committee's work with heart and soul, devoting to it each day and much of each night, and showed wonderful astuteness and pertinacity in marshalling and presenting his evidence.

It was but natural that Mr. Goff should at times be unfair in his treatment of witnesses. Many no doubt suffered injustice in consequence. In some cases ignorant and vicious witnesses, impelled by love of publicity, gave testimony to suit the demand, having scant regard for facts. Some people thought that this vitiated the entire inquest. They were mistaken, however, as was shown by the obvious reluctance with which the majority of the witnesses testified. The worst facts elicited came out in spite of manifest effort at concealment, forced by relentless cross-examination. Under Goff's artful coercion, creatures curious, ugly, pitiable, were drawn squirming from the depths of their abandonment to unwonted daylight, and compelled to relate what they had seen and done in darkness. Not a few high officials were compromised. In all sixty-seven men were accused of crime, on evidence sufficient in most cases to warrant indictments. Of these, two were commissioners, two ex-commissioners, three inspectors, one an ex-inspector, twenty captains, two ex-captains, seven sergeants, six detective-sergeants and detectives, twelve wardmen and ex-wardmen, and twelve patrolmen.

Bohemian saloon-keepers had organized a special society for the business of

collecting and paying to the police on behalf of the members, bribes for protection, perhaps at wholesale rates. It appeared that some six hundred policy shops were running in the city without police interference. One keeper of a disorderly house had paid the police \$25,000 to be let alone. - Liquor-saloon and opium-joint keepers, harlots, green-goods men, bunco-steerers, thieves, and abortionists, regularly paid the police to overlook their offences. While criminals were sedulously protected, honest business people had to pay roundly to secure any police service at all. One steamship line had paid thousands of dollars extortion money. Merchants must either give black-mail or be persecuted out of business. Restaurant-keepers, fruit-venders, newspaper peddlers—none were too humble to have to suffer in the same way. Between virtue and vice, riches and poverty, the police force was as impartial as death itself. Police brutality was exposed by trembling victims. A poor Russian woman who had opened a cigar store was pounced upon for \$100 of "protection money," under the pretext that she meant to open a disorderly house. She gave her persecutors all the money she had, but it was not enough, and she was locked up. When discharged she sought in vain for her babes, who had been torn from her. A fortnight later three bright-looking children were

brought before the committee. Being led forward to see if she recognized them, the agonized mother caught them in her arms and smothered them with kisses, alternately laughing, weeping, and making vain efforts to express her gratitude. Many policemen confessed that they had been forced to pay for promotion, and were regularly taxed for the satrapies farmed out to them. It was shown how this wealth mounted higher and still higher, till it disappeared in the clouds, above which the "Grand Pantata" was supposed to dwell.

Such revelations, astonishing in themselves and brought out with dramatic and telling force by the skilful cross-examiner, aroused indignation the like of which New York had never seen before, even in Tweed's days. Innumerable dinners and receptions were given in Dr. Parkhurst's honor. The Union League Club elected him to its circle. A large fund was raised for a suitable memorial of his fidelity to reform. For the autumn municipal election of 1894, a Committee of Seventy citizens nominated an able reform ticket. Supported by the Republican Party, the State Democracy, the Independent County Organization, the Anti-Tammany Democracy, the German American Reform Union, and the confederated Good Government Clubs, this ticket swept the city.*

* The Magazine publication of President Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter-Century" is concluded with this issue. The whole work will be revised by the author, and very much enlarged with entirely new material and illustrations, making a continuous and graphic narrative of the period. It will be published in book form in the fall of 1896.





A BABY IN THE SIEGE.

By Joel Chandler Harris.

I.



HE war correspondents have had their say about the siege of Atlanta, and some of their remarks figure forth as history. They have presented the matter with technical diagrams, and in language flying beyond the reach of idiom into the regions of rhetoric; and the artists have followed close behind with illuminated crayons, turning the Chattahoochee Hills crosswise the horizon, and giving the muddy river a tendency to wash itself in the Pacific Ocean. These are but the tassels and embroideries that history decorates herself with in order to attract attention, and they are inevitable; for experience must serve a long and an arduous apprenticeship to life before it discovers that a fact is more imposing in its simplicity than in any other dress.

The imposing fact about the siege of Atlanta is that the besieged came to regard it as a very tame affair. It is natural, too, that this should have been so, for the lines of defence were two or three miles from the centre of the city, and the lines of the besiegers were almost as far again. The bombardment was not such an affair as a lively imagination might conjure up, being casual and desultory. The streets were thronged day after day with soldiers and civilians, and even women and children were not lacking to lend liveliness to the scene. Business seemed

to thrive, and the ordinary forms of gayety went forward with the zest, if not the frequency, characteristic of the piping times of peace.

It seemed that the confusion—the feeling of present or impending danger—had lifted from the population that sense of responsibility that lends an air of sobriety and sedateness to communities that are blessed with peace. Man's crust of civilization is not by any means as thick as he pretends to believe, and war has the knack of thrusting its long sword through in unexpected places, stripping off the disguise, and exposing the whole shallow scheme.

While Atlanta was enjoying itself in a reckless way, in spite of its portentous surroundings, the outer lines of defence were kept busy. The big guns and the little guns were engaged in a rattling controversy, an incessant dispute, which died away in one quarter only to be renewed in another. This was all very satisfactory, but while it was going on, what must have been the feelings of the inner lines of defence? The outer lines had their morning, noon, and evening frays, and Atlanta had its frolics, but the inner lines lay still and stupid. Here were the reserves—the fiery and dapper little State cadets, fretting and fuming because they were not ordered to the front with the veterans. Here were Joe Brown's "melish," to be hereafter the victims of the wild mistake at Griswoldsville; and here were the conscripts that had been seasoning themselves at the Camp of Instruction at Adairsville, until Johns-

ton's army—performing its celebrated feat of retiring and sweeping the ground clean as it went—fell upon and absorbed them, giving them an unexpected taste of active service.

Naturally, the inner lines were discontented. The shells that went Atlantaward flew harmlessly over their heads, and the main business of war going forward in the outer ditches came to them like the echo of the toy artillery that the children prank with on holidays. The monotony was all but unbearable, and the pert and fearless little cadets began to break it by "running the blockade." They had an occasional mishap, but their example was contagious among those who had a spirit of enterprise and were fond of an adventure that had a spice of danger in it. The new and jaunty uniform of the cadets seemed to carry good luck with it, for those who wore it went unchallenged about the town at all hours of the day and night; whereas the rag-tag and bobtail, who had no such neat and conspicuous tog-gery, were frequently put to it to escape arrest and detention.

Captain Moseley, who commanded the conscript contingent, was not surprised, therefore, when, on the occasion of a visit to the city, he saw his drill sergeant, Private Chadwick, sauntering along the street arrayed in the uniform of the cadets. The suit was a misfit. The jacket was too short in the waist, and the trousers were too short in the legs, but Chadwick slouched along in happy unconsciousness of the figure he was cutting. The truth is, no one noticed him except his captain. The people who passed him on the street, and whom he passed, were much too busy to be critical. There was hardly a spectacle so singular as to have the charm of novelty to them.

In point of fact, there was at that moment, not a hundred feet in front of Private Chadwick, a curious creature in the similitude of a man capering about in the middle of the street, waving its arms and jabbering away with a volubility and an incoherence that struck painfully on the ear. And yet hundreds of people passed the spec-

tacle by without so much as turning their heads. But a few paused to watch the antics of the monstrosity, and among them was Private Chadwick. Captain Moseley also paused a little distance away, and gazed curiously at the cringing and writhing figure in the street. A closer inspection showed that what appeared to be a monstrosity was merely antic exaggeration, the contortions of a remarkably agile hunchback.

Captain Moseley watched the capers of the hunchback with an interest that seemed to breed familiarity. The long and limber legs, the long and muscular arms, where had he seen them before? The hunchback moved from side to side, gesticulating and jabbering like one possessed. Some of the spectators tossed money to him, and some tobacco. These gifts he seized and stowed away with the quickness of a monkey. Suddenly, as he was whirling around in idiotic frenzy, his eyes met those of Captain Moseley. As quick as a flash the hunchback's demeanor changed. His arms dropped to his side, his head, with its mass of wild and tangled hair, fell forward on his breast, and he sidled off down the street, the crowd readily making way for him.

Private Chadwick, who had been watching these manœuvres with almost breathless interest, observed the change that came over the hunchback, and looked around to find the cause of it. His eye fell on Captain Moseley, and he brought his right hand down on the palm of his left with a resounding whack.

"I know'd it!" he exclaimed, breathlessly, as he reached the captain's side.

"You knew what?"

"Why I know'd that imp of Satan the minnit I laid eyes on him. I know'd him as quick as he did you."

"Who is he?"

"Why, good Lord, Cap! don't you know the chap that tuck you in on Sugar Mountain when we went after Spurlock? The man that shot Lovejoy? Don't you know Danny Lemmons?"

For answer Captain Moseley gave a long, low whistle of astonishment.

"An' now he's here playin' crazy.

I'd like to know what he's up to, ding his hide!"

"He's a spy," said Captain Moseley. "He was a Union man on Sugar Mountain. He commanded the bushwhackers. He has slipped through the lines. We mustn't let him slip back again. He's a dangerous character. I want you to follow him. He must be arrested. Report to the Provost Marshal; you know where his headquarters are. I'll leave instructions there for you."

Chadwick had been trying to keep an eye on the hunchback while talking with his captain, but it was by the merest chance that he saw him turn out of Alabama Street into Whitehall. He was going, as Chadwick expressed it, "in a half-canter," waving his arms and jabbering, and the people were giving him as much room on the sidewalk as he wanted. Private Chadwick walked as rapidly as he could without attracting attention. His instinct told him that if he ran or even appeared to be in too great a hurry he would presently be arrested; so he went forward easily but swiftly; his slouching gait being well calculated to deceive the eyes of those who might be moved to regard him attentively.

But at the corner of Whitehall Street he was delayed by a file of soldiers conveying a squad of forlorn prisoners, captured in some sally or skirmish on the outer lines. Disentangling himself from the small rabble that surrounded and accompanied the soldiers and their prisoners, Chadwick pressed forward again. Looking far down Whitehall he saw the hunchback whisk into Mitchell Street. He hastened forward, but thenceforward he was compelled to rely wholly on his own judgment, for when he reached the corner of Mitchell, the hunchback had disappeared. At the outset, therefore, Chadwick had a problem before him. Did the hunchback turn back down Forsyth Street? Did he go out Mitchell, or did he turn down Peters Street? Chadwick asked a few of the people whom he met if they had seen the hunchback, but he received unsatisfactory replies.

He therefore turned into Peters

Street, which at that time led into the most disreputable part of the town. It led through "Snake Nation," where crime had its headquarters, and then outward and onward through green fields and forests until it lost itself in the red trenches that war had dug. Private Chadwick followed the street somewhat aimlessly, knowing that only an accident would enable him to find the hunchback. As he crossed the railroad, a shrill voice railed out at him; it may have carried a curse, it may have borne an invitation; he did not wait to see. On the hill-top beyond, he paused. Here Peters Street became once more the public road, and here Private Chadwick commanded a fine view of the town and the country beyond. As he stood hesitating, he heard the voice of another woman calling him. He would have shrunk from it as from the voice of Snake Nation, but this voice pronounced his name.

He turned and saw a woman standing at the gate of a neat-looking cottage, a hundred feet back from the street. With her hair half-falling down, and her sleeves rolled up, this woman did not present a pretty picture at first sight; but, within hearing of Snake Nation, a face that wore the stamp of innocence was a thing of beauty. Private Chadwick saw it and felt it, and though the gesture with which he tipped his hat was awkward, it was quick and sincere.

"I 'mos' know you've done fergot me," she said, as Chadwick went toward her. "But I'd a know'd you if I'd a seed you in Texas."

There was something pathetic in her eagerness to be recognized, yet her attitude was not one of expectation. Chadwick looked at her and shook his head slowly.

"No'm. I disremember if I've ever seed you. But, Lord! I've been so tore up an' twisted aroun' sence this fuss begun, that I wouldn't know my own sister if she wuz to meet me in a strange place. You may be her, for all I know."

The woman smiled at the deftly put compliment.

"No, my goodness! I ain't your sister. I wisht I wuz right now, I'd

feel lots better. No! Don't you remember that Christmas on Sugar Mountain when Israel Spurlock an' Polly Powers wuz married?"

"Why, yes'm!" exclaimed Chadwick, "I've been a-thinkin' 'bout that all day long."

"Well, I wuz right thar!"

"Now, you don't say! You ain't Cassy—Cassy——"

"Cassy Tatum! Yes, siree! The very gal!" She laughed, as though well pleased that Chadwick should remember her first name.

"Well—well—well!" said Chadwick.

"Yes, I married right along after that, an' you can't guess who to?"

Chadwick scratched his head and pretended to be trying to guess. By this time, Cassy had led him into the house by the back entrance, and placed a chair for him in a little room that was apparently her own. A baby lay sleeping on the bed. Chadwick gazed at it suspiciously as he seated himself in the chair she placed for him. He felt out of place.

"Oh, you'd never guess it while the sun, moon, an' stars shine," continued Cassy. "I married Danny Lemmons!"

"The great kingdom come!" exclaimed Chadwick, leaping from his chair. "The humpback man? Is he anywheres aroun' here? Ef he is, don't tell me—don't tell me! He'd never forgive you while the worl' stan's."

"What's he got agin you?" inquired Mrs. Lemmons.

"Not anything, ma'am, that I knows on," replied Chadwick, sitting down again.

"How I come to marry him I'll never tell you," said Cassy, seating herself on the side of the bed. "But you know how gals is. They don't know their own mind ef they've got one. Pap was in the war fightin' fer sesaysion, an' Maw wuz dead, an' thar I wuz a-livin' roun' from family to family, spinnin' an' weavin', an' waitin' on the sick. I tell you now, a gal that's got to live from han' to mouth thataway, an' be a dependin' on Tom, Dick, an' Harry an' the'r wives—that gal hain't in no gyarden of Eden—now, you may say what you please! Well, jest about that time, here come this here creetur you call

Danny Lemmons. He pestered me mighty nigh to death. I couldn't take two steps away from the house but what he'd jump out of the bushes an' ast me to have 'im. An' a whole passel of people up' an' tol' me I'd better marry 'im. They 'low'd a cripple man wuz better'n no man. Well, they agervated me tell I married 'im."

Cassy paused here, picking imaginary thrums and ravellings from her apron. Chadwick fumbled with his hat and looked gravely at a sun-spot as round as a dollar dancing on the floor.

"I married him," she went on, "an' I jumped out of the fryin'-pan right spang in the fire. I tell you, he's the Devil—claws an' all. He led me a dog's life. Jealous! Fidgety! Mean! Low-minded! Nasty!—Shucks! I couldn't begin to tell you about that creetur ef I-wuz to set here an' talk a week. It got so that I couldn't no more live wi' him than I could live in a pot er bilin' water. So when the army come along, I tuck my baby an' come away. He vowed day in an' day out that ef I ever run off he'd foller me up an' git the baby thar, an' take it off in the woods an' make 'way wi' it."

At this point the baby in question joined the conversation with some remarks in its own peculiar language, and Cassy lifted it from the bed, a squirming bundle of red fists and keen squalls, and, turning her chair away from Chadwick, proceeded to silence it with the old-fashioned argument that healthy mothers know so well how to use. It was a bundle of such doubtful shape that Chadwick had his suspicions aroused.

"The young un's all right, ain't it?" he ventured. "It don't take after the daddy, I reckon?"

For answer Cassy bent over the baby, laughing and cooing.

"Did 'e nassy ol' man sink mammy's itty bitty pudnum pie have a hump on 'e fweet itty bitty back? Nyassum did sink so! Mammy's itty bitty pudnum pie be mad in de weekly."

Chadwick, listening with something of a sheepish air, understood from this philological discourse, that any person who suggested or intimated that the

young Lemmons was shapen or misshapen on the pattern of the senior Lemmons was an unnatural and a perverse slanderer. Cassy looked over her shoulder at him and laughed. In a few moments she placed the baby on the bed.

"Well," said Chadwick, shuffling his feet about on the floor uneasily, "you may as well primp up an' look your best, bekase it hain't been a half hour sence I seed Danny Lemmons a-caperin' about in town yander."

The color fled from the woman's face, leaving it white as a sheet. The blue veins in her temples shone ghastly through the skin.

"I hope you ain't afeard of 'im?" inquired Chadwick, with a pitying glance.

"Afeard! Yes, I'm afeard to do murder. I'm afeard to have his blood on me!" She spoke in a husky whisper. Her eyes glittered and her lips were drawn and dry. As she reached for her chair, her hands shook. After she sat down, her fingers opened and shut convulsively. "I've done dreamt about it," she went on, trying to clear her throat, "an' it's obleege to be. Sev'm times has it come to me in my sleep that I've got his blood on my han's. Hit wuz as plain as the nose on your face. I seed it an' felt it. How it come thar, my dreams hain't tole me, but I know in reasen hit's bekaze I killt 'im. Well, ef it's got to come, I wisht it 'ud make 'aste an' come, an' be done wi' it."

She went to a little cupboard in one corner of the room, turned the wooden button that kept the door shut, and drew forth a carpenter's hatchet. The blue steel of the blade shone brightly. It was brand new.

"That little thing," she said, holding it up, "cost sev'm dollars and a half. But, la! I reckon it's wuth the money." She lifted her apron, showing a small wire bent in the shape of a hook, and suspended from her belt. On this wire she hung the hatchet, the hook fitting into the slit or notch on the inner side of the blade.

"Well," exclaimed Chadwick, admiringly, "that's the fust time I ever know'd what a notch in a hatchet wuz fer!"

"Let a woman 'lone fer that!" replied Cassy, making an effort to laugh.

"I don't reckon Danny Lemmons 'll likely fin' you here," said Chadwick after a while.

"Who—him! Why, he's the imp of the Ole Boy. Ef he's in town, he kin shet his eyes tight an' walk right straight here. The human bein' don't live that kin fool Danny Lemmons. I reckon maybe I could take the baby an' hide out in the woods; but them ole folks in the house thar, they tuck me in when I didn't have a mouffle to eat ner a place to lay my head, an' now they're in trouble I hain't a-gwine to sneak off an' leave 'em—I hain't a-gwine to do it. They're both ole an' trimbly. The ole man says he's got a pile er money hid aroun' here some'rs, but he's done gone an' fergot wharabouts he put it at, an' he jes vows he won't go off an' leave it."

She spoke slowly, and paused every now and then to pick at her apron, as though reflecting over matters that had no part in her conversation.

"I declare to gracious!" she continued, "it's pitiful to see them two ole creeturs go moanin' an' mumblin' aroun', a-pokin' in cracks an' in the holes in the groun' a-huntin' fer the'r money. They've ripped up the'r bed-ticks an' tore up the floor a time or two. They hain't got nothin' to live fer 'less'n it's the money."

Chadwick took his leave as soon as he could do so without breaking the thread of Cassy's discourse. He left her talking volubly to the baby, which had jumped in its sleep and woke screaming with fright.

"I reckon it dreamt it seed its daddy," said Chadwick, as he bowed himself out.

II.

MEANWHILE Danny Lemmons was carrying out plans of his own. He was a spy without knowing what a serious venture he was engaged in. He had been roaming around in the Federal lines for a fortnight, playing his fiddle, and cutting up his queer antics. One night, after playing a selection of jigs and reels for a group of young of-

ficers attached to General Slocum's staff, he said he was going into Atlanta after his baby.

"You'll never go," said one of the officers.

"I'll go or bust," replied Danny Lemmons.

"If you go you'll stay," remarked another officer. "I believe you're a Johnny, anyhow."

"I'll go, and I'll come back right here, an' I'll fetch my baby back."

"Bah! Bring us some papers. Ransack Joe Johnston's headquarters. Stuff a map under your jacket. Bring us something to show you've been in Atlanta. Anybody can skirmish around here and steal a baby, but not one man in a thousand can go through the lines and ransack the headquarters of the Johnnies and bring back documents to show for it."

"I'm the man! Jest hol' my fiddle till I git back!" exclaimed Danny Lemmons.

How the hunchback passed the Confederate lines it would be impossible to say. He was as alert as any flying creature, as cunning as any creeping thing, as crafty as patience and practice can make a man. He reached Atlanta and made himself as much at home in the streets as any of the little arabs that flitted from corner to corner. He saw Captain Moseley, knew him, and was anxious to avoid him, not because he appreciated the danger of his position, but because he could not successfully play the part of an imbecile under Moseley's eyes.

He went rapidly down Whitehall Street, keeping up the pretence of idiocy, but when he turned and went into Forsyth, he dropped the character altogether, and became once more the Danny Lemmons of Sugar Mountain—queer but shrewd. He inquired the way to headquarters. The soldier whom he asked directed him to the Provost Marshal's office, which was not far from where the Kimball House now stands. He made no haste to get there, loitering as he went along, and examining whatever was new or strange with the curiosity of a countryman.

The result was that when he reached the Provost Marshal's office, that offi-

cial was preparing to send out and arrest him. Captain Moseley had preceded him by half an hour. The moment he entered Danny Lemmons knew that something was wrong, and, quick as a flash, he assumed the character of a "loony." The transition was so quick that it was unobserved by two keen-eyed men who fixed their attention on him as soon as he entered the door. He paused, and gazed at them with a deprecating grin.

"Is this place whar they conscript them what wants to jine the war?" he asked.

The Provost Marshal, a man with a tremendous mustache and beetling eyebrows, stared at him savagely, but made no reply.

"Oh, yes, hit is!" exclaimed Danny Lemmons, "bekaze they tol' me down the road that you-all'd let me jine the war."

"You are a spy!" said the officer, fiercely.

"Lord, yes! Wuss'n that, I reckon. I kin run an' jump, an' rastle. Whoopee, yes! You ain't never seed me rastle. Shucks! I kin tie one han' behin' me an' put your back in the dirt. Yes-sir-ree!" He stuck his tongue out of the corner of his mouth and stood blinking at the officer.

The two men who were standing near, one tall and muscular and the other short and fat, exchanged glances and tried their best to keep their faces straight.

"When did you leave the Yankee army?" the officer asked.

"Las' night!" responded Danny Lemmons. "Lord, yes! I follered 'em down from Sugar Mountain, tryin' to see what devilment they wuz up to. When I wanted to jine in the war, they 'low'd I wuz crazy in the head an' unbefittin' in the body."

It was a bold stroke, but it was effectual. The fierce look of the officer faded into one of astonishment.

"How did you get through the lines?" he asked.

"I walked," replied Danny Lemmons; "I jest had to walk. Them fellers tuck my creetur away from me."

"Go in that room there, and wait till I call you," said the officer.

"Is that whar they jine inter the war?" asked the hunchback.

"Yes; I'll attend to you directly." The officer stepped to the door and shut it, and turned to the two men who had been listening to the conversation. "What do you think of him, boys?"

The tall man, whose name was Blandford, was picking his teeth. The short, fat man, whose name was Deomateri, was busily engaged in polishing his finger-nails. They had served as scouts with Morgan, and later with Forrest. Mr. Blandford passed his hand through his long black hair and shook his head. Mr. Deomateri put his knife in his pocket, kicked his heels against the floor one after the other, and remarked:

"If he isn't an idiot," he remarked, "he is the smartest man in this town."

"I started to say so," said Mr. Blandford, "but it takes a mighty spraddle-legged 'if' to reach that far."

"Well, I'll tell you," exclaimed the officer, "he hasn't got sense enough to know how to tell a lie. I'll keep him here until Moseley or his man comes, and then I'll give him a drink and turn him loose."

As this seemed to dispose of the matter, neither Blandford nor Deomateri made any response. The clerks in the office were busy writing out reports and filling out blanks of various kinds, and to these for a time the officer in charge devoted his attention.

The room in which Danny Lemmons had been placed was the Provost Marshal's private office. On his desk was a rough map of the inner defences of Atlanta. In the pigeon-holes were a number of papers of more or less importance. In the farther end of the room was a door. It was locked, and the key gone, but in one of the pigeon-holes was a large brass key. Danny Lemmons noted all these things with inward satisfaction. He took the key, unlocked the door, and saw that it led into an alley-way. Then he replaced the key in the pigeon-hole, leaving the door unlocked. He waited five or ten minutes, and then stuck his head into the outer office, exclaiming:

"Don't you all run off an' leave me by myse'f, bekaze I hain't usen to it."

The clerks laughed, and even Mr. Blandford smiled sadly, but there was no other response. Danny Lemmons shut the door, seized the map, and as many papers as he could conveniently stuff under his jacket and in his pockets, opened the back-door noiselessly, locked it again, threw the key away, and turned swiftly into Pryor Street.

After a while Chadwick made his appearance. He went in, and modestly inquired if Captain Moseley had been there. The Provost Marshal, who was at that moment talking to Blandford, and Deomateri about their experience with Morgan, recognized Chadwick as the person who had been sent in pursuit of the spy.

"Did you catch your man?" he inquired.

"Ketch nothin'," responded Chadwick. "A creetur-company couldn't ketch him."

"Well, we've caught him!"

"Where'bouts is he?" inquired Chadwick.

"In my room there."

"In there by hisself?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir," exclaimed Chadwick, excitedly, "I'll bet you a thrip agin a bushel of chestnuts that he ain't in there."

"What do you know about him?" inquired Mr. Blandford.

"Bless you, man! I seed his capers on Sugar Mountain."

"Go in there and see if he's the man you are hunting for."

Chadwick went to the door, opened it, and glanced casually around the empty room.

"Oh, yes! He's the man I'm huntin' fer," he said, as he turned away.

"How do you know?" asked Deomateri, observing an expression of humorous disgust on Chadwick's face.

"Bekaze he ain't in there, by jing!"

The Provost Marshal rushed into the room, followed by Blandford, Deomateri and the whole army of clerks. He saw that his desk had been rifled of important papers, and he sank in a chair, pale and trembling, and gasping for breath.

"Gentlemen," said Blandford to the clerks, "get back to your work. There

is nothing to excite you." Then he closed the door and turned to the officer. "My friend, you will demoralize your office, and destroy all discipline. Brace up and give your backbone a chance to do its work."

"I am ruined!" cried the officer. "Ruined! that miserable thief has stolen the papers that I ought to have sent to headquarters yesterday."

"Well, you nee'n't to worry about it," remarked Chadwick, dryly, "bekaze Danny Lemmons has fooled lots smarter folks 'n you."

III.

BUT for Blandford and Deomateri, a great uproar would have been made in the Provost Marshal's office. That functionary sat in his chair and cried "Ruin!" until he had been fortified with two or three hearty slugs of whiskey, and then the blood began to flow in his veins and he took courage. In fact he became bloodthirsty. He walked the floor and waved his arms, and swore that he would crush Danny Lemmons when he caught him. He would hardly remain quiet long enough to agree to any rational plan for the recapture of the hunchback, but he finally consented to let Chadwick have his saddle-horse, Blandford and Deomateri having horses of their own.

The three were soon in the saddle, and now it was Chadwick who undertook to conduct the expedition. By his direction, Mr. Deomateri was to ride out Peters Street, Mr. Blandford out Whitehall, while he himself was to ride out Pryor and turn into Whitehall Street, some distance out. At the junction of Whitehall and Peters they were to meet and decide on their future course of action. This plan was faithfully carried out, but it came to nothing.

At the point where they met the two thoroughfares had ceased to be streets, and merged into a public road, with a growth of timber-oak and pine on each side.

"Why do we come here?" inquired Deomateri. Blandford merely shook his head. He had dismounted and was

leaning against his horse, making a picturesque figure in the green wood.

"Well," responded Chadwick, "we might jest as well a-come here as to a-gone anywheres, 'cordin' to my notions. This road is open plum to Jonesboro an' funder. We've been keepin' it open. The Yanks are bent aroun' the town like a hoss-shoe, an' this road runs right betwixt the p'int where their lines don't jine."

"That's so," remarked Blandford, regarding Chadwick with some interest.

"Well, then, we hain't got nothin' to do wi' how Danny Lemmons got in. He's slicker'n sin, an' he mought 'a' run the picket lines at night; but shore as shootin', he can't run 'em in the daytime. Now, how'll he git out?"

"Perhaps he has already passed here," Deomateri suggested.

"Well, sir," said Chadwick, "he's come to town on business, an' he'll try ter 'ten' to it." Then Chadwick told his companions about his adventure with Mrs. Lemmons and the baby.

"By George, Deo!" exclaimed Blandford, swinging himself into his saddle, "this begins to look like sport."

"For the baby?" inquired Deomateri.

"For all hands," said Blandford, gayly.

"But ef Mizzes Lemmons lays her eyes on Mister Lemmons," remarked Chadwick, "the baby 'll lack a daddy, an' the lack 'll be no loss."

Thereupon, the three men turned their horses' heads into Peters Street and rode toward the hill where Chadwick had found Mrs. Lemmons. They rode leisurely, watching on all sides for the hunchback. When they reached the point where McDaniel Street now crosses Peters, they saw a woman coming toward them waving her arms wildly, and shouting something they could not hear.

"Ef I ain't mighty much mistaken," said Chadwick, "that's the lady we've been talkin' about. Yes, sir!" he exclaimed, as she came nearer, "that's her, certain and shore! That hellian has gone an' got the baby!" He spurred his horse forward to meet the woman, who, as soon as she saw him, screamed out:

"You told him, you sneakin' wretch! You told him wher' my baby wuz! You did—you did—you did!"

In the extremity of her excitement she would have laid her hands on Chadwick, but his horse shied, and kept him out of her reach.

"What's this? What's this?" exclaimed Blandford.

"Oh, I'm distracted!" cried Cassy, breaking down. "My baby's gone! That slink of Satan has took an' run off wi' my poor little baby!" she turned to Chadwick and then to the others. "Oh, ef you've got any pity in you, run and overtake him. Jes' ketch 'im an' hol' 'im tell I can git my han's on 'im."

"Which way did he go?" asked Blandford.

"He went right up dat away!" exclaimed a negro woman, excitedly. She pointed across the railroad. "He come lopin' 'long here, an' he went right up dat away. I seed 'im. I wuz right at 'im. Yasser. Right up dat away." She was both excited and indignant. "He look mo' like de Devil dan any white man I ever is see. An' de baby wuz cryin' like it heart done broke!"

"Oh, Lord 'a' mercy, what shall I do?" cried Cassy, wringing her hands.

"'Tain't been long, nuther," said the negro woman, "'kaze I been stan'in' right here waitin'. I des know'd sump'n n'er wuz gwine ter happen. I des know'd it. Whyn't you all run on an' ketch 'im? I boun' ef I had a hoss an' could ride straddle I'd ketch 'im."

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Cassy.

What is now McDaniel Street was not then laid off. It was a short-cut through a cow pasture, running through an open country, dotted here and there with clumps of pine and scrub oak. Through this the horsemen rode at a swinging gallop, followed at some distance, as they could observe, by Cassy, the negro woman, and a few stragglers, whose curiosity had been turned into sympathetic interest. Chadwick bore toward the left calkin of the line that he had described as a horseshoe, and in a little while his companions heard him shout and saw him wave his hand. They swerved to the right and rode toward

him, their horses running easily. As soon as they caught sight of the fugitive, Blandford rode at full speed until he had passed the hunchback, and then turned and rode toward him, holding in his right hand a cavalry pistol that sparkled in the sun.

The hunchback saw that escape was impossible, and he made no further attempt. He ceased to run and sat down at the foot of a huge pine, making a vain effort to soothe the frantic baby, which had screamed until its cries sounded like those of some wild animal in mortal agony. This and the sinister aspect of the hunchback so wrought upon Blandford, that he leaped from his horse and would have brained the creature on the spot, but for the intervention of Deomateri, who was in time to seize his arm.

"Watch out, Blandford!" cried Deomateri in great good-humor; "don't scare the baby. If it lets out another link it will go into spasms. Come here, chicksy," he said to the baby. "Poor little thing! Hushaby, now!" He tried in vain to quiet the child, but it would not be quieted. He walked up and down with it, clucked to it, tried to give it his watch to play with, dandled it in his hands, but all to no purpose. It continued its hoarse and gasping cries.

Meanwhile, Chadwick and Blandford were giving attention to Danny Lemmons. They searched him from head to foot, and took from him every scrap of paper they could find on his person. Blandford did the searching, and he was not at all gentle in his methods. The hunchback was captured, but not conquered.

"Good God A'mighty, gentlemen! can't a man come an' git his own baby atter his wife's run off wi' some un else? How you know she didn't tell me to take an' take it home to Sugar Mountain? Dad blast you! Ef you'll jest gi' me a fair showin' I kin whip arry one on you! I'm a great min' to spit in your face!"

Thus he raved as Blandford searched him, and even after his hands had been securely tied with a tether that had hung at Deomateri's saddle. Meanwhile the baby refused to be comforted. It seemed to be nearly exhausted, and

the hoarse and unnatural sounds it made were more pitiable than its natural cries would have been. At last Chadwick offered to take it. To his astonishment it held out its little hands to him, and immediately ceased its frantic efforts to cry as soon as it found itself in his arms, though it continued to moan and sob a little. But the child was no longer afraid, for it looked up in Chadwick's face and tried to smile as it nestled against his shoulder.

The problem of the baby temporarily solved, the three soldiers would have made toward the city with their prisoner, but here a fresh difficulty presented itself. The hunchback refused to budge. He had ceased his threats and curses, and was now ominously quiet. If he had been stone-blind and deaf he could not have more utterly ignored the orders to get up and move on.

"Break off a hickory lim' an' frail h—ll out'n 'im," said Chadwick. "That's the way I use to do when my ole steer lay down in the road."

But Deomateri shook his head. For various reasons this method of moving the hunchback was not to be thought of. While they were holding what Chadwick called a council of war, Danny Lemmons's wife came in sight, followed by the negro woman who had been the means of the hunchback's capture.

"Well," remarked Chadwick—anticipation in his tone—"yander comes Miss Cassy herself. I reckon maybe she'll up an' tell us how to make the creetur' move; an' ef I ain't mighty much mistaken she'll whirl in an' he'p us."

At this the hunchback showed signs of uneasiness. He twisted himself around, as if to see where his wife was. Failing in this, he gathered his long legs under him and rose to his feet. He saw the woman and then glanced furtively around as if to find some avenue of escape.

"Gentlemen!" he cried, "you-all 'll have to keep Cassy off'n me, bekaze she's plum ravin' deestracted when she gits mad." His voice was a whine, and anxiety had taken the place of craftiness in his countenance.

The woman strode forward steadily, but not hurriedly. Her face was pale, and there was a drawn and pinched expression about her mouth that might have been mistaken for grief or fear. Chadwick pressed toward her with the baby, as though proud of the opportunity to deliver it into her arms. But she passed by him with an impatient gesture, in spite of the renewed whimpering of the child at sight of her; and the negro woman came forward and took it instead.

The hunchback would have made a barricade of Blandford, but that blunt soldier seized him by his arm and brought him face to face with his wife.

"You mean, sneakin', thievin' houn'!" she cried, gazing at him and breathing hard. Then she untied her bonnet, which had fallen on her shoulders, and threw it on the ground, her hair falling loose as she did so. Still catching her breath in little gasps, she began to roll up her sleeves, showing an arm as hard and as firm as that of a man.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Blandford, perceiving what she would be at. "None of that, ma'am. Don't scratch him. We want him to look as pretty as possible."

"Mister!" she cried, flinging her head back and turning to Blandford, "don't git me stirred up. You seed what he wuz tryin' to do, but you don't nigh know what he kin do. Ontie him, an' he kin whip arry one of you, fair fist an' skull, rush an' scramble." Her tone was both argumentative and appealing. As she spoke a shell went spinning and singing overhead. The hunchback dodged involuntarily, but the woman remained unmoved. "I tell you, now," she went on, "you don't know him. You can't carry him to town ef it wuz to save the world. He'd hamstring your creeturs an' git away. You think he's cripple, an' he does look cripple, but the man don't live that kin out-do him. You think I want to take the inturn on him, but I don't. I ain't nothin' but a woman, but me an' him is got a score to settle. Ontie him, ef he ain't done on-tied hisself, an' give him a knife or a pistol or anything. I don't want nothin' but my naked han's." Her bosom

rose and fell convulsively and her hands refused to remain at rest.

"Don't do it, gentlemen!" exclaimed the hunchback. "She'll kill me."

The tragic features of the situation escaped Blandford and Deomateri, but the simple mind of Chadwick recognized them—recognized, in fact, nothing else.

"I think," said Blandford, winking at Deomateri, "that we'd better untie this chap until he and his wife settle this family quarrel. What do you think about it?"

"Oh, by all means let the family quarrel be settled!" remarked Deomateri in a matter-of-fact way.

The result of this grim humor could hardly have been foreseen. In some way the hunchback had worked his hands loose from the thong that bound them, and he made a desperate dash for liberty. The woman was after him in a moment. As she ran, she drew forth from under her apron the hatchet that Chadwick had seen her conceal there. She was hardly a match for the hunchback in a foot-race, but passion,

hatred, the venom that had supplanted anxiety for her child, lent swiftness to her feet, and the soldiers, who stood watching as if paralyzed, expected every moment to see her bury the hatchet in the man's deformity. She poised her glittering weapon to strike, but at that moment her foot slipped and she fell to the ground. Then there was a zooning sound in the air, a thud, and a deafening roar. A shell had burst, as it seemed, full upon pursuer and pursued.

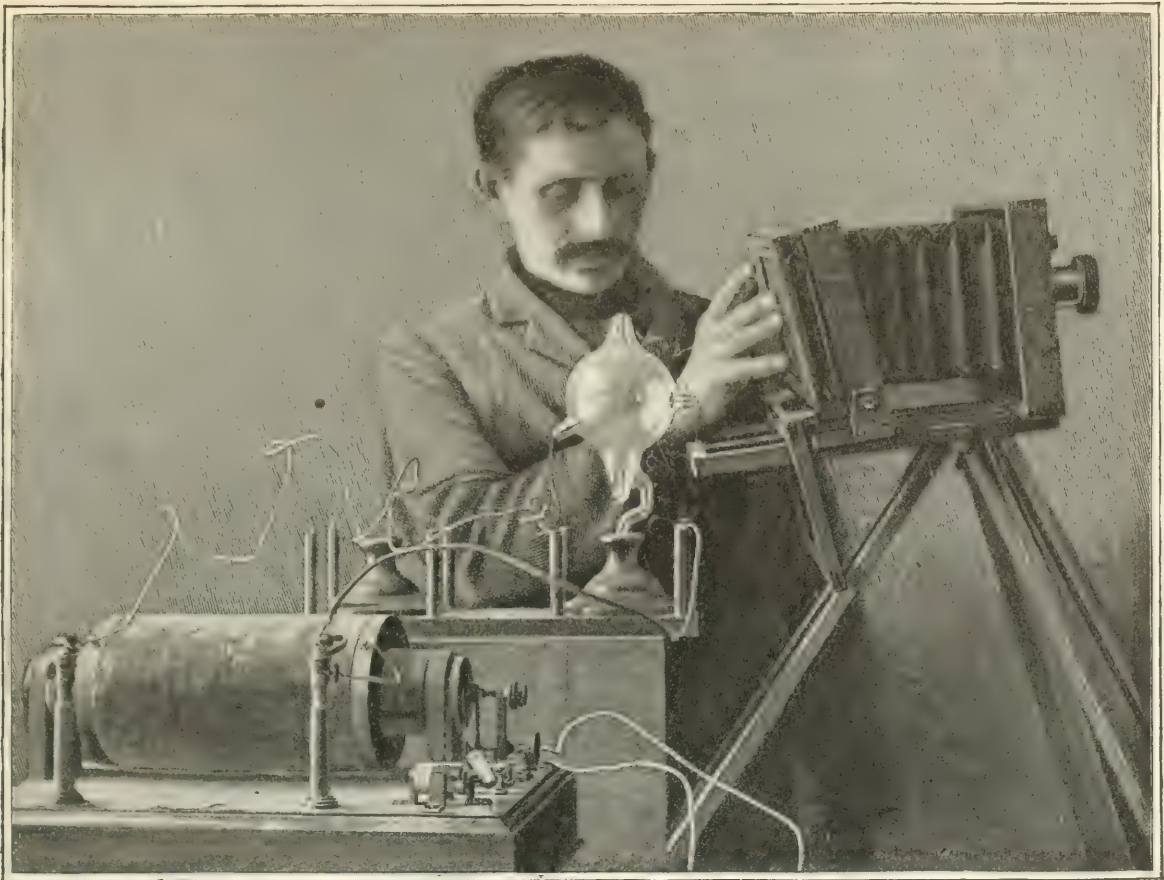
The soldiers, watching, saw the shell strike, and felt the concussion shake the ground at their very feet. They saw a volume of dust and turf spout violently upward. When this had subsided they rode forward to view the scene. The woman, unhurt, sat on the ground, half-laughing and half-crying. Not far away lay Danny Lemmons, torn, shattered, and lifeless.

"You all thought," said Cassy, simply, "that I wuz atter him by myself. But I know'd all the time the Almighty wuz wi' me." She rose, seized the baby, and hugged it tightly to her bosom, where it lay laughing and cooing.

SONNET

By George Cabot Lodge

AND they shall say to thee "He died distraught,
His mind was crazed by dreaming on things past,
And so he grew in madness, till the last
Sheer height of scorn he tottered from to naught.
His hands were weak and idle and ne'er caught
With strength of purpose at the busy world;
Forlorn and proud he stood—time onward whirled
And left the ruins of the things he sought."
But thou shalt understand what they despise,
Cherish what they reject, and count the few
Poor virtues dearer than the things they prize;
And weighing all the evil they have said
Thy heart shall say: "What then if this be true?
Be silent: for he loved me and is dead."



Ruhmkorff coil.

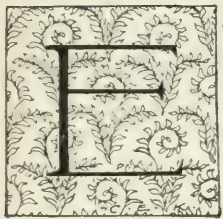
Crookes's tube.

Plate-holder.

Photographing the Bones in the Hand by Cathode Rays.

THE NEW PHOTOGRAPHY BY CATHODE RAYS

By John Trowbridge



EARLY in January I announced that I would address the Physical Colloquium—a club of scientific investigators at Harvard University—on the subject of cathode rays. With one accord several of the members said, “Just what are cathode rays?” Now by means of the same electrical energy which produces these mysterious rays there has been flashed under the Atlantic Ocean and throbbed over the broad extent of this continent information which has made the term cathode almost a household word; and it has been absorbed with even greater avidity than the rays themselves are absorbed by glass.

Let us first see what we mean by the term cathode. If we should break

the tiny filament of an Edison incandescent lamp at the middle of the glowing loop, the light would go out. If, now, we connect the two ends of the broken filament to the poles of a battery of a great many thousand voltaic cells, such as are commonly used to ring house-bells, we should be able to light the lamp again, not by incandescence, but by a feeble glow which pervades the whole bulb. The ends of the broken filament would glow—and the glow at one end of the filament would be different in appearance from that of the other. The broken filament, by means of which the electrical energy enters the bulb, is called the anode, and the filament by means of which, in ordinary language, it leaves the bulb, is called the cathode. One should consult a Greek dictionary for the etymology of these terms.

They mean a way in and a way out. Now the great peculiarity of the cathode rays is this—they seem to be independent of the position of the anode, and they stream out from the cathode like the beam of a search-light, striking the walls of the enclosing vessel. If the cathode is made in the form of an aluminum concave mirror, they can be sent in any direction we choose, just as the beam of a search-light can be directed by changing the inclination of the mirror which sends forth the beam.

When I say that these rays which can produce a photographic shadow through a wooden door are absorbed by glass, which is so transparent to light rays, one immediately asks why are they not absorbed by the glass walls of the Crookes tubes in which they are produced? One can imagine an incredulous gentleman slowly shaking his head when he is told that the rays are excited in a glass vessel, and after passing out of the vessel cannot be made to pass through a window-pane. Yet this is true.

Now one of the first questions I have been asked in regard to these rays is

this, "How did you obtain a light so intense that you could take photographs through a board an inch thick?" The answer is this: The light is not intense to the eye. It does not appear as bright as that of a fire-fly; indeed, it cannot be seen on the darkest night at a distance of three hundred feet. Yet a candle can be distinguished on a similar night at least a mile. But the rays of a candle are entirely cut off from a photographic plate by a sheet of pasteboard a sixteenth of an inch thick, or even less. The cathode rays are intense, however, to the photographic plate, which can be termed the photographic eye.

I have not, however, answered completely the incredulous gentleman who asks, "If the rays are absorbed by glass how can they pass through the walls of the bulb in which they are generated into the outer space where you photograph?" The answer is, because these walls are so exceedingly thin. I have lately measured the thickness of these walls, and I find that in certain tubes this thickness was less than one-sixtieth of an inch; but it is true that even this thickness absorbs to a high



Turkey's Wing, showing Shot Embedded, but not showing the Depth at which it Lies.



Turkey's Wing, Taken by Two Cathodes.

(From the position of the two images the depth of the shot can be estimated by triangulation. The other objects shown were placed some distance from the plate to determine the best focus.)

degree the cathode rays; and what we need is some form of window which will allow them to pass out into the air with greater freedom. An aluminum window of exceeding thinness does this, but it is burst in by the atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds per square inch, working against the feeble pressure of perhaps a ten-thousandth of an inch inside the bulbs.

An Edison lamp-bulb is not a suitable form in which to excite the cathode rays. In the first place, the entering wires are too near together, and the strong electro-motive force necessary to excite the tube would cause a spark to jump through the glass from the entering wire to the leaving wire. Moreover, it would be necessary to exhaust the Edison bulb to a far higher degree than is now done by the lamp manu-

facturers. The Edison lamp-bulb contains considerable air. They are, in general, not exhausted for a larger space than an hour, while it takes an entire day to obtain a sufficient exhaustion in a cathode ray-bulb, one of which is represented in the engraving, which shows the process of photographing the bones in the hand. These bulbs are called Crookes's tubes, or bulbs, and may be of any form. I have used a spherical form. It is necessary that the bulb should be exhausted until the electrical glow produced in the tube by a suitably high electro-motive force fades from a brilliant crimson to a bluish white light, which is not unlike that produced by a beam of sunlight in passing through milk and water. This bluish light manifests itself more strongly about the cathode. If the latter is a



The Bones in a Living Hand.

Photographed January 17, 1896, at the State Laboratory, Hamburg, by Röntgen's method.

disc, a beam of bluish cathode rays is thrown from the latter and projects sharp shadows of the anode terminal on the inner walls of the bulb. Professor Crookes, to whom we are indebted for the careful study of these mysterious rays, has constructed many ingenious forms of tubes by means of which the shadows formed by the rays and their paths can be studied. We are indebted, however, to Lenard for the discovery that these rays can be made to pass through an aluminum window in the tubes, and lately to Röntgen, who has shown that an aluminum window is not necessary for what he believes is a new manifestation of cathode rays. The secret of success in detecting the rays outside the bulbs, as far as I have investigated, seems to consist in obtaining bulbs with very thin walls, and the best shadow pictures that I have obtained have been made by placing the photographic plate

at a proper distance from a pointed aluminum cathode. In the illustration on page 501 the Crookes bulb is shown connected to an ordinary induction or Ruhmkorff coil, by means of which a high electro-motive force can be obtained in the bulb. The electrical energy which excites the bulb is obtained from a suitable battery. An ordinary photographic plate-holder is put in position in a camera in the usual way; and the human hand or any other object is placed close to the plate-holder. The slide is not drawn, however, and the photographic rays enter the back of the camera instead of through the glass lens—just the opposite of the usual method of taking pictures. The glass lens is of no use, for the cathode rays will not pass through glass of appreciable thickness. The amateur photographer well knows that if there is a hole in the partition which separates one sensitive plate from the other in

his plate-holder, when he takes one picture, the reserve plate will be immediately light-struck, and therefore "fogged" and ruined. This does not happen in photographing with the cathode rays. The middle partition of the plate-holder can be cut out entirely and a glass window could take its place. When one cathode picture is taken the plate-holder can be turned over and another picture taken on the reserve plate, for the rays cannot pass through even the thickness of a window-pane of glass. They cannot pass from the film side of a sensitive plate to the other side. The camera shown in the picture serves, therefore, merely to hold the plates. The lens is not used, and the picture, as I have said, is taken through the back of the camera and not through the front.

The sharpest shadow pictures I have obtained have resulted, as I have said, from the use of a pointed aluminum cathode. The human hand, for instance, is placed close upon the slide of a plate-holder at about six inches from the Crookes bulb. I have found by the use

of a to-and-fro current that shadow pictures can be taken in any position around the bulb, which seems to be photographically animated, so to speak. The shadows, however, are distorted except in certain positions. With a very strong electrical excitation pictures can be obtained in one minute. A strong current, however, generally injures the bulbs. An hour's exposure to a bulb excited by an ordinary induction coil, such as is shown in the engraving representing the manner of taking these pictures [p. 501], will give the bones of the human hand certainly as far as the middle of the palm; and will show a malformation of the joints, or a shot of fair size embedded in the bony processes. The entire skeleton of a baby's hand can undoubtedly be obtained, and it now seems possible to study the growth of bony structures in certain parts of animals without a resort to vivisection. So much is already assured; and we are somewhat in the position we were when we had only the ordinary hand telephone by which we could transmit speech intelligibly barely more than fifty miles. Now, with the powerful transmitters, we can speak to Chicago with great ease. We now need a more powerful transmitter in the employment of the cathode rays; for at present the thickness of the human hand at the palm seems to completely absorb them. We cannot hope to employ glass lenses. I placed strips of clear glass, one-eighth of an inch thick, on a sensitive plate, leaving the sensitive film uncovered between the strips. I then placed a cross-bar of wood, which was about half an inch square, across the strips; so that it was like a window-bar. This arrangement was placed in a wooden box, and then this box was in turn enclosed in a paste-board box. The cathode rays passed through all these enclosures, through the wooden cross-bar, and affected the sensitive film, but the parts of the film under the clear glass strips were absolutely unaffected during an exposure of ten minutes to the cathode rays [p. 506]. It is evident, therefore, that glass is a far poorer conductor for them than wood.

There is also no doubt that metals stop the rays. The coins in a closed purse can be revealed in size and posi-



Coins Photographed in a Closed Purse.

(The largest coin was a silver quarter of a dollar, the smallest a piece of aluminum, and the others five-cent pieces. The rays passed through the leather sides of the purse, an enclosed card, and a partition in the purse.)

tion. In the illustration the coins in a pocket-book are shown. The central coin was a silver quarter of a dollar, and the smallest coin was a piece of aluminum, while the others are nickel five-cent pieces. The rays passed through the leather sides of the purse, through an enclosed card, and through a partition in the purse.

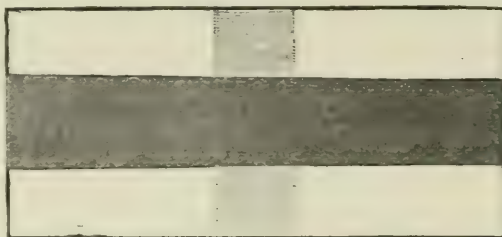
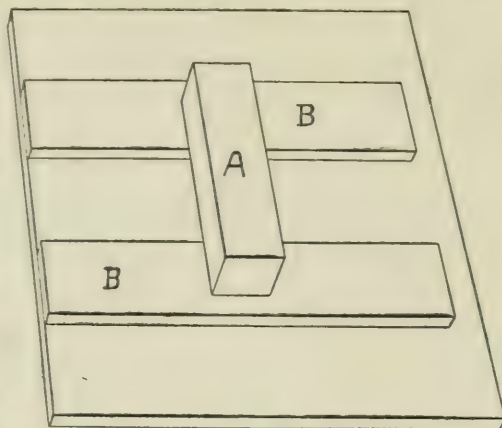
The photographs taken by the invisible rays are shadow pictures, and one can form but little idea of the exact position, for instance, of a shot in the thicker portion of the human hand. One would know, to be sure, the line along which the incision for the extraction of the shot should be made; but one would be doubtful whether to cut from the palm inward, or from the back of the hand inward; and in certain positions, on account of arteries, it would be important to decide which method to take. I have discovered that the process called triangulation can be applied. Suppose that two candles are placed in a dark room at the same distance from a sheet of white paper. Hold a pencil near the paper between the paper and the candles. We shall obtain two shadows. If we measure the distance between the shadows, and if we know the position of the candles, we can find the position of the pencil by drawing lines from the shadows to the candles. Where these lines intersect is the position of the pencil. Now let us take a Crookes tube with the pointed terminals which answer to our two candles, put the hand in the position of our pencil, and take a sensitive plate enclosed in a plate-holder, instead of the sheet of paper. We can obtain, by the use of a to and fro current with proper glass screens, two images of a shot in the hand; and by the same

process by means of which we found the position of the pencil in the case of the candles, we can find the position of the shot, and determine whether we must cut the hand from one side or the other. I have photographed a tur-

key's wing, with a shot embedded in the anterior portion, where it was invisible to the eye in the strongest transmitted light, and also out of range of the touch. The invisible rays, however, reveal it [p. 502]. I have also photographed the wing by the method described above, and have obtained a double image of the shot in the anterior portion, and also of shot embedded in the thicker portions of the wing, which were farther from the sensitive plate [p. 503]. Measuring the distance between the double images, and drawing lines from the images to the cathodes, the position of

the shot in the flesh could be determined.

I have said that a high degree of exhaustion of the air is necessary in the Crookes bulbs. We must not, however, obtain too high a degree of exhaustion; for in that case we should not be able to excite the rays in the bulbs. After we have once excited them, however, they will pass through a vacuum—at least a vacuum so perfect that no electrical discharge can be excited in it. This fact is of great interest to scientific men. The cathode rays can pass from the sun to the earth through the vacuum of space; yet they cannot be excited in that cold and lifeless region. The electrical energy enters the vacuum, traverses it, and reappears in ordinary air; it seems as if it must have traversed the vacuum by means of the ether. We have, therefore, in the manifestation of the cathode rays, a support of the hypothesis of an ether pervading all space.



A Photograph Showing the Great Opacity of Glass to the Cathode Rays as Compared with Wood.

(B, B, are strips of clear glass resting on a sensitive plate; A is a wooden bar across the strips. The glass protected the film from the rays which, however, passed through the wood.)

THE ETHICS OF MODERN JOURNALISM

By Aline Gorren



WHEN the eminent French critic, M. Ferdinand Brunetière—in several respects the most important literary personality that France possesses at this moment—was admitted to the Academy he made in his address certain remarks upon modern journalism that were noteworthy because uttered on a subject from the treatment of which anything like a philosophy is, as if by common consent, excluded. To take any but the shortest and most immediate views of this topic, that is of such incalculable importance to every side and aspect of modern life, appears to be one of the things that it is tacitly understood must not be done. The Fourth Estate has, in this sense, become the inheritor of the kingly power, which, while it endured in its full prestige, as an overmastering actuality, was likewise practically removed from any searching criticism and from the peril of being tested by the standard of the general idea.

The substance of M. Brunetière's remarks was to the effect that literature and journalism were fundamentally incompatible conceptions; that they had been gradually separated by a process of differentiation that had its roots in stubborn mental and social facts; that the separation grew more apparent every day, and that it was fated to go much deeper than now. Something like this had been said before; but there had not been brought forward any scientific reasons for the opinion. These M. Brunetière has. Those who are familiar with the French critic's work in recent years are aware that it has been built up largely around a central idea that is regarded, in a way, as his discovery; the idea that the different forms assumed by the written expression of human thought at different periods are reflexes of social states, and ruled by laws of evolution which it

ought to be possible to determine as accurately as we now determine the laws that preside over the changes of living organisms. A given literary form, or style, best voicing the condition of mind of the greatest number of persons at that period, bursts forth almost simultaneously everywhere; in due course wanes, and presently suffers a transformation into another style, serving in turn the needs of the new hour. Not everyone believes that M. Brunetière has satisfactorily sustained his hypothesis at every point; but it has a measure of truth evidently, and in any case it becomes very interesting when it is applied to modern journalism. For, thus applying it, M. Brunetière must be forced to the conclusion—however bitter the antagonism which he may personally feel as a scholar, a literary man, and a man of fastidious taste, against a type of journalism that aims more and more to discard any attempt at a philosophical analysis of the relations and tendencies of facts, and more and more to occupy itself as empirically as possible, and (one would almost say) as unintelligently as possible with those facts, and generally with those of the most trivial import—that journalism of this sort is perhaps the most adequate expression of one of the strongest formative influences of the hour, that it possesses the character of inevitableness. And he does come to this conclusion. He follows his line of reasoning to a point where he perceives clearly that the indiscriminate, unintellectual tone of modern journalism is something that we cannot escape from, but must endure as best we may. Now if anywhere such a belief should arouse interest it should arouse it here, in America. For here, if anywhere, the divorce between journalism and the literary spirit is complete.

To some of us this is a permanent affliction. From the start, of course, there were chances against the newspaper, as made by the Anglo-Saxon,

ever being literary in the sense in which the French newspapers of forty or fifty years ago were literary; in the sense in which the French newspapers still are literary to-day. There were chances against its showing, in the same degree, that preoccupation with underlying theories, with the eternal realities behind the fugitive appearances, which is of the essence of literature: the Anglo-Saxon cares comparatively little for theories. But there was a time when, even while confining itself to the noting down of concrete happenings as to its proper function, it exercised some selection in the collecting of this species of material; and who says selection says already, in a measure, the literary feeling. That the modern type of American journalism proceeds on lines of non-selection, however, does not need the telling. That the results brought about are commonly such as to make the sensitive American restless, with some reason, when the newspapers of his country come under the criticism of thoughtful foreigners is also a fact very obvious to many minds. Why should we be ashamed, though, if the sort of journalism that flourishes on so much that is vulgar and commonplace and indiscreet and unenlightened, be a natural outcome of deep-seated social conditions? A subject of inquiry is here opened up that is of the greatest interest and significance.

If one would get an intelligent view of the general bearings of modern journalism, there is, perhaps, no more fruitful study than that afforded, precisely, by a comparison of French and American newspapers. Each represents the extreme of the two different possible types of journalism. Whatever literature still lingers in the newspaper may be found in the largest quantity, and of the best quality, in France; where also there is the smallest tolerance of the detailed treatment of banalities out of which no value to the mind, no lesson of life, can be pressed. In our country, on the other hand, where all people live more on a level than has ever been practicable before, and where these same banalities, concerning any mediocre individual, have as good a right, from one point of

view, to be considered important as the most momentous occurrences, we should expect to find an unliterary newspaper, and one constructed in accordance with that peculiar new power abroad on the earth which is intent upon turning the inner side of everything, without exception or selection, to the light; and we do find it. The difference between French and American journalism, then, is in the degree in which each satisfies the modern thirst for personalities, serves the modern spirit of publicity; and the whole subject narrows itself to the question of how far it is well that this thirst, this spirit, should be served and satisfied, and of how many sacrifices in other directions we should be content to see made in order that such service and satisfaction shall be untrammelled.

The real aspects of this problem have been obscured by denying that the American newspaper was unliterary. Insistence has been placed on the large number of serial and short stories, of literary sketches of one kind and another, of which the Sunday editions of the great newspapers, in particular, make so prominent a feature. So much is there of this matter, indeed, that many intelligent and serious journalists have not been slow to express a fear that our newspapers were occupying themselves too extensively with literature, to the consequent curtailment of their news-space. These critics have, in one respect, a perfectly sound point of view. If journalism has evolved into a distinct and separate genus let it hold to its characteristics without engrafting foreign traits upon it. But to believe that the introduction of extraneous literature into the columns of a newspaper makes that newspaper literary, in itself, is a curious misconception. A newspaper is literary not alone by what it contains, but by what it excludes. The best French newspapers, to carry on that comparison, are literary for positive reasons; but the worst graze the literary spirit for certain negative ones. The readers of a newspaper are fortunate if, when they unfold its pages, they come upon an article by a great scholar, a column by a writer who is a master of his craft. This occurs in

Paris. But it is not to this that the literary tone of the Paris journals is due, but to the omissions and suppressions, and to the guiding sense of relative values and proportions which controls all that they publish. If positive reasons alone made a newspaper literary it would not be difficult for us, in America, to have such newspapers. But when it comes to the negative reasons we at once confront insurmountable obstacles. Such exclusions as the French editor makes presuppose a deep background of complex social history. It is a sign of the socially and intellectually half-cultivated to be insatiably voracious of meaningless details, where a larger cultivation sifts the vital at a glance, and rejects the irrelevant. A suggestion suffices; more is a fatigue. No nation is more impatient of too many words in the indication of a fact than the French; and there exists no more important mark of the high degree of its social cultivation. But the American editor must everywhere reckon with the socially half-cultivated; everywhere, therefore, the love of the insignificant and silly particular must be pandered to. We have, to be sure, a few American newspapers whose information is digested before publication, and reaches its readers in the condensed, synthetized, literary shape. And we have thoughtful persons who believe that journalism may be brought, in this land, to mould itself more and more upon this model. Is there, however, any firm ground on which to base such expectation?

That which is being, so far, much more surely effected than any absorption of literary methods by American newspapers is an encroachment of American journalistic methods upon the foreign press. The zest for personalities grows apace everywhere, and *le reportage*, that Anglo-Saxon invention, is in process of full naturalization—the word and the thing alike—the world over. Writers and thinkers who, like M. Brunetière, realize the extent of the change that has come over the French newspaper, and know all that it means in the present and for the future, have made ineffectual attempts, now and again, to turn back the rising tide. But the current of “Americanism” is not to be

stemmed. They call it Americanism over there. The word has come to be used to express a whole series of new social phenomena. Our political and material conditions are such that we exhibit these phenomena in their most complete aspects. But we have no monopoly of them. All Europe, in one sense, is being rapidly Americanized. We are dealing, in fact, with universal phenomena, and that being so it would seem worth while to seek to understand this whole matter a little better.

In reality, do we perceive what the vulgarities of the modern newspaper press actually represent? Do we realize that their personalities are the result of the desperate desire of the new classes, to whom democratic institutions have given their first chance, to discover the way to *live*, in the wide social meaning of the word? The hour belongs to these classes. Their ideals are becoming more and more the ideals of all masses of society, and what they are chiefly eager for is not ideas but palpable realities. What the man wants who newly finds himself with incalculably increased material opportunities before him is not, at first, thoughts that will strengthen his hold upon the eternal verities. No. It is information that will put him in direct touch with the actualities of the passing hour; information that will teach him all about his environment, and what he is to do there, and how he is to conduct himself in order to keep the place that he has got, and to extend it, to push himself farther on. Everything to-day tends to the material betterment of people; but with material betterment comes this impatient curiosity to know how to enter into the heritage of the broadened material life with the eyes open, how to get into relationship with all its elements. When classes were rigidly separated, and human beings lived and died in a corner, at close quarters only with a limited number of their fellows, whose actions and whole mode of existence were very similar to their own, there could be no such widespread passion for delving into the private life—for baring, preferably, the secret weaknesses—of a great author, great artist, great man generally; or

for peering behind the doors of the rich and important to see how they used their forks, how they wore their clothes. Individuals with a liking for such revelations read memoirs. The rest were, on the whole, more concerned with what the great men had dreamed and believed, the important personages achieved. Of what practical use would those other items have been? To-day, when distances count for less and less, "facilities" drag everybody out of his hole, points of contact are multiplied between all classes, money grades and levels all distinctions, equality gives equal chances. when any man, by stretching a little his imagination, may look to being a great man himself, they may be of practical use at any moment. Thousands upon thousands regard it so. Is the situation difficult to comprehend? Does not a man unused to the amenities learn to put himself in harmony with conditions new to him by a quantity of small observations made upon the person of others? How else should he learn? Is this ignoble? Well, and if it be: in the first rush to establish a claim the settler does not much regard the nobility of his attitude. He plants himself. After that he will attend to the scruples and delicacies; afterward, when the essential thing is accomplished.

All the manifestations of this movement we find ourselves perforce compelled to consider, then, in the light in which we would consider the operations of any organic force. We are cut off from looking at it, if we are to be logical or intelligent, in reference to our æsthetic likings, to the shocks which it gives to our reticences, and the offence which it is to our reserves. More than this. Many of us feel that, since the newspaper constitutes by far the greatest factor in the education of countless thousands in our country, the fundamental irreverence of modern journalism, its materialism, its deification of the value of the most facile point of view, is one of the serious ethical dangers of the time. For one to whom the newspaper is an instructive object of observation, a mechanical registrar of the pulse of current life, an impersonal revealer of drifts of thought,

there are five hundred who are subject to it, over whom it rules as a dominant influence, coloring, woof and warp, the whole mental texture. And that influence is of a sort that works subtly to cheapen the ideal, wherever found; to make every delicacy seem a prejudice, a superstition; to rob, by colloquializing them pitilessly, even the common events of existence of that dignity that inheres, to the right vision, in everything human. Against this result, the best in our moral nature, the highest convictions that inheritance and tradition have given us, rebel. Reverence, born of mystery, is the power by the aid of which the greatest spiritual advance has hitherto been got out of the race; and we are, spiritually, still children of a time when it had not been conceived that any other power could take its place or carry on its work. But modern life has brought us to ask ourselves whether this spirit of publicity, whose expression in the newspaper so hurts our sense of the sanctities, may not be called upon to perform that same ethical service that formerly was performed by reverence. If publicity shall be proved to have entered into that species of priesthood that invested its predecessor it will not be easy to pick a quarrel with it. It may be a brutal process of moralization for the race, this throwing of a crude white glare into every crack and cranny of life. The imagination pleads for the softness of a shadow, here and there, where a dream may take wing. It is not evil deeds alone that shun the blaze of noon, but some of the loveliest. Yet it is a case to be judged broadly, by the largest final results. If there be in publicity, for the mass of mankind, that enormous power for compelling righteousness that is assumed, then we are prevented from demurring when its modes of procedure tread, in any direction, too roughly upon our susceptibilities. If the price of the benefaction be an unliterary journalism, a journalism that exploits privacies, we must pay it. If the sacrifice demanded be a loss of intellectual delicacy, of the ability to feel fine distinctions, on the part of large masses who read the newspapers, we must make it. It is always open to us to believe

that the loss is not final ; that what we regret is in temporary eclipse during transitional conditions.

The part played by modern journalism in the dissemination of personalities cannot be exaggerated. The newspaper is an instrument of political action ; and it is the means of keeping the civilized world in touch with all events of importance happening within the limits of that world. These are its avowed functions ; it speaks of no other. But the relatively small space occupied by such events against that given up to the various forms of personal gossip sufficiently attests how vital is whatever may be comprised under the latter designation to the modern newspaper's existence. Personalities are alone responsible for the mere material bulk to which the American newspaper has attained. Eliminate everything that touches upon that ground from the greater number of even our best-informed journals and they would shrink to half their size. Moreover, at the bottom, the aim of the newspaper of today is not to give events, facts, *as they are*. Even the people who think very little on the subject realize this, and the news of every newspaper is accepted with reservations. The newspaper-man ordinarily accounted clever by his newspaper is not he who sees things in their relations, in their interdependence, in their place in the general scheme, and who therefore sees them veraciously, and is likely to have acquired an artistic conscience that makes it impossible for him to present them otherwise. It is he who can make a "story" out of what he has to report. That process of story-making may involve knowledge of life and men, a sense of the picturesque, sympathy, the accurate point of view ; but as things commonly go it cannot be said that it does. What it involves chiefly is a presentment of facts and situations in such wise that the picture flatters the prejudices and tastes of the mass of readers, who, in our country, we must always remember, are the socially half-cultivated. It is the profoundest truth that it takes mental training, and discipline, and acquirement, of a high order to give a version of the sim-

plest fact as it really is, and it is a truth the least often considered. It is a more obvious truth, but also one little considered, that the power to be veracious will be largely controlled by the mental attitude of those who listen. To put things as they exist it is necessary to have an audience that can stand the truth ; that can, that is, stand having what is unimportant, by the widest standard, treated as such, and what is important, by the same measurement, dealt with commensurately. But we have seen this standard to have no being for the socially half-cultivated. They substitute for it a more personal and contracted scale of valuation. And the modern newspaper is therefore what they want it to be. It gives, in the majority of instances, a presentment of life not as it is in truth, but as it suits them to suppose it to be.

This point is worth bearing on, because the reader of newspapers exclusively, the man who derives his intellectual sustenance and experience from no other source, is apt to believe that he, of all others, is practical, has a firm grip of the real ; and because the modern reporter, who makes the newspaper what it is, takes an analogous position, as one who, beyond all others, is in direct contact with facts, and looks upon things, and interprets them, just as they are. On the strength of this assumption the reporter everywhere, but more particularly in America, has of late grown to feel that he is an extremely important factor in contemporary affairs. And he is right : he is extremely important. He is the most representative figure in the literature of the actuality—using the word literature just here because there is none other to take its place. He is at the centre of the situation. He is important because he embodies the most active forces of the hour ; because he is their tool ; their vehicle ; but not because he more thoroughly knows, or more faithfully portrays, life than others. As a matter of fact he is as much a victim of conventions as the literary theorist and dreamer who beholds it only as it shows through his study window. Sometimes he is more so. The medium in which he works

imposes fixed restrictions and distinct limitations upon him. And he comes to conceive all of life chiefly as it may serve his purpose and be made to fit into those limitations.

Style is a great refiner; it may even be a great moralizer; and there are those who hope, at least, that the manner in which the modern newspaper expresses itself may become better. M. Brunetière, if we are to revert to him, would tell us, however, that we must by no means expect anything of the kind. Good writing, indeed, presupposes hesitations and distinctions that would hamper the stirring reporter in the discharge of his duties. And in the dismal days to come, "when telegraph operators and the young women who sit at the telephone will suffice for the editing of a great newspaper," style, and a care for expression, will be ridiculously superfluous.

All the same, *le reportage*, as M. Brunetière knows it particularly, exhibits something more of these qualities than is to be found in America. Frenchmen come into existence with an aptitude for epigrammatic finesse, and newspaper platitudes, in French, have a more chiselled edge—an air. It is to the national liking for saying things well (a liking which even the French Philistine shares while the English or American Philistine is stone-dead to it) and to an acuteness of æsthetic perception which goes with it, that it is to be ascribed that the only real specimen of literature journalism has produced—the only special literary *genre* to which it has given birth—is to be found in France. The *instantanés* of the French newspapers constitute such a *genre*. They are pen-pictures of notabilities, salient personalities, done with a few strokes, rapidly, to suit journalistic exigencies. But they aim to give the "psychology" of the individual; and, in the best examples, they do manage to give it, often with extreme cleverness. Much of the commonplace hack-writing in the Paris journals has, besides, an infusion of literary deftness that makes the same sort of matter in the American newspaper seem, in comparison, depressingly flat.

Yet, reporter for reporter, if it be a question of his ethical influence, we are safer with him, apparently, as our own race has evolved him. If irreverence be his distinctive characteristic, and that of the movement of mind which crystallizes in him, there are different shades of irreverence. The irreverence of the American reporter is crude and uncultivated; it springs from ignorance of the higher aspects and possibilities of things, and from that indifference to them, and contempt of them, that is a consequence of ignorance. That of the French reporter, on the other hand, more intelligent, is also more dangerous, exercises a more disintegrating effect, for it sinks deeper and touches the moral nature. The conditions of modern journalism have brought a peril in this direction upon the French people, upon the Latin peoples generally, perhaps, which they may well face with apprehension. Whatever else it may be the cynicism of our own newspapers is not morbid; one feels back of it, in spite of all, the sound pulse of a young, unspoiled race, and a certain human quality. In France there is a group of writers who, of late years, has been identified with what has become known as the moral regeneration movement in that country, and whose work, whether it be considered with regard to the perfection of its literary form, or to the strenuous lessons that it seeks to inculcate, and the high aims that it serves, is not equalled in the journalism of any country to-day. But, outside of this group, there are other writers of whom it has well been said that, by doubting everything within and without, they have brought upon themselves a vertigo of the whole nature. These men have a hearing in all but the one or two most serious organs of the Paris press. And their philosophy of life is morally unhealthy. It is of the kind that undermines order. It is impatient of old restraints. All this, perhaps not so alarmingly as it has sometimes been made to appear. It may well be, as one of their countrymen has suggested, that they are revolutionaries *pour dames*. But that does not prevent the tone which they give to journalism from working to insidious and

relaxing effect. This establishes a balance. If the *chroniques* and the *faits divers* of Paris be more agreeable to live with, more intelligent, perceptive, finished, and amusing, reading than we get in our own newspapers, they

are presumably not so safe to die by. We may imagine it, at least, for our consolation, in those hours when the American newspaper, as it is, and as, at this present, it must be, weighs upon our spirit.

THE QUARREL OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

By Henry Norman

THERE is a peculiar difficulty in writing upon this subject for a monthly periodical. Before these words can appear, the situation with which they deal may have undergone a complete change. It is probable that before two months have elapsed the relations of the governments of the United States and Great Britain will be united upon the solution of the Venezuela boundary dispute; it is possible that they will be at greater variance than ever. True, the national convictions and sentiments of the two peoples are not themselves so fluid as to change within so short a time, but there is no means of judging these except through speech and action, and until the matter is settled one way or the other the last and most significant words and deeds will not be available as evidence. With this proviso, however, I gladly accept the invitation to put on record my own view of the situation as between our two countries from the recent opportunities I have had of studying it in London and Washington.

It is necessary to begin by stating several facts, although they have been stated before. First, there exists in Great Britain no widespread and deep-rooted hostility to the United States. This fact is indubitable and indisputable. Anyone who alleges the contrary speaks in ignorance. There is, however, among certain classes a supercilious and insular spirit of patronizing criticism. We have the old-fashioned high Tory, who hates America, and everything and everybody in it. There are so few of him that he may be regarded as an amusing political and social survival. But he has influenced his class, and it is chiefly in aristocratic

Conservative quarters that the spirit I have mentioned is found. At the other end of the social scale is the type of bigoted, untravelled Englishman who, on the top of many solid virtues, possesses, and somewhat blatantly expresses, the views which offend all our neighbors so much. Furthermore, it is not only the untravelled Englishman who is frequently a severe critic of things transatlantic. The man who goes to the United States to "do" them in the shortest possible time, and sees the outsides of New York and Chicago, the insides of a few hotels, who has no American acquaintances except those casually made on the steamer or the train, who perceives American independence of manner without having time to trace it to American self-respect, who misses the finger at the hat-brim and the "sir" at the end of the sentence, who never forgets the spittoon and knows nothing of Harvard, Harper's Ferry, the Farewell Address, or the Gettysburg Oration, mostly returns to this country to be a fresh example of Emerson's pregnant saying, that "when an Englishman speaks of America, he forgets his philosophy of history and remembers his disparaging anecdotes." But, alike throughout the educated classes and the mass of public opinion, there is in Great Britain a genuine admiration and affection for the people of our own speech under another flag, and certainly if my life were staked on my ability to arouse enthusiastic applause at public meetings throughout the country, I would choose for my theme the desirability of the "glad hand" between John Bull and Brother Jonathan.

Second, there appears to be a wide-

spread and deep-rooted hostility to Great Britain in the United States. I am reminded of De Tocqueville's old charge: "Il est impossible d'imaginer une haine plus venimeuse que celle des Américains contre les Anglais." The extent and depth of this has been a painful surprise to many people who, like myself, thought they knew something of the United States. It is apparently possible for an unscrupulous American politician to gain an unpleasant notoriety for a time merely by denouncing England; and it costs a great effort of moral courage to claim for England in an American journal, in the House of Representatives, or in the Senate, those virtues which even her enemies in Europe do not deny her. When President Cleveland's Message was understood—wrongly, as I think—to threaten England, the few protesting voices only served to show the universality of approval. In England there was not, from any respectable individual or in any journal of position, an expression of similar hostility. Yet that an intensely patriotic and warlike spirit can be aroused in England in a moment, the German Emperor's telegram to President Krüger sufficiently proved.

Now, I regret to say that the impression is growing among some of the most thoughtful people I know, that the United States is determined to pick a quarrel with Great Britain. I need not say that I myself do not believe this, but the view is undoubtedly taking root. After being amazed at the wave of enthusiasm which flung up the Message, the thoughtful Englishman has been asking himself whether it must not be regarded as the momentary explosion of a pent-up and ultimately irresistible force. A dozen of my most intelligent acquaintances have said to me, "Remember that the Government has this point to consider: If the Americans are bound to fight us sooner or later, then the present time would be as good as any, and it would only be making things worse in the end to patch up this Venezuela difficulty." I was myself greatly struck during my recent visit with the light-heartedness—I may almost say the frivolity—with which so many people in America talk of war.

One would have thought that a comparatively recent experience of probably the bloodiest war in history would have tempered such an opinion. It is chiefly the men with gray hair who talk of war with bated breath. In Europe we live always in the midst of rumors of war. Our most exciting subjects of news and comment draw their interest from a war lurking behind them. The continent of Europe is nothing less than one vast armed camp. As M. Jules Simon has recently said, "Il ne s'agit plus d'amener les hommes par centaines de mille à l'endroit où on se tue. Ce n'est pas assez de dire qu'on les y amènera par millions. Grâce au service militaire obligatoire et universel, grâce aussi au perfectionnement des voies ferrées, des télégraphes, du téléphone et des armes à longue portée, on les y amènera tous." In England, those who, like myself, believe the British Empire to be approaching a crisis in its fate, never lose an opportunity of dinning into the public ear the necessity for increasing the fleet. And in consequence of all this, we have come to a realizing sense of what war means. In America this did not seem to me to be the case, and I was astonished to find that people did not reflect that although war might result in the loss to us of Canada and possibly, through a European combination against us, in the reduction of Great Britain to a third-rate power, it might also result in the instant bankruptcy of half the commercial and financial institutions of the United States, in the ruin of the Western farmers as a class, in the setting back for half a century of American commercial progress, possibly even in the development of a fresh revolutionary spirit somewhere between the Atlantic and the Pacific—all this, to say nothing of the awful butchery of men and the piling up of enormous national debts that would certainly ensue. Furthermore, much attention has been drawn in England to a remarkable article in the *Saturday Review* called "A Biological View of Our Foreign Policy, by a Biologist." In this the writer endeavors to apply to the great nations of the world, with the special view of deducing the position of England, the record of the battle of species in

the natural history of life upon the earth.

"The foreign policies of the nations, the writer says, so far as they are not the mere expressions of the individual ambitions of rulers, or the jog-trot opportunism of diplomatists, are anticipation of and provision for struggles for existence between the incipient species. Arsenals of war, navies and armies, are the protective and aggressive weapons of the species-corporate, as the antlers of the stag or the teeth and claws of the tiger are the weapons of the individual."

And he argues that "it is plain that conflict is most imminent and most deadly between species that are most similar." This is his conclusion: "Each recurring census shows that the time is approaching when America will have to expand or cease. The new regulations against the immigration of destitute aliens are one symptom that America, grown beyond the receptive phase, is reaching the aggressive phase. The Monroe doctrine is the most obvious provision against the expansion that soon must come; but the Monroe doctrine is a useless phrase of diplomacy; before long the nation itself, by its inevitable natural growth, will be enforcing a Monroe doctrine that is not a phrase but a fact. The rumors of war with England must be realized and will be realized when the population of the State has transcended the limits of the States."

It is unnecessary to say more to show that the danger of war is very real. The most influential man in the United States (after the President) said to me in Washington: "You who know something of this country must know well that, so far from it being true that we are endeavoring to stir up a warlike spirit among our people, the fact is that unless everybody is very careful, we shall not be able to suppress the warlike spirit." At the date of writing there seems a vague general belief that the international situation is much improved, but beyond the expression of a number of conciliatory sentiments by British statesmen, I cannot see much actual ground for the belief. If ever the two nations go to war, it will be because they have drifted into it. It

becomes, therefore, the plain duty of every man who desires to avoid this, to watch narrowly the course of events, and above all things to refrain from crying "Peace" where there is no peace. With regard to the Venezuelan boundary dispute what is the situation? The United States Government, having referred the matter to a Commission, holds that for the time it has said its last word. On the other hand, the British Government, I know, holds the view that the next move must come from America—that "the lead is in her hands." This move, as I replied when the above was authoritatively said to me, can only be the report of the Commission; and if that should be unfavorable to the British claim, an international situation of the gravest danger would be created. I hold it to be a matter of urgency, therefore, that some solution should be found before the Venezuela Commission reports. I have not seen the British case for its claim—nobody has—but I am informed that it is an exceedingly strong one, and is regarded by experts as absolutely unanswerable. The risk, however, of relying upon this seems to me altogether too great to run.

In what direction, then, is a pacific solution to be found? I believe that it must come from England and from the Liberal party, in spite of the overwhelming majority against them in Parliament—a majority, let it be remembered by American readers, far greater in proportion than the majority of votes against them in the country. English Liberals to a man will be in favor of arbitration. Sir William Harcourt, a great constitutional and international lawyer, has made a profound study of the whole case, and long before these words are in print he will have argued in Parliament an irresistible plea for arbitration. Mr. John Morley has publicly stated that never "since time began" was there a matter more fitted for settlement by arbitration. And there is even light from the Conservative side, for Mr. Chamberlain has declared that Great Britain accepts the Monroe Doctrine, without adding to his declaration the restrictive words "as formulated by President Monroe," the words by which Lord Salisbury defines his attitude. It

is perfectly certain that in this matter Lord Salisbury does not represent the people of England. Great man as he is, and experienced statesman, he is so entirely out of sympathy with any democratic community, or democratic ideal, that in this affair he is as misleading a figure-head for his own people as he is incapable of sympathizing with the people of the United States. I have hitherto believed that there was no Englishman more Imperialist in sentiment than myself, but I have been charged by a few narrow-minded fellow-countrymen with taking up an anti-English attitude upon this question, because upon investigation I found myself compelled to sympathize with the American attitude, both upon the Monroe Doctrine, as interpreted to include the Venezuelan case, and upon the American reiterated demand for arbitration. Less than a month ago one newspaper in this country was fighting single-handed against the Schomburgk line as, from anything in its nature or original creation, the "irreducible boundary" of the British claim. To-day the Schomburgk line has been abandoned, and nothing more will be heard of it. According to the evidence about to be produced, the British claim may justly be that line, or to the east of it, or to the west of it, but the line itself, always indefensible, has ceased to be considered. That is a long step forward. The next step is rapidly approaching, as the fact is sinking into the British mind that the American insistence that no more territory in the Americas should pass to the possession of a European power except by the consent of its inhabitants or upon conclusive proof of an original right of ownership, is a just one, and that Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, in thus insisting, is deserving of the respect of fair-minded people. It may be that our dispute with Venezuela will be settled direct with that effervescent little country, but this would be a misfortune, as it would leave the question of future relations between the United States and Great Britain still open for anybody at any time to raise a strife over. In my opinion, Congress would be wise to remove, after due consideration, the foreign plea that Euro-

pean nations cannot be expected to recognize the Monroe Doctrine, since the American Government itself has never officially recognized it. As for the exact form in which the arbitration shall come, that is the diplomatist's business. The contention that it is impossible to create a machinery by which such questions as are in their nature fitted for solution by arbitration shall be settled in future, it is childish to discuss.

As I hope I am safe from the charge of prejudice against America in this question, perhaps I may be permitted to suggest one or two matters which seem to me to receive from Americans less consideration than they deserve. To begin with, the somewhat alarming nature of the domestic problems of the United States which call for solution. In the first place, the growth of the Roman Catholic power in the United States, with its immovable hatred of the undenominational national school, seems to me one of the most alarming signs of the times. Secondly, the almost inconceivable growth of capitalist organizations is another. Thirdly, the rapid growth of the foreign element with the American commonwealth is surely ground for deep anxiety. The foreign-born and their immediate descendants already exceed the number of native-born north of Mason and Dixon's line. Every large city in this area is politically controlled by the votes of this foreign population, and its police and administrative officers are drawn almost exclusively from the same source. Sixty-three per cent. of the liquor dealers are foreign-born, and sixty per cent. of the saloon keepers. North of Mason and Dixon's line there are a million and a half of total aliens. It has actually been proposed to abolish the English language as the vehicle of school instruction in a certain district.* "The one thing you shall ask for in vain in the chief city of America is a distinctly American community."† Fourthly, while we in England are laboring earnestly on behalf of the "living wage" for the working classes, the tendency in America, at any rate among the foreign-born, seems to be to sink below it. A

* "Un-American Immigration," by Rena Michaels Atchison, Ph.D., 1894.

† "How the Other Half Lives," by Jacob A. Riis.

cloak, for the making of which \$3.25 was paid in 1885, earns its maker only ninety cents in 1893. An overcoat was produced before a Congressional Committee in the making of which nineteen men had been employed, the total price for the making being forty-five cents. Corduroy trousers are made for ten cents a dozen. The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics has shown that thirty-two per cent. of the support of the average working man's family falls upon his wife and children. The Illinois Commissioners of Labor Statistics declare that one-half of the intelligent workmen of the State "are not even able to earn enough for their daily bread, and have to depend upon the labor of women and children to eke out their miserable existence." Fifthly, I asked the man who, from his personal character, his intimate acquaintance with all parts of the United States, and his position as the most responsible and conspicuous person in the country engaged in the official maintenance of public order, was the highest authority on such a matter, whether he did not think that the most terrific fight that has ever been known between the "haves" and the "have-nots" was destined to take place in the United States. He replied, "Yes, but we shall win." That order will win is certain, but it is astonishing that no one seems to be preparing for the conflict. Sixthly, it is surprising that American writers and speakers, and the people generally, fail to realize that there are only two nations in the world whose ideal is the highest possible freedom of the individual man, as untrammelled as may be from governmental, military, and religious disabilities. These are the United States and Great Britain. Not even in France, and certainly not in Russia, Germany, Austria, or Italy is this the case. Want of space forbids me to give examples in proof of this, but they could be given by the hundred. A trained observer like Dr. Albert Shaw, for instance, might render his country a notable service by summarizing the impediments to personal liberty in each of these countries. Now, what folly or wickedness could be greater than for the two nations which follow Freedom to disable one another, while all the crowned and uncrowned

obscurantists sit by and rub their hands with delight? As Mr. Balfour, the most philosophically minded of our statesmen has just said, amid "loud and prolonged cheers," "if Burke could have been told of the situation between the two nations to-day," his eloquent voice would have been raised pleading for a common language of Governments and of hearts, pleading that the English and the American branches of the Anglo-Saxon race should be joined in an alliance not to be broken by old controversies, but that each should work in its sphere for the propagation of Anglo-Saxon ideas of liberty, government, and order.

Finally, is it too much to hope that enlightened Americans will see that the creation of a huge American navy is not only impolitic and dangerous, but also unnecessary to the maintenance by the United States of her honor and interests against the world? On this point the words of the Hon. Carl Schurz are a statement of fact as indisputable as that twice two are four:

"We are, in our continental position, substantially unassailable. A hostile navy may destroy what commercial fleet we have, blockade our ports, and even bombard our seaboard towns. This would be painful enough, but it would only be scratching our edges. It would not touch a vital point. . . . We are the best fitted, not perhaps for a war of quick decision, but for a long war. . . . Owing to this superiority of our staying power, a war with the United States would be to any foreign nation practically a war without end. No foreign power or possible combination in the whole world can, therefore, considering in addition to all this the precarious relations of every one of them with other powers and its various exposed interests, have the slightest inclination to get into a war with the United States, and none of them will, unless we force it to do so. They will, on the contrary, carefully avoid such a quarrel as long as they can, and we may be confident that without firing a gun, and even without having many guns ready for firing, we shall always see our rights respected, and our demands, if they are just and proper—maybe, after

some diplomatic sparring—at last fully complied with.”

The creation of a great American navy, besides the enormous waste, would also be impolitic and dangerous, because a nation of quick sympathies and sensitive honor, possessing such a weapon, would some day be irresistibly tempted to use it, possibly to fall a victim to the very dangers against which both Washington and Lincoln specifically warned them. The unique glory of the American attitude is expressed by a line in Swinburne's poem to Whitman, of whose country he says, it “slays not a foe, *neither fears*.” The classic phrase of a British statesman that “the greatest of British interests is peace,” is even truer of the United States. I am surprised

that nobody has quoted in this connection the closing words of Mr. Evarts's Centennial Oration: “In the great procession of nations, in the great march of humanity, we hold our place. Peace is our duty, peace is our policy. In its arts, its labors, and its victories, then, we find scope for all our energies, rewards for all our ambitions, renown enough for all our love and fame.” This glory of the United States it is, her philosophical reason among the nations of the earth, the cause of our present envy and future gratitude, which inspires the lines of Professor Woodberry's splendid Ode—

O land of peace, on whom recline
Ten thousand hopes unborn!

SPRING SONG

By Rosamund Marriott-Watson

THE boughs are heavy with blossom
The grass grows deep on the lawn—
Sweeter and ever sweeter
The blackbird pipes to the dawn.

The paths lie pale in the twilight,
As pale as a ring-dove's breast;
The birchwood is blue and silver—
A faint rose fades in the west.

O, air of the April gloaming,
O, wind of the linnet's wing—
There is little else to be glad for,
But my heart is glad of the Spring.

THE POINT OF VIEW

IT is very likely that if the contemporary child were given to literary criticism he might complain that so much of the recent literature of childhood is written about him instead of for him; that his own and other people's state of mind, in which he takes only a secondary interest, is substituted in the books given him for those really absorbing subjects with which Jonas and Beechnut so intelligently busied themselves; that

"The Child's Garden" — of verses and other literature.

there are no more delightfully objective Rollo Books and Franconia Books and Mayne Reid and Kingston Books, in which people didn't bother about other than the elementary feelings, but gave their attention to what they were doing. I fear that if that part of the community under twelve could be fairly canvassed traces at least of such a grievance might be found, and I should not be sure that there was not reason in it.

But their elders, even up to the lamentable senility of forty, when all pretence that life is simple and direct has been abandoned, have been untroubled by these critical reserves, and have been getting unalloyed enjoyment out of a new child literature, of which the younger contingent will only know later how good it is. The child's mind and his world are really new literary themes—almost the only elementary phases of life, when you think of it, that it has been left to our time to take up; and their literature is in a kind of Elizabethan age. It has abandoned the convention known to our fathers as the "child in books," and has taken up the child of humanity—the real child *an sich*.

There were the early chapters of "David Copperfield," of course, and of "Great Expectations"—the first still easily a masterpiece, the other not ringing quite true (Mr. Lang, in

his "Letters to Dead Authors," puts his finger on certain of the essentially unchildlike things in it, I remember). The immortal "Alice in Wonderland," of only twenty-five years ago, making no pretence to be a study of the child-mind or the child-world, was in reality one of the most delightful. But the book that most perfectly represents the re-entry into the mind of the child is of these last few years—Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses." If Stevenson had written nothing else, this single bit of evidence might have served to show that his genius was true if not great. The child of the "Child's Garden" has not one false touch. A child may be a poet, but is never a sentimentalist; a mystic, but never a twaddler about it; as keen and sham-hating as Marjorie Fleming was, but never a real sceptic about the serious business of life. The kind and degree of his fancy is just as Stevenson has caught it; above all, the note of absorption, the untiring interest and curiosity.

He intent
Is all on his play-business bent.
He does not hear; he will not look,
Nor yet be lured out of this book,

for any preconceived pose whatever, Paul Dombey or Little Nell, or—but I was about to cite too nearly contemporary examples.

That this is a golden period for the child in literature, and that he has at his command nearly all the genius there is going, is shown further by Mr. Kipling's becoming, next to Stevenson, his most successful expositor; and not only in his short stories of children, which are among his masterpieces, but in the Jungle Books, where the child's point of view is as nearly perfect as possible. Unless the early chapters of Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental

Tommy" are deceptive, he is about to add another to the books that prove my thesis; and for cumulative evidence, if one cared to cite outside the first rank, there could be brought a list of half a page—ending perhaps in point of time, though not of merit (wherein it stands well toward the head), with Mr. Kenneth Grahame's thoroughly delightful little book, "The Golden Age." Who has not read this last may still not know how profitably the current literature of the "grown-ups" may be abandoned in favor of this other world. I would rather read the *Jungle Books* and the "Golden Age," for instance (and I am a hardened old reader), than . . . but what is the use of being more specific?

I HAVE a friend whom I shall venture to call a "poor artist," for I know that he is poor and gets his living, such as it is, by painting. I cannot pretend to judge his work, but I have had ample proof that he is devoted, laborious, and will not sacrifice his convictions for gain or popularity. Perhaps he is not so singular in this; but what, as my experience goes, is a peculiarity of his, is that

The poor
Artist.

he is not in the habit of cursing the "Philistines." His view seems to be that, as he paints to suit himself, it does not comport with his self-respect to blame people whom his painting does not suit, for refusing to buy it, or for being unable to understand it. My friend, as I have said, is poor, and is likely to remain so, but he appears really content with his work and his relative poverty.

I confess that his attitude is a comfort to me, and that in his patience and modesty, and generous fidelity to his ideal, he is a model whom some other artists—perhaps artists generally—might study with advantage. He puts into his work the best he has to give, and that, in substance, is what the great critics have insisted is the source of the greatest value in art. Of course, a man's best, so far as concerns his talent, may be much or little, but whatever it is, he will hardly get it into his work if he is thinking chiefly of the money return, or if he is habitually resentful because he does not get the money return. And the

talent, great or small, must, I should say, be enhanced, be more efficient and finer, if there go with it that finest fruit of man's moral nature, self-command, the capacity to do that which ought to be done despite temptations or distractions. In fact, I do not see that in this line of work there is any other moral element possible.

If this sounds like preaching—and I think it does—I shall plead that I have myself been the victim of a good deal of preaching from artists who, unlike my friend, denounce picturesquely but bitterly the "Philistines" because, confessing that they "know nothing about art, but know what they like," they buy what they like and neglect what they know nothing about. Well, why not? Why is it not as worthy of respect to buy a poor picture which you honestly and ignorantly like, as to buy a good picture on advice that you don't understand? In any case, the sincere Philistine, if he have a bit of courage, is not to be won over by ridicule.

But what seems to me the serious element in the situation does not concern the Philistine as the representative of the buying (or non-buying) public, but the artists themselves. If art is to be anything better than a handicraft, it must be pursued primarily for itself and not for the gain it yields. And so pursued, it is necessarily noble, as literature or religion in like conditions—but not otherwise—is noble.

Henri Rochefort recently wrote that he had seen a letter of François Millet, in which he said: "*Je n'ose pas passer devant le boucher. Il n'y a pas quarante sous à la maison, et voilà vingt ans que cela dure.*" Yet when an American collector took a number of Millet's pictures at a price that, modest as it would be now, must have seemed a fortune, the artist gazed ruefully about his bare studio, and exclaimed, piteously: "*Est-ce qu'on me vole?*" It is true that Millet sometimes painted pot-boilers, but he painted them frankly as such. His best work he painted for himself, and in defiance even of the butcher. That may not make an artist, but the artist who is really a man cannot be made in any other way.

THE FIELD OF ART

RECENT DISCOVERIES AT LAKE NEMI—COLORED SHADOWS—STUDIO FURNISHINGS—THE ARTIST'S WORK AND THEORY

ONE of the most delightful resorts near Rome is charming little Lake Nemi, lying in the midst of thick woods between Albano and Genzano. The Romans gave it the name of "Diana's Mirror," and the quiet and salubrity of its peaceful shores decided the Emperor Augustus to spend there, from time to time, some of the hot summer days. Instead, however, of building a villa upon its banks, the emperor conceived the idea of constructing a sort of floating villa, an "embarkation" (*gallegiante*), of which we cannot as yet divine the exact form, but which no doubt was canopied with the imperial velum of purple and fitted up with all the pomp and artistic skill of the epoch. Other boats, manned by slaves, must have towed around the lake the imperial float carrying Cæsar and his suite.

This is, at least, a most probable conjecture, judging from a recent discovery (at a depth of 30 metres and at a distance of 30 from the shore) of a wreck 25 metres long by 9 wide, as well as of a number of objects of great archæological value belonging to the submerged *gallegiante*.

According to local tradition, however, this *gallegiante* was a trireme launched by Tiberias upon the lake, and Cardinal Colonna, in the sixteenth century, made endeavors to find its remains and supposed treasures without result. Three centuries later—that is, at the beginning of our century—new researches were happier; certain objects were brought to light, and the spot where lay the supposed

trireme was definitely located. At that time Nibby, the historian, proved beyond doubt that it could not have been a Roman trireme.

Some very recent unofficial attempts, aided by means unknown to the old investigators—the modern diver and his paraphernalia—have brought to light many objects, of which the most remarkable are five heads of animals and one of Medusa, all in bronze, of the most artistic workmanship and in a state of preservation surprising after so many centuries under water. There are three heads of lions and two of wolves, each holding between its jaws a ring. One of the lion's heads is sculptured upon a circular piece of metal and holds the ring in a fixed horizontal position, while the ring in the other heads is vertical and movable. The circular piece was probably fastened to the top of a post planted at the water's edge and serving to moor the imperial float. The other pieces of a square form were attached to the extremities of timbers placed at equal distances on each side the float, and served to fasten to it the boats whose oarsmen propelled the float over the placid waters of the lake. It is unlikely that these heads were simple ornaments, and, while quite similar in design, they are not fac-similes. The Gorgon's head, of real sculptured beauty, most typical in expression and artistic in fin-



The "Field of Art" illustrations are from drawings of the bronze heads found in Lake Nemi.

ish, without doubt ornamented the prow of the *gallegiante*.

The perfect condition of these pieces is due, it seems, to the formation of a kind of natural varnish produced by an oxidization which has given to the bronze a charming and peculiar bottle-green color.

Dr. Guido Baccelli, the Minister of Public Instruction, himself an enthusiastic archæologist, has permitted these private efforts to continue under the supervision of a government inspector whose most important duty is to prevent the divers from taking down with them any edged instruments, since the hope is to ultimately raise this most ancient imperial float intact.

THE force of tradition and example is as strongly felt in painting as in architecture or literature. This is called an age of original research, and yet for every artist who looks forward into nature there are ten who look backward into past art. It is easier to find out how some one else has seen and painted a bit of meadow than to study the meadow itself. Thus it is that a great deal of modern painting quotes nature at second-hand, and what is worse, it quotes much that is false to nature just as glibly as though it were true. This is noticeable at the present time in the use of the colored shadow. Shadows cast upon snow under certain conditions are blue, and shadows cast upon the ground are, under other conditions, lilac. From this the hasty conclusion has been reached that snow shadows are always blue, and earth shadows always lilac. The conclusion is erroneous. The disposition of colored light is to cast its complementary color in shadow. A yellow sunset will throw blue shadows upon snow, but a red sunset will throw green shadows, and a greenish-yellow sunset violet shadows. The white ground of snow makes these colored shadows apparent. Remove the snow and substitute green grass and none of the sunsets will throw a colored shadow that is not lost in the green ground or at best changed into bluish-green. A yellow sun at noon-day will give the shadow of a tree falling



across a dusty road a bluish, or at times a lilac or a pink coloring; but the same shadow falling upon a moss-covered rock is turned to purplish-green. The white sun of a cold day will deaden all these colored shadows, whereas the reddish sun and heated air of an August day will increase their intensity and variety. During the three hot days of last September the colored shadow was omnipresent. The thick air, illuminated like a mist, was casting side-lights, and this, with the conflicting reflections from different objects, so complicated the coloring of the shadow that it was almost impossible to recognize the hue. It is only in hot, hazy

weather that the brilliant multi-colored shadow appears. Dust particles carried up into the air by heat radiation cause the colored light, which in turn causes the colored shadow. Cold checks radiation, clears the atmosphere, and renders the hue of the shadow less apparent.* What shadows are cast favor blue and purple. Under a clouded sky the sharp, flat shadow vanishes, and the shaded openings of a tree near at hand are gray-

ish-blue, and at a distance purple.

The conditions precedent of the colored shadow are, briefly stated, the temperature, the color of the air and light, side-reflections, and the ground upon which the shadow is cast; but all these are so variable that no rule can be formulated to bind them. There is no general way of "doing" the shadow that is not often misleading. The true way is for the painter to paint it as he sees it, and not as Monet or some one else has seen it. The field is a new and most interesting one. The readjustment of the scale of light in painting is a foregone conclusion, but it can be rightly brought about only by studying nature at first hand.

IT is not asserted that the recent disposal by auction of one of the most celebrated and bewildering museum-studios in this city

* The brilliant blue shadows seen upon the snow in dry, northern climates are largely caused by reflection from the blue sky and form something of an exception to this rule.

was brought about by that general disposition on the part of the better-inspired modern painters and sculptors to return to simpler and somewhat more austere forms of expression in their works and in their working-places; but the incident may perhaps be accepted as one of the details in the general modern tendency away from the glittering, bric-à-brac art of, for example, the Roman and Spanish schools. This tendency is sufficiently perceptible in the works of the few practitioners whose canvases and marbles are apparently held in the highest honor on this side of the Atlantic; and in the matter of ateliers, the most approved model nowadays is rather the bare workshop of Puvis de Chavannes, in the Place Pigalle, than Fortuny's gorgeous studios in Rome or in the Moorish palace in Granada, heaped with the plunder of Asian, African, and European shores. A careful, enumerative painting of the Roman studio, by his pupil Ferrandiz, retouched by the hand of the master, has been exhibited in this country on various occasions, and for those who remember it may be accepted as the kind of interior in which the most illuminated artist of the future—especially, perhaps, if he be a Northerner—will not work. M. de Chavannes's atelier is a long bare hall, with a great light, and the unfurnished walls of a rather cold grayish-blue.

His reasons for this apparently depressing poverty of aspect are, as given by himself, that he does not need any studies of his works around him as he proceeds—carrying,

as he does, the whole scheme of the painting in his head—and that by painting his picture in a room in which it necessarily looks its worst, he will secure a better effect for it when it goes out into the world. Of course the very important element of individual temperament comes

in to decide this great question of studio-furnishing and wall-color; and for those whose lesser lights of inspiration do not burn

steadily and luminously enough to fill up and warm all the bare places of their surroundings, a warmer wall and a pleasanter interior will probably help the painting. The number of ateliers with reddish walls is sufficiently numerous in Europe; and the companionship and intimacy of his accustomed surroundings, the

influence which disengages itself from his very chairs and tables, the *geist* of his room, as it were, gets to be a very important ingredient in the color-tubes of the sensitive painter. The purely material qualities must also be taken into account; if his besetting sin be a tendency to paint his shadows too blue and too cold, especially in the nearly always too-low New York studios, a warm reflection from his walls may be a slight but constant aid.

But amid the distracting and alien influences of *bibelots* and *brimborions*, the confused, contradictory, frequently completely unartistic, clamor and intercession of a multitude of archæological objects collected from at least three of the quarters of the globe, and brought together arbitrarily and without the slightest regard for their own inclinations—how can undisturbed introspective work be done in such an atmosphere? Even in the handsome and valuable studio collection so lately dispersed, there were inevitably many articles which appealed to the collector and not to the artist, and consequently might be said to shed, if not a hostile, at least a foreign, influence into the ambient air. Even the objects that are valuable artistically do not always live together in amity, but swear at each other—as the French put it—across the intervening spaces; and the artist, whose sensitiveness can never be too carefully cultivated, does well to heed the slightest of these discords until, like the real princess, he can detect the disturbing pea through innumerable cushions of custom and daily hardening. For the difficulties in the way of doing good artistic work do not diminish; and a liveliness of appreciation of the finer things is,

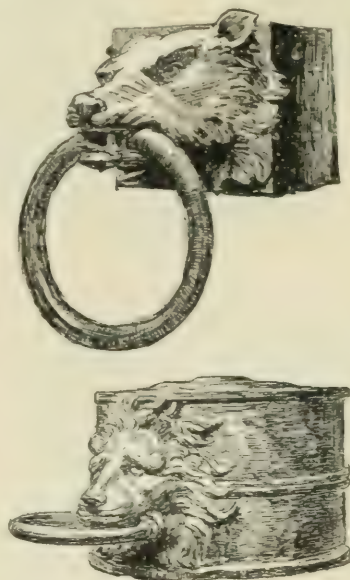


unfortunately, only to be bought with the price of a similar quickness concerning the disturbing ones.

THAT an artist's work, a jot of it, is worth more than his preaching—an old truth too good to be forgotten—turned up the other day in a sculptor's studio. The sculptor was pawing over a mass of prints in the hunt for a bit of costume he needed, while we were discussing his last triumph that stood in clay before us. The vitality which we found in the eternally disputed questions of art made the sculptor give vent to his favorite idea "All a sculptor has to do is to copy—copy what he sees—and never mind the literary fellers. They talk and talk, and find a lot of meaning in his work that he never put there, and that the next set of literary fellers doesn't find. What he is after is the black and white before him, the lines, and if he knows how to see them straight he is all right." This acrimony against the "literary feller" is a distinguishing trait of the new artist: he doesn't want to be caught in any sentimental act. "So that Venus over there," I ventured, pointing to the new group, which was daringly full of innovation, "is René Blanche in clay, I suppose. If you had happened on a longer girl for a model you would have altered the whole intention of the group." "Hang the intention; I had no intention. That's René, fast enough, line for line. I ran all over Paris for another model,

a bigger one, but they can't be had." "You compliment René too highly," the painter remarked. The Venus, alluring, slight, beseeching, was a subtly new interpretation of the old theme: she was made to win her way, not to impose upon her Adonis by the bigness of her body. "There you are at it again," the sculptor protested, running his hand swiftly over the clay, "reading your literary ideas into any paint or clay you set your eyes on. Look at those lines and that correct adjustment! That's what you should see." Some one carelessly upset a basket of photographs, and in picking them up came across René. "Isn't this René as she was in the pose?" We crowded about the photograph, and glanced at the Venus. "But René is fatter than the Venus and taller."

"The figures are life-size," the sculptor replied, "but



here's a photo of the group." We laid the two photographs side by side. At a glance it was evident that René was a long way from the clay figure; the face, of course, was not in the same world as René's.

That the sculptor's hands had not reproduced his model was brutally evident. He had pulled her to pieces and instinctively put her together as the Venus which stood before us. René would have hardly known herself. "Of course," I said, "you may have fooled with your lines for fun, but 'we literary fellers' prefer to think you knew what you were about."

ABOUT THE WORLD



THE season just ending proves that the opera has finally arrived as a permanent element in the musical and social life of America. We are assured by the people who have seen

and heard everything everywhere that New York is now a musical centre—judged by the operatic artists who are glad to sing within her halls—second to none in the world. Not in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or London are to be heard so many singers of the first order, though perhaps it is true that the successful new music-dramas are passed on to us a few months late. But this is a mere bagatelle where the classics compose so large a proportion of the season's répertoire; and it gives us an opportunity, too, of proving our independence of judgment by refusing to "take up" an aspiring score from the composer of *Manon*, although Paris may have raved over it. Two elaborate companies of operatic artists have divided New York and Chicago between them for nearly five months in the year; and this luxury is all the more gratifying for the arid path of failure which has led to it, strewn, as it is, with the wrecks of so many ambitious *impresarios*. Indeed, the most striking phase of this season's operatic achievements is the financial success which has attended the really tremendous venture of importing such costly delights as the De Reszkes, Calve, Melba, Nordica, and Alvary.

Certain delvers in the literature of music who were able to combine with their æsthetic predilections the vicious propensity for statistics, had been flinging at us reassuring bits of information, to the effect that only two per cent. of the American people showed any

marked responsiveness to concords of sweet sounds; whereas the Teutonic soul, for instance, thrilled to the extent of fifty per cent. So much the more do we now rejoice over the capture of the greatest European artists from the footlights of Paris and Vienna—and all without a groat of subsidy.

And yet, while for the purposes of international philippics this is sufficiently true, a very candid observer must admit that our opera companies *are* very heavily subsidized. It requires a huge salary appropriation to entice these pre-eminent singers from their native Europe, and if it were left to those Americans whose æsthetic taste alone were concerned, there would be even more glaring deficiencies between income and outgo than oppressed Colonel Mapleson and other unfortunate pioneers. As a social function and a fashionable diversion the opera makes a separate and all-important appeal, and a large proportion of the subscribers do virtually contribute a subsidy. Perhaps this should be borne in mind by the impressionable enthusiast who boils with righteous indignation over the cheerful conversational accompaniment so often vouchsafed Messrs. Wagner and Verdi by his plutocratic neighbors. But whether as a matter of taste and rhadamanthine justice, his rage should or should not be restricted to a protesting letter to the Editor of the *Evening Post*, it is very certain that these magnificent music-dramas are only made possible for him by the more ornate portion of the community whose active social instincts are so unwillingly interrupted, save by some favorite "Jewel Song" or "fashionable" singer. Is this not an unusually charming disposition of great wealth—to bring it about that any metropolitan book-keeper not entirely quill-driven from his soul,

An Epoch of
Opera.



Landscape on North Wall, Chicago Auditorium.

or any threadbare bohemian, may hear the noblest music of love and passion? Perhaps boxes are not subscribed for with this sweet impulse wholly, or even prominently, in view; but hopeless as it is to track all the motives of any social situation to their lairs, let us in this case admire the result.

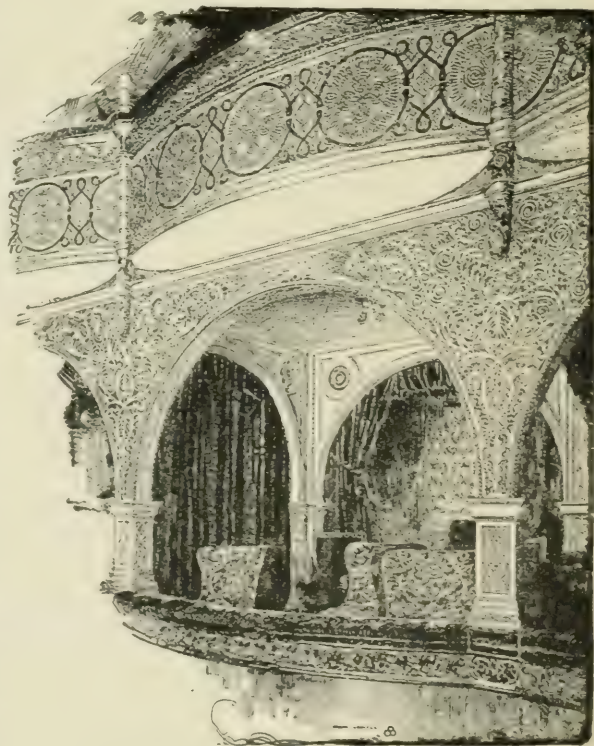
The change which has come over the audiences of the Metropolitan is scarcely less remarkable than the revolution in the strong places of the box office. The slowly aroused, but now powerful, love for the Wagner operas has been guided by a conductor, Herr Seidl, who is quite as thoroughly equipped in training and temperament as any man living to overcome philistinism and strengthen whatever there may be of the artist left in the average New Yorker; while Chicago has had Theodore Thomas, and the whole country has been judging what steps the young and energetic Mr. Damrosch has taken toward the place of a master. No doubt, the presence of the two first-named conductors is a factor only second to the essential of a moneyed and leisurely class in the establishment of a perennial opera season in America. And it is surely most largely due to them and their disciples that there is, on the whole, such a deal of real ardor and unaffected appreciation in the "front" of the opera-houses. The people who go to the opera for the sake of the music are no longer rare birds.

It is not only the flats of New York that produce these yearners after great music; from Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Richmond, Atlanta, in the South, and from scores of towns in the cis-Mississippi half of the

United States, they come to spend their winter holidays in the cities which have this one luxury, absolutely unattainable elsewhere.

THOSE rebellious minds who deny the efficacy and even the patness of proverbs, may find in the war record of this year a fresh instance against that venerable saw which affirms that where there is smoke there is fire. If fire be fighting and smoke be war talk—and in the light of the winter's experience this seems a generous analogy—a hasty retrospect of the ^{Twelve months} of war-making. year's brawling shows that in every situation where war has been heralded from a million mouths, the result has been peace. We have not jumped into England about Venezuela; Russia, France, and Japan have not set out to conquer the rest of the world; Germany has not attacked England in chivalrous defence of the bearded Boers; and no one out of the half-dozen powers who were at various times billed for the task, has chastised the Unspeakable Turk.

But in out-of-the-way places, where the smoke was conspicuously absent, there has been such an incessant fighting as few other years in this half of the century have seen. China and Japan gave us the only fight, to be sure, of the first order; and this rank can only be accorded to their struggle by virtue



Boxes at the Chicago Auditorium.



"Apollo."

Decorative painting by Francis Lathrop at the Metropolitan Opera House. (Burned August 27, 1892.)

Copyright, 1896, by Francis Lathrop.

of the important issues at stake. The Peace of Simonoseki, made on the 8th of May, was a history-making event, not only in the clauses which transferred to Japan Korea, Formosa, the Pescadores Islands, and \$175,000,000, but even more in the blow it dealt to the conservatism of China. So far as Li Hung Chang was concerned, liliputian Japan might have exacted far more distressing terms; but the demands for Port Arthur and the Liaotung Peninsula were qualified by Russia's rather bullying intervention, induced by the Muscovite interest in Asiatic seaports.

All through the year, since early in March, the Spaniards have been fighting the Cuban insurrectionists, with the result seemingly as far off as ever, notwithstanding the recent recall of General Campos and the announcement of a less Fabian policy under General Weyler, his successor. In fact the winter was the opportunity of the Spaniards; if the insurgents can stave off defeat until May, the rainy season will render their cause reasonably secure for several more months. Though this West Indian dispute can be classed as yet only under the head of an insurrection, the actual magnitude of war operations is very considerable. The Spanish Government has sent over one hundred and twenty thousand troops into the island, and has been taxing the resources of English navy-yards to build such vessels of war as are fitted for the island blockade.

There were exceptional elements of both absurdity and horror in the French war against the Hovas of Madagascar, which ended in September with the complete tri-

umph of the French and the practical annexation of the island. Out of some fifteen thousand Frenchmen launched against the Hovas, nearly half perished miserably in the fever-stricken districts of Madagascar, and the Hovas persistently refused, even when their generals were boiled alive for lack of courage, to kill any of the remaining invaders or give the slightest excuse for the more active varieties of bravery on the part of their opponents. Madagascar is one of those baffling regions of which we are told that they are as large as England, Scotland, and Wales, and if it had been John Bull who thus at one swoop added so great a tract to his dominions, a great cry would have undoubtedly gone up to the skies from the outraged justice of other nations.

In fact, John Bull was criticised, "both at home and furrin," for his recent exploits in a vastly more insignificant matter, the Chitral war. Chitral is an altitudinous state lying outside of the British North Indian possessions, in just such "mountainous parts" as saw the adventures of the "Man who would be King." Its Mehtar having departed this life, there was the squabble about succession which our Gibbon has made us familiar with, and the British, of course, felt themselves divinely appointed to settle the dispute. A good many of them were killed in the roadless mountain wilderness, and the whole thing wound up, as a thousand other like incidents in British missionary work, in the establishment of rifle stations "from Kila-Darash to Dir."

On another continent there is a similar

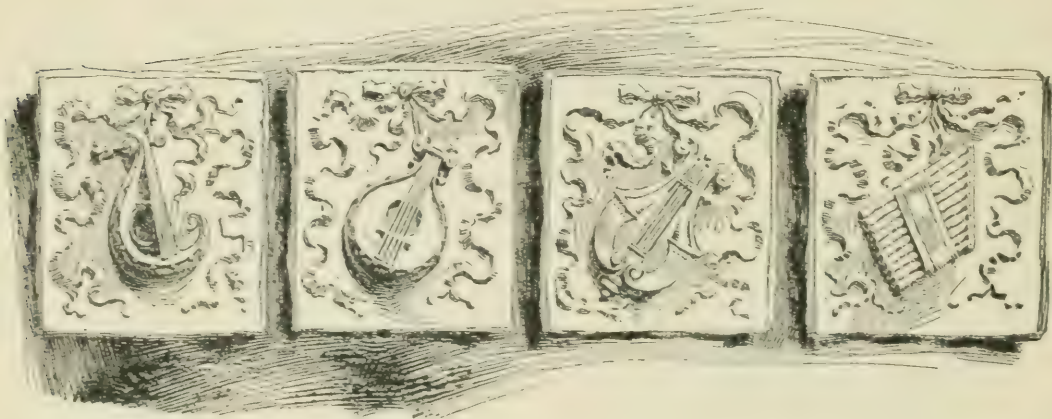
chapter of Albion's history just ended with the occupation of Coomassie, the capital of the Ashantees, a short way inland from the gold coast of Africa. King Prembeh, the English said, was a bad man, who raided his slaves, picked quarrels with the tribes who were virtuous enough to own the British suzerainty, and revolted the mind of Tommy Atkins with the practise of human sacrifices. Therefore, for the good of his soul, King Prembeh was chastised, and incidentally paid his conquerors a large war indemnity, delivered over to them his chief city, and is retained a captive in the English colony against the fulfilment of these pledges.

Abyssinia has always been a realm of vaguely poetic associations, and would have been even if poor Dr. Johnson had not used it to bury his mother with. This mountain nation of Christians with the heathen virtues, hidden in the clouds of northeast Africa, is to every school-boy a Marco Polo species of country. And now the news reaches us that at an important crisis of the war between the Italians and Abyssinians, when the army of fifty thousand natives had starved out brave Colonel Galliano in beleaguered Makaleh, the knightly emperor of the mountain, Menelek, suffered the garrison to march out with the honors of war, and sent his own tribes-

men to escort the little remnant of his foes back to their main army. This is so fine a story in this nineteenth century, and in "Darkest Africa," that everybody will hope for its truth. The Italians have been having a hard time against these generous foes, and it will be well for them if such an opening allows a reconciliation of the troubles which have arisen from their African state of Erythria, bordering on Menelek's domains.

That harum-scarum escapade in South Africa is fresh in everyone's memory. The Boers, practically in the position of aboriginal owners of the soil, could scarcely have avoided disagreement with the horde of Johannesburg gold-seekers. Dr. Jameson, all because of a mistake in reading the punctuation of an official message, so a brilliant writer says, recklessly took fire when it would do the most harm; marched to overthrow the Boer government and was defeated, with the loss of a hundred lives, in a battle which could not have aroused more tremendous international sensations if it had killed a hundred thousand.

Surely these twelve months have not been without their opportunities for cultivation of the military virtues. If there were more men like old Menelek, it would seem almost worth while.



Archaic Instruments in the Original Decoration of the Metropolitan Opera House. (Burned August 27, 1892.)



"SPRING."

PAINTED BY W. F. KLINE.

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VAILIMA TABLE-TALK

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN HIS HOME LIFE*

By Isobel Strong

AT Vailima, in the latter part of the year 1892, I was reading over a bundle of old letters which I had written in France when I was an art-student. The chance phrases, the passing catch-words, the long-forgotten jokes, the thousand trivialities detailed in a young girl's correspondence recalled the life of those days to all of us who had shared in it, with greater vividness and pleasure than a more ambitious record might have afforded. The idea then struck me, "Why should I not do the same service for the life we are now leading, at once more unusual in itself and of greater interest to the world at large?"

So from time to time I put down bits of conversation, characteristic sentences, a jest or a serious talk, just as they occurred, and these in time came to fill two volumes.

As will be seen by a reference in the "Vailima Letters," Mr. Stevenson was aware of the existence of this record, which he used to refer to as "*Grouse*." "I've often wondered what the story of *Grouse* in the gun-room† really was," he said one day, "and whether one could reconstruct it."

These notes were made thus not without the knowledge of my step-father, and are published with the full approval of his family. But he was in

no way responsible for the selection of any of these random utterances, and his conversation will be found entirely unaffected by the self-consciousness of the man who is being reported.

I publish these extracts from *Grouse* with much misgiving, for, as will be seen, they are from their nature fragmentary and disconnected. Much that would make them more comprehensible is of too intimate and personal a nature to print, and it would only be possible to render them more consecutive by weaving them into some sort of biography or narrative which it is neither my province nor my desire to attempt.

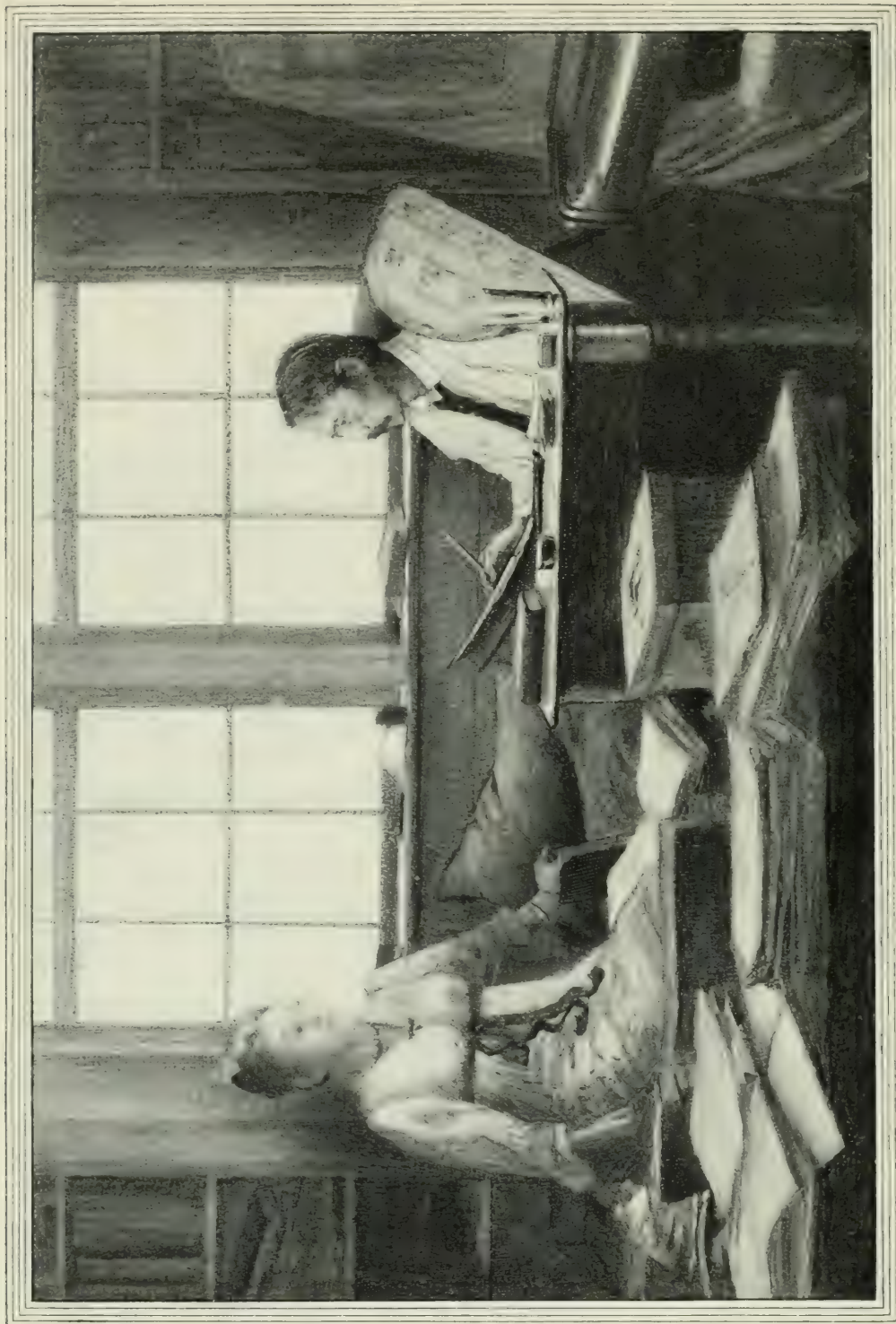
I can only hope that they will be welcome to those all over the world who loved Mr. Stevenson, though but few of them had seen his face or ever heard the sound of his voice.

It is perhaps necessary that I should first explain the names of the persons mentioned in the following pages, who in those days constituted the household of Vailima.

In Samoan, which, like most other languages of Polynesia, is often called "the Italian of the Pacific" there are only nine consonants, no two of which ever come together; the language thus consists principally of vowels, with one of which every word ends. The natives naturally find a difficulty in learning and pronouncing English words, and every stranger who becomes at all well known to them either receives a native name, or has his own transposed into

* The accompanying illustrations are all from photographs in the family albums. Several which do not directly relate to Vailima, but to other passages of Mr. Stevenson's life in the South Seas, have been included because of their excellent portrayal of him. In many cases the negatives have been destroyed, and these are the only copies in existence.

† She Stoops to Conquer.



MR. STEVENSON AND HIS STEP-DAUGHTER AND AMANUENSIS, MRS. STRONG, IN THE LIBRARY AT VAILIMA.

Drawn by Ozias Dodge from a photograph. (This photograph is the only copy extant of a destroyed negative, and its faded condition made it impossible to get an entirely satisfactory reproduction.)

Samoan, often past hope of recognition.

Thus it is recorded that a gentleman once landed at Apia, and returned announcing that the name of Stevenson was unknown, and consequently unhonored in the land of his adoption. Had he inquired for Tusitala or Le Ona, his story might have been different.

It was as Tusitala, the writer of tales, that Louis was best known, but many Samoans knew him by reputation as Le Ona,* the rich man, or, as he himself translated it, M^c Richie.

The natives, whose only printed stories are from the Bible and Æsop's Fables, were deeply interested in "The Bottle Imp," which was published in Samoan; as there was no moral appended to it, they were inclined to take the story literally, and we were often asked, very politely and discreetly of course, if the High Chief Tusitala would kindly show them the Bottle!

Mr. Stevenson received, besides, the distinction of several native high-chief titles, such as that given him on his birthday in 1893 by Seumanu, the high chief of Apia—viz., Aumaitauaimanuvao. I need hardly say that this last was a ceremonial name not for daily use.

My mother is called Aolele, which means *Flying Cloud*. We could not understand the application, until I found in an old missionary note-book "*Aolele* : an expression of admiration, meaning 'beautiful as a flying cloud.'"

Aunt Maggie, Louis's mother, has always been "the old lady" (*Tamaitai matua*), a more respectful title in Samoan than in our own language.

I am Teuila, the Decorator, and my boy Austin is Samoanized into Ositini.

My brother Lloyd is usually known as Loia, but he also has the title of Taivale, a famous legendary beautyman.

We were expecting Rudyard Kipling and Graham Balfour, Louis's cousin, to arrive by the steamer Alameda. Austin noted the preparations and asked "When do you expect Wretched Kipling and Blame Balfour?" Mr. Kip-

ling disappointed us, but our cousin came and remained, and we called him "Blame," which the natives softened into his accepted name of Palema.

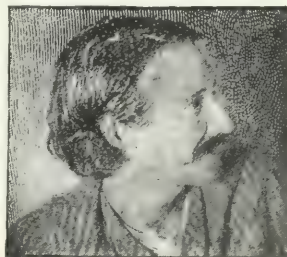
Sosimo and Mitaele, the two house-boys mentioned, are Catholics, and bear the names equivalent to Zosimus and Michael.

"Jan. 14th 1893.

"I have been writing to Louis's dictation the story of 'Anne de St. Ives,'† a young Frenchman in the time of Napoleon. Some days we have worked from eight o'clock until four, and that is not counting the hours Louis writes and makes notes in the early morning by lamp-light. He dictates with great earnestness, and when particularly interested unconsciously acts the part of his characters. When he came to the description of the supper Anne has with Flora and Ronald, he bowed as he dictated Anne's polite speeches and twirled his mustache. When he described the interview between the old lady and the drover, he spoke in a high voice for the one, and a deep growl for the other, and was all in broad Scotch even to 'cōma' (comma).

"When Louis was writing 'Ballantrae' my mother says he once rushed into her room to look in the glass, as he wanted to describe a certain haughty disagreeable expression of his hero's. He told her he actually expected to see the master's clean-shaven face and powdered head, and was quite disconcerted at beholding only his own reflection.

"I was sitting by Louis's bedside with a book, this evening, when he asked me to read aloud. 'Don't go back,' he said; 'start in just where you are.' As it happened, I was reading 'the Merry Men'; he laughed a little when he recognized his own words. I went on and finished the story. 'Well,' he said, 'it is not cheerful; it is distinctly not cheerful!'



*This word is of disputed derivation. Some say it is Polynesian, others attribute to it an English origin. For, say the latter, when ships first came to the South Seas, the captain, Tapena, was the high chief on board. But after a time there came a vessel with a man greater even than the captain; the owner, no less. So Ona became a synonym for boundless wealth.

†This story was finished, except the last three chapters, and will be published under the name of St. Ives.

"In these stories,' I asked, 'Do you preach a moral?'

"O not mine,' he said. 'What I want to give, what I try for, is God's moral!'

"Could you not give God's moral,' I asked, 'in a pretty story?'

"It is a very difficult thing to know,' he said; 'it is a thing I have often thought over—the problem of what to do with one's talents.' He said he thought his own gift lay in the grim and terrible—that some writers touch the heart, he clutched at the throat. I said I thought 'Providence and the Guitar' a very pretty story, full of sweetness and the milk of human kindness.

"But it is not so sweet as "Mark-

heim" is grim. There I feel myself strong.'

"At least,' I said, 'you have no mannerisms.'

"He took the book out of my hand and read 'it was a wonderful clear night of stars.' 'Oh,' he said, 'how many, many times I have written "a wonderful clear night of stars!"'

"But I maintained that this, in itself, was a good sentence and presented a picture to the mind. 'It is the man-



Samoa Girls.



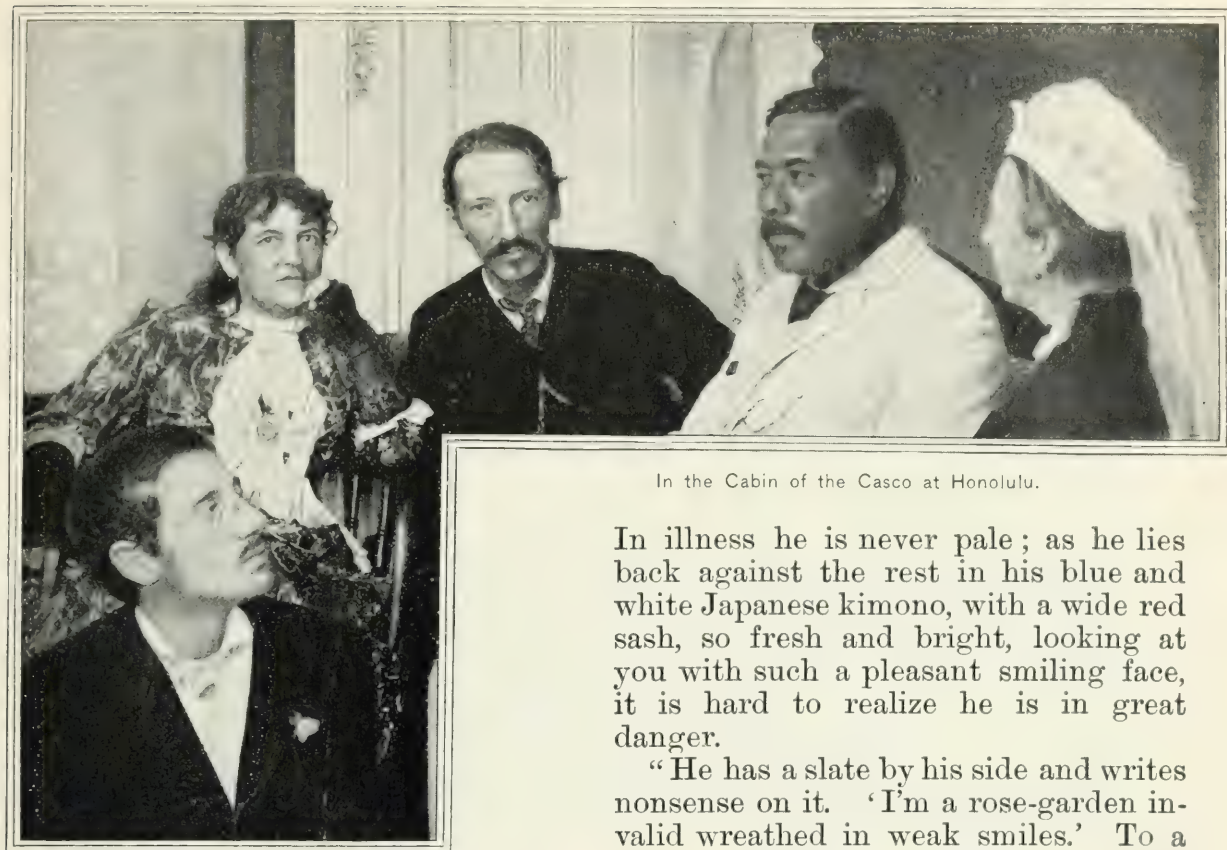
Great Dance in the Speak House at Apemama.

Mrs. Stevenson.

Mr. Stevenson.

King Kalakaua.

Mrs. Stevenson, Sr.



Lloyd Osbourne.

In the Cabin of the Casco at Honolulu.

In illness he is never pale ; as he lies back against the rest in his blue and white Japanese kimono, with a wide red sash, so fresh and bright, looking at you with such a pleasant smiling face, it is hard to realize he is in great danger.

“He has a slate by his side and writes nonsense on it. ‘I’m a rose-garden invalid wreathed in weak smiles.’ To a visitor who asked ‘how are you?’ he wrote: ‘Mr. Dumbley is no better and be hanged to him!’”

“To pass the time I showed him how to make a, b, and c, on the hands, and we were getting some entertainment out of it when suddenly the brilliant idea struck us both to dictate ‘Anne’ in the deaf and dumb alphabet! It was slow work, and I often made mistakes, but we got on pretty well to the extent of five pages.

“In the afternoon Aolele entertained him by playing patience on a table drawn to the bed. For his amusement she learned a game from a book, and he is always pleased and interested to see it played, making signs when she goes wrong and pointing at cards for her to take up.

“We are only allowed in to him one at a time, when we all try to be entertaining and recount cheerful adventures of the household. Aolele is very successful at this, but she leaves her smile at the bed-room door ; indeed we are all terribly anxious.”

“Jan. 18th.

“Louis is better to-day, and we did seven pages in the deaf and dumb al-

nerisms of the author who can’t say “says he” and “says she” that I object to ; whose characters hiss, and thunder, and ejaculate and syllable——’

“‘O my dear,’ he said, ‘deal gently with me—I once *fluted!*’”

“Jan. 16th 1893.

“O poor Anne! Louis has been laid up with threatenings of a hemorrhage and is not allowed to speak. It is a cruel blow just when we were getting on so well with ‘Anne.’ When I went in to his bedside this morning he wrote on a slate, ‘Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Dumbley!’ He was leaning against a bed-rest to which he called my attention. It was the one Sir Percy Shelley gave him ; Aolele had taken all the upholstery out as being too warm for this climate, putting in a back of woven cocoanut sinnet, which is very neat and pretty, and very comfortable besides. He cannot speak nor lean forward to write, for fear of starting a hemorrhage, and yet he does not look ill at all. He is tanned a good brown, has a high color and very bright eyes.

phabet. The only concern he has betrayed over his illness was at the first sign of improvement; he wrote, 'O Belle, I am so pleased!' and the tears stood in his eyes."

Jan. 22nd.

"To-day Louis was so much better that, though he had a headache, we wrote twelve pages of Anne. When the luncheon bell rang we both thought it a mistake; the morning had flown so quickly by. He generally fills in his convalescence with poetry; to-day he read us some beautiful verses about Aolele and me.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

High as my heart! the quip be mine
That draws their stature to a line,
My pair of fairies plump and dark,
The dryads of my cattle park.
Here by my window close I sit,
And watch (and my heart laughs at it)
How these my dragon-lilies are
Alike and yet dissimilar.
From European womankind
They are divided and defined
By the free limb and the plain mind,
The nobler gait, the naked foot,
The indiscreeter petticoat;
And show, by each endearing cause,
More like what Eve in Eden was—

Buxom and free, flowing and fine,
In every limb, in every line,
Inimitably feminine.
Like ripe fruit on the espaliers
Their sun-bepainted hue appears,
And the white lace (when lace they wear)
Shows on their golden breast more fair.
So far the same they seem, and yet
One apes the shrew, one the coquette—
A sybil or a truant child
One runs—with a crop halo—wild;
And one more sedulous to please,
Her long dark hair, deep as her knees,
And thrid with living silver, sees.
What need have I of wealth or fame,
A club, an often-printed name?
It more contents my heart to know
Them going simply to and fro;
To see the dear pair pause and pass
Girded, among the drenching grass,
In the resplendent sun, or hear,
When the huge moon delays to appear,
Their kindred voices sounding near
In the veranda twilight. So
Sound ever; so, forever go
And come upon your strong brown feet,
Twin honors to my country seat,
And its too happy master lent:
My solace and its ornament.

THE DAUGHTER, TEUILA, HER NATIVE NAME THE DECORATOR

MAN, child or woman, none from her
The insatiable embellisher,
Escapes! She leaves, where'er she goes,
A wreath, a ribbon, or a rose;



Mrs. Stevenson. Mrs. Stevenson, Sr. Mr. Stevenson.

Mrs. Strong.

AFTER DINNER AT WAIKIKI, HAWAII.

Drawn by Ozias Dodge from a photograph.



Mrs. Stevenson.

MAKING AVA IN THE SMOKING-ROOM AT VAILIMA.

A bow or else a button changed,
 Two hairs coquettishly deranged,
 Some vital trifle, takes the eye,
 And shows the adorning has been by.
 Is fortune more obdurate grown?
 And does she leave my dear alone
 With none to adorn, none to caress?
 Straight on her proper loveliness
 She broods and lingers, cuts and carves,
 With combs and brushes, rings and scarves;
 The treasure of her hair she takes
 Therewith a new presentment makes,
 Babe, Goddess Naiad, of the grot,
 And weeps if any like it not!
 Oft clustered by her bended knees
 (Smiling himself) the gazer sees,
 Compact as flowers in garden beds,
 The smiling faces and shaved heads
 Of the brown-island babes: with whom
 She exults to decorate her room,
 To dress them, cheer them when they cry,
 And still to pet and prettify.
 Or see, as in a looking-glass,
 Her pigmy, dimpled person pass,
 Nought great therein but eyes and hair,
 On her true business here and there:
 Her huge, half-naked Staff, intent,
 See her review and regiment,
 An ant with elephants, and how
 A smiling mouth, a clouded brow,
 Satire and turmoil, quips and tears,
 She deals among her grenadiers!
 Her pantry and her kitchen squad,

Six-footers all, obey her nod,
 Incline to her their martial chests,
 With school-boy laughter hail her jests.
 And do her in her gilded dress
 Obsequious obeisances.
 So, dear, may you be never done
 Your pretty busy round to run.
 And show with changing frocks and scents,
 Your ever-varying lineaments:
 Your saucy step, your languid grace,
 Your sullen and your smiling face,
 Sound sense, true valor, baby fears,
 And bright unreasonable tears:
 The Hebe of our aging tribe:
 Matron and child, my friend and scribe.

"Feb. 25th, 1893.

"We are at sea on our way to Sydney. Louis took advantage of our stop at Auckland to call on Sir George Grey* to ask his advice on Samoan affairs. He described his visit when he came back to the ship. . . . 'He received me in the quietest, coolest manner, heard me with the most extraordinary patience, saying nothing. Again and again I felt ashamed—he still pressed me to go on. He said: "Let me give you a piece

* The veteran Ex-Governor and Ex-Premier of New Zealand.

of advice from my own experience—pay no attention to attacks, go on doing what you are doing for the good of Samoa: the time will come when it will be appreciated, and I am one of the few men who have lived long enough to learn this.” Then looking at me with his curious blue eyes and a kind of faint smile, “the worst of my anxiety is over,” he said. “I thought you were an invalid. When I see the

fire in your eye, and your life and energy, I feel no more anxiety about Samoa.” I told him it was certainly time I put my hand to the plough, and nothing would make me leave but deportation. He nodded his head at me for quite a considerable time, like a convinced mandarin. “You may have thought you stopped at Samoa on a whim. You may think me old-fashioned, but I believe it was Providence. There is something over us; and when I heard that a man with the romantic imagination of a novelist had settled down in one of those islands, I said to myself, these races will be saved!” At every turn of the conversation it was the most singular thing to hear the old pro-consul allege parallel incidents from all parts of the world, and from any time in the last fifty years. He kept another guest waiting an hour and three-quarters; when we were at last interrupted he bade me wait for him, and walked with me to the hotel door, arm in arm, like a very ancient school-boy with a younger boy, that was inexpressibly attaching.

“Louis was flattered by the interview and said so; and I was amused to find that not a word had been said about his books. The old man took him alto-



Mr. Stevenson.

Princess Liliuokalani.

King Kalakaua.

A Hawaiian Feast at Honolulu.

gether as a politician, and I was glad to hear that Louis had complimented the politician on his literary success.

“Aolele’s description of Louis. ‘Sometimes he looks like an old man of eighty with a wild eye, and then, at a moment’s notice, he’s a pretty brown boy.’ Now, on this trip, he’s the brown boy.”

“SYDNEY, March 3^d, 1893.

“Last evening we went to a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. ——— at the Cosmopolitan Club; as it was a ‘wonderful clear night of stars,’ we walked home. We passed the Australia Hotel, just as a tall, soldierly man, middle-aged, I should think, and undoubtedly a gentleman, came staggering out and swayed up the street fearfully drunk. We stopped and looked after him, Aolele and I keeping the man in sight while Louis made inquiries at the hotel about him. I confess, I should have preferred going on our way, but I could not escape, with Madam Esmond on one hand, and Don Quixote on the other. Louis came out of the hotel very indignant; he had found the attendants grinning; they said, however, they knew the gentleman, and were surprised to see him

drinking. Louis ran ahead and overtook the man just as two fellows were lifting him to his feet after a fall. He grasped eagerly at Louis and seemed much relieved in his mind. 'You're a gentleman,' he said, 'you tell me what to do, and I'll do it. I'll do anything you say—you're a gentleman.' The two fellows, who had been helping him, moved off, but one turned back to say, 'You never know a gentleman till he's tried.' The drunken man went on to offer Louis fifty pounds, saying, 'I'm bad, you're good,' in a most ridiculous way. 'Cabby,' said he, 'do you know me?' 'O yes, sir,' said Cabby, 'you're Mr. — of —.' 'Will you cash a fifty pound cheque for me?' 'Certainly, sir,' 'All right,' said the man, 'I'll give you five pounds in the morning!' While he was still fumbling for his cheque-book, Louis motioned the cab-man to drive off.

"In the meantime a man came up to Aolele, who was standing a little way off, and stared hard at her. 'What is the matter with you?' she asked. 'I'm drunk, too,' said the man.

"Both Louis and Aolele like to read trash, that is, if it is bad enough to be funny. My mother was tired and sent us out to buy some novels for her. As we went along the street we saw Louis's picture in many of the shop-windows, and people turned and looked after us in a way, Louis said, that made him feel very self-conscious. We went into a big shop and had picked out an armful of books. A young clerk came up to Louis with great respect and recognition in his eye. 'What have you been getting, Mr. Stevenson?' he asked. 'We have all the best authors—Meredith, Barrie, Anstey—' and then his countenance changed; he cast a



Lloyd Osbourne.

Mr. Stevenson.

King Kalakaua.

AT THE KING'S BOAT-HOUSE, HONOLULU.

most reproachful, disappointed look at Louis as he read the titles of the chosen works — 'The Sin of a Countess,' 'Miriam, the Avenger,' 'The Lady Detective.' He retired and took no further interest in us. We felt it keenly.

"As we went to get into a cab, we passed a strange-looking old boot-black, who called out 'Stevenson!' as we passed. I looked back, but Louis hurried me into the cab, when the man cried out again 'Louis Stevenson!' and then, much louder, 'Mr. Louis Stevenson, I've read all your works.' But the cab had started.

"Louis is very fond of jewels, as anyone may see by his writings, and he indulges this passion as far as circumstances allow.

"He has had three topaz rings made, for topaz is the stone of his birth-month, November. Inside two of them are his initials, and these he has presented, with a memorial poem, to my mother and myself. On his own are engraved the first letters of our names. Sapphire is the stone of Lloyd's month, April; so he has bought a set of sapphire studs to take back to Lloyd in Samoa.

"My mother was proposing one day to exchange consciences with Palema, who was quite



The Stevenson Party Leaving Honolulu, June 30, 1889, on the Schooner Equator.

ready for the bargain. Louis was watching the transaction with interest and suggested that the business might be developed, and that a trade journal might be started where consciences could be advertised for sale or exchange. He himself, he added, might be very glad to avail himself of such facilities, and wondered what his own conscience would look like in print. 'Oh!' said Palema, 'let me try.' 'For Sale. A conscience, half-calf, slightly soiled, gilt-edged (or



Making Land—near Kingsmill Island, on the Schooner Equator

shall we say uncut?), scarce and curious.'

"At this there was a hearty laugh, led by Louis himself."

"VAILIMA, April 12, 1893.

"I asked Louis why painters, who live in much the same atmosphere as literary men, are less interesting and more narrow-minded; at least that had been my experience. He offered an explanation that sounded reasonable enough. The study of painting or music does not expand the mind in any direction save one. Literature, with its study of human nature, events, and history, is a constant education, and in that career a man cannot stick at one place as the painter and musician almost invariably does. He studies his one pin's point of a talent, enlarging that, perhaps, and deepening it, but in no other direction does his mind work. The bank clerk, whose daily life is spent in adding up figures, knows that his intelligence is cramped and is more apt to devote his leisure to study and improvement; but the painter believes his work to be a culture, and thinks he needs no more.

"I was inveighing against painters as a class, when Louis reminded me of Millet, to whom he takes off his hat. How he made money for years doing ordinary popular work, and then, in spite of starvation and a large family, proceeded to paint what he thought was true art.

"And yet," I said, 'if I were one

of the large family, I might not think it so fine. A painter might sacrifice his family to his art; would you?' Would you go on writing "Willery Mil-lery" if we were all starving, and "Mir-iam, the Avenger," would save us?'

"Louis gave in. 'You know well enough I would save my family if it carried me to the gallow's foot.'"

"April 19th, 1893.

"The mail has just come in and stopped all work for the day. It was brought up as usual on horse-back by Sosimo, in a big water-proof bag, and carried to Louis's room, followed by the family in great excitement. Louis always empties the mail-bag himself, and parcels out the letters while we all sit in an expectant semicircle on the floor. Woe betide the person who tries to snatch a letter from the pile! We have to wait our turn as Louis throws them out; he gives Austin all the picture papers to open, and as he looks over his own let-



Talolo Vailima in Full Dress.

ters he gives me those from strangers and autograph-collectors; I feel neglected if I don't get ten or twelve at least. On rainy days, or dull afternoons, I get Louis to write out a lot of autographs 'plain and colored,' with and without a sentiment (such as 'smoking is a pernicious habit') and parcel them out at my own discretion.

"Mail-day unsettled Louis for work, so we took a walk in the forest; we wore no hats and went barefooted under the big spreading trees in the cool shade. We sat on a stone by the up-



The Kitchen and Native Quarters at Vailima (Talolo on left, Sosimo with gun and pigeons).

per water-fall and talked about a story we are both reading in *Longman's Magazine*, called 'A Gentleman of France.' Louis was so pleased with the opening chapters that he said he was going to write to Mr. Weyman and congratulate him on his work. He is always so pleased when a new man comes deservedly to the front."

"April 20th, 1893.

"I was pottering about my room this morning when Louis came in with the remark that he was a gibbering idiot. I have seen him in that mood before, when he pulls out hairpins, tangles up his mother's knitting, and interferes in whatever his women-kind are engaged upon. So I gave him employment in tidying a drawer all the morning—talking the wildest nonsense all the time, and he was babbling on when Sosimo came in to tell us lunch was ready; his very reverential, respectful manner brought the Idiot Boy to his feet at once, and we all went off laughing to lunch.

"This afternoon Louis was still too much of an Idiot Boy to write, and he walked about in such a restless way that it occurred to me to teach him to sew. He has done all sorts of things in these moods before, modelling little clay figures, making woodcuts and printing them, and even knitting. He has often told me of the beautiful neck-tie he knit with his own hands, but he got it so dirty in the course of construction that it was taken away from him and burnt. I cut out some saddle

blankets and taught him to herring-bone them in red worsted. He learned the stitch at once and took an absorbing interest in it, the interest he puts into everything he does. He sat on the sofa by the window in his long blue and white Japanese kimono, his bare feet on the tiger rug, looking such a strange figure at his work. He made loops and then pulled the worsted through as though it was a rope. He suddenly remarked, 'I don't seem to get that neat, hurried, bite-your-thread effect that women do so well.' He certainly did not. 'I think,' he added, soberly, 'that my style is sort of heave-ho and windlassy!' He walked out with Aolele to look at her garden, but hurried back and is now busily at work sewing.

"Louis will never allow any jokes on the subject of 'wall-flowers' or old maids. He reduced me to tears describing a young girl dressing herself in ball finery and sitting the evening out with smiles, while her breast was filled with the crushing sense of failure. He says he will never forgive Thackeray for the old age of Beatrix; nor W. S. Gilbert for the humiliating personage of Lady Jane.

"We were talking island affairs one day, when Lloyd summed up the whole situation thus: 'Samoa politics are like the mills of the God's—they always get to windward of you.'

"Louis was telling of a narrow escape of being killed he once had when he was riding.

"'Why didn't you jump off your horse?' asked my mother.

"'Why, woman! I was ten miles from home.'

"'Well,' said she, 'isn't it better to be ten miles from home than in heaven or hell?'"

"April 30th, 1893.

"*Will o' the Mill* made a great impres-



A Samoan Belle (Suega, the "Maid of Vailima.")

sion upon Palema in his youth, and he declares that his character and life are moulded upon that story. Louis repudiated the tale altogether, and says

"Palema. If you had stood by your words I would have gone down on my knees to you. But how did you come to write what you don't believe?

"Louis. Well, I was at that age when you begin to look about and wonder if you should live your life—

"Palema. To be or not to be?

"Louis. Exactly. Everything is temperament. Well, I did the other fellow's temperament—held a brief on the other side—to see how it looked.

"Palema. Mighty well you did it too.

"Louis. No doubt better than I should have done my own side!"

"May 28th, 1893.

"Mr. Daplyn, a painter, and an old friend of Louis's, is visiting us; we hold fierce and animated debates on all sorts of subjects. On Imagination in Art versus Technical Skill—Moral Codes, and the Conduct of Life; and this morning we debated whether it was unmanly for the sterner sex to weep. Palema scorned a man who wept, but was forced to admit that noble actions were touching—that the Indian Mutiny must not be spoken



Tui-ma-le-alii-fano.

Mr. Stevenson.

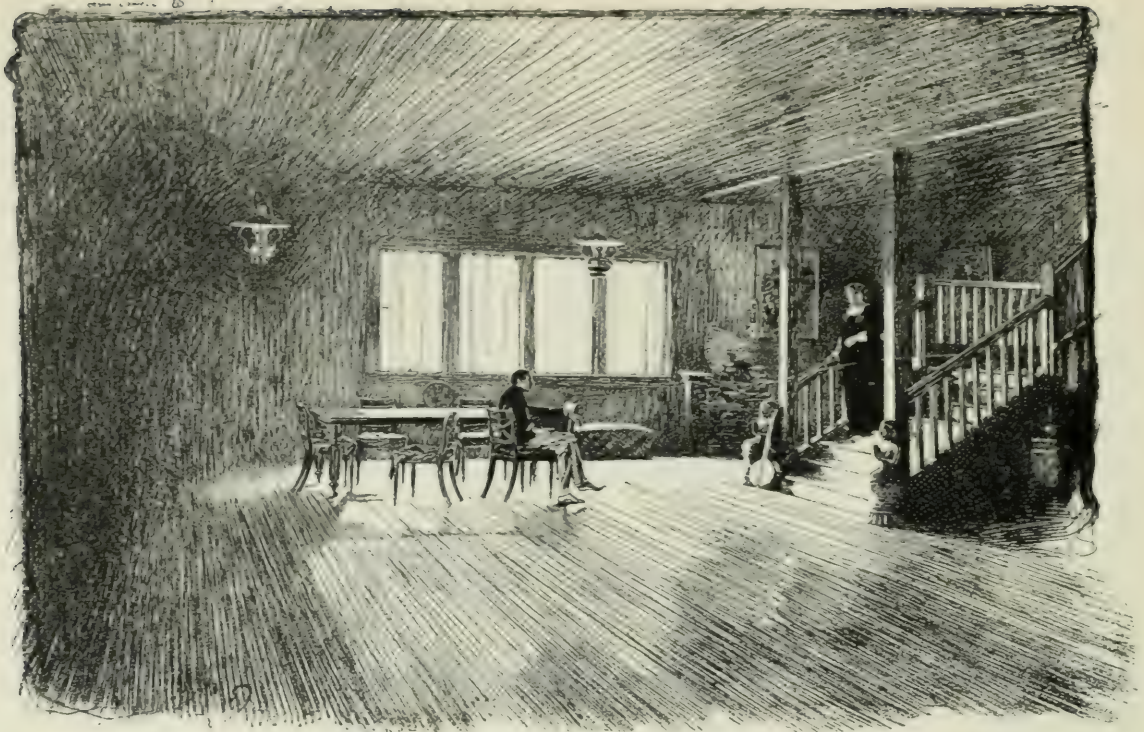
that Will's sentiments upon life are 'cat's meat.'

"Conversation at table:"

"Palema. It is the best thing on life that has been written this age.

"Louis. Rather remarkable how little stock I take in it myself.

of, and barred out suffering children. Lloyd proclaimed loudly that he himself was an emotional man. 'And,' he added, 'perhaps the lightest-hearted member of this family!' which was hailed with shouts of laughter. Louis said that he had wept in public and



Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson in the Large Hall at Vailima.

wept in private, had cried over stories and people, and would continue to do so to the end of the chapter.

"Mr. Daplyn, the most scornful anti-weepers of the party, wound up with the remark, 'but I'm easily moved to tears myself!'"

"This afternoon we all congregated in Lloyd's study; there are not many chairs, so some of us lay at full length on the bear-skins. Louis paced up and down the room and Palema drew up his six-feet-two against the wall. The talk was introspective. Everybody described himself and the workings of his own inner consciousness. Louis said: 'I can behave pretty well on the average, though I come to grief on occasions. I love fighting, but bitterly dislike people to be angry with me—the uncomfortable effect of fighting.' He said he was forgiving, but Aolele denied it and said, 'Louis thinks he forgives, but he only lays the bundle on the shelf and long after takes it down and quarrels with it.' 'No!' protested Louis, 'it is on the shelf, I admit, and I would let it stay there. But if any one else pulled it down I would tear it with fury. In fact,' he went on, 'I am made up of contradictory elements, and have a clearing-

house inside of me where I dishonor cheques of bitterness.'

"Palema said of himself that he was a stoical epicurean.

"'I,' cried Louis, "'am a cynical epicurean.'

"'I,' continued Palema, 'am made up inside of water-tight compartments that nowhere join!'"

"I said there was a good deal of theatre in my inside, which led to a lively discussion on posing before the world. That to carry a brave front though your heart quaked, was a pose; to live up to your better nature was a pose; and Louis made us all laugh by saying, earnestly, 'In short everybody who tries to do right is a hypocrite!'"

"May 31st, 1893.

"I asked Louis, this evening, how you could tell good literature when you saw it.

"'It is capable of explanation, I think,' he said; 'when you see words used to the best purpose—no waste, going tight around a subject. Also they must be true. My stories are not the truth, but I try to make my characters act as they would act in life. No detail is too small to study for truth. Lloyd and I spent five days weighing money



The First House at Vailima with Vaea Mountain in the Background.

and making calculations for the treasure found in "The Wrecker."

"I asked him why Charles Reade was not a stylist, though his writing answered to the description.

"'You are right,' Louis said, 'he is

a good writer and I take off my hat to him with respect. And yet it was in continuity that he failed. In the "Ebb Tide," that is now under way, we started on a high key, and oh, haven't we regretted it!' If I wanted to say "he



The House at Vailima after it had been added to.



In the Grounds at Vailima.

kicked his leg and he winked his eye," it would be perfectly flat if I wrote it so. I must pile the colors on to bring it up to the key. Yet I am wrong to liken literature to painting. It is more like music—which is time; painting is space. In music you wind in and out, but always keep in the key; that is, you carry the hearer to the end without letting him drop by the way. It winds around and keeps on. So must words wind around. Organised and packed in a mass as it were, tight with words. Not too short—phrases rather—no word to spare.

"There are two kinds of style, the plastic, such as I have just described; the other, the simple placing of words together for harmony. The words should come off the tongue like honey. I began so as a young man; I had a pretty talent that way, I must confess."

"I asked him if he thought his present full, entertaining novels, crowded

with people and adventure, an improvement upon his earlier, honey-dropping essays. But he refused that. He could not, he said, criticise his own work or see it well enough. But in others, he had noticed that the writers who began with honey-sweetness often developed in later work a certain brusqueness and ruggedness.

"Did they do it well?" I asked.

"You bet they did!" said Louis. "Both Beethoven and Shakespeare are good examples of it, in their different arts. Shakespeare's earliest works were plain, dull, unimpassioned verse. Next came his first singing note—such as *Romeo and Juliet*; ah," he quoted

"My love is boundless as the sea."

"The words are like music. Then a strange thing happened—surely some evil woman must have crossed his path and driven him to the hideous work of *Troilus and Cressida*; and yet, but

for its indecency and brutality, it might have been his greatest work. He took the plot from Chaucer, who had told it quietly and prettily, and made of it the horror it is. Then came his later works, full of strength, and broken with flashes so delicate he might have touched them with his tongue and passed on.'

"I asked him if it were good for the young writer to wade in emotions.

"'Good God, no!' he said; 'first make his words go sweet, and if he can't spend an afternoon turning a single phrase he'd better give up the profession of literature.'

"Louis is often charged with being secretive. He turned one day to his mother, who had been questioning him about some trifling matter, and took hold of her shawl.

"'Who gave it to you?'

"'I bought it.'

"'Where did you buy it?'

"'At Gray & Macfarlane's,' answered his mother.

"'Why?' persisted Louis.

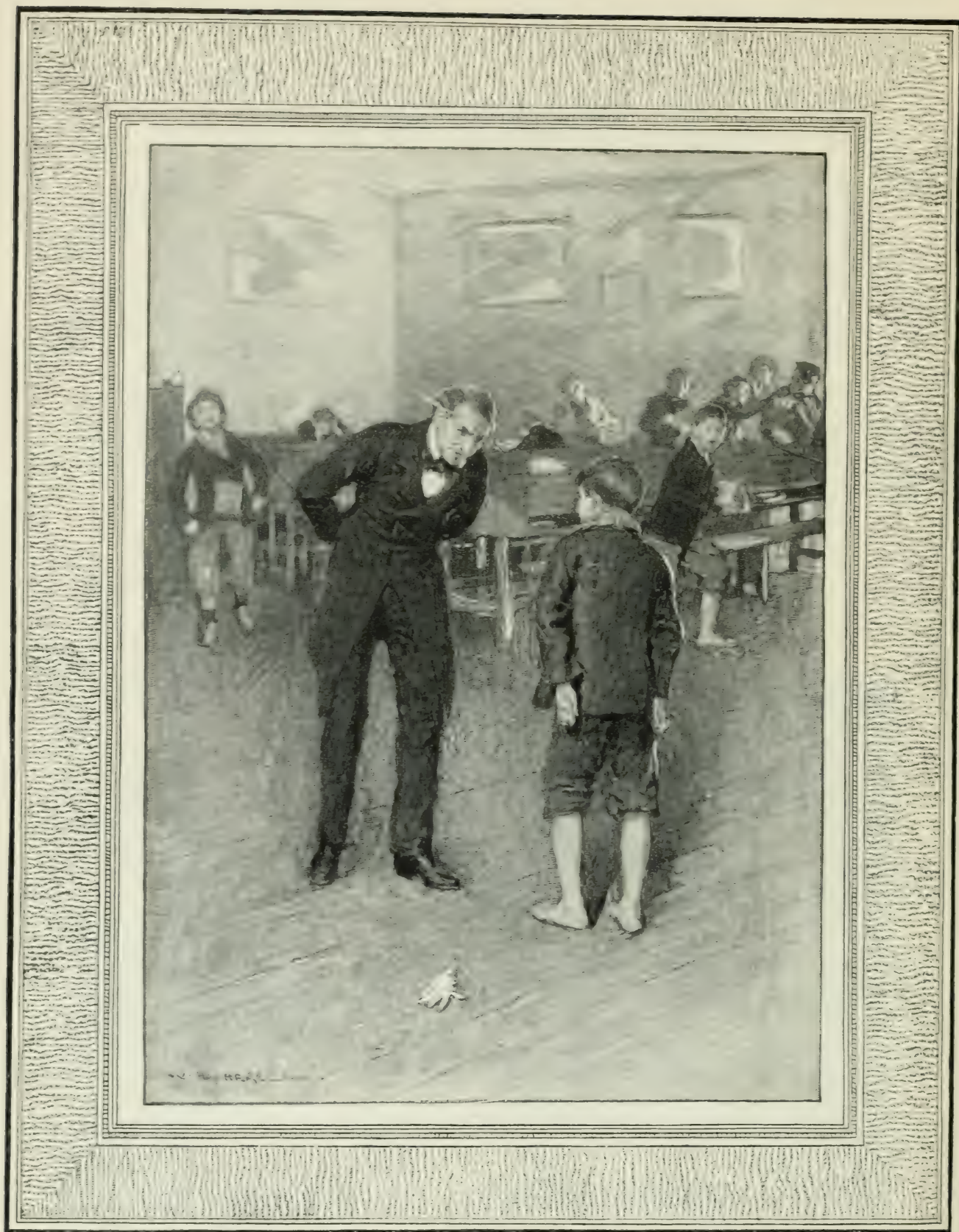
"'I don't know,' said Tamaitai Matua, laughing.

"'Good Heavens, woman, why so secretive? Why can't you answer a simple question? Why put me off with a Gray & Macfarlane?' It was all nonsense, but the phrase survived, and when Louis is asked where he is going, he answers 'To call on Gray & Macfarlane!' and when his mother begged to know from whom an important-looking letter had come, he said, in broad Scotch, 'From Gray, mem, with Macfarlane's compliments!'"

(Concluded in June.)



Fagaloa Bay, Samoa.



Drawn by William Hatherell.

"I'm no rich man, laddie, but I would give a pound note to know what you'll be ten years from now."

—Page 562.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XIX

CORP IS BROUGHT TO HEEL—GRIZEL DEFIANT

WHEN Corp Shiach put his fingers through his hair the tooth of a comb sometimes fell out. He was a bare-footed colt of a boy, of ungainly build, with a nose so thick and turned up that it was a certificate of character, and his hands were covered with warts, which he had a trick of biting till they bled. Then he rubbed them on his trousers, which were the picturesque part of him, for he was at present "serving" to the masons (he had "earned his keep" since long before he could remember), and so wore the white or yellow ducks which the dust of the quarry stains a rarer orange color than is known elsewhere. The orange of the masons' trousers, the blue of the hearthstones, these are the most beautiful colors to be seen in Thrums, though of course Corp was unaware of it. He was really very good-natured, and only used his fists freely because of imagination he had none, and thinking made him sweat, and consequently the simplest way of proving his case was to say "I'll fight you." What might have been the issue of a conflict between him and Shovel was a problem for Tommy to puzzle over. Shovel was as quick as Corp was deliberate, and would have danced round him, putting in unexpected ones, but if he had remained just one moment too long within Corp's reach—

They nicknamed him Corp because he took fits, when he lay like one dead. He was proud of his fits, was Corp, but they were a bother to him, too, because he could make so little of them. They

interested doctors and other carriage folk, who came to his aunt's house to put their fingers into him, and gave him sixpence, and would have given him more, but when they pressed him to tell them what he remembered about his fits, he could only answer, dejectedly, "Not a damned thing."

"You might as well no hae them ava," his wrathful aunt, with whom he lived, would say, and she thrashed him until his size forbade it.

Soon after the Muckley came word that the Lady of the Spittal was to be brought to see Corp by Mr. Ogilvy, the school-master of Glen Quharity, and at first Corp boasted of it, but as the appointed day drew near he became uneasy.

"The worst o't," he said to anyone who would listen, "is that my auntie is to be away frae hame, and so they'll put a' their questions to me."

The Haggerty-Taggartys and Birkie were so jealous that they said they were glad *they* never had fits, but Tommy made no such pretence.

"Oh, Corp, if I had thae fits of yours!" he exclaimed, greedily.

"If they were mine to gie awa'," replied Corp, sullenly, "you could hae them and welcome." Grown meek in his trouble, he invited Tommy to speak freely, with the result that his eyes were partially opened to the superiority of that boy's attainments. Tommy told him a number of interesting things to say to Mr. Ogilvy and the lady about his fits, about how queer he felt just before they came on, and the visions he had while he was lying stiff. But though the admiring Corp gave attentive ear, he said, hopelessly, next day, "Not a dagont thing do I mind. When they question me about my fits I'll just say

I'm sometimes in them and sometimes out o' them, and if they badger me mair, I can aye kick."

Tommy gave him a look that meant, "Fits are just wasted on you," and Corp replied with another that meant "I ken they are." Then they parted, one of them to reflect.

"Corp," he said, excitedly, when next they met, "has Mr. Ogilvy or the lady ever come to see you afore?"

They had not, and Corp was able to swear that they did not even know him by sight.

"They dinna ken me either," said Tommy.

"What does that matter?" asked Corp, but Tommy was too full to speak. He had "found a way."

The lady and Mr. Ogilvy found Corp such a success that the one gave him a shilling and the other took down his reminiscences in a note-book. But if you would hear of the rings of blue and white and yellow Corp saw, and of the other extraordinary experiences he described himself as having when in a fit, you need not search that note-book, for the page has been torn out. Instead of making inquiries of Mr. Ogilvy, try any other dominie in the district, Mr. Cathro, for instance, who delighted to tell the tale. This of course was when it leaked out that Tommy had personated Corp, by arrangement with the real Corp, who was listening in rapture beneath the bed.

Tommy, who played his part so well that he came out of it in a daze, had Corp at heel from that hour. He told him what a rogue he had been in London, and Corp cried, admiringly, "Oh, you deevil! oh, you queer little deevil!" and sometimes it was Elspeth who was narrator, and then Tommy's noble acts were the subject; but still Corp's comment was "Oh, the deevil! oh, the queer little deevil!" Elspeth was flattered by his hero-worship, but his language shocked her, and after consulting Miss Ailie she advised him to count twenty when he felt an oath coming, at the end of which exercise the desire to swear would have passed away. Good-natured Corp willingly promised to try this, but he was never hopeful, and as he explained to Tommy, after a failure, "It

just made me waur than ever, for when I had counted the twenty I said a big Damn, thoughtful-like, and syne out jumpit three little damns, like as if the first ane had cleckit in my mouth."

It was fortunate that Elspeth liked Corp on the whole, for during the three years now to be rapidly passed over, Tommy took delight in his society, though he never treated him as an equal; Corp indeed did not expect that, and was humbly grateful for what he got. In summer, fishing was their great diversion. They would set off as early as four in the morning, fishing wands in hand, and scour the world for trout, plodding home in the gloaming with stones in their fishing-basket to deceive those who felt its weight. In the long winter nights they liked best to listen to Blinder's tales of the Thrums Jacobites, tales never put into writing, but handed down from father to son, and proved true in the oddest of ways, as by Blinder's trick of involuntarily holding out his hands to a fire when he found himself near one, though he might be sweating to the shirt and the time a July forenoon. "I make no doubt," he told them, "as I do that because my forbear, Buchan Osler (called Buchan wi' the Haap after the wars was ower), had to hod so lang frae the troopers, and them so greedy for him that he daredna crawl to a fire once in an eight days."

The Lord of the Spittal and handsome Captain Body (whose being "out" made all the women anxious) marched through the Den, flapping their wings at the head of a fearsome retinue, and the Thrums folk looked so glum at them that gay Captain Body said he would kiss every lass who did not cheer for Charlie, and none cheered, but at the same time none ran away. Few in Thrums cared a doit for Charlie, but some hung on behind this troop till there was no turning back for them, and one of these was Buchan. He forced his wife to give Captain Body a white rose from her bush by the door, but a thorn in it pricked the gallant, and the blood from his fingers fell on the bush, and from that year it grew red roses.

"If you dinna believe me," Blinder said, "look if the roses is no red on the

bush at Pyotdykes, which was a split frae Buchan's, and speir whether they're no named the blood rose."

"I believe you," Tommy would say, breathlessly: "go on."

Captain Body was back in the Den by and by, but he had no thought of preening lasses' mouths now. His face was scratched and haggard and his gay coat torn, and when he crawled to the Cuttle Well he caught some of the water in his bonnet and mixed meal with it, stirring the precious compound with his finger and using the loof of his hand as a spoon. Every stick of furniture Buchan and the other Thrums rebels possessed was seized by the government and roused in the marketplace of Thrums, but few would bid against the late owners, for whom the things were secretly bought back very cheaply.

To these and many similar stories Tommy listened open-mouthed, seeing the scene far more vividly than the narrator, who became alarmed at his quick, loud breathing, and advised him to forget them and go back to his lessons. But his lessons never interested Tommy, and he would go into the Den instead, and repeat Blinder's legends, with embellishments which made them so real that Corp and Elspeth and Grizel were afraid to look behind them lest the spectre of Captain Body should be standing there, leaning on a ghostly sword.

At such times Elspeth kept a firm grip of Tommy's hand, but one evening as they all ran panic-stricken from some imaginary alarm, she lost him near the Cuttle Well, and then, as it seemed to her, the Den became suddenly very dark and lonely. At first she thought she had it to herself, but as she stole timidly along the pink path she heard voices, and she cried "Tommy!" joyously. But no answer came, so it could not be Tommy. Then she thought it must be a pair of lovers, but next moment she stood transfixed with fear, for it was the Painted Lady, who was coming along the path talking aloud to herself. No, not to herself—to someone she evidently thought was by her side; she called him darling and other sweet names, and waited for his replies and nodded pleased assent to them, or

pouted at them, and terrified Elspeth knew that she was talking to the man who never came.

When she saw Elspeth she stopped irresolutely, and the two stood looking in fear at each other. "You are not my brat, are you?" the Painted Lady asked.

"N-no," the child gasped.

"Then why don't you call me nasty names?"

"I dinna never call you names," Elspeth replied, but the woman still looked puzzled.

"Perhaps you are naughty also?" she said, doubtfully, and then, as if making up her mind that it must be so, she came closer and said, with a voice full of pity: "I am so sorry."

Elspeth did not understand half of it, but the pitying voice, which was of the rarest sweetness, drove away much of her fear, and she said: "Do you no mind me? I was wi' Tommy when he gave you the gold packet on Muckley night."

Then the Painted Lady remembered. "He took such a fancy to me," she said, with a pleased simper, and then she looked serious again.

"Do you love him?" she asked, and Elspeth nodded.

"But is he all the world to you?"

"Yes," Elspeth said.

The Painted Lady took her by the arm and said, impressively, "Don't let him know."

"But he does know," said Elspeth.

"I am so sorry," the Painted Lady said again. "When they know too well, then they have no pity."

"But I want Tommy to know," Elspeth insisted.

"That is the woful thing," the Painted Lady said, rocking her arms in a way that reminded the child of Grizel. "We want them to know, we cannot help liking them to know!"

Suddenly she became confidential. "Do you think I showed my love too openly?" she asked, eagerly. "I tried to hide it, you know. I covered my face with my hands, but he pulled them away, and then, of course, he knew."

She went on, "I kissed his horse's nose, and he said I did that because it was his horse. How could he know?"

When I asked him how he knew, he kissed me, and I pretended to be angry and ran away. But I was not angry, and I said to myself, 'I am glad, I am glad, I am glad?'

"I wanted so to be good, but—It is so difficult to refuse when you love him very much, don't you think?"

The pathos of that was lost on the girl, and the Painted Lady continued, sadly: "It would be so nice, would it not, if they liked us to be good? I think it would be sweet." She bent forward and whispered, emphatically, "But they don't, you know—it bores them."

"Never bore them—and they are so easily bored! It bores them if you say you want to be married. I think it would be sweet to be married, but you should never ask for a wedding. They give you everything else, but if you say you only want a wedding, they stamp their feet and go away. Why are you crying, girl? You should not cry; they don't like it. Put on your prettiest gown and laugh and pretend you are happy, and then they will tell you naughty stories and give you these." She felt her ears and looked at her fingers, on which there may once have been jewels, but there were none now.

"If you cry you lose your complexion, and then they don't love you any more. I had always such a beautiful skin. Some ladies when they lose their complexion paint. Horrid, isn't it? I wonder they can do such a thing."

She eyes Elspeth suspiciously. "But of course you might do it just a little," she said, pleadingly — "just to make them go on loving you, don't you think?"

"When they don't want to come any more they write you a letter, and you run with it to your room and kiss it, because you don't know what is inside. Then you open it, and that breaks your heart, you know." She nodded her head sagaciously and smiled with tears in her eyes. "Never, never, never open the letter. Keep it unopened on your breast, and then you can always think that he may come to-morrow. And if——"

Someone was approaching and she

stopped and listened. "My brat!" she cried, furiously, "she is always following me," and she poured forth a torrent of filthy abuse of Grizel, in the midst of which Tommy (for it was he) appeared and carried Elspeth off hastily. This was the only conversation either child ever had with the Painted Lady, and it bore bad fruit for Grizel. Elspeth told some of the Monypenny women about it, and they thought it their duty to point out to Aaron that the Painted Lady and her child were not desirable acquaintances for Tommy and Elspeth.

"I dinna ken," he answered, sharply, "whether Tommy's a fit acquaintance for Grizel, but I'm very sure o' this, that she's mair than a fit acquaintance for him. And look at what she has done for this house. I kenna what we would do if she didna come in nows and nans."

"You ken weel, Aaron," they said, "that onything we could do in the way o' keeping your house in order we would do gladly."

"Thank you," he replied, ungraciously, "but I would rather hae her."

Nevertheless he agreed that he ought to forbid any intercourse with the Painted Lady, and unfortunately Grizel heard of this. Probably there never would have been any such intercourse; Grizel guarded against it more than anyone, for reasons she never spoke of, but she resented this veto proudly.

"Why must you not speak to my mamma?" she demanded of Tommy and Elspeth.

"Because—because she a queer ane," he said.

"She is not a queer one—she is just sweet."

He tried to evade the question by saying, weakly, "We never see her to speak to at ony rate, so it will make no difference. It's no as if you ever asked us to come to Double Dykes."

"But I ask you now," said Grizel, with flashing eyes.

"Oh, I darena!" cried Elspeth.

"Then I won't ever come into your house again," said Grizel, decisively.

"No to redd up?" asked Tommy, incredulously. "No to bake nor to iron? You couldna help it."

"Yes I could."

"Think what you'll miss!"


Grizel might have retorted, "Think what you will miss!" but perhaps the reply she did make had a sharper sting in it. "I shall never come again," she said, loftily, "and my reason for not coming is that—that my mamma thinks your house is not respectable!" She flung this over her shoulder as she stalked away, and it may be that the tears came when there were none to see them, but hers was a resolute mind, and though she continued to be friendly with Tommy and Elspeth out of doors she never again crossed their threshold.

"The house is in a terrible state for want o' you," Tommy would say, trying to wheedle her. "We hinna sanded the floor for months, and the box-iron has fallen ahint the dresser, and my gray sark is rove up the back, and oh, you should just see the holes in Aaron's stockings!"

Then Grizel rocked her arms in agony, but no, she would not go in.

CHAPTER XX

THE SHADOW OF SIR WALTER

OMMY was in Miss Ailie's senior class now, though by no means at the top of it, and her mind was often disturbed about his future. On this subject Aaron had never spoken to anyone, and the problem gave Tommy himself so little trouble that all Elspeth knew was that he was to be great and that she was to keep his house. So the schoolmistress braved an interview with Aaron for the sake of her favorite.

"You know he is a remarkable boy," she said.

"At his lessons, ma'am?" asked Aaron, quietly.

Not exactly at his lessons, she had to admit.

"In what way, then, ma'am?"

Really Miss Ailie could not say. There was something wonderful about Tommy, you felt it, but you could not quite give it a name. The warper must have noticed it himself.

"I've heard him saying something o'

the kind to Elspeth," was Aaron's reply.

"But sometimes he is like a boy inspired," said the schoolmistress. "You must have seen that?"

"When he was thinking o' himsel'," answered Aaron.

"He has such noble sentiments."

"He has."

"And I think, I really think," said Miss Ailie, eagerly, for this was what she had come to say, "that he has got great gifts for the ministry."

"I'm near sure o't," said Aaron, grimly.

"Ah, I see you don't like him."

"I dinna," the warper acknowledged quietly, "but I've been trying to do my duty by him for all that. It's no every laddie that gets three years' schooling straight on end."

This was true, but Miss Ailie only used it to press her point. "You have done so well by him," she said, "that I think you should keep him at school for another year or two, and so give him a chance of carrying a bursary. If he carries one it will support him at college; if he does not—well, then I suppose he must be apprenticed to some trade."

"No," Aaron said, decisively; "if he gets the chance of a college education and flings it awa', I'll waste no more siller on his keep. I'll send him straight to the herding."

"And I shall not blame you," Miss Ailie declared, eagerly.

"Though I would a hantle rather," continued the warper, "waur my money on Elspeth."

"What you spend on him," Miss Ailie argued, "you will really be spending on her, for if he rises in the world he will not leave Elspeth behind. You are prejudiced against him, but you cannot deny that."

"I dinna deny but what he's fond o' her," said Aaron, and after considering the matter for some days he decided that Tommy should get his chance. The schoolmistress had not acted selfishly, for this decision, as she knew, meant that the boy must now be placed in the hands of Mr. Cathro, who was a Greek and Latin scholar. She taught Latin herself, it is true, but as cautiously

as she crossed a plank bridge, and she was never comfortable in the dominie's company, because even at a tea-table he would refer familiarly to the ablative absolute instead of letting sleeping dogs lie.

"But Elspeth couldna be happy if we were at different schools," Tommy objected, instantly.

"Yes, I could," said Elspeth, who had been won over by Miss Ailie; "it will be so fine, Tommy, to see you again after I hinna seen you for three hours."

Tommy was little known to Mr. Cathro at this time, except as the boy who had got the better of a rival teacher in the affair of Corp, which had delighted him greatly. "But if the sacket thinks he can play any of his tricks on me," he told Aaron, "there is an awakening before him," and he began the cramming of Tommy for a bursary with perfect confidence.

But before the end of the month, at the mere mention of Tommy's name, Mr. Cathro turned red in the face, and the fingers of his laying-on hand would clutch an imaginary pair of tawse. Already Tommy had made him self-conscious. He peered covertly at Tommy, and Tommy caught him at it every time, and then each quickly looked another way, and Cathro vowed never to look again, but did it next minute, and what enraged him most was that he knew Tommy noted his attempts at self-restraint as well as his covert glances. All the other pupils knew that a change for the worse had come over the dominie's temper. They saw him punish Tommy frequently without perceptible cause, and that he was still unsatisfied when the punishment was over. This apparently was because Tommy gave him a look before returning to his seat. When they had been walloped they gave Cathro a look also, but it merely meant, "Oh, that this was a dark road and I had a divot in my hand!" while his look was unreadable, that is unreadable to them, for the dominie understood it and writhed. What it said was, "You think me a wonder, and therefore I forgive you."

"And sometimes he fair beats Cathro!" So Tommy's schoolmates reported at home, and the dominie had

to acknowledge its truth to Aaron. "I wish you would give that sacket a thrashing for me," he said, half furiously, yet with a grin on his face, one day when he and the warper chanced to meet on the Monypenny road.

"I'll no lay a hand on bairn o' Jean Myles," Aaron replied. "Ay, and I understood you to say that he would meet his match in you."

"Did I ever say that, man? Well, well, we live and learn."

"What has he been doing now?"

"What has he been doing!" echoed Cathro. "He has been making me look foolish in my own class-room. Yes, sir, he has so completely got the better of me (and not for the first time) that when I tell the story of how he diddled Mr. Ogilvy, Mr. Ogilvy will be able to cap it with the story of how the little whelp diddled me. Upon my soul, Aaron, he's running away with all my self-respect and destroying my sense of humor."

What had so crushed the dominie was the affair of Francie Crabb. Francie was now a pupil, like Gavin Dishart and Tommy, of Mr. Cathro's, who detested the boy's golden curls, perhaps because he was bald himself. They were also an incentive to evil-doing on the part of other boys, who must give them a tug in passing, and on a day the dominie said, in a fury, "Give your mother my compliments, Francie, and tell her I'm so tired of seeing your curls that I mean to cut them off to-morrow morning."

"Say he shall not," whispered Tommy.

"You shanna!" blurted out Francie.

"But I will," said Cathro; "I would do it now if I had the shears."

It was only an empty threat, but an hour afterward the dominie caught Tommy wagering in witchy marbles and other coin that he would not do it, and then instead of taking the tawse to him he said, "Keep him to his bargains, laddies, for whatever may have been my intention at the time, I mean to be as good as my word now."

He looked triumphantly at Tommy, who, however, instead of seeming crest-fallen, continued to bet, and now the other boys were eager to close with him, for great was their faith in Cathro. These transactions were carried out on

the sly, but the dominie knew what was going on, and despite his faith in himself he had his twitches of uneasiness.

"However, the boy can only be trusting to fear of Mrs. Crabb restraining me," he decided, and he marched into the school-room next morning ostentatiously displaying his wife's largest scissors. His pupils crowded in after him, and though he noticed that all were strangely quiet and many wearing scared faces, he put it down to the coming scene. He could not resist giving one triumphant glance at Tommy, who, however, instead of returning it, looked modestly down. Then — "Is Francie Crabb here?" asked Mr. Cathro, firmly.

"He's hodding ahint the press," cried a dozen voices.

"Come forward, Francie," said the dominie, clicking the shears to encourage him.

There was a long pause, and then Francie emerged in fear from behind the press. Yes, it was Francie, but his curls were gone!

The shears fell to the floor. "Who did this?" roared the terrible Cathro.

"It was Tommy Sandys," blurted out Francie, in tears.

The school-master was unable to speak, and alarmed at the stillness, Francie whined, "He said it would be done at onyrate, and he promised me half his winnings."

It is still remembered by bearded men and married women who were at school that day how Cathro leaped three forms to get at Tommy, and how Tommy cried under the tawse and yet laughed ecstatically at the same time, and how subsequently he and Francie collected so many dues that the pockets of them stood out like brackets from their little persons.

The dominie could not help grinning a little at his own discomfiture as he told this story, but Aaron saw nothing amusing in it. "As I telled you," he repeated, "I winna touch him, so if you're no content wi' what you've done yoursel', you had better put Francie's mither on him."

"I hear she has taken him in hand already," Mr. Cathro replied, dryly. "But, Aaron, I wish you would at least keep him closer to his lessons at night,

for it is seldom he comes to the school well prepared."

"I see him sitting lang ower his books," said Aaron.

"Ay, maybe, but is he at them?" responded the dominie with a shake of the head that made Aaron say, with his first show of interest in the conversation, "You have little faith in his carrying a bursary, I see."

But this Mr. Cathro would not admit, for if he thought Tommy a numskull the one day he often saw cause to change his mind the next, so he answered, guardedly, "It's too soon to say, Aaron, for he has eighteen months' stuffing to undergo yet before we send him to Aberdeen to try his fortune, and I have filled some gey toom wimes in eighteen months. But you must lend me a hand."

The weaver considered and then replied, stubbornly, "No, I gie him his chance, but I'll have nocht to do wi' his use o't. And, dominie, I want you to say not another word to me about him atween this and examination time, for my mind's made up no to say a word to him. It's weel kent that I'm no more fit to bring up bairns than to hae them (dinna conter me, man, for the thing was proved lang syne at the Cuttle Well), and so till that time I'll let him gang his ain gait. But if he doesna carry a bursary, to the herding he goes. I've said it and I'll stick to it."

So, as far as Aaron was concerned, Tommy was left in peace to the glory of collecting his winnings from those who had sworn by Cathro, and among them was Master Gavin Ogilvy Dishart, who now found himself surrounded by a debt of sixpence, a degrading position for the son of an Auld Licht minister.

Tommy would not give him time, but was willing to take his copy of "Waverley" as full payment.

Gavin offered him "Ivanhoe" instead, because his mother had given a read of "Waverley" to Gavinia, Miss Ailie's servant, and she read so slowly, putting her finger beneath each word, that she had not yet reached the middle. Also, she was so enamoured of the work that she would fight anyone who tried to take it from her.

Tommy refused "Ivanhoe," as it was not about Jacobites, but suggested that

Gavinia should be offered it in lieu of "Waverley," and told that it was a better story.

The suggestion came too late, as Gavinia had already had a loan of "Ivanhoe," and read it with rapture, inch by inch. However, if Tommy would wait a month, or——

Tommy was so eager to read more about the Jacobites that he found it trying to wait five minutes. He thought Gavin's duty was to get his father to compel Gavinia to give the book up.

Was Tommy daft? Mr. Dishart did not know that his son possessed these books. He did not approve of story books, and when Mrs. Dishart gave them to Gavin on his birthday she—she had told him to keep them out of his father's sight. (Mr. and Mrs. Dishart were very fond of each other, but there were certain little matters that she thought it unnecessary to trouble him about.)

So if Tommy was to get "Waverley" at once, he must discover another way. He reflected, and then set off to Miss Ailie's (to whom he still read sober works of an evening, but novels never), looking as if he had found a way.

For some time Miss Ailie had been anxious about her red-armed maid, who had never before given pain unless by excess of willingness, as when she offered her garter to tie Miss Ailie's parcels with. Of late, however, Gavinia had taken to blurting out disquieting questions, to whose significance she withheld the key, such as—

"Is there ony place nowadays, ma'am, where there's tourniements? And could an able-bodied lassie walk to them; and what might be the charge to win in?"

Or, "Would you no like to be so mighty beautiful, ma'am, that as soon as the men saw your bonny face they just up wi' you in their arms and ran?"

Or again, "What's the heaviest weight o' a woman a grand lusty man could carry in his arms as if she were an infant?"

This method of conveyance seemed to have a peculiar fascination for Gavinia, and she got herself weighed at the fletcher's. On another occasion she broke a glass candlestick, and all she said to the pieces was, "Wha carries me, wears me."

This mystery was troubling the school-mistress sadly when Tommy arrived with the key to it. "I'm doubting Gavinia's reading ill books on the sly," he said.

"Never!" exclaimed Miss Ailie, "she reads nothing but the *Mentor*."

Tommy shook his head, like one who would fain hope so, but could not overlook facts. "I've been hearing," he said, "that she reads books as are full o' strokes and words we have no concern with."

Miss Ailie could not believe it, but she was advised to search the kitchen, and under Gavinia's mattress was found the dreadful work.

"And you are only fifteen!" said Miss Ailie, eying her little maid sorrowfully.

"The easier to carry," replied Gavinia, darkly.

"And you called after a minister!" Miss Ailie continued, for her maid had been christened Gavinia because she was the first child baptized in his church after the Rev. Gavin Dishart came to Thrums. "Gavinia, I must tell him of this. I shall take this book to Mr. Dishart this very day."

"The right man to tak it to," replied the maid, sullenly, "for it's his ain."

"Gavinia!"

"Weel, it was Mrs. Dishart that lendit it to me."

"I—I never saw it on the manse shelves."

"I'm thinking," said the brazen Gavinia, "as there's hoddie corners in manses as weel as in—blue-and-white rooms."

This dark suggestion was as great a shock to the gentle school-mistress as if out of a clear sky had come suddenly the word—

Stroke!

She tottered with the book that had so demoralized the once meek Gavinia into the blue-and-white room, where Tommy was restlessly awaiting her, and when she had told him all, he said, with downcast eyes:

"I was never sure o' Mrs. Dishart. When I hand her the *Mentor* she looks as if she didna care a stroke for't——"

"Tommy!"

"I'm doubting," he said, sadly, "that

she's ower fond o' words we have no concern with."

Miss Ailie would not listen to such talk, but she approved of the suggestion that "Waverley" should be returned not to the minister, but to his wife, and she accepted gratefully Tommy's kindly offer to act as bearer. Only happening to open the book in the middle, she——

"I'm waiting," said Tommy, after ten minutes.

She did not hear him.

"I'm waiting," he said again, but she was now in the next chapter.

"Maybe you would like to read it yoursel'!" he cried, and then she came to, and, with a shudder, handed him the book. But after he had gone she returned to the kitchen to reprove Gavinia at greater length, and in the midst of the reproof she said, faintly: "You did not happen to look at the end, did you?"

"That I did," replied Gavinia.

"And did she—did he——"

"No," said Gavinia, sorrowfully.

Miss Ailie sighed. "That's what I think too," said Gavinia.

"Why didn't they?" asked the school-mistress.

"Because he was just a sumph," answered Gavinia, sorrowfully. "If he had been like Fergus, or like the chield in 'Ivanhoe,' he wouldna hae ta'en a 'no.' He would just hae whipped her up in his arms and away wi' her. That's the kind for me, ma'am."

"There is a fascination about them," murmured Miss Ailie.

"A what?"

But again Miss Ailie came to. "For shame, Gavinia, for shame!" she said, severely; "these are disgraceful sentiments."

In the meantime Tommy had hurried with the book, not to the manse, but to a certain garret, and as he read, his imagination went on fire. Blinder's stories had made him half a Jacobite, and now "Waverley" revealed to him that he was born neither for the ministry nor the herding, but to restore to his country its rightful king. The first to whom he confided this was Corp, who immediately exclaimed: "Michty me! But what will the police say?"

"I ken a wy," answered Tommy, sternly.

CHAPTER XXI

THE LAST JACOBITE RISING



ON the evening of the queen's birthday, bridies were eaten to her honor in a hundred Thrums homes, and her health was drunk in toddy, Scotch toddy and Highland toddy. Toddy is two of water and one of whiskey, Scotch toddy is half and half, Highland toddy is two of whiskey to one of water. Patullo, the writer, gave a men's party, and his sole instructions to his maid were "Keep running back and forrit wi' the hot water." At the bank there was a ladies' party and ginger wine. From Cathro's bedroom-window a flag was displayed with *Vivat Regina* on it, the sentiment invented by Cathro, the words sewn by the girls of his McCulloch class. The eight o'clock bell rang for an hour, and a royal crowd had gathered in the square to shout. To a superficial observer, such as the Baron Bailie or Todd, the new policeman, all seemed well and fair.

But a very different scene was being enacted at the same time in the fastnesses of the Den, where three resolute schemers had met by appointment. Their trysting-place was the Cuttle Well, which is most easily reached by the pink path made for that purpose; but the better to further their dark and sinister design, the plotters arrived by three circuitous routes, one descending the Reekie Broth Pot, a low but dangerous waterfall, the second daring the perils of the crags, and the third walking stealthily up the burn.

"Is that you, Tommy?"

"Whist! Do you mind the pass-word?"

"Stroke!"

"Right. Have you heard Gav Dis-hart coming?"

"I hinna. I doubt his father had grippit him as he was slinking out o' the manse."

"I fear it, Corp. I'm thinking his father is in the Woman's pay."

"What woman?"

"The Woman of Hanover?"

"That's the queen, is it no?"

"She'll never get me to call her queen."

"Nor yet me. I think I hear Gav coming."

Gav Dishart was the one who had come by the burn, and his boots were cheeping like a field of mice. He gave the word "Stroke," and the three then looked at each other firmly. The lights of the town were not visible from the Cuttle Well, owing to an arm of cliff that is outstretched between, but the bell could be distinctly heard, and occasionally a shout of revelry.

"They little ken!" said Tommy, scornfully.

"They hinna a notion," said Corp, but he was looking somewhat perplexed himself.

"It's near time, I was back for family exercise," said Gav, uneasily, "so we had better do it quick, Tommy."

"Did you bring the wineglasses?" Tommy asked him.

"No," Gav said, "the press was lockit, but I've brought egg-cups."

"Stand round then."

The three boys now presented a picturesque appearance, but there was none save the man in the moon to see them. They stood round the Cuttle Well, each holding an egg-cup, and though the daring nature of their undertaking and the romantic surroundings combined to excite them, it was not fear but soaring purpose that paled their faces and caused their hands to tremble, when Tommy said, solemnly, "Afore we do what we've come here to do, let's swear."

"Stroke!" he said.

"Stroke!" said Gav.

"Stroke!" said Corp.

They then filled their cups and holding them over the Well, so that they clinked, they said:

"To the king ower the water!"

"To the king ower the water!"

"To the king ower the water!"

When they had drunk Tommy broke his cup against a rock, for he was determined that it should never be used to honor a meaner toast, and the others followed his example, Corp briskly, though the act puzzled him, and Gav with a gloomy look because he knew that the cups would be missed to-morrow.

"Is that a' now?" whispered Corp, wiping his forehead with his sleeve.

"All!" cried Tommy. "Man, we've just begood."

As secretly as they had entered it, they left the Den, and anon three figures were standing in a dark trance, cynically watching the revellers in the square.

"If they just kent!" muttered the smallest, who was wearing his jacket outside in to escape observation.

"But they little ken!" said Gav Dishart.

"They hinna a notion!" said Corp, contemptuously, but still he was a little puzzled, and presently he asked, softly: "Lads, what just is it that they dinna ken?"

Had Gav been ready with an answer he could not have uttered it, for just then a terrible little man in black, who had been searching for him in likely places, seized him by the cuff of the neck, and, turning his face in an easterly direction, ran him to family worship. But there was still work to do for the other two. Walking home alone that night from Mr. Patullo's party, Mr. Cathro had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being dogged. When he stopped to listen, all was at once still, but the moment he moved onward he again heard stealthy steps behind. He retired to rest as soon as he reached his house, to be wakened presently by a slight noise at the window, whence the flag-post protruded. It had been but a gust of wind, he decided, and turned round to go to sleep again, when crash! the post was plucked from its place and cast to the ground. The dominie sprang out of bed, and while feeling for a light, thought he heard skurrying feet, but when he looked out at the window no one was to be seen; *Vivat Regina* lay ignobly in the gutters. That it could have been the object of an intended theft was not probable, but the open window might have tempted thieves, and there was a possible though risky way up by the spout. The affair was a good deal talked about at the time, but it remained shrouded in a mystery which even we have been unable to penetrate.

On the heels of the Queen's birthday

came the Muckley, the one that was to be known to fame, if fame was willing to listen to Corp, as Tommy's Muckley. Unless he had some grand aim in view never was a boy who yielded to temptations more blithely than Tommy, but when he had such aim never was a boy so firm in withstanding them. At this Muckley he had a mighty reason for not spending money, and with ninepence in his pocket clamoring to be out he spent not one half-penny. There was something uncanny in the sight of him stalking unscathed between rows of stands and shows, everyone of them aiming at his pockets. Corp and Gav, of course, were in the secret and did their humble best to act in the same unnatural manner, but now and again a show made a successful snap at Gav, and Corp had gloomy fears that he would lose his head in presence of the Teuch and Tasty, from which humiliation indeed he was only saved by the happy idea of requesting Tommy to shout "Deuteronomy!" in a warning voice, every time they drew nigh Californy's seductive stand.

Was there nothing for sale, then, that the three thirsted to buy? There were many things, among them weapons of war, a pack of cards, more properly called Devil's books, blue bonnets suitable for Highland gentlemen, feathers for the bonnets, a tin lantern, yards of tartan cloth, which the deft fingers of Grizel would convert into warriors' sashes. Corp knew that these purchases were in Tommy's far-seeing eye, but he thought the only way to get them was to ask the price and then offer half. Gav, the scholar, who had already reached daylight through the first three books of Euclid, and took a walk every Saturday morning with his father and Herodotus, even Gav, the scholar, was as thick-witted as Corp.

"We'll let other laddies buy them," Tommy explained in his superior way, "and then after the Muckley is past, we'll buy them frae them."

The others understood now. After a Muckley there was always a great dearth of pence, and a moneyed man could become owner of Muckley purchases at a sixth part of the Muckley price.

"You crittur!" exclaimed Corp, in abject admiration.

But Gav saw an objection. "The feck of them," he pointed out, "will waur their siller on shows and things to eat, instead of on what we want them to buy."

"So they will, the nasty sackets!" cried Corp.

"You couldna blame a laddie for buying Teuch and Tasty," continued Gav with triumph, for he was a little jealous of Tommy.

"You couldna," agreed Corp, "no, I'll be dagont, if you could," and his hand pressed his money feverishly.

"Deuteronomy!" roared Tommy, and Corp's hand jumped as if it had been caught in some other person's pocket.

"But how are we to do?" he asked. "If you like, I'll take Birkie and the Haggerty-Taggertys round the Muckley and fight ilka ane that doesna buy——"

"Corp," said Tommy, calmly, "I wonder at you. Do you no ken yet that the best plan is to leave a' thing to me?"

"Blethering gomerils, that we are, of course it is!" cried Corp, and he turned almost fiercely upon Gav. "Lippen all to him," he said with grand confidence, "he'll find a way."

And Tommy found a way. Birkie was the boy who bought the pack of cards. He came upon Tommy looking so woe-begone, that it was necessary to ask the reason.

"Oh, Birkie, lend me threepence," sobbed Tommy, "and I'll gie you sixpence the morn."

"You're daft," said Birkie, "there's no a laddie in Thrums that will have one single lonely bawbee the morn."

"Him that buys the cards," moaned Tommy, "will never be without siller, for you tell auld folks fortunes on them at a penny every throw. Lend me threepence, Birkie. They cost a sic, and I have just——"

"Na, na," said greedy Birkie, "I'm no to be catched wi' chaff. If it's true, what you say, I'll buy the cards mysel'."

Having thus got hold of him, Tommy led Birkie to a stand where the King of Egypt was telling fortunes with cards, and doing a roaring trade among the Jocks and Jennys. He also sold packs at sixpence each, and the elated Birkie was an immediate purchaser.

"You're no so clever as you think

yoursel'!" he said, triumphantly, to Tommy, who replied with his inscrutable smile. But to his satellites he said, "Not a soul will buy a fortune frae Birkie. I'll get thae cards for a penny afore next week's out."

Francie Crabb found Tommy sniggering to himself in the back wynd. "What are you goucking at?" asked Francie, in surprise, for, as a rule, Tommy only laughed behind his face.

"I winna tell you," chuckled Tommy, "but what a bar, oh, what a bar!"

"Come on, tell me."

"Weel, it's at the man as is swallowing swords abint the menagerie."

"I see nothing to laugh at in that."

"I'm no laughing at that. I'm laughing at him for selling the swords for ninepence the piece. Oh, what ignorant he is, oh, what a bar!"

"Ninepence is a mislaird price for a soord," said Francie. "I never gae ninepence."

Tommy looked at him in the way that always made boys fidget with their fists.

"You're near as big a bar as him," he said, scornfully. "Did you ever see the sword that's hanging on the wall in the backroom at the post-office?"

"No, but my father has telled me about it. It has a grand name."

"It's an Andrea Ferrara, that's what it is."

"Ay, I mind the name now; there has been folk killed wi' that soord."

This was true, for the post-office Andrea Ferrara has a stirring history, but for the present its price was the important thing. "Dr. McQueen offered a pound note for it," said Tommy.

"I ken that, but what has it to do wi' the soord-swallower?"

"Just this; that the swords he is selling for ninepence are Andrea Ferraras, the same as the post-office anes, and he could get a pound a piece for them if he kent their worth. Oh, what a bar, oh, what——"

Francie's eyes lit up greedily, and he looked at his two silver shillings, and took two steps in the direction of the sword-swallower's, and faltered and could not make up his agitated mind. Tommy set off toward the square at a brisk walk.

"Whaur are you aff to?" asked Francie, following him.

"To tell the man what his swords is worth. It would be ill done no to tell him." To clinch the matter, off went Tommy at a run, and off went Francie after him. As a rule Tommy was the swifter, but on this occasion he lagged of fell purpose, and reached the sword-swallower's tent just in time to see Francie emerge, elated therefrom, carrying two Andrea Ferraras. Francie grinned when they met.

"What a bar!" he crowed.

"What a bar!" agreed Tommy, and sufficient has now been told to show that he had found a way. Even Gav acknowledged a master, and when the accoutrements of war were bought at second hand as cheaply as Tommy had predicted, applauded him with eyes and mouth for a full week, after which he saw things in a new light. Gav of course was to enter the bursary lists anon, and he had supposed that Cathro would have the last year's schooling of him, but no, his father decided to send him for the grand final grind to Mr. Ogilvy of Glen Quharity, a famous dominie between whom and Mr. Dishart existed a friendship that none had ever got at the root of. Mr. Cathro was more annoyed than he cared to show, Gav being of all the boys of that time the one likeliest to do his teacher honor at the university competitions, but Tommy, though the decision cost him an adherent, was not ill-pleased, for he had discovered that Gav was one of those irritating boys who like to be leader. Gav, as has been said, suddenly saw Tommy's victory over Messrs. Birkie, Francie, etc., in a new light; this was because when he wanted back the shilling which he had contributed to the funds for buying their purchases, Tommy replied, firmly:

"I canna gie you the shilling, but I'll gie you the lantern and the tartan cloth we bought wi' it."

"What use could they be to me at Glen Quharity?" Gav protested.

"Oh, if they are no use to you," Tommy said, sweetly, "me and Corp is willing to buy them off you for threepence."

Then Gav became a scorner of duplicity, but he had to consent to the

bargain, and again Corp said to Tommy, "Oh, you crittur!" But he was sorry to lose a fellow-conspirator. "There's just the twa o' us now," he sighed.

"Just twa!" cried Tommy. "What are you hawering about, man? There's as mony as I like to whistle for."

"You mean Grizel and Elspeth, I ken, but——"

"I wasna thinking of the women-folk," Tommy told him, with a contemptuous wave of the hand. He went closer to Corp, and said, in a low voice, "The McKenzies are waiting!"

"Are they, though?" said Corp, perplexed, as he had no notion who the McKenzies might be.

"And Lochiel has twa hunder spearsmen."

"Do you say so?"

"Young Kinnordy's ettling to come out, and I meet Lord Airlie when the moon rises at the Loups o' Kenny, and auld Bradwardine's as spunky as ever, and there's fifty wild highlandmen lying ready in the muckle cave of Clova."

He spoke so earnestly that Corp could only ejaculate, "Michty me!"

"But of course they winna rise," continued Tommy, darkly, "till he lands."

"Of course no," said Corp, "but—wha is he?"

"Himsel'," whispered Tommy, "the Chevalier!"

Corp hesitated. "But, I thought," he said, diffidently, "I thought you——"

"So I am," said Tommy.

"But you said he hadna landed yet?"

"Neither he has."

"But you——"

"Weel?"

"You're here, are you no?"

Tommy stamped his foot in irritation. "You're slow in the uptak," he said. "I'm no here. How can I be here when I'm at St. Germain's?"

"Dinna be angry wi' me," Corp begged. "I ken you're ower the water, but when I see you, I kind of forget; and just for the minute I think you're here."

"Weel, think afore you speak."

"I'll try, but that's teuch work. When do you come to Scotland?"

"I'm no sure; but as soon as I'm ripe."

At nights Tommy now sometimes lay among the cabbages of the school-house

watching the shadow of Black Cathro on his sitting-room blind. Cathro never knew he was there. The reason Tommy lay among the cabbages was that there was a price upon his head.

"But if Black Cathro wanted to get the blood-money," Corp said, apologetically, "he could nab you ony day. He kens you fine."

Tommy smiled meaningly. "Not him," he answered, "I've cheated him bonny, he hasna a notion wha I am. Corp, would you like a good laugh?"

"That I would."

"Weel, then, I'll tell you wha he thinks I am. Do you ken a little house yont the road a bitty frae Monypenny?"

"I ken no sic house," said Corp, "except Aaron's."

"Aaron's tha man as bides in it," Tommy continued, hastily, "at least I think that's the name. Weel, as you ken the house, you've maybe noticed a laddie that bides there too?"

"There's no laddie," began Corp, "except——"

"Let me see," interrupted Tommy, "what was his name? Was it Peter? No. Was it Willie? Stop, I mind, it was Tommy."

He glared so that Corp dared not utter a word. "Have you notitched him?"

"I've—I've seen him," Corp gasped.

"Weel, this is the joke," said Tommy, trying vainly to restrain his mirth, "Cathro thinks I'm that laddie! Ho! ho! ho!"

Corp scratched his head, then he bit his warts, then he spat upon his hands, then he said "Damn."

The crisis came when Cathro, still ignorant that the heather was on fire, dropped some disparaging remarks about the Stuarts to his history class. Tommy said nothing, but—but one of the school-windows was without a snib, and next morning when the dominie reached his desk he was surprised to find on it a little cotton glove. He raised it on high, greatly puzzled, and then, as ever when he suspected knavery, his eyes sought Tommy, who was sitting on a form, his hands proudly folded. That the whelp had put the glove there, Cathro no longer doubted, and he would have liked to know why,

but was loath to give him the satisfaction of asking. So the gauntlet—for gauntlet it was—was laid aside, the while Tommy, his head bumming like a beeskep, muttered triumphantly through his teeth, "But he lifted it, he lifted it!" and at closing time it was flung in his face with this fair tribute:

"I'm no a rich man, laddie, but I would give a pound note to know what you'll be at ten years from now."

There could be no mistaking the dire meaning of these words, and Tommy hurried, pale but determined, to the quarry, where Corp with a barrow in his hands was learning strange phrases by heart, and finding it a help to call his warts after the new swears.

"Corp," cried Tommy, firmly, "I've set sail!"

On the following Saturday evening

Charles Edward landed in the den. In his bonnet was the white cockade, and round his waist a tartan sash; though he had long passed man's allotted span his face was still full of fire, his figure lithe and even boyish. For state reasons he had assumed the name of Captain Stroke. As he leapt ashore from the bark, the Dancing Shovel, he was received right loyally by Corp and other faithful adherents, of whom only two, and these of a sex to which his House was ever partial, were visible, owing to the gathering gloom. Corp of that ilk sank on his knees at the water's edge, and kissing his royal master's hand said, fervently, "Welcome, my prince, once more to bonny Scotland!" Then he rose and whispered, but with scarcely less emotion, "There's an egg to your tea."

(To be continued.)

OLD MARBLEHEAD

By Marguerite Merington

No Doge's ring hath covenanted it
 With gay processional, old ocean's bride—
 Life, time, and death upon its face have writ
 Its commune with the seas it stands beside.

Mark how the very houses seem to turn
 Their faces seaward from the crooked street
 Like anxious eyes that thro' the darkness yearn
 Beyond the line where sky and ocean meet;

How by the cottage doors for gardens' grace
 Bask veteran dories in their sea-past hours,
 Whose tide-worn timbers clasp in fond embrace
 A riot festival of summer flowers—

Nasturtiums, dark-eyed pansies, nodding bells;
 As some old sailor holds upon his knees
 His blooming grandchildren, and gladly tells
 To wondering child-eyes, stories of the seas.

Far out the lighthouse stands, a fortress walled
On granite crag and pillared porphyry,
Where billows cleft in sheen of emerald,
White-panoplied, charge in from open sea.

But earth, with mother's arm incurved, holds fast
A placid harbor, on whose heaving breast
In mirrored forestry of line and mast
The fishing boats returned, at anchor, rest.

At morn with sails spread to the wet salt wind
The fisher seeks his harvest from the main,
Nor ever knows, who leaves the land behind,
That he shall see the harbor lights again.

The sweets of bayberry and wild-rose blown
Earth's greeting bear to ocean's barren flower,
And like a call from home when day is done
Shines out the radiance from the lighthouse tower.

No word speeds back the gull on slanting wing;
No message breathes when sea and land winds meet;
Only the mocking tide may haply bring
Some drifted token to a watcher's feet!

And ever they whose heart the wild waves claim,
Heaping the winter hearth with splint of spar,
Seek fancied tidings in its irian flame
From some dear ship for aye beyond the bar.

Or lapse long patient years from day to dark,
Till on yon wind-swept hill beside the foam
Gray, silent sentinels, the headstones, mark
Who still wait their beloveds' coming-home.

Not wed as Venice fair with Doge's ring
And storied pageantry, old ocean's bride;
Such human tales of love and suffering
Write its eternal compact with the tide.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE TROTTING HORSE

FIRST PAPER

By Hamilton Busbey



WHILE the rest of the world has expended much of its enthusiasm for horses upon runners, in this country national interest has centred around the trotter. As in the case of many other sports and diversions, trotting began in the East and has spread throughout the States, so that the attractive features of every agricultural fair are the races for light-harness horses. The running horse, in recent years, has found particular favor in and around great centres of population like New York, where betting was made unpleasantly conspicuous, but to the rest of the land the horse about which men talk and tell great stories is the trotting horse.

In this article I hope to outline, for the first time in a popular magazine, the steps in the evolution of the trotting horse—a most interesting history, which has heretofore come to the public only in episodes which associate themselves with certain great names in the trotting world—names that have become connected with all sorts of articles of domestic use.

The trotting horse has had the good fortune to win for his patrons a notable body of men whose careers have been honorable and distinguished in their various vocations, and who have transferred the same honorable business methods to the development of the trotting horse in the United States. It is this respectable association that will appear from time to time throughout this necessarily hurried narrative, which I cannot better begin than with a description of the gentlemen drivers whose competition of interest started the trotting horse on his career early in the century.

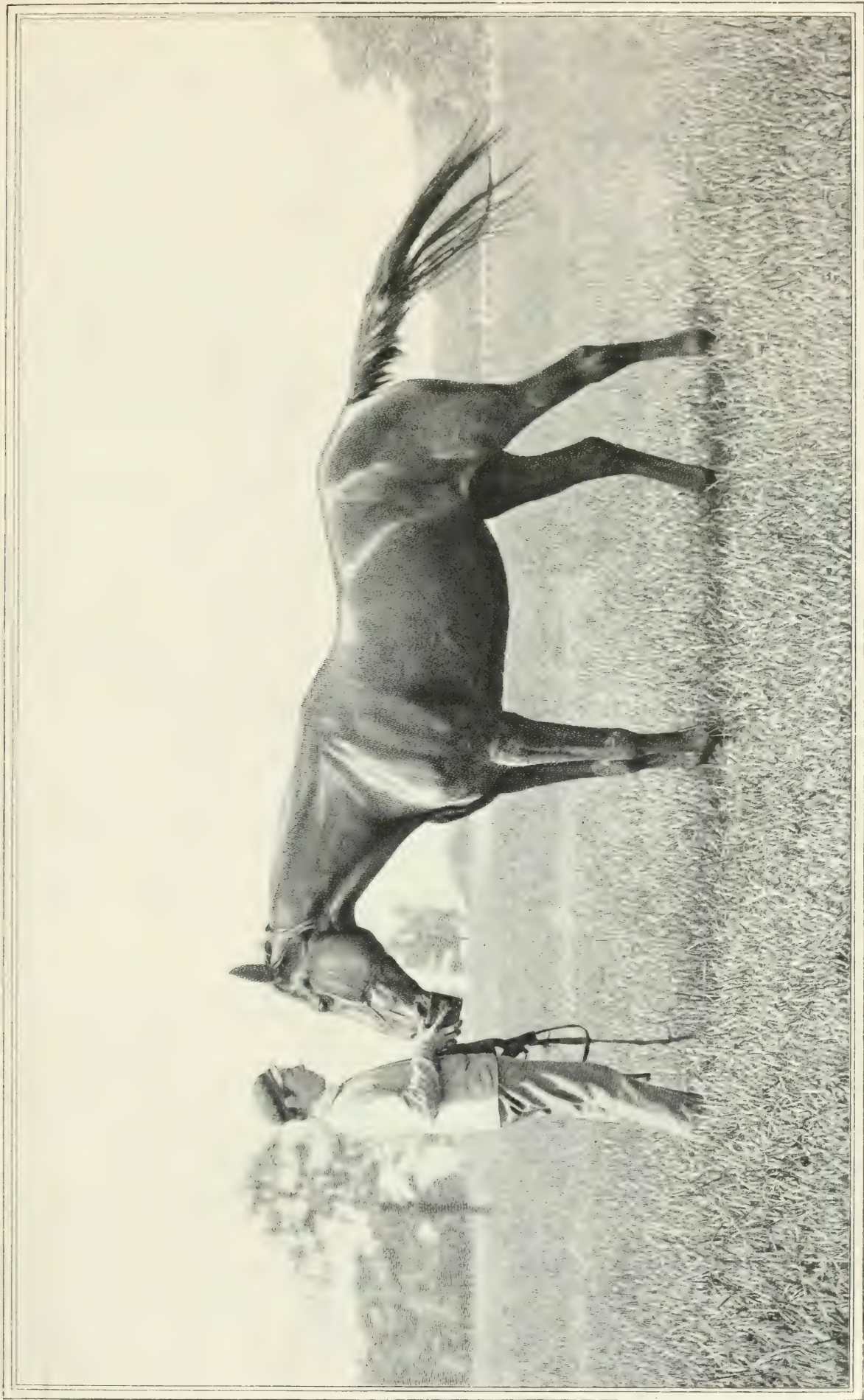
ROAD-HOUSES AND GENTLEMEN DRIVERS

At a Jockey Club dinner in 1818, discussion drifted to the trotter, and a wager was made that no horse could be

produced which could trot a mile in three minutes. Boston Blue was named at the post by Major William Jones, of Long Island, and Colonel Bond, of Maryland, and the old chronicle says that he “won cleverly and gained great renown.” This horse was subsequently purchased by Thomas Cooper, the tragedian, who drove him on several occasions from New York to Philadelphia and return.

The New York Trotting Club was organized in 1825, for the purpose of improving the speed of road-horses, and its course was on Long Island, near the Jamaica turnpike. The initial purses were for races of two-mile and three-mile heats. In 1835 trotting was in vogue in the city of New York, and matches were ridden or driven, almost daily, on Third Avenue, from Harlem to Bull’s Head, in Twenty-fourth Street. The Harlem and Centreville Courses were also much used, and among the gentlemen who sat behind teams and handled them with skill were Hamilton Wilkes, William McLeod, and William Laight. “Frank Forrester” (William Henry Herbert), who participated in those scenes, wrote in 1856, with a tinge of sadness: “Many things have passed since those days; many changes have rolled over the great city, which has been trebled in size, in population, in wealth, in commerce, and in luxury; and I see but few around me who remember the things that then were as they were. Many a good and gallant heart is cold which would, I sometimes imagine, feel strangely and at a loss if it were informed again by the warm life-blood and brought back to revisit the places which it would no longer recognize.” It was not until 1845 that a mile was trotted in better than 2.30.

In 1856, the year that Mr. Robert Bonner began to drive on the road, trotting had fallen into bad repute, and a resolute example was needed to lift it into public favor.



MAUD S. (2.08¾ to high-wheel sulky on an oval track at Cleveland, Ohio, July 30, 1885. By Harold, dam Miss Russell).
From a photograph made in August, 1895, at the age of twenty-one, at Mr. Bunker's farm.

A house of refreshment, known as Burnham's, on Bloomingdale Road and Seventy-sixth Street, was frequented by gentlemen riders; and the next road-house established was Jones's, on the bluff overlooking the Hudson, and where the tomb of General Grant is located. The children who accompanied their parents to this charming spot played in the shade of trees during the time grooms cared for horses with steaming flanks, looked across to the Jersey shore, and down upon the silver flow, and called it "Mr. Jones's River."

The next change was to Elm Park, on the Bloomingdale Road at Ninety-second Street. Here a club-house with a half-mile track was built, and admission was restricted to members. It was in high favor for five or six years, and prominent among the gentlemen who tried the speed of their horses on the track were Commodore Vanderbilt, Robert Bonner, Joseph Harker, Frank Work, Shepherd F. Knapp, William H. Vanderbilt, George B. Alley, George Griswold, Charles H. Kerner, William Turnbull, and Charles De Forrest. When Peter Dubois built a club-house with a half-mile track on Harlem Lane (now Eighth Avenue) and One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street, the gentlemen who had given stability to Elm Park moved there, and it was in the enjoyment of wide celebrity just after the close of the Civil War. When its gates were closed the riders scattered, some going to Bertholf's, some to Florence's, and some to Smith's, all popular road-houses. This road rivalry stimulated breeding and advanced prices. Mr. Bonner had put Flatbush Maid and Lady Palmer together, and they made a team which was the admiration of the town. In the autumn of 1861 he drove them around Union Course in 2.27, but there was a good deal of envious talk. Commodore Vanderbilt owned Post Boy and Plow Boy at that time, and his cronies whispered, with shoulder shrugs, that Mr. Bonner's friends had timed the two mares fast to please him. May 10, 1862, there was to be a race at Fashion Course, and Mr. Bonner managed so as to have Alderman Jewett, who controlled the track, invite the Commodore to a seat in the judges' stand. Lady

Palmer and Flatbush Maid had been driven from their stable in the city to the course, and all eyes were immediately on them when Mr. Bonner appeared in front of the judges' stand. The team was driven to road wagon, two miles, in 5.01 $\frac{1}{4}$, the first mile in 2.26, and doubts about their speed were completely wiped out.

The performance produced a marked sensation, and the Commodore was too much of a man to withhold his individual praise. The first real friction between those two prominent riders occurred at the Dubois track.

The Commodore stopped in front of the club-house one day with a newly purchased team, and when informed that Mr. Bonner had just driven a fast quarter, sneered: "What is a quarter on a half-mile track?"

Mr. Bonner, who was sitting on the piazza, sprang to his feet, and said, with considerable emphasis:

"Commodore, I can beat your team a quarter, a half mile, a mile, or two miles."

The grim-faced old gentleman simply remarked, "We will see about that," and his rival replied, "All right."

The feeling grew, and just after the purchase of Dexter, Commodore Vanderbilt bought Mountain Boy, who was faster than his record of 2.20 $\frac{3}{4}$, and when his friends began to brag about his ability to beat 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$, Mr. Bonner paid \$20,000 for Edward Everett, the sire of Mountain Boy.

After this the Commodore could not grow enthusiastic over his horse without reflecting credit on a horse in the Bonner stable. The double-team rivalry, in which Frank Work, T. C. Eastman, C. J. Hamlin, W. H. Vanderbilt, John D. Rockefeller, and William Rockefeller participated, also assisted in expanding the breeding industry.

THE GREAT SIRES OF TROTTERS

In 1768, near Leeds, England, a gray horse, Mambrino, was foaled, whose blood became a factor in the harness type. He was by Engineer, a son of Sampson, who traced directly to the Darley Arabian, and he won a number



The Old Dubois Road-house at Eighth Avenue and 145th Street (now the "Barry House") with William H. Vanderbilt driving Maud S. and Aldine.

Painted by Gustav Verboek from nature and photographs.

of races for Lord Grosvenor. He was a horse of lofty style, and laid in his native country the foundation of some of the finest coach-horses ever produced there. Only two of his get were brought to the United States. Mambrino, a chestnut mare, was imported into South Carolina in 1787, and among her produce was Eliza, who, bred to Sir Archy, produced Bertrand, sire of Gray Eagle, a horse whose blood is prominent in a number of trotters of merit. Messenger, foaled in 1780, was imported in May, 1788, by Thomas Benger, of Bristol, Pa., and he became the fountain-head of a powerful family of trotters. He was a gray of much vitality and substance, standing 15.3, and his dam was by Turf, a descendant of the Godolphin Arabian. He started, previous to his importation, in fourteen races, and won eight times. He had natural trotting action, and this, with cultivation, became the established gait of his descendants. He was kept in the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York, and died at the ripe age of twenty-eight, on the farm of Townsend Cock, Oyster Bay, L. I.

A thoroughbred daughter of imp. Sour Crout was mated with Messenger, and the result was the bay horse Mambrino, foaled in 1807. He is distinguished as a progenitor of trotters. A

courageous chestnut mare of 15.3, called Amazonia, of untraced blood, was bred to Mambrino, and the outcome was a bay horse, called Abdallah, foaled in 1823, at Salisbury Place, Long Island. He was ridden under saddle, instead of being used in harness, and an old description says he had powerful back,

loins, and quarters, with vigorous and elastic motion. He went to Kentucky in 1839, but subsequently returned to New York, and died in November, 1854, of starvation and neglect, on a barren Long Island beach, and was buried in the sand.

Three of the sons of Abdallah—Sir Walter, O'Blennis, and Frank Forrester—trotted to records of 2.30 and better. The Charles Kent mare, by imp. Bell-founder, granddam One Eye, a mare inbred to Messenger, was sent to Abdallah, and the produce was a bay colt, foaled May 5, 1849, at Sugar Loaf, near Chester, Orange County, N. Y. A plain farmer, William M. Rysdyk, purchased the mare and colt, when the colt was five weeks old, from the



Head of Colt at Three Months and Mature Trotting Horse. Bay filly (by Prince George, dam Elise), and bay stallion Prince George (twelve years old).

From photographs made at Stony Ford, June 17, 1895.

breeder, Jonas Seely, for \$125. The farmer sat on a fence and thought anxiously over the question before closing the bargain, because he did not see clearly just how he could raise all the money. The colt grew into a horse of great power, standing 15.1½ at the withers and



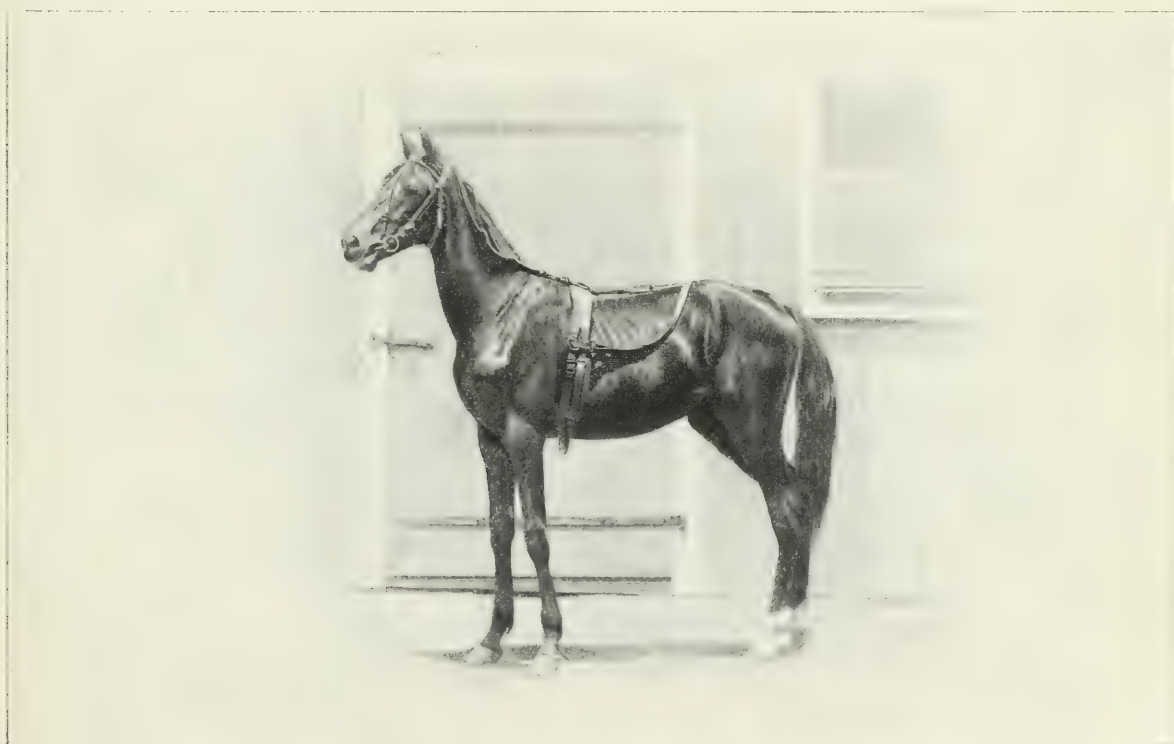
The First Haltering. (Same filly as shown on facing page.)

15.3 at the rump, and was named Hambletonian. As a three-year old, after he had been in harness but four times, he was taken to the Union Course, on Long Island, the first track he ever saw, and driven a mile on it in 2.48. He was afraid of the fence, and repeatedly

shied. Had it not been for this, better time would have been made.

Mr. David Bonner, who knew him intimately, and who first persuaded Mr. Rysdyk to advance the stud fee to \$100, is confident that Hambletonian would have trotted, with training, to a record of 2.30 or better. When two years old, Hambletonian was bred to four mares, and got three colts, one of which was Alexander's Abdallah, sire of the renowned Goldsmith Maid, and of Belmont, sire of fifty-nine speed-producing

stallions and forty-eight speed-producing mares. Hambletonian's fee was raised to \$100 in 1864, to \$300 in 1865, and to \$500 in 1866. During his stud career he sired 1,330 colts and earned \$205,750. He died March 27, 1876, aged twenty-six years, ten months,



Breaking to Harness. (Bay colt, one year old. By Prince George, dam Reality.)

THE FIRST STEPS IN THE EDUCATION OF A TROTTING HORSE.



In Harness. (Chestnut filly, two years old. By Alcantara, dam Camille.)

and twenty-two days, and a handsome monument marks his grave at Chester.

At a road-house, on Third Avenue, New York, Mr. L. J. Sutton saw, in the spring of 1851, a blood-like resolutely stamped mare called Katy Darling.

She was almost a skeleton, having fractured an ankle during the winter while being driven to sleigh, and her owner was urged to destroy her. He objected, and Mr. Sutton was induced to take her to Orange County. She improved on grass, and August 27th



Breaking to Wagon. (Bay filly, two years old. By Nutwood, dam Alma.)



Ready for Exercise. (Black horse, three years old. By Alcantara, dam Camille.)

was bred to Hambletonian, who was then two years old, and September 22, 1852, she gave birth to a bay colt known in equine history as Alexander's Abdallah, referred to above. She had but one other foal, a chestnut colt by Hector. It was gelded and never emerged from obscurity. Katy Darling's blood was never traced, and the mare found a grave in Iowa.

Mambrino, the son of Messenger, was bred to a daughter of Paymaster, and the result was a bay horse, foaled in 1826, called Mambrino Paymaster. A strong-made, dark brown mare, with a great deal of nerve and possessing more than ordinary speed, was sent to Mambrino Paymaster, and the produce was Mambrino Chief, a natural trotter, born in 1845. The colts by other stallions out of this mare never developed speed.

Mr. Edwin Thorne, who purchased Mambrino Chief for Mr. James B. Clay, son of Henry Clay, and sent him to Ashland, in 1853, describes the stallion as having a plain head full of character, a good neck with excellent shoulders, and strong legs, with large, flat feet. The horse proved a great success in Kentucky, but when Mr. Clay sold him under the hammer, he had thick wind

and three quarter cracks. He died in Woodford County, Ky., March 28, 1862. The mares which carried the blood of four-mile runners gave finish to his progeny, and when these were mated with the sons of Hambletonian, a golden nick was found. Kindred blood was brought together after being separated by climate and out-cross, and disposition to trot was thus intensified. Gait was confirmed and stride lengthened.

George Wilkes was a brown horse, born in 1856, and got by Hambletonian, dam Dolly Spanker, a celebrated road mare. He was the only foal of the mare, to whom he has given imperishable renown. He trotted in October, 1868, at Providence, to a record of 2.22, and in 1873 was taken to Kentucky and placed in the stud. He was regarded as sluggish on the track, but in the Blue Grass region he met mares tracing through Mambrino Chief to the thoroughbred, which unquestionably nicked well with him, and he scored a brilliant success. He is the head of a trotting tribe of astonishing potency and power. Eighty-three of his sons and daughters obtained records, and thus far ninety-seven of his sons have sired eleven hundred and seventy-three trotters and three hun-

dred and fifty-two pacers. Seventy-four of his daughters have produced standard speed. One of his sons, William L. carrying the blood of Mambrino Chief and American Star, sired Axtell. George Wilkes died in 1882, but each succeeding generation multiplies his fame. His ability to control action made him one of our most impressive sires.

The fastest record in the tribe of George Wilkes is the $2.06\frac{3}{4}$ of Ralph Wilkes, made at Nashville, in October, 1894, when this chestnut stallion was five years old. What was his full breeding? By Red Wilkes, who has, close up, the blood of Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief, dam Mary Mays, who combines the blood of Mambrino Chief and American Eclipse. The $2.06\frac{3}{4}$ of Ralph Wilkes is the record for stallions owned in New England. What a pity that a horse of such brilliant promise should suddenly die at the close of what was practically his first turf campaign!

The 2.10 list is very select, and I have tabulated eight horses in it, so that the

reader may see at a glance the practical results of the system of breeding so briefly described. [See table, pp. 574-575.]

I am a great believer in the potency of pure blood. It constantly struggles for the mastery of baser and weaker strains, and when it does not succeed as a controlling factor the result is uncertain. Through breeding in and weeding out we establish a trait, and keep reasonably clear of imperfections. As we recede from Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief habit of action becomes more sure, more intense. The tracks on which speed is cultivated have multiplied until we count them by the thousand, and in all public contests every break, every attempt to depart from the trot, is penalized by the rules. Rough-gaited animals, a fault largely due to conformation, soon disappear from the public eye and better ones take their places, and on being retired from the track enter the stud, where they are given a chance to perpetuate their good qualities. In this way the breed is improved from generation to generation.



LADY SUFFOLK (2.26, June 14, 1849), the first horse to trot a mile in less than 2.30.

Reproduced from a lithograph by permission of Currier & Ives.



"TAKING THE REINS."

President-elect Grant driving Dexter (2.17½) at Buffalo, August 14, 1867. By Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Clara.

Drawn by John W. Ehninger; reproduced by permission of Mrs. John W. Ehninger.

RECORD-BREAKING, FROM LADY SUFFOLK TO ALIX

LADY SUFFOLK was the first horse to trot a mile in better than 2.30. That was fifty years ago. Now the horses which hold records of 2.30 and better number fifteen thousand three hundred and forty-four. I append a brief table showing the pronounced record-breaking steps.

Lady Suffolk, gr. m., foaled 1833, by Engineer 2d, dam by Don Quixote; Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., October 13, 1845.....2.29½

Flora Temple, b. m., foaled 1845, by Bogus Hunter, dam Madam Temple; Kalamazoo, Mich., October 15, 1859.....2.19¾

Dexter, br. g., foaled 1858, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Clara, by Seely's American Star; Buffalo, N. Y., August 14, 1867...2.17¼

Goldsmith Maid, b. m., foaled 1857, by Alexander's Abdallah, dam Ab. by Abdallah 1st; Mystic Park, Boston, September 2, 1874...2.14

Rarus, b. g., foaled 1867, by Conklin's Abdallah, dam Nancy Awful, by Telegraph; Buffalo, N. Y., August 3, 1878.....2.13¼

St. Julien, b. g., foaled 1869, by Volunteer, dam Flora, by Harry Clay; Hartford, Conn., August 27, 1880.....2.11¼

Jay-eye-see, blk. g., foaled 1878, by Dictator, dam Midnight, by Pilot, Jr., 2d dam Twilight, by Lexington; Providence, R. I., August 1, 1884.....2.10

Maud S., ch. m., foaled 1874, by Harold, dam Miss Russell, by Pilot, Jr., 2d dam Sally Russell, by Boston; Cleveland, O., July 30, 1885.....2.08¾

Sunol, b. m., foaled 1886, by Electioneer, dam Waxana, by General Benton, 2d dam Waxy, by Lexington; Stockton, Cal., October 20, 1891.....2.08¼

Nancy Hanks, br. m., foaled 1886, by Happy Medium, dam Nancy Lee, by Dictator; Terre Haute, Ind., September 28, 1892.....2.04

Alix, b. m., foaled 1888, by Patronage, dam Atlanta, by Attorney; Galesburg, Ill., September 19, 1894.....2.03¾

BEST TROTTING RECORDS FROM ONE YEAR TO FOUR YEARS OLD

Adbell (1 year), br. h., foaled 1893, by Advertiser, dam Beautiful Bells; San José, Cal., September 27, 1894.....2.23

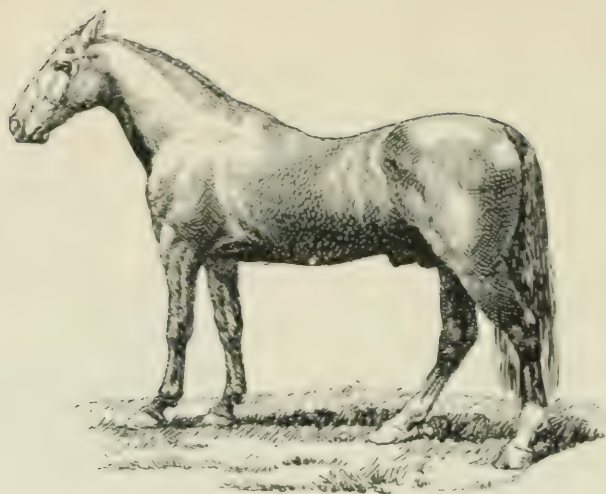
Arion (2 years), b. h., foaled 1889, by Electioneer, dam Manette, by Nutwood; Stockton, Cal., November 10, 1891.....2.10¾

Fantasy (3 years), b. m., foaled 1890, by Chimes, dam Homora, by Almonarch; Nashville, Tenn., October 17, 1893.....2.08¾

Fantasy (4 years), b. m.; Terre Haute, Ind., September 13, 1894.....2.06

FAST PACERS

THE fast pace is due to conformation rather than mental traits. A horse

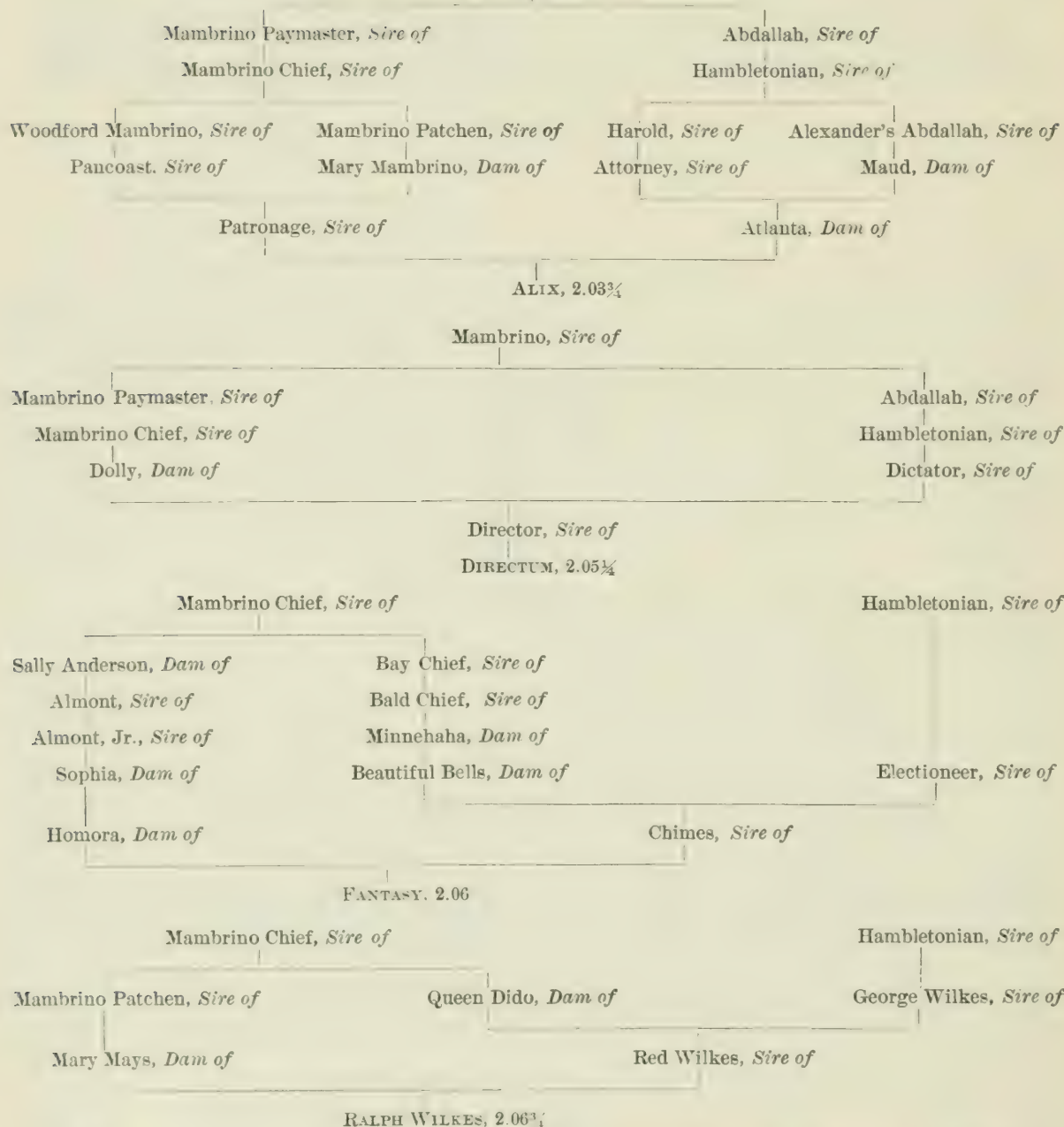


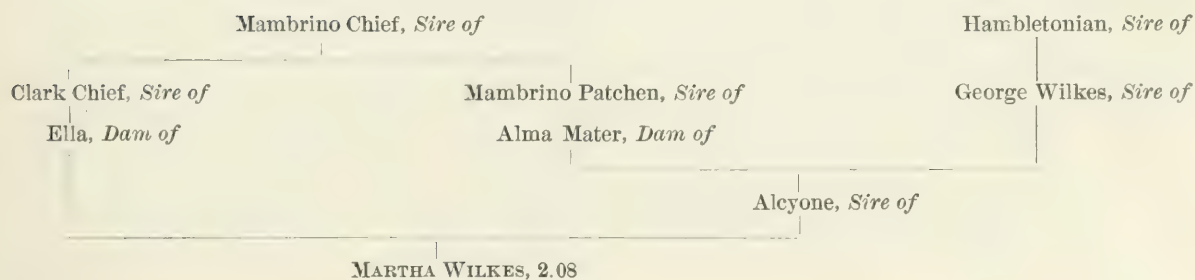
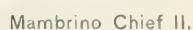
Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

MAMBRINO

By imp. Messenger. dam by imp. Sour Crout.

Sire of





paces because there is not sufficient length of body to permit with ease a diagonal stroke. The form is such that the hind leg follows the corresponding fore leg in order to avoid interference. Changing the shoe-bearings will frequently convert a pacer into a trotter. The science of shoeing, unfortunately for the horse, has been mastered by but comparatively few men. It is a profound study.

During the summer and autumn of 1895 a series of great races took place between Robert J., Joe Patchen, and John R. Gentry, for the pacing championship. Each struggle was witnessed by excited thousands. Robert J. is a small bay gelding, foaled in 1888, by Hartford (son of Harold and Judith by Mambrino Chief), dam Geraldine by Jay Gould, 2.21½ (son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian and Lady Sanford by Seely's American Star). He is badly knee-sprung, but as he was born this way, the defect or blemish does not seem to be a handicap on his speed and courage. Joe Patchen is a black horse, foaled in 1889, by Patchen Wilkes (son of George Wilkes and Kitty Patchen by Mambrino Patchen), dam Josephine Young by Joe Young, who trotted to a record of 2.19½. John R. Gentry is a bay horse, foaled in 1889, by Ashland Wilkes (son of Red Wilkes and Daisy B. by Administrator, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian), dam Damewood by Wedgewood, who trotted to a record of 2.19, and who was sired by Belmont, dam Woodbine by thoroughbred Woodford.

Each of these great pacers, it will be observed, is strictly trotting-bred. Neither reduced his record in the fierce contention of 1895 for the pacing crown. The 2.01½ of Robert J., like the 2.03¾ of John R. Gentry and the 2.04 of Joe Patchen, was made in the season of 1894.



Robert J., the Champion Pacer (2.01½)

From a photograph made at Fleetwood Park, August 27, 1895.

BEST PACING RECORDS FROM ONE YEAR TO SIX YEARS OLD

<i>Belle Acton</i> (1 year), b. m., by Shadeland Onward, dam Lottie P., by Blue Bull, 1892.	2. 20¾
<i>Directly</i> (2 years), blk. h., by Direct, dam Mabel by Naubec, 1894.....	2.07¾
<i>Whirligig</i> (3 years), br. m., by Wilko, dam Minnie Barrington, 1894.....	2.10
<i>Online</i> (4 years), b. h., by Shadeland Onward, dam Angeline, 1894.....	2.04
<i>John R. Gentry</i> (5 years), b. h., by Ashland Wilkes, dam Damewood, by Wedgewood, 1894.	2.03¾
<i>Robert J.</i> (6 years), b. g., by Hartford, dam Geraldine, by Jay Gould, 1894.....	2.01½

LADY SUFFOLK

LADY SUFFOLK was a gray mare, 15.2, and she took her name from the county of Suffolk, in which she was born in 1833. The stable at Smithtown, Long Island, which she formerly occupied, still stands, scarred by time, and visitors to that section who know the history of the mare stop to look at it with curious eyes. Lady Suffolk was sired by Engineer 2d, a son of Engineer, a son of Messenger, and her dam was by Don Quixote, a son of Messenger. She made her first public appearance in February, 1838, and trotted three hard heats to win the beggarly sum of \$11. After that she travelled the country



Joe Patchen (2.04).

From a photograph made at Fleetwood Park, August 30, 1895.

over, and her name became a household word. She was on the turf nearly sixteen years, and won eighty-eight of the one hundred and sixty-one races in which she competed. Her best time, 2.26½, was made to saddle when she was ten years old. Her harness record is 2.29½.

In 1853 she was bred to Black Hawk, at Bridport, Vt., and a foal was prematurely born. She died March 7, 1854, and her skin was removed and stuffed, and the effigy stood for several years before a harness store in the city of New York.

FLORA TEMPLE

At Kalamazoo, Mich., October 15, 1859, 2.20 was first beaten by a trotter. This great record for those days was made by a blood bay mare standing 14.2, and

called Flora Temple. She was born in 1845 in Oneida County, N. Y., and her sire was Bogus Hunter, son of Old Kentucky Hunter, and her dam was Madam Temple, by Terry Horse, who carried Arabian blood. She worked in a livery stable, and came to Dutchess County, in June, 1850, and was sold to Wellington Velie for \$175, who sold her to George E. Perrin, of New

York City. She made her track *début* in September, 1850, at Union Course, Long Island, and subsequently appeared on the leading tracks of the country, and was cheered as the incomparable trotting queen. She was pur-



John R. Gentry (2.03¾) and his Driver, Myron H. McHenry.

From a photograph made in 1895

chased at the close of her turf career by Mr. A. Welch, of Chestnut Hill, who bred her and got three of her foals. She died December 21, 1877, and her grave at Erdenheim, near that of Leamington, son of Iroquois, is marked by a stone slab.

Prince Imperial, her second foal, trotted a trial for Mr. Bonner, at the time he owned him, in $2.23\frac{3}{4}$, and he is now a 2.30 sire. The Queen's Daughter, the third and last foal, was sired by Leamington, and she is a producing mare.

falo, August 3, 1878, and Mr. Bonner paid \$36,000 for him. He was a horse of majestic stride, trotted in $2.11\frac{1}{2}$ at Tarrytown, traced to Messenger, and died badly crippled by rheumatism.

St. Julien, by Volunteer (son of Hambletonian), dam Flora, by Harry Clay, obtained a record of $2.11\frac{1}{4}$ at Hartford, August 27, 1880, and he surrendered the crown to Maud S., who surrendered it for a single day to Jay-eye-see, and after her came Sunol, $2.08\frac{1}{4}$, Nancy Hanks, 2.04 , and Alix, $2.03\frac{3}{4}$.

HOW THE RECORD WAS LOWERED

DEXTER reduced the record to $2.17\frac{1}{4}$ in 1867, and Goldsmith Maid carried it down to 2.14 in 1874. Rarus, driven by John Splan, was the next record-breaker. He trotted in $2.13\frac{1}{4}$, at Buf-

THE KITE-SHAPED TRACK AND BICYCLE SULKY

THE first kite-shaped track to command general attention was built at Independence, Ia., in 1890. Its one long turn made it considerably faster

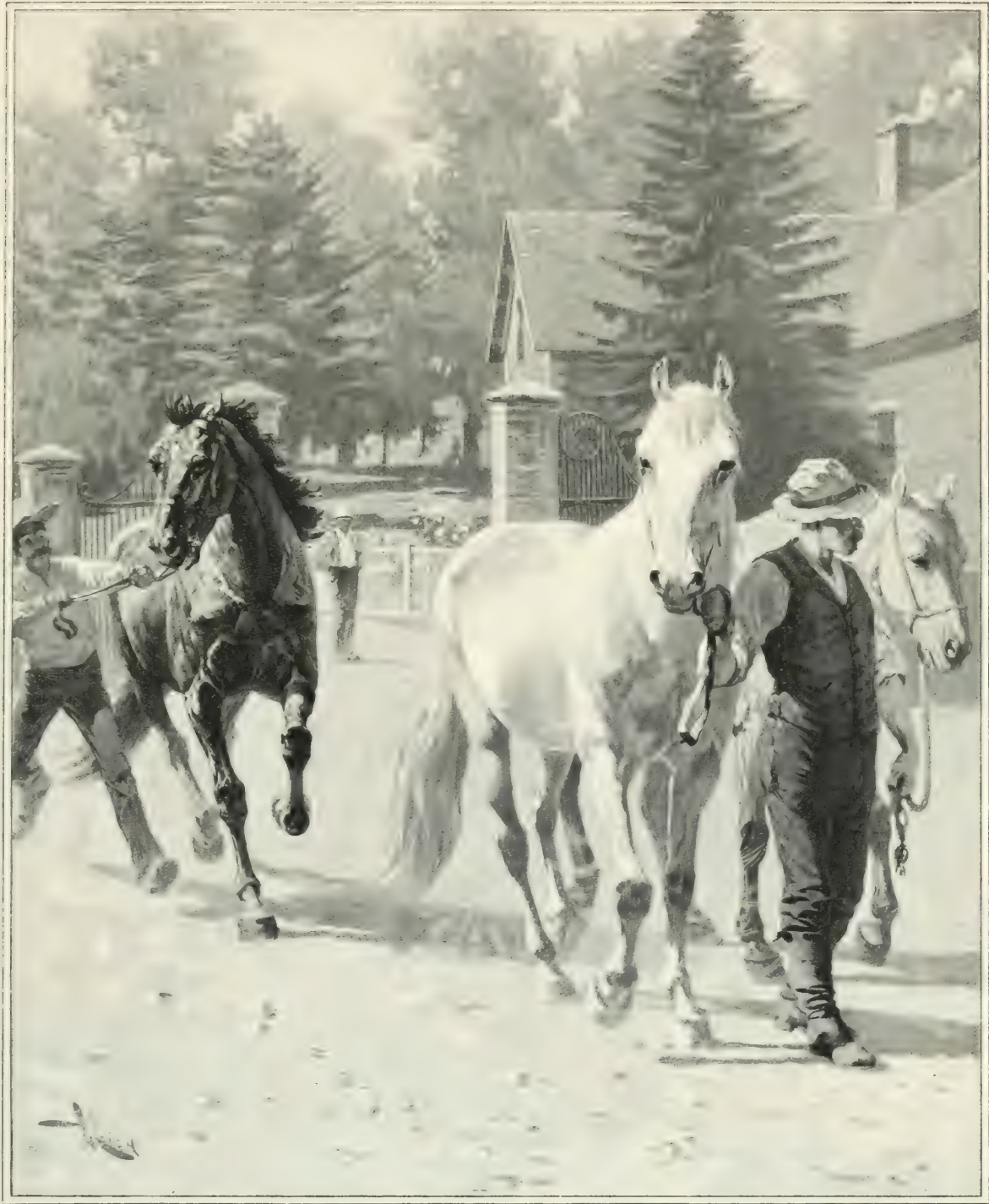


King René.

Dictator.

A View at Ashland Farm, Kentucky, showing Dictator and King René.

Drawn from photographs; the picture of Dictator by permission of Schreiber.



Primrose.

Miss Russell.

Russia.

In Front of the Gate at Woodburn Farm, Kentucky, showing Miss Russell (thirty years old, dam of Maud S.), Russia (sister to Maud S.), and Primrose.

Drawn by W. R. Leigh from photographs.

than the regulation or oval track with two turns. A kite record, therefore, is not valued as highly as a regulation track record.

In July, 1892, the 28-inch wheel, pneumatic tire, of the bicycle, was applied to the sulky, and it was quickly demonstrated to be so much faster than the high-wheel sulky that its use

is now almost universal. It is rare to see a high-wheel sulky in a race. As the bicycle is from four to five seconds faster than the high-wheel, a record to that kind of vehicle ranks lower than one made to the old-fashioned sulky. The best record to high-wheel sulky on a regulation track is the $2.08\frac{3}{4}$ of Maud S. The best record to high-wheel sulky

on a kite track is the 2.08 $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sunol. The records of Nancy Hanks and Alix were made to bicycle sulky. Maud S. trotted to a thirty-eight pound sulky, and Alix to a sulky of twenty-eight pounds. The two-year old record of Arion was made to high-wheel sulky on a kite, and on the strength of it he was sold for \$125,000. The pacing records of John R. Gentry, 2.03 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Robert J., 2.01 $\frac{1}{2}$, were made to bicycle.

GOLDSMITH MAID

IN September, 1882, while on a visit to Fashion Stud Farm, Goldsmith Maid came under my inspection. The famous mare, who with Budd Doble behind her had drawn admiring thousands in all parts of the country, and won more money than any other trotter, was then twenty-five years old. She had been on the turf twelve consecutive years, and was the first horse to beat 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$, and to carry the record down to 2.14. She trotted the best race of her life when nineteen years old, thus showing remarkable vitality. She stood 15.1 hands high, and her average trotting weight was 820 pounds. Charley Cockran, the groom, was an old man, of much experience, and when attention was directed to a knot on the near hind leg of the mare, he said: "When I took charge of the Maid, in 1873, the

knot was as big as a hen's egg. I used on it the yolks of eggs and table salt, also plantain leaves and vinegar, and rapidly reduced it. During the seven years I was with her on the turf I put a bandage of plantain leaves and vinegar on the leg every night on going to bed, and when I took it off in the morning always found the limb nice and cool. In this way I kept the fever down."

Goldsmith maid produced three colts at Fashion Farm, all by General Washington, a son of General Knox and Lady Thorne. The first one ran against a stone fence and killed itself. The second came in 1880, and he is now a distinguished sire, Stranger. The third was a filly. When the ex-queen of the trotting turf died she was buried with much formality by the side of the track, near the grave of her old turf rival, Lady Thorne.

THE WONDERFUL CAREER OF DEXTER

MR. JONAS HAWKINS, of Orange County, obtained from a strolling gypsy band a brown mare, 15.2, with four white feet. He used her for a family nag and by Seely's American Star got a black filly, foaled in 1848, which was named Clara. The filly became the property of his son, Jonathan Hawkins, and she grew into a mare of 14.3. She had a star, snip, and three white feet, and was driven pretty



Trying Out in Sulkies at Stony Ford. (Prince George, twelve years old, and Donnocona, five years old. Both by Kentucky Prince, dams Lady Dexter and Alma.)

From a photograph made June 17, 1895.

hard on the country roads by her young master. In 1857 by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, she had the paragon, Dexter. The brown gelding with blaze and four white feet was purchased by Mr. George B. Alley for \$400, and he subsequently became the property of Mr. A. F. Fawcett. Dexter, under the tutorship of Hiram Woodruff, made his first public appearance at Fashion Course, May 4, 1864. He met and defeated, during his short but brilliant turf career, such horses as General Butler, George M. Patchen, Jr., Lady Thorne, and Goldsmith Maid, and he probably was in the enjoyment of more world-wide fame than any horse foaled on American soil. He brought Budd Doble into public notice, and the sight of the white-faced gelding coming with tremendous force down the homestretch inspired the loftiest dreams. The people swung their hats and shouted, "Hurrah for Dexter! Long live the horse of the century!"

DEXTER PURCHASED BY ROBERT BONNER

At Buffalo, August 14, 1867, Dexter, then nine years old, started against the time of Flora Temple, 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$, and made the first mile in 2.20 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ben Mace drove Charlotte F. as a pace-maker, and Doble rated the gelding well in the second heat, and reduced the record to 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$. After the time had been hung out, and while the people were still cheering, Mr. Bonner entered the judges' stand and the announcement was made that he had purchased Dexter. The price paid was \$35,000, including a commission of \$2,000 to the agent. It was assumed that 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$ represented the limit of trotting speed, and the white-legged gelding was everywhere hailed as King. Just after purchasing the horse Mr. Bonner sent a characteristic despatch to a friend in New York:

"I saw Niagara Falls this morning for the first time, and I came down here this afternoon to see that other great wonder, Dexter, when he trotted in the unprecedented time of 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$. You know I like to own all the best things, and inasmuch as I could not buy the Falls, I thought I would do the next best thing

and buy Dexter. He will go into my stable on the tenth of next month."

In a race with Ethan Allen and running mate, Dexter was timed a mile in 2.16, and Mr. Bonner drove him, at Prospect Park, to road wagon, entire weight three hundred and sixteen pounds, in 2.21 $\frac{3}{4}$. Although not a large horse, weight did not seem to anchor him. Among the stable companions of Dexter were Startle, who trotted at Fleetwood Park in 2.19; Music, 2.18 $\frac{3}{4}$; John Taylor, 2.18 $\frac{3}{4}$; Molsey, 2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$; May Bird, 2.21; Maud Macey, 2.17; Pocahontas, 2.17 $\frac{3}{4}$; Joe Elliott, 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Grafton, 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$. The time given for each is not a record, but it was absolutely made to high-wheel sulky on the three-quarters track at Tarrytown. Later Rarus and Edwin Forrest were added to the remarkable list of horses kept solely for pleasure-driving. Daily there were applications for cards of admission to the stable, and I remember going there with General John C. Breckenridge and the daughter of an ex-Governor of Kentucky. The ex-Vice-President gracefully lifted his hat to the king of the trotting turf, and remarked that it was a pleasure to stand uncovered in the presence of greatness, while the handsome woman put her arms around the neck of the fiery-tempered brown and spoke endearingly to him. When Mr. Bonner drove through Central Park or on the road, the exclamation was heard, "There goes Dexter," and hundreds of eyes followed every motion of the horse.

President-elect Grant, prior to his first inauguration, rode behind the brown gelding of whom all the world was talking, and soon after this the spirited crayon of Ehninger, "Taking the Reins," appeared in the art-store windows. The popularity of Dexter was more pronounced than that of any other horse that has challenged public attention. He could not perpetuate his virtues, but his blood courses the veins of great performers through his younger brother, Dictator. The dam of Nancy Hanks, 2.04, was a daughter of Dictator; and Directum, 2.05 $\frac{1}{4}$, is from the loins of a son of Dictator. Clara, the hip-shotten daughter of Seely's American Star, died in 1875, but her blood is

breeding on with wonderful power. We count four hundred and fourteen of her descendants in the 2.30 list.

The grave of Dictator is at Ashland, the old home of Henry Clay. This farm, with its grassy slopes and noble trees, is now owned by Major H. C. McDowell, who married a granddaughter of Henry Clay, and he is one of our most successful breeders. Mambrino Chief, whose daughter, Dolly, bred to Dictator, produced Director, 2.17, sire of Directum, who, as a four-year old, trotted down to the stallion record, was sheltered at Ashland when he was transferred from New York to Kentucky.

WOODBURN FARM

IN Woodford County, Ky., where the famed blue grass forms a thick carpet for unshod feet, and where the park-like appearance of the country reminds the travelled visitor of an English rural scene, is Woodburn Farm, a landed estate of 3,200 acres, which has been in the Alexander family for more than one hundred years. Short-horn cattle, Southdown sheep, and thoroughbred horses are reared there as well as trotters, but in this hasty glance at the establishment I shall only go outside of the trotting department, to say that Lexington and Planet and Australian died on the farm. Robert A. Alexander, who founded the breeding stud, planned well, but he did not live to realize his dreams. A. J. Alexander is now at the head of the farm, but the practical directing mind is Lucas Brodhead, who in a recent letter to me says:

"The breeding of trotters systematically, when the pedigrees emerged from chaos, began with Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief, Pilot, Jr., and Clay. With their use breeders began to know what they would get. They are the foundation families."

Alexander's Abdallah, one of the three colts sired by Rysdyk's Hambletonian when he was a two-year old, was brought from Orange County to Woodburn where, in the spring of 1863, he was bred to Belle, daughter of Mambrino Chief, and got Belmont, a horse that ranks high as a progenitor of speed.

The descendants of Belmont which thus far have acquired records of 2.15 and better, number 65, and of these 32 are trotters, including Arion, 2.07 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Belle Vara, 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$; and 33 are pacers, among them John R. Gentry, 2.03 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Manager, 2.06 $\frac{3}{4}$. Nutwood, by Belmont, dam Miss Russell, ranks as the greatest of living sires, with 134 sons and daughters holding records from 2.06 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 2.30.

Woodburn felt the shock of civil war, and early in February, 1865, a guerilla band seized Alexander's Abdallah, Bay Chief, and other horses, and made off with them. A party of Federal soldiers were sent in pursuit, and came at the break of day upon a farm-house where the thieves had camped. Some of the outlaws were already mounted, but the one in charge of Abdallah did not get him out of the stable before the fight began. A soldier, in spite of protests of the Woodburn employees, who had accompanied the pursuing party, mounted Abdallah and rode him so hard that he fell exhausted. The horse was in no condition for severe work and was soon fatigued. He was abandoned in the road, in the rain, and died of pneumonia the next day, about thirty miles from home. A promising career was thus abruptly ended. Bay Chief, the companion of Abdallah, was out of the stable and mounted when the first shot was fired. A soldier in earnest pursuit of the guerilla, emptied his gun, and in striking at the man on Bay Chief, who was wounded in the leg and nose, lost his balance and fell to the ground. The guerilla promptly deserted the disabled stallion, and springing on the back of the soldier's sound horse, escaped. It was a sad day for Woodburn, as both stallions were valued highly.

Many great brood mares, such as Midnight, Dame Winnie, Woodbine, Waterwitch, Belle Dudley, Dahlia, Bicara, Primrose, and Eventide, have enjoyed the sun and shade of Woodburn; but greatest of all is Miss Russell, who is white with age. She is a gray, born 1865, and got by Pilot, Jr., a horse that, like Harry Clay, contributed to ease of motion; dam, Sally Russell, a thoroughbred daughter of Boston; second dam, Maria Russell, by Thornton's Rattler; third dam, Miss Shepherd, by

Stockholder ; fourth dam, Miranda, by Top Gallant ; and fifth dam by Diomed. Nutwood, by Belmont, was her first colt, born in 1870, and he trotted to a record of $2.18\frac{3}{4}$ before he entered the stud. Thirteen of Miss Russell's eighteen sons and daughters acquired records or produced horses that obtained records. Her blood breeds on from generation to generation, and at the close of 1894 her descendants, with records from $2.06\frac{3}{4}$ to 2.30, numbered five hundred and thirty-nine. Slavonic, her last-born, is five years old.

Lord Russell, brother of Maud S., is the sire of that great race-horse, Kremlin, $2.07\frac{3}{4}$, and Lady Russell, the sister of Maud S., had contributed three trotters to the list at the early age of ten. Miss Russell is a romantic figure under the oaks and walnuts of Woodburn. She and her produce have brought to Mr. Alexander's farm in actual cash \$184,541, notwithstanding the fact that the first five of her produce were sold before she had any reputation, bringing but \$2,841. Among these five were Nutwood and Maud S. The \$184,541 does not include the money paid for the get of Lord Russell or any other of her male descendants.

The brightest gem in Miss Russell's crown is Maud S., and this peerless mare must always fill large space in equine history.

MAUD S.

In the autumn of 1878, a party of gentlemen, travelling in the private car of Myron P. Bush, stopped at Chester Park, Cincinnati, and saw a chestnut mare, then four years old, driven a mile on the half-mile track in $2.26\frac{1}{2}$. The performance excited much remark, and Mr. Joseph Harker, who was known to be in the confidence of Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, asked the history of the mare, and this is what he was told : In the spring of 1875 a chestnut filly, one year old, was sold under the hammer at Woodburn for \$260. Captain Bugher, the purchaser, died, and his father sent the three-year-old filly to the stable of a young trainer at Chester Park, W. W. Bair, and directed him to sell her to the first man that came along for \$350.

Bair persuaded Captain George N. Stone to pay the price, and the young mare was named Maud S., after his daughter. She showed great bursts of speed the spring she was four years old, but did not have much control of it. She rapidly improved under education, and Mr. Harker was so impressed with the belief that she could beat 2.20, that he agreed to pay \$20,000 for her if a mile was shown him that fast. Maud S. was shipped to Lexington, where a meeting was in progress, but the weather became bad and she was unable to start. After waiting three weeks her owner ordered her sent back to Cincinnati.

I was idling in Kentucky that fall, and meeting Captain Stone an hour after the order had been given, persuaded him to wait two or three days longer for sunshine. He drove rapidly to the railroad station, and finding that the mare had not started, owing to a belated train, told Bair to unload and take her back to the track. Bright weather followed and the mare started against the watch, and created a tremendous sensation by trotting a mile in $2.17\frac{1}{2}$, which was $3\frac{3}{4}$ seconds faster than the four-year-old time of Governor Sprague. It was a badly rated mile, the first half being in 1.06, but as it was the fastest mile that Bair had ever driven up to that time, no serious fault was found with him.

Mr. Harker turned his option over to Mr. Vanderbilt, and the latter telegraphed Captain Stone that he would take her at \$20,000. Stone replied that he had promised Bair \$1,000, and that he would not take less than \$21,000. Mr. Vanderbilt was much annoyed by the extra demand, and came very near telegraphing a blunt refusal ; but he listened to his friends and the trade was closed. When Maud S. was led through the streets of Cincinnati to take an express car for New York, she received an ovation, thousands of people cheering her. Mr. Vanderbilt used her on the road for a time, and she gratified his pride.

In 1880 she was again in the stable of Bair, and trotted against Trinket at Chicago, and obtained a record in the third heat of a race of $2.13\frac{1}{2}$. At Roch-

ester, the same summer, she had a duel against the watch with St. Julien, and as each made $2.11\frac{3}{4}$, the floral horse-shoe was divided between them. The contest provoked the wildest enthusiasm. St. Julien went to Hartford and reduced his record to $2.11\frac{1}{4}$, and then Maud S. was sent to Chicago, where she cut her record to $2.10\frac{3}{4}$. The sharp rivalry enlisted the attention of the whole country. In the summer of 1881 Maud S. reduced her record to $2.10\frac{1}{4}$, and it was rashly assumed that this was the trotting limit.

A Vanderbilt held the record, and as there was no horse in sight that promised to beat Maud S., who was not for sale at any price, Mr. Bonner chafed not a little.

JAY-EYE-SEE

JAY-EYE-SEE, a black gelding, bred at Georgetown, Ky., by Colonel Richard West, and foaled in 1878, has had a sensational career. His sire was a full brother of Dexter, and his dam, Midnight, was by Pilot, Jr., that got the dam of Maud S., and his second dam, Twilight, was by the great four-mile race-horse, Lexington, son of Boston. Mr. Harrison Durkee, who owned half of Jay-eye-see, thought so little of him as a colt that he sold his interest for \$75, and Mr. J. I. Case, a manufacturer at Racine, Wis., paid but \$350 for the young horse. The colt was much under size and gelded. As a four-year-old he trotted a third heat in 2.19, making a new record for horses of that age, and as a five-year-old he trotted on the leading tracks of the country and reduced his record to $2.10\frac{3}{4}$. As a six-year-old his name was upon all lips, and his owner became, through him, one of the best-known men in the country. His best performance was at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, where, although badly rated, he trotted exhibition miles in 2.11 and $2.10\frac{1}{4}$. The Belmont track was slower than the one at Providence. In the autumn the little gelding succumbed to a nervous chill at Kalamazoo and passed into permanent eclipse as a trotter. He was next allowed to pace, and took a record at this way of going of $2.06\frac{1}{4}$. The gelding

was but 14.3 hands without his shoes, and for a horse of his inches was the greatest trotter ever foaled.

Mothers do not always produce alike. Midas, the first-born of Midnight, was a big, coarse fellow, and was used as a carriage horse at Woodburn. People who rode behind him when the star of Jay-eye-see was at its zenith marvelled much that such a plodder should have come from such an illustrious mare.

The star of Jay-eye-see was shining very brightly in the early season of 1884, and dry bones rattled when the fact was published that Mr. Jerome I. Case had placed a forfeit of \$5,000 in my hands to match Jay-eye-see for a race or exhibition heat against any horse, for \$10,000 a side, half forfeit. Mr. Vanderbilt stated in an authorized interview that he was keeping Maud S. for his own amusement, and that she was undoubtedly the fastest piece of horse-flesh in the world. I reminded him that he had allowed her to trot in races, and that if he wished to convince the public that she was really faster than Jay-eye-see he would have to accept the challenge of Mr. Case. Feeling ran high, and Mr. W. J. Gordon, owner of Clingstone, 2.14, was drawn into the hot controversy. Jay-eye-see had beaten St. Julien the previous autumn at Fleetwood Park, and he was an idol of the public. While protesting that he would not trot his mare, Mr. Vanderbilt turned her over to Captain Stone, who took her to Cleveland. Jay-eye-see was shipped to Narragansett Park, Providence, and August 1st he reduced his record from $2.10\frac{3}{4}$ to 2.10, thus making him the fastest trotter by the record in the world. He did not wear his honors long, because the very next day Maud S. was started at Cleveland, in the presence of thousands of people, and trotted in $2.09\frac{3}{4}$. She was champion again by a quarter of a second, and the spirits of Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends rose. The health of the railway magnate was not robust at this time, and the fierceness of the fight made him weary. He was badgered on all sides, and an offer of \$100,000 was made for Maud S. by a syndicate, who wanted to trot her a series of races against the black gelding. The excite-

ment was so intense that the gate-money would certainly have amounted to a fortune.

VANDERBILT SELLS MAUD S. TO ROBERT
BONNER

MR. BONNER was very much surprised one morning to receive a call from Mr. William Turnbull, a close friend of Mr. Vanderbilt, and he fairly gasped for breath when told that the object of the visit was to sell him Maud S. It was explained that Mr. Vanderbilt did not care to race the mare, and that he wanted to place her in a stable where she would be bomb-proof against challenges. Mr. Bonner was highly complimented and he virtually was allowed to fix the price, \$40,000. I was with him when the great mare was delivered at his stable, and one of the very first things that he did to her was to remove her shoes and balance her feet. He was asked what he would do if Jay-eye-see should beat her record, and promptly replied, "Buy him too, if I can, or put Maud S. into training at some good track like Charter Oak Park, at Hartford, and give the public a free exhibition of speed." Bair was engaged to train her, and she was shipped to Hartford. Mr. Bonner had never started a horse for purse, premium, stake, or wager, and the question was how to give her a new record under the rules, without violating the fixed principles of his life. Finally the following was drafted, and the Charter Oak Park Association adopted it:

"In compliance with a promise made through the press to the citizens of Hartford, Mr. Bonner's old home, Maud S. will trot at Charter Oak Park on Tuesday, October 14th, or next good day, exhibition heats against her own record of 2.09 $\frac{3}{4}$, and should she beat the record (which she may not be able to do owing to the lateness of the season and the uncertainty of the weather) the Charter Oak Driving Park will commemorate the achievement by awarding to her a cup with the time made by her engraved thereon."

The wind blew a gale, and heavy overcoats were in demand when the mare appeared on the quarter-stretch.

Fast time was out of the question, but Maud S. was started and the watches stopped at 2.12 $\frac{3}{4}$.

She was immediately shipped to Lexington, Ky., to get the advantage of a more favorable climate. The frost had robbed the track of some of its elasticity before a good day for extreme effort in harness came. That day was November 11th, and I well remember how brightly the sun shone and how eager were the people to witness the performance. Maud S. was on her native soil and the property of a gentleman who had never used a horse in the gambling interest; he was known to be the President of the Board of Trustees of Dr. John Hall's Church in New York, and consequently the sympathies of good Presbyterians went out to him. The members of other church folds also hunted for seats in the grand stand, and the scene was brilliant and eminently respectable. Maud S. was trotted to a sulky of thirty-eight pounds and was to receive, in case she beat 2.09 $\frac{3}{4}$, the Woodburn Farm Cup. The official timers were Colonel Richard West, who bred Jay-eye-see; Major H. C. McDowell, who owned the sire of Jay-eye-see, and Judge P. P. Johnston. No favors were asked, nothing but absolute justice was desired. The flight to the half-mile pole was in 1.04, and in coming down the home-stretch the marvelous chestnut squatted so low and delivered her long strokes with such grace and rapidity that she seemed to be flying. Her time was 2.09 $\frac{1}{4}$. Her triumph stirred the multitude to the core. Ladies, the pride and beauty of the Blue Grass section, crowded around the mare when she was being cooled out and begged to touch her neck with their hands. Mr. Bonner's first appearance as a record-hunter was a pronounced success.

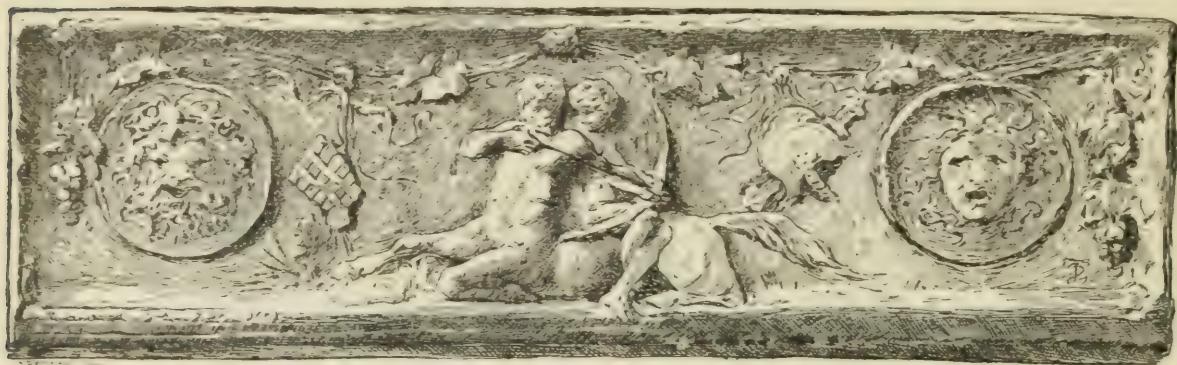
Maud S. spent the winter at Chester Park, and July 30, 1885, at Cleveland, she made her last start in public and reduced her record to 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$, which to this day is the best mile to high-wheel sulky on a regulation or oval track. Nancy Hanks, who trotted to bicycle in 2.04, made an attempt at Cleveland to equal the high-wheel record of Maud S., and dismally failed, and Alix, 2.03 $\frac{3}{4}$ to bicy-

cle, discovered upon trial that the handicap was too much for her.

I have entered into details with Maud S., because her history is in some respects more romantic than that of any other trotter. She is now a brood mare at Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown.

One of her greatest achievements was when Mr. Vanderbilt drove her double with Aldine, to top-road wagon, at Fleetwood Park in 2.15½. It was an artistic piece of work, of which the millionaire was fond of talking up to the time of his death.

(Concluding Paper in June.)



CHLOE, CHLORIS, AND CYTHEREA

By Gertrude Hall



TO make you acquainted by sight with young Chloris: she was a tall girl, a trifle meagre in outline, but not disagreeably; she had light reddish-brown hair, and a sprinkling of freckles on a peachy skin, and those eyes with dead-leaf spots in them; altogether an air of openness and intelligent goodness that had quickly thrown the newly introduced off the question—was she pretty. But she was pretty, too, at her hours.

On this day she had shut out the sun by means of green Venetian blinds, and her room, like a submerged crystal chamber, was full of a watery light; she herself, white clothed, made a fair green-shadowy nymph in the dim green atmosphere.

This was her first hour of complete conscious content. So rich was she in content that she had set herself to perusing a volume of the driest essays, a present for a diligent girl graduate. She could afford to.

This sense of life unfolding like a normal flower and becoming the perfection of a rose was too much for the grateful heart to contemplate at its ease; some great demonstration toward God must follow on such contemplation. And Chloris in her security putting it off until bedtime, sat reading about free-will and predestination, the happy blood all the while keeping up in her veins a pleasant undercurrent babbling of other matters. Two hours more and the summer sun would be reaching its glorious haven, the cool flow in with the darkness, and time take up again that sweet scanning of the lines of her idyl. . . .

After reading the same passage some seven times, Chloris let her book lie a moment in her lap. How marvellous, how simple, how natural, how exquisite! Truly like the coming up of a flower. First, they were children together, fair-dealing, unquarrelsome playmates; then, schoolboy and schoolgirl, always good, unsentimental friends; and finally, time, passing over them, slowly turned them to lovers; for this,

no question, was whither they were tending; quiet, undemonstrative, unjealous, faithful, devoted lovers, presently married people, and by and by, God pleasing, tenants of one same grave. And this sweetness in the heart, this best of all earthly goods, God granted it to the humblest of his creatures! Why then were so many dissatisfied with this dear earth? Why were some on it interested in the problem of free-will and predestination? Ah, this summer, so endearingly begun, to be ended so—And Chloris, in a confusion of bliss, almost as if to give herself a countenance toward herself, took up her book again, finding moonlight and wild azaleas and whip-poorwills between the lines, a dappled, singing shingle, a golden beach, velvet winds from over sea.

The light crept off the window-square; a sadness instantly invaded the room; Chloris jumped up to open the blinds. Time to dress! Then she did her hair as painstakingly as ably, donned a just ironed white gown with a violet figure, and stood at the glass weighing the question of a velvet band around the neck. A fateful sound already was dawning on the distance outside, but she did not as yet hear it. Too hot! She tossed the velvet ribbon in the top bureau-drawer so unconcernedly as if not, at that moment, the Parcae had been tangling the skein of her life, and wondered idly if anyone describing her would call her pretty. She thought, in conscience, not; but of a charming appearance, she hoped anyone would.

At this point penetrated to her brain a sound of voices out on the road beyond the lawn and the hedge. She looked between the curtains.

Two ladies, unknown to her, were slowly sauntering past in the direction of the beach; one, near middle age, in a darkish gown; the other, young, in light colors of a distinctly fashionable tone; this latter carried over her shoulder a very large, fluffy, and, as it showed even at this distance, inexpressibly costly parasol. She turned her face a moment on the ancient vine-over-clambered country-house, from one window of which peeped Chloris, looked

it up and down and across, and turned away, making, Chloris supposed, some comment upon it to her companion.

When they had disappeared from sight, Chloris, still at the window, musing on that face seen a moment, heard a leisurely jingling, and saw pass at a walking pace an empty shining carriage, drawn by two superb bays, driven by a man in livery.

"It must be their turn-out," she concluded her wondering. "Who can they be but the people that were to move into the Beauregard cottage?"

Then, as there was time to spare before tea, she sat down in the window. Shortly, was a lively jingling, a trampling, and the shining carriage bowled swiftly by on its way back from the beach; on its cushions two ladies under a broad lacy parasol; a mighty cloud of dust running after it, never to overtake.

Almost at the same moment Chloris saw Him, half the subject of her idyl, coming across the lawn.

She went to meet him.

"Who are the arrivals?" she asked at once.

And here was pronounced, for the first time before Chloris, the name of Cytherea.

"Cytherea, Damon? Who is Cytherea? Where does she come from? Do you know her?"

"Very slightly," answered the young man; "I have met her in town. She had told me she thought of coming here for the summer, but I supposed it was conversation. I had completely forgotten, until I saw her this afternoon. She is entranced with everything! You can never see our poky little old place in its true light; you must get a description of it from her, Chloris. She will find it deadly dull before the end of a week; but for the moment she imagines quiet to be all she wants. She has been working like a slave at doing the proper thing in town."

"She has brought her style with her, I see."

"They are inseparable. She arrived yesterday on the late train, and you should see the change already in the Beauregard."

"You have been there, then?"

"Just a moment. They called to me from the veranda. They were having tea. Fancy their bringing down a grand piano!"

"Does she play much?"

"I don't know. Very probably. She looks as if she might."

"Oh, no, Damon! There you mistake. She looks as if she mightn't. She is very pretty, but I will vouch for it she can't play——"

"Perhaps the cousin is the pianist. We shall see. I said you would call on them this evening."

"I, Damon? The instant they arrive? Why did you say that? Why should I call before they have had time to breathe?"

"Do you mind? I am so sorry. They asked me to come, and I half promised. It is likely to be somewhat slow for them here if we stand on ceremony. You will like them, I am sure."

"You are sure? No doubt I shall. But to-night seems rather—instantaneous, if you don't mind. You will excuse me to them, and I will wait till they get a little more settled."

"Settled! They have brought down an army of servants. The house looks as if they had lived in it a month."

"Make what excuse for me you please, then."

"You won't come, Chloris?"

"I think not. Not this evening. Go by yourself, and tell me all the great changes to-morrow. She will be much better pleased to see you than me, anyway."

"Why do you say that?"

"Her face, my dear boy! She can't play the piano, to speak of, and she greatly prefers men to women."

"Perhaps you do her an injustice——"

"Have I said anything disparaging? I signalled two virtues, I think. You don't really mind my not going, Damon? I had intended to write letters this evening, and mend tablecloths and read to father."

When, shortly after tea, Damon had gone, Chloris tried to return herself into a truthful person by reading an hour to her father, and adding a dozen stitches to a delicate darn, and writing a note, which, when finished, she tore

up. In order, as far as possible, with her conscience, she seated herself at the piano, a poor, rattling, tin-voiced instrument, tired of the sea-air. No one so well as Chloris, accustomed to its senile vagaries, could make the worn thing discourse music; her greatest successes on it were old-time compositions written in the day of spinet and harpsichord, minuets with a sprinkling of grace-notes, things not sonorous or profound. To-night, playing for no one's praise, she plunged haphazard into the melodies most sympathetic at the moment, stormy and subtle, melancholy and intricate and modern. It was Chloris's one proud gift, this effectiveness at the piano.

Her father and his elderly sisters took themselves off to bed on the stroke of ten. Chloris remained on the adjustable stool, relieved at their going. She took up her playing again, without trying now to keep her eyes dry.

The sweet, hot air of the day, cooling, was turned into dew outside; something of the same kind seemed taking place within herself—and the dew was tears. Why had she been so curiously uplifted that day, so at rest concerning every point in life, so sure of one thing at least? Nothing was changed, yet she saw no reason now for blessing this summer, golden hour for hour, and looking to it for the greatest, serenest happiness. Damon? What was Damon to her, or she to Damon? He had never in so many words made love to her, and she had never felt the first pang of wonder or disappointment at this. They had walked, rowed, ridden together. What of it? They should do these things again a hundred times, probably. What of that? What had she been dreaming, erewhile? Or was this the dream, this bad one? Something splendid and shining and purple had gone gray.

While continuing mechanically to strum, she looked through the open window into the summer night. It was rightfully her moon, that honeyed bright moon outside, her balm-breathing night; it was her silver sea yonder out of sight; they were her odorous pine-needle paths in the sighing grove—and she was robbed of them. And

the sense of it gave her a seething in the heart, the like of which sensation she had never dreamed existed; as if a painful separation of all the atoms in it one from the other, as well as a stern conviction of being—oh, the novel idea!—a fool.

"I won't have it!" she muttered, emphatically, without knowing what she really meant, and struck an angry discord.

Through her playing reached her suddenly that merry harness-jingle of the afternoon, approaching, passing, fading away.

"There they go—to the beach for the second time to-day—to look at the ocean by light of the moon."

When in little less than an hour she heard the breaking again, on the quiet air, of the fatuous jangle, she let her playing fall to a mere musical murmur, and listened, acutely, burning all the while with shame.

"Go slowly, Humphrey," she caught, in a rich, sweet voice, "I want to listen to the music."

"She plays really wonderfully, I have never heard playing I preferred to hers," came in another voice, at which Chloris's cheeks waxed hotter still. She pressed her foot on the pedal and shut herself within a wall of dinning, buzzing sound.

When she had lifted it, and risen, the road was empty, the night silent, but for the crickets and the distant surf, as the grave.

Several days passed, each bringing Chloris its very natural request from Damon that she would go with him to pay her respects to the new neighbors; but with a perversity that surprised herself more livelily than him, she daily found a bad reason for putting off the duty. This hindered the progress of the idyl; for Damon had a delicate conscience where these strangers were concerned; he would not see them bored in a latitude whose honor, as an earlier inhabitant, he appeared to have at heart.

And presently the atmosphere of the whole country-side seemed qualified by the presence of this Cytherea. It seemed to Chloris one could not escape

the effect of her, without taking to the deepest of the woods. She was like an unstopped jar of some powerful essence; the little country world was redolent of her.

Before the time Chloris had at last rigidly fixed for a formal visit, came a message from Cytherea inviting her. Hard as she sought to discover a reason for misliking the dainty note, she could find none; it was irreproachable, and Chloris dressed herself for the occasion with a divided mind, the preponderant part of which was finally comfort; she should at least grapple now with a reality.

She came to Cytherea's house at evening under Damon's escort. As one approached it among the trees it looked rather more like one's idea of an Eastern temple than a sea-coast cottage. The veranda was behung with colored paper moons, glowing subduedly among the vines; soft light streamed through lace from the changed interior.

Excitement took Chloris from herself. Now the great adversary was welcoming her; and Chloris, at the touch of a warm soft hand, said to herself, "What bugbear have I been frightening myself with?" and found ease and ability to converse, and release from that sense of disadvantage that had ridden her helpless heart like a nightmare.

This atmosphere of the great world that went with Cytherea, how awakening, how satisfying after all, to the mind! Not the smallness of envy, thought Chloris, should keep her from giving it its due, or getting her benefit from it. In the distance and abstract she had hated it; but entered into, seen close, how unconscious, how inoffensive, nay, genial it proved! What a great good, too, this wealth that permitted such distinction in luxury! Country-girl as she was, it seemed to Chloris she was breathing her native air.

At Cytherea's prayer she sat down at the piano, and to her own surprise played better than usual. When she had done, she begged the hostess to play. She forgot how she had declared that Cytherea's face showed no soul for music.

She was surprised to hear the lady say, "I play hardly at all." She sincerely now could not believe it.

"Ah, well," laughed Cytherea; and good-naturedly she pushed a chair to the piano, and appeared preparing to begin.

Chloris looked on in some wonder. Cytherea seated herself half-way from the key-board, one nonchalant arm over the back of her chair, her curly forehead on her hand; and, the first to smile at her own affectation, played an elaborate waltz, very languidly, with her left hand.

Impossible for the eyes to leave her a moment while she performed her pretty trick; and ably enough she performed it, with a faultless cream-white hand.

Chloris seemed to be slowly returning to consciousness. What perfection was here! Nature had given this creature everything. Criticism of her could only pass current under the stamp of envy. That gracious dark beauty, that warm radiance! And sparkle, and charm—with winningness, dignity, rarity, variousness!

Chloris looked over at Damon; and the image of his fascinated face, as, a fond forgotten smile on his lips, he followed with his dark dog-eyes each movement of Cytherea's, affected her as a drop of poison let into her blood. She seemed to herself growing aged and haggard, even as she sat there, the dancing measure beating on her ear. Her hands lay cold in the lap of her best gown—modest made-over gown of pale purplish silk that she wore with a lace Bertha of past fashion, once her poor mother's. "What is the use of trying to contend with a thing like that?" her heart asked, dully.

An acuter pain pierced it when, the waltz played out, the laugh following it laughed out, and conversation resumed, she realized the faintest possible shade of disregard in Cytherea for the observations made by Damon. Cytherea prized her, Chloris's, utterances distinctly more; her, she seemed, from all her manner, to be honoring; him, for some reason, she held a trifle cheap. This seemed to Chloris just a little more unendurable than all the rest. And the dear boy, who, totally ignorant

of the effect he produced, was in such high spirits, was so anxious to please, so cheerfully making a mantle in the mud of himself for the beauty to tread upon.

At last it was over; Chloris lay in her own bed in the pale summer darkness, and felt she was the heart of the created world, and this pain man's old inheritance; it seemed the very essence of her being which was distilled slowly from her eyes.

On the day following, Chloris punctually sought Cytherea, for appreciation must be shown the cordiality of the beauty. That was a question apart from others; one is just and polite before anything else. A person overhearing the chatting and laughing of that afternoon in Cytherea's room would have thought certainly he listened to a pair of heart friends. The greater expense of admiration between the two women seemed of a truth to be borne by Cytherea. Chloris must look herself mentally over in astonishment at this value set on her by so great a judge. After the examination she felt foolish and humble. She felt profoundly how, all being different, she too could have worshipped Cytherea.

And now she must be concerned in every sort of rural festivity organized by Damon for Cytherea's amusement; she must see the rival's first effect of being mildly bored by Damon's whole-souled dedication, turn into an effect of indulgence, daily tinged with increased liking; for who in nature could fail to do final justice to one so simple, so sincere as Damon—Damon, with his dear, clear, curiously gentle Roman face, and curly hair?

"The heat does not seem to agree with you this summer, child," one of the aunts concluded her kindly meant scrutiny of Chloris's face; and the girl's heart tightened with affright.

She stood that day before the glass, and leaning her elbows on the bureau, seriously examined the painted shadow. "All is of no use," she said. "The more I care, the more I must look like that. Does it not seem a little strange that the more one loves the less lovely one should become? And a little hard,

too, perhaps, oh, you, my God, with all respect, who have arranged these little matters?" And tired, discouraged Chloris began weakly to laugh aloud, though she was alone; and watched the grimacing of her own reflection with a sort of brutal contemptuousness. "Oh, you sickening object!" she exclaimed, and hid the delicate, nervous, tell-tale face in her hands. "This cannot go on!" she raved; "human flesh cannot endure it—and I cannot alter it. All must soon see how it is with me. I can barely keep a hold on my temper now. I must get away. Damon shall court her; she shall bloom and smile at her ease for him. Welcome to each other—both! I shall be where I cannot see it. I refused to visit Fidele in her mountain home. I had a use already—God help me!—for every hour of the summer. I will write to say I repent. Then, Damon, Cytherea, sing duets out in the canoe by moonlight; find clover-leaves for each other. I shall be scouring the mountain in search of healing herbs, and I do not doubt but, God helping, I shall find them. It is not in nature that a torture like this should last!"

And Chloris, when next she appeared before the public eye, looked almost triumphant. And when her leave had been taken of all, and the swift air of change was blowing against her brow, her heart felt so strangely sound and quiet that she almost laughed, asking herself, "Why am I going away? I am recovered merely at the notion of it. Had I but known, I could have remained like a little heroine, and stood it out."

But the hours passing broke down and carried off more and more all the gallant props of pride and resolution, and at last sat Chloris in the galloping car, a drooping runaway, who looked steadily out of the window, and saw the flying scene through tears. Contemptible, countrified Chloris, with her freckles and inferior clothes, and so ordinary notions of conduct and taste, running away from comparison with the peerless Cytherea; taking her envy and weakness out of sight till she got strength to disguise them.

Now the scenery, which she had not

been seeing, became more lonely and wild; the first low hills, heavy and slow in the general nimbleness of things, shifted themselves with amiable clumsiness till they had closed in Chloris with her train; waking her suddenly, with a faintly happy sense of diversion from immediate suffering, to the feeling of being a child again visiting strange countries. Then, wheeled and tumbled themselves about and came to meet her, the little hills' big brothers, the mountains with velvety sides, and rocky, rosy summits. A weight for no reason seemed to melt away from Chloris's chest as she looked up at them, and thought of living among them now for many a day—the distinguished, sage, cool, sturdily benevolent ones, so high above, so far from, the world she knew, down on the hot-colored populous plain.

Here they were at last, where she must alight; in a high, pure, crystal-clear atmosphere, at a little lost place, wildly green to eyes used to the sun-burned shore, forgotten of all the world but this train that remembered it for a second twice a day.

And here was Fidele! It seemed to Chloris she had not half known, until this moment, how fond she was of Fidele. Tears sprang to her eyes on meeting the familiar eyes, and she embraced her old school friend with an impulse of overflowing gratitude. She felt like a storm-beaten lamb, come to some sort of a shelter at last.

After the first moment's frantic clutch, the two friends stood apart, holding hands, and looking each other fondly and frankly over, with wide, moved smiles. Fidele, seeing Chloris's eyes, wondered why tears had not come to her, too; and compared her own nature unfavorably with her friend's rich nature; and at this thought of her friend's deep, sweet nature, behold! tears were come in her affectionate eyes, too. Then both girls fell to giggling like school-girls, from mere association of this meeting with other meetings; and in a moment were talking lightly and inconsecutively, in an involuntary imitation of old days; and Fidele had taken her friend's arm tightly under her own, intertwined their fingers, and

was dragging her along at a hop and skip pace.

"What a Godsend you are to me!" she exclaimed, rapturously. "There is not a soul in this forsaken place to whom one can talk like a Christian. Oh, but we are slow! Oh, but we are primitive! Oh, but we are simple!—"

"What air it is!" Chloris breathed, profoundly. "How sweet! I never dreamed such green!—My dear, this is Paradise!"

"The air is good enough. The grass is certainly green. But oh, the people are green too! But now you are here, we will change all this, dear. What a holiday! You will inspire us. We will rise up, and look into our corners and our closets, and fetch out wherewith to make a good impression on the stranger. You bring the very air of civilization with you in your clothes and hair. Where did you get it, Chlo—the general air, you know? How ravishingly you do your hair! And that little hat! Now, who in the world but you would have a hat like that? Oh, you rare darling! Do you know you are greatly improved? You are thinner, but it suits you. You always were a beauty, you know. Yes, you were! But you have acquired so much beside—such an interesting air—yes, you have!—so much expression. No one could see you without—Gospel-truth, Chlo! But, yes—I will—I will hold my tongue. Did you bring your music at least, for there is a piano, such as it is. Thank Heaven! You shall make their capture with song. They shall grovel. You know, dear, I am not really so silly as I seem; your arriving has turned my head. I always did adore you, but it is even better than I remembered."

Chloris that night, alone at last, found herself trying to readjust herself, to get back through this new experience herself of yesterday. The morning of her starting from home, but sixteen hours removed, seemed withdrawn into a much remoter past; a screen of glittering, crumbling, changing color was arisen between herself and it. She interrogated her breast curiously for that pain lately grown so familiar, forgotten for the first time only these last few hours;

her breast did not answer by at once producing it. She goaded it tentatively with a sharp memory or two; it answered sluggishly—a divinely restful torpor was possessing it. She knelt by the window, and looked out at the still strong black mountains; instinctively she wafted profound thanks to their rude majesties. Far, far away in her dream at this moment, in an infinitely small sun-warmed, murmuring plain, moved two tiny figures: the great Damon who erewhile filled the entire horizon of her life; and the great Cytherea who interposed her fair shape between her and the sun, shutting off the light of life—two tiny black figures, in a far-off, sunshiny place it fatigued her to think of. Only the mountains were big and important; and this cool, rough bedchamber was fifteen by twelve, only Fidele and herself, and the people, seen for the first time this evening, were life-size and real.

Stretching her tired limbs in the bed, that had nothing to-night in common with the rack, feeling natural sleep creep over her as it had long not done, she remembered with a vague joy that she was young; she divined a time ahead—perhaps not so far ahead either—when life would become possible again.

She felt as if cosily tucked in and kept warm by the sense of Fidele's affectionate appreciation, and the evident admiration of her friends, called in even on this first evening to greet her. It was good. It restored one's lost self-confidence.

The last thought Chloris was conscious of was not for Damon this once, but Demetrius. (Demetrius, I said. The reader here revolts. Chloris, Cytherea, a Chloe apparently still to come, and Fidele, Damon, Demetrius! Are these names to pass off on the discriminating reader in a tale that has nothing to do with the times of Pope and Addison? I confess it, I would have deceived. The persons in this story knew themselves by none of the names I have set down. They had been given at the font, and had by chance and inheritance come into names that represented them far less well. Who can assume to fitly name a babe in arms?

With a pure purpose I rechristened them. If you could know what, for instance, was the real name of Cytherea, I am positive—But enough.)

On the next morning arises Chloris, constating with thankfulness that no more than the night before is her heart bleeding at every pore. Filled with a venerable feminine desire to still increase the favorable impression she is sure she has made on the inhabitants of this high hamlet, she does her hair more than ever engagingly, puts on her crispest white gown with the lavender ribbons, and her broad straw hat with roses—the hat Damon had praised in the early part of the season. Something stirs in her sleeping bosom at the remembrance; she pauses in her task of pinning it on; the green-gray eyes with the brown spots grow fixed upon a vision, small as if seen through the wrong end of the opera-glass: On a shining shore, two little figures setting out in a sail-boat—only two, for the cousin has pleaded the disagreeable effect on her of the motion of the sea. Chloris sits down discouraged, feeling the blood drop from her face, and her heart present her with as finished a pain as ever. “It really matters so very little,” she murmurs, firmly restraining from wringing her hands, “I only—only should like to know how long may this kind of thing be supposed to last!”

Chloris and Fidele loiter about the garden full of morning sunshine, snipping off wet sweet-peas and roses, and reminding each other of things. Then, for love of being out in the sweet air, they go for a stroll. Chloris is eager for a little climb. Heated and pleasantly tired, they come to the top of an eminence and sit down under the only clump of trees, in company of the unbudging horned cows, who know their claim is good, for they got there first. Fidele, leaning against a tree-trunk, fans herself more and more fitfully with her hat, and soon slumbers. Chloris, with her head in Fidele’s lap, can never weary of looking off over the faint-hued valley the shadows of clouds softly over-stray. In this delicious bodily relaxation after hill-climbing in the sun, strange peace inundates her soul, and

she entertains a superstition that it is flowing out to her from the mountains, and lies luxuriously, letting herself be done good to. “They know the secret of peace,” she muses in her manner of a girl. “They cannot speak, but the effect of their knowledge radiates from them, and reaches us. The end of all—of all is peace. All works toward it incessantly, as one sees nature do toward harmony. Through these battles, to peace. Why can one not remember it down on the plain?” Now a cloud obscures the sun that gropes through it with long golden fingers; Chloris, dreaming, ponders half-wistfully what it would be to remain here always, begin life anew, never return where one had suffered so much, and was surely so little missed!

On their way home the girls meet Demetrius in his chaise, on his rounds. He reins in, and leans out of the leathern hood; with arms alink the girls stand in the white road below, in a great bath of light. They converse a moment; Chloris’s lifted face, with the stamp still on it of her high thinking on the hill-top, is like a flushed pearl under her rose-laden hat.

“You must let me show you the country,” says Demetrius, before driving on.

When he is gone, Chloris and Fidele naturally fall to talking of him.

“How is it,” says Chloris, “that a man so superior has attained his age and is merely a doctor in a place like this?”

“My dear, we have our ailments like the rest. You don’t grudge us a good doctor?—He was born here, and after a good number of years down in the haunts of men, came back in a natural sort of way. His father left him property up here. He is not ambitious; he has an abundance of money. He practises more or less for the love of it, and something to do. He is our most presentable man, and I want you to appreciate our good points in him. He adores music; the piano I spoke of is his. He has invited us up there; as soon as you feel inclined we will go.”

When in a few days Chloris consented to go, one-half the curious population went with her, to hear her play.

The stiff farmhouse parlor, closed nine-tenths of the year, had been made to breathe out its musty ice-house atmosphere; lighted and garnished and filled with guests, it scarcely recognized itself.

Demetrius leaned on the instrument while Chloris played, his untrimmed head dreamily drooping, his eyes half-closed, like a lazy cat's in the sunshine, when a hand is stroking it the right way. When she had finished, and all lifted their hands and praised and questioned her, he turned away with a sigh, saying nothing; and yet both knew that the truest music-lover of all was he; and when she played again it was chiefly with the thought of him as an audience.

"What an air of intelligence your hands have when you play," he said, later. "But it is the same when you are crocheting, or just drumming on the chair-arm. They look as if they could talk, and utter such wise and witty things."

A very friendly understanding was almost at once established between them; after which, he being such a sensible, direct, humorous man, well on toward middle age, and Fidele urging it, it seemed but proper to accept the offered seat in his chaise, and see the country to the best advantage.

They travelled many leagues behind his mare; they reached many points of vantage from which to look off at the view. Their conversation was half laughter; yet Chloris felt a serene security in the awe she knew she inspired.

In the country doctor's company, such was his effect on her, and hers on him, Chloris felt always sweetly young, and unusually well-dressed, unusually beautiful and brilliant—as well as experienced and possessed of a strong and complicated character. With all this, something of an impostor.

After many rides, many conversations, the light about Demetrius was insensibly changed, and offered him under a different aspect. What genuine kindness in his rather heavy, yet well-featured face; what a good, sane, comprehensive intelligence under his shaggy hair; and under his country-made waistcoat a heart suspected to be ten-

der and faithful. If he had done little, risen little, circumstances were more to blame than will; and it pierced through his mockery of himself sometimes that he was not all satisfied now with his condition; ambition that had slumbered gave signs of waking. And he was still young enough to mould his fate to a different shape.

Chloris, regarding him merely in the light of a specimen in which to study human nature, concluded that the woman who entrusted her happiness to Demetrius, at least in the event of her being a superior creature, would be in the main a very fortunate one. Nothing to fear in this man from inconstancy; no account to make with the inflammable imagination of youth; the gracious, condescending woman would get unbounded gratitude from his humility for every little favor shown. Her life would be so peaceful, so guarded from all trouble that care can keep at bay, so surrounded with delicate consideration.

So the herdgrass purpled and was mown; the mustard yellowed and its yellow vanished; and the apple began to redden. Then Demetrius, with a little help from everybody, gave a party—a party the like of which had not been given in the sleepy place since his sister's marriage a dozen years before; but this Chloris from afar, as Fidele had foretold, was inspiring the natives.

And undoubtedly she was the queen of the party. To see her was to guess it. She wore a grand gown of pale purplish silk, with a real lace Bertha (the talk of the place for nine days after she had gone back again whence she came), and white flowers pricked into the airy, shiny structure of her hair.

There was hired music, and dancing on the waxed kitchen-floor, and an opportunity never surpassed in the annals of the neighborhood to get enough of good things to eat.

Toward the end, when one-half the simple revellers were gone, and the musicians were silenced with feeding, and the night-air breathed in at the open windows with a feel of great lateness in it, came a petition to Chloris to play a piece on the piano.

After various laughing negatives, yielding, Chloris, whose eyes were light-some and dancing to-night, pushed away the stool, and substituting for it a chair, sat a little sideways in this, with one arm over the back; and, a curious little smile playing on her lips, scarlet with the heat and excitement, propped her ruffled head with its wilted flowers on her right hand; and, while the country innocents exchanged wondering glances, with her nimble left hand, amply sufficient to the task alone, began playing a waltz—a sweet, dreamy waltz.

When they were at last home, and Fidele, half undressed, had come in to chat a moment with her friend, she asked, “Did you enjoy yourself, dearie?”

“Immensely!” said Chloris. “How nice they all are to me! What dear, kind things they are! By the way, though, there was something I wanted to ask. Who is that dark-haired, plump young woman, with black bugle eyes, and a skin like red and white paper—quite passable-looking if she did not look so sulky?”

“What did she wear?”

“Something pretentious, but unbecoming. It had a lot of bead-trimming. Now, speaking of how nice everyone and everything was, I except that girl’s manner. *She* was positively rude. I did not know how to take it. I have met her before, with all the others, and passed her on the road, bowing my best; but we have never more than exchanged a word or two, so I can have done nothing to offend her.”

Fidele was laughing.

“Who is she?” asked Chloris.

“That is Chloe,” replied Fidele.

“Chloe?”

“You mustn’t mind her rudeness, dearie. She is really a good sort of creature. But she is no doubt sorely tried.”

“What tries her? Why do you laugh?”

“Demetrius! He was a shade partial to her before you came—not enough to cause comment in any place but this. And, even here, not enough to lay himself open to blame. It is a pity, though, that she can’t keep her feelings hidden,

and must vent her spite on you. Silly thing! I have no patience with that kind of girl.”

Chloris’s fingers became absent among the hair they were braiding. She looked into the lamp-flame with a vacant expression.

Fidele plied the brush in her tangled hair, and went on chatting.

Suddenly Chloris, who for some time had not spoken, laughed.

“What is it, dear?” asked Fidele, looking up at her friend, where she stood still staring at the lamp-flame, and smiling in anticipation. “Have I said anything funny?”

“No, it was nothing you said. I was thinking—my mind travelled from one thing to another—you know how it jumps about—and I had to laugh, before I knew, at a stupid old circumstance——”

“What circumstance?”

“Oh, nothing, dear—a thing we learned in school, in French, a fable——”

“A fable! My dear Chloris, how interesting! What fable?”

“I can’t quote it. I have forgotten my French. It was about a hare—a hare who ran away in terror of a bull, and in his flight came to a swamp where the frogs were just as much afraid of him. Wouldn’t it be interesting to know the rest! What the hare did, whether he put on his fiercest outside, and tried to make the frogs quake in their little wet boots?”

“What nonsense, you dear idiot! Ask Demetrius! He will give his best consideration to the frog question, and be impressed with its profoundness, while Chloe wears bead-trimming, and grows sage-color. Good-night, dear. I am dead sleepy.”

“I mean you shall take me to call on Chloe some day soon. Now that I see her face with a different light on it, it is a nice face! Poor child! I could never settle down contentedly under the notion that someone disliked me; could you? Even a dog! I have had such a happy, peaceful time here, in this dear little place, I want everyone to feel kindly toward me when I leave.”

“You speak as if I were going to let you go, Chloris.”

"Oh, my dearest, I don't want to talk of it. I have put off talking of it, day after day, yet you must know that I can only stay a very little longer. Think of it! I came for a month, and how much longer I have stayed! And father must be getting lonesome; and he so seldom writes, and then tells me little or nothing. And everything must be needing me——"

"You extraordinary girl!" exclaimed Fidele, now very wide awake; "I swear I absolutely do not understand you. What do you mean? First you seem—you seem—and then—and then suddenly——"

Fidele could not get out her words, for Chloris's hand was across her lips.

"Hush!" she pleaded, quite earnestly. "Say nothing about it! When a thing has been spoken it seems to exist! You don't understand—I don't understand either. Who is consistent? Who knows what he wants? Who knows ever what he is doing? How many creatures we crush just walking across the grass! A path opens ahead, we take it blindly, not knowing whither it leads. With good reason we say we grope in the dark. Let us have the grace, then, when a moment's illumination is granted us, to go by its light. You don't know what I mean, neither do I. But don't try to keep me, dear! Remain at my side every minute that is left of my stay here; see me to the train without the shadow of an adventure—and I will love you all my life!"

And a few days later the train that had brought Chloris picked her up again, all flushed with Fidele's last kisses, and flew with her homeward.

She looked out of the window with other eyes than those she had first turned upon the mountains. Yet tears were in them, too, as she said, "Good-by, dears! Your little sister leaves you, made quite well again. But never will she cease to love you. You shall be always in her dreams. And she will come back one day. When God sends her sorrows she will take refuge again with you."

All through the first hours of being rushed along across the brilliant fading land, that she looked at, scarcely seeing, she retained a sense of exaltation. She

seemed to herself as a sword after the proofs of furnace and ice-brook. She could have laughed to think of the philosopher that was going home in place of the pallid victim of an almost pathological sensibility.

The mountains were dwindling to little hills; the latter-year sun was too barely bright: a crude earth-color and a sombre green took place of the angelic vague green and blue and pink of the dewier, earlier period. The plain was opening up with its more trivial detail. Chloris's mind descended to its level, and projected itself with a limited emotion into the circumstances of the approaching home-coming. She felt prepared to endure whatever awaited her with grace and dignity; she felt sure, indeed, that she should feel very little. "I have learned the secret of life," she said to herself, with no little complacency; "I have weighed and measured everything."

At this same moment an elderly gentleman who had a daughter was thinking how touchingly young and inexperienced his fellow-traveller looked; in his old heart he felt sorry for her, somehow, for being so young.

"I have weighed and measured everything," she said. "God is real, God lasts, and the love of Him. Human passion passes away. One might almost say that it does not exist. It is like a physical pain: it tortures, you try to locate it, you fix your mind upon the presumed seat of it—it is not there, there is no pain; and presently, when you are well, you cannot call up a remembrance of the sensation. I feel fitted to write a book on this subject. I thought I could never endure my life without Damon—dear, dear Damon! Yet I live and am improved in health. And, blinded by I shall never be able to explain what mist, I was beginning to adapt my mind to the thought of life with Demetrius, whom I pictured out of all proportion happy and grateful to me. Why more grateful than another? Thank God I was delivered from committing such a blunder! Ah, if I could teach Chloe all that I have learned! But she does not need it; she gets what she wants, for beyond a doubt Demetrius in time goes back to her.

I—I am armed now at every point. I have a defence against every circumstance. The secret is: Nothing matters, but God above. And knowing this, I mean to be very sweet to all at home, more thoughtful of everyone, more generous of all myself——”

She was running between familiar orchards and fields; the image of reaching home became very present, and a sweetness pervaded her rising excitement at the thought of touching so soon the home-hands. The mountains were thrown back to the horizon of her mind. Between the sandy hummocks, beyond the level salt meadows she had left green and found russet, she caught glimpses of a great sapphire line. She began looking eagerly for the farmhouse that meant she was within a minute of her journey's end. It flashed past. She gathered up her things; she came out on the platform, and with a joyous heart looked for her father's gray face and his hand extended to help her down.

He was not there, and she got off the train alone, half-conscious of a dog-cart not far, with a horse behaving as no horse should at the locomotive. The superbly indifferent iron monster puffed off, dragging after it its train; the indignant horse quieted down. She heard her name called; the voice was the man's in the dog-cart, it was Damon's. The philosopher hurried toward him with an insanely beating heart, an uplifted, greeting, beaming face.

He helped her in, and his trickle of answers met her stream of questions, and her stream of answers his trickle of questions, as they jogged, tilting along between the dusty roadsides. The warm flood of her home-coming sensations subsided a little, and she turned to look at him, to take a fond inventory of his face—dear old faithful friend, so kind to fetch her himself! Her heart tightened. What was gone wrong with Damon? Damon, whom she had been picturing so happy, and was just rousing her spirit to question casually concerning Cytherea. Even at that moment they were approaching her dwelling, when the question, if she could make her voice right, not too

indifferent, nor yet too eager, would seem so in place.

The grass on the lawn was long and uneven, constellated with twinkling autumn dandelions; the windows were shuttered, the veranda empty, the chimney smokeless; a forgotten hammock rope, blackened and twisted by rain, swung from a branch in front of the deserted house, thumping faintly against the tree-trunk. Chloris turned her lengthened face toward Damon; he lifted to hers a pair of very miserable eyes, and said, in an unresonant voice, “You should have got back in time for the cattle-fair. It was better than usual this year. Cookson's little mare took a prize.”

“You don't mean it!” faltered Chloris, and looking straight ahead set her lips hard, to keep down an impetuous flood of hatred for Cytherea.

She saw the propriety of continuing to talk; but she could not keep her mind on it. Damon's powers of talk, too, had failed him. He kept a stolid face to the horse's head; and they drove in silence to her door, where, alighting, she was swallowed in a sea of affectionate fatherly and auntly embraces.

“I may stay to tea, mayn't I?” asked Damon, dully, from his corner, where he seemed sitting in the cold.

Chloris gave him a place beside herself, and treated him like a sick, beloved child; but so tactfully, he could know only that it soothed.

She let him lie on the sofa afterward, while she played, and the others slept in the upper chambers.

She played with upturned face, pale and gentle and full of understanding; her eyebrows lifted, her eyes very large and kind. She could have thought that Damon slept, but that now and again he sighed.

When at last she stopped to look for something among her music, to go on with, he got up and came to the piano-side. “I am so glad you have got back,” he said, from all his heart; “you are such a brick. Good Lord, how I have missed you——”

He turned away and went aimlessly to the window, and stood looking out. “I suppose it is time I went,” he said.

"But I hate to go home! I don't know what is come to me, I can't sleep these nights."

Chloris had come to the window, too, and stood beside him, her indulgent young face that wore a world-old expression turned on the dimly glimmering white petunia-beds outside.

"Would you—won't you come out for a little stroll, Chloris? Run for your shawl, there is a dear girl, and let us go over to the beach. It isn't really late, and I am so restless, and I don't want to go alone, and it is so stuffy in my room at home."

Chloris, without a word of demur, took her wrap and followed him. They walked side by side in silence; the sense they must have in common of the beauty of the night might at first take lieu of conversation; when that sense must be outworn, they still thought their thoughts in silence. Chloris knew the relief it is not to pretend; Damon thought only of himself in this hour.

It was she, after a while, that led—tall, slender figure a step ahead of him, walking swiftly, with a sort of intrepidity. With his head a little bowed, his hands behind him, he followed.

She led him to the beach, and without regard for time or fitness of things, farther and farther along the smooth sands, away from home; then, by a long loop, back on to the homeward road, as if with the determination to tire him out. She herself was conscious of no fatigue. She felt like a spirit; her uplifted eyes seemed so expanded that they could take in all the radiant firmament.

At last, as if awaking, he stopped and vaguely looked about, saying, "I am ready to drop! Good Lord, how far have you been taking me? Let us sit down a moment and rest."

They were not far from home, on the edge of a familiar pine-grove that ran down to the lapping inland sea. She sank on the dry pine-needles; he dropped beside her, and tearing off his cap unquestioningly laid his head in her lap.

"Does it ache?" she asked, softly.

"Yes," he murmured. "Rub it."

She passed her hand with a measured

motion across his forehead, pushing up the heavy hair. She felt his face for an instant press closer to her knees; volumes of gratitude seemed expressed in the impulsive movement. She continued her stroking with a quiet, sisterly hand, her swelling heart suddenly choking her. She had him back, that she knew beyond a doubt. Broken, disillusioned, his heart seared by the image of another, he was hers, as he lay there thinking of that other. Hers to help, to heal, to make love her as much as she loved him. And a flood of human passion, the sensation she had decided—God forgive her!—disposed of forever, surged in her. Her eyes brimmed over with happy tears. Why should there be any feeling of bitterness mixed in a feeling so sweet? Why should the hurt to one's vanity be remembered in such a situation? Why not be finally glad to give more than one received, offer something whole for something broken, bless beyond all desert? No—no—that other could never have loved him so! Fate had meant well by him in putting her out of reach; this sorrow of his should pass away and be as if it had never been. Chloris felt in herself such inexhaustible wells of tenderness and patience, she knew hers was the good title; she knew she could be sufficient—make Damon forget. Her heart sang a song of praise and victory, while her hand smoothed the lines out of his forehead, stroke by stroke, with the fancy that it brushed away the image of Cytherea, fatal line by line.

Ineffable fatigue drew her down from high serene thoughts to thoughts nearer earth. She ached; waves of unnatural sensation swept through her, but she would not move. The weight of his dear head was better than ease.

While she took patience till he should be ready to rise and go sensibly home to bed, a whimsical image formed itself in her brain: Herself, and to one side of her, a little higher, Cytherea, and to the other, a little lower, Chloe—and beyond Chloe, in the descending line, some poor woman, not pretty or winning at all, to whom Chloe must appear a half-divinity; and above Cytherea, in the ascending line, another

fairer than she, for, when all was said, there must be in this world women even fairer than the great Cytherea, of whom she, perchance, lying awake in her queenly bed, would think with anguish, confessing herself helpless to struggle. Poor Cytherea, then, in her turn! Chloris framed a sincere wish for her continued happiness, and that in the event of despised love God should grant her to become a philosopher. And her imagination went on feebly, whimsically, weaving. Still another fairer still creature above Cytherea's victress—still another at the other end, to whom the envier of Chloe should be an object of envy—and so on, till the chain seemed to extend from the seraphs down to the last of the most degraded race, and take a slightly humorous aspect. "It pleases the powers to be merry," thought Chloris, and was conscious of no irreverence in the conceit.

"Wake up, Chloris!" came Damon's voice, sounding more as it had used to sound, before he was so grown-up, and

had untoward things happen to him in his sentiments.

"I have not been asleep!" she said, sheepishly, "except below my knees."

"I won't contradict you, but when I struck a light you were nodding and smiling away to yourself like a little China mandarin. Have you any idea of the time it is? Well, I won't enlighten you. What a crazy thing we have been doing! Come, dear, let me help you up. I hope to Heaven you haven't taken cold. Hello, can't you walk straight? What a brute I am! Take my arm——"

And laughing weakly and wearily, they set out staggering across the dim stubble-field that separated them from home.

"Dear old Chloris!" Damon murmured, pressing her arm to his side. "Best girl in the universe! You can never think what a comfort it is to have you home again. I feel more like myself. I think that to-night I shall sleep."

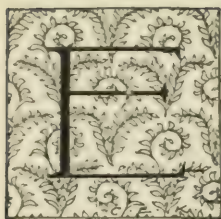
INVOCATION

By Rupert Hughes

"WHAN that Aprille with his shoures swete"—
 Ah, Geoffrey Chaucer, still your voice is clear!
 As lush and tuneful as a bird's to hear,
 When first a bird's voice sounds the first retreat
 To winter's white-mailed phalanx in defeat.
 Now that the rime-enriched Victorian year
 Has drained its amber summer, lost its sere
 Autumnal harvest for the barren sleet
 Of wintry wailing—Oh, if you could sing
 Us back our birthright, quick-recurrent spring!
 Renew that optimism of a bird,
 That simplest grief and cheeriest humor heard
 Since first, glad April poet, your art rung
 New rimes and music on our new-sweet tongue.

WOMEN BACHELORS IN LONDON

By Mary Gay Humphreys



ENGLAND is novel-land. Behind a group of oaks rises Barchester Towers. Rhoda Fleming leans over a farm-yard gate. Yonder silver stream is the Floss, with its vine-draped mill. Marsh-bordered cottages and noblemen's seats are alike familiar. The engine's black nose points to Cranford. The land is peopled with curates and spinsters; the air is filled with the odors of tea and toast.

Then the engine plunges into the cavernous gloom of the Great Eastern station. London, great ponderous engine of civilization, is a city of paper. The crowds of Cheapside and Fleet Street have walked out from the covers of books. Three thousand miles roll between, yet how absurdly one feels at home in this familiar company.

But one is missing. It is easier to hear the revel of the skylark, and catch the scent of the hawthorn in London than to find the spinster—the backbone of English fiction. You may track Russell Square without meeting Maria or Jane Osborne. The gentle breasts of a race of Ann Dobbinses keep green numberless quiet English mounds.

Women are everywhere; climbing down from omnibuses; coming up in processions from the underground stations. They are hurrying along Fleet Street, and scudding across the Strand. Chelsea and South Kensington are peopled with petticoats. Sainte Mousseline wears a jacket, a cleft hat, and has portfolio or papers under arm. Knowing in dress, preoccupied in air, she nods familiarly and takes out her latch-key to let herself in, or disappears within the door of her club.

This new figure has no place in fiction. That is why we know so little of her. There have been tentative efforts; the stage has opened the door; "the New Woman" attempts to introduce the woman bachelor. We have had the

opportunity of seeing Sydney Grundy's play. As a caricature even it was not accepted. The transformation of the British unmarried female into Miss Victoria Vivash has not been so gayly accomplished. Jackets and cigarettes are not the most salient traits.

On the contrary, in London one misses that spirit of adventure, that saucy fillip of the finger at the gray old world which enables the American girl to take up so lightly her wrestle for a livelihood. But where the American girl has gone forth a free-lance, the English woman has advanced in platoons. This is why she is so well entrenched, perhaps. Her outposts also are farther advanced. This has been accomplished neither by daring nor by skill. It has accordingly escaped that attention which is challenged by exceptional feats.

To arrive at the English woman's position one must dive through all the pretty things, the sarcastic things, the wit of the paragraphers, the glorification by the lady-writers, and the pillory of the playwright, to the hard, stern facts of the ugly science.

In England the crop of the women exceeds the demand. In the course of nature, as it is interpreted, the increasing exodus of men to new countries leaves regiments of women unprovided for at home. The vicissitudes of commerce, the laws of primogeniture, which influence even when not binding, the absence of all provision for girls in the shape of dot, as obtains in France, leaves English women to the chances of fortune. These are dead against them. When Mr. Huxley called upon a pestilence to rid England of the superfluous, it is thought he had in mind the British female, as well as the submerged tenth. But the instinct of self-preservation is strong. Necessity has cultivated in her a prehensile-like nimbleness in catching on. The higher education of women has given her a wider range. More unerringly she discerns the fruitful boughs.

Newnham and Girton meanwhile have taught her a certain personal value that the abject race of Briggses knew nothing of. Of the right to her own life, and her duties to herself—of which she speaks in a key perhaps unnecessarily high—Miss Matty Jenkyns and the ladies of Cranford would fail to understand.

The women in London who have gone out into the world are largely recruited from the country. They belong to populous families. The domestic income is diverted disproportionately toward the males. The narrow straits of home pinches the soul, restricts the liberty, and curtails the bonnets. Marriage is among the fortuitous things of life—comets, pitching the foot against a watch in crossing the heath—the legacy of a beggar. Nature's forethought is grubbing in Australia and the isles of the sea, and blanching his bones under the sun of India. The classics and the sciences awaken clamorous desires that making flannel petticoats for the alms-houses and ministering at village school-feasts fail to stifle. Moreover these women are entertaining doubts about the wisdom of the

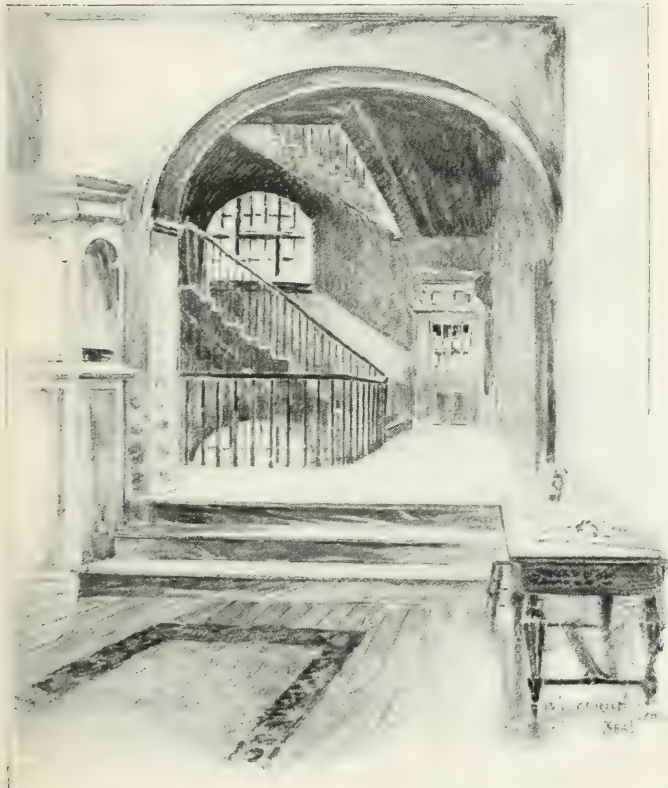


The Chenies Street Chambers.

existing poor laws, and have views concerning the methods of instruction pursued in parochial schools.

One may recall a typical instance. She is the daughter of a country curate. Her story, briefly told, is of strenuous poverty, the numerical strength of a clerical family, and the insupportable dulness of a rural village. She is now a Political Secretary. The office demands capital letters. She has a bureau in a woman's political federation attached to one of the three great parties. The distance between the last state and the first of this woman is as great as has yet been traversed by her sex. To measure this, some further explanation may be of value.

The position of English women in politics finds no parallel here outside of the States of Wyoming, Colorado, and Kansas. English women vote on every question but the selection of members of Parliament. That right is within sight. Each of the three great parties has a woman's league actively working with it. Its place is recognized, and certain parts of the



Hallway of the Chenies Street Chambers.

canvass, such as house-to-house visiting, is largely in its hands.

This work the Political Secretary organizes. She has her district, her sub-committees, her political methods. In her books she has enrolled the name of every voter in her district, his occupation, his residence, his political affiliations. Of this individual she keeps constant trace. She chases him from lodging-house to lodging-house. In the record of two years one restless person had moved his trunk thirteen times, yet her finger was upon him. She visits his wife, pets the children, offers a recipe for a stew, captures the family confidence, and all to gain or keep a vote. She holds public meetings once a month, in connection with the masculine organization, and helps to provide entertainment, speakers, or, perhaps, speaks herself.

Here is a woman in the thick of machine politics, a new woman, a woman-bachelor. She is little, demure, cherry-cheeked, low-voiced, conventional in manner to the point of preciseness, and with those pretensions to fashionable costuming that Americans recognize as English. She could not sufficiently express her surprise that her position and her work should appear so novel to an American. Political Secretaries are not numerous even in England. This may be taken as an extreme instance of woman's journey into the world. For this reason it illustrates the calm, matter-of-fact manner in which English women have possessed themselves of affairs—a manner so different from our gay sallies into life and action even when under the stress of necessity.

The avocations open to women in England are the same that are open to women here. More than twenty years ago the queen caused several public bureaus to admit the daughters of gentlemen, as the distinctions are observed in that country. At present the postal stations are manned by women. South Kensington ante-dated the United States in facilities to art-students. The magazines, the weeklies and the newspapers long since made room for their desks. Women do as responsible work there as here. Their place is as fully recognized.



The Oakley Flats, Oakley Street, Chelsea.

Strangely enough, English women are not aware of this. Again and again they spoke with admiration of, and longing for, the advantages and privileges of American women. Yet when we came to balance our separate accounts, except in the matter of earnings, and these were offset by the cheaper living, they already had the things for which the women of this country yet plan and strive; and these are the things which indicate a place in the body social and political, not only conceded but provided for in the larger administration of affairs.

For example, the conditions for reasonable, comfortable, and polite living are matters for consideration for this increasing body of women unattached. There are four large apartment-houses, as we would call them, residential chambers as they are called there, for women. The oldest of these, it is agreeable to state, was built by a countryman, although an expatriated American, Sir Curtis Lampson. This is the Oakley Flats, Chelsea, built twelve years ago. The Chenies Street Chambers are only a few years old. These

were at once so successful that the York Street Chambers were built, both being under the control of the Ladies' Residential Chambers Company. Sloane Gardens House was built by the Ladies' Dwelling Company, Limited.

With that reticence that marks the English conduct of affairs, it was not possible to learn more of these companies than that they were composed



The Main Hallway.

of men and women who recognize the propriety of such houses, and regarded them as modestly valuable investments. The three houses last built do, in fact, pay three per cent.; the Oakley Flats pay but two and a half per cent. All of these houses are in excellent parts of London, and each has some architectural importance. The Oakley Flats, however uninteresting the name, consist of two houses separated by a court whose green



flower-bordered spaces the windows overlook. In summer the window-boxes are aflame with red and yellow, and the vision through the lofty iron gate is pleasant and home-like indeed. The York Street Chambers are imposing by their mass outside, and with columns, vaulted ceiling, and the vast sweep of the staircase, impressive within.

The housing of the unattached woman who has gone out into the world to many good people has the dignity of a



The Dining-room.

problem—not the importance of the tenement-house problem, or the industrial problem, but still a problem, and open to discussion.

Conceding this, it is interesting and may be valuable to see how the three different managements of the English apartment-houses have disposed of the question as it has been presented to them. The problem divides into the three heads: finance, government, ethics. Will an apartment-house for women pay? How much can you give her for her money? If you give her a latch-key what will she do with it?

As we have seen, the returns on the London investment are modest. But the Funds, Consols, and investments of like dignity pay no more. The London apartment-houses are intended for women who have been accustomed to the refinements of life. They are, consequently, arranged to offer comfort, privacy, and decorousness, each of which is as dear as the other to the English mind. In the Oakley Flats where the prices are lower than in the Chambers of Bryanston Square, the regard for privacy is most strictly observed, there being no public rooms to bring the tenants together. In the York and Chenies Street Chambers there are dining-rooms which the tenants are expected to encourage to the extent of at least five shillings weekly. Here they learn to know one another's faces, and if they desire further acquaintance observe the usual conventional forms. The Sloane Gardens House is more like a large caravansary. It has various public rooms. From the hall bulletins it appears that the tenants affiliate in many ways. One reads of music clubs, sketch classes; there is a boarding-school air about the figures hurrying through the halls. On inquiry, the art-student class (for Sloane Gardens is in Chelsea) does predominate. In the hall directories of the other houses one recognizes some well-known names, and the occupants in general appear to be of the class who have made or are making a place.

The prices of rooms range from six shillings a week for two rooms, to five pounds a month for three rooms, according to the different scales of the

different managements. With that exactitude which is a mark of a thoroughly organized community in which rights and duties have been fully discussed and settled, every thing conceivable is arranged for. A person may not play the piano over three hours a day, nor put dead flowers in the sink, or cook fish or anything that smells, or clean her boots in the hall. She must dust her own ornaments and be careful in watering her window-boxes. The porter will look after the drains, but she must see that her chimney is swept, and keep her door-mat clean. Meanwhile the windows will be washed once a month by the management, and the sills once a quarter; for this she must pay. Each tenant enters her rooms cleaned and newly colored, but she must immediately deposit with the management a sum to pay the cost of cleaning and half the cost of re-coloring, so that her successor shall enjoy the same attractive cleanliness on entering that she has enjoyed.

The services rendered are detailed with the same circumstantiality as to the laying of fires, the "turning out" of rooms, and "heavy dusting." The duties of the porter are as minutely laid down. The porter seems to hold the rank of janitor without that person's omnipotence, being brought under the reign of law. In all these details there appears to be only that regard for one another's rights and comforts that tends to divest life of unnecessary friction, and not the desire to nag or unduly circumscribe the freedom of the individual, or to exercise the heavy hand of authority. The same scrupulousness refuses hospitality to dogs and birds in one of these houses; yet, with sweet reasonableness, allows to a deaf tenant a little barking-dog who announces visitors when she cannot hear the bell.

These matters agreed upon, the tenant is a free woman, and goes and comes at will unquestioned, and unwatched. She has a latch-key and applies it at any hour of the day or night. The relation of women to the latch-key is one over which there have been many anxious minds. If women who support themselves would only agree to be within doors at ten o'clock, to many



Drawn from life by L. Raven Hill.

AT THE WRITERS' CLUB.



Hallway at York Street Chambers.

people one of the problems that vex civilization would be solved. In looking for a boarding-place for a young country-woman at one of the houses instituted for such young women in this city, permission was asked for her to go occasionally to the theatre with some friends. The house closed at ten o'clock was the reply. It was suggested that she might have a night-key. "Madam," exclaimed the matron, drawing her shoulders up with a righteous air, "this house is respectable." At another house intended for women alone, a compromise was effected by employing a watchman, and he, with imagination kindled by the novels he absorbed, night by night seemed to scent adventure until the last twinkle of the late comer's skirts disappeared around the balustrade.

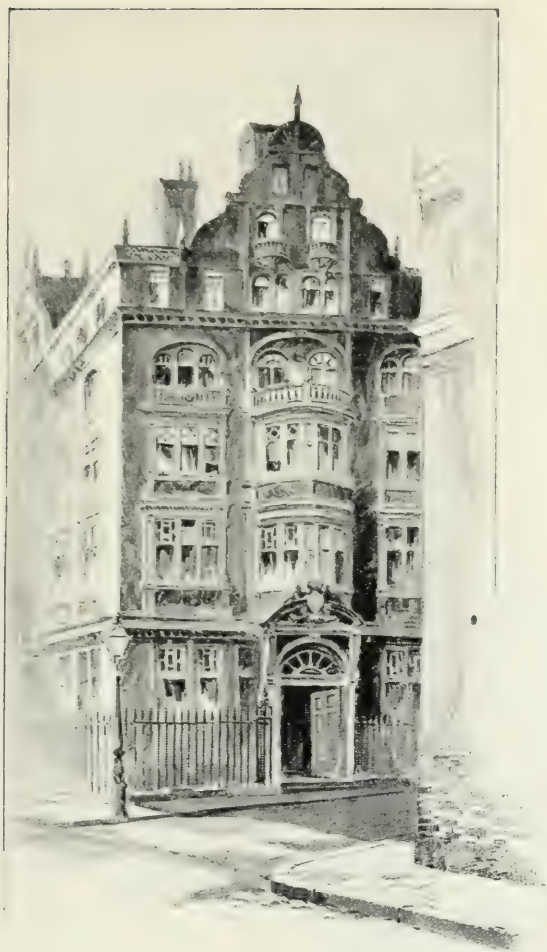
London being older and, consequently, wiser, may be presumed to have wrestled with this problem as with others. These well-filled apartment-houses seemed to intimate that London had done so, and satisfactorily. As the housing of unattached women was regarded to hang upon this question more than any other, the answer to it seemed to be worth carrying back 3,000 miles.

There is a certain dulness of apprehension more conclusive than the

promptest speech. The blank way in which the effort to get at the root of the matter was met, was puzzling to a mind taught to regard it as of first importance. Was it possible that woman and her latch-key was agitating no one in London? The question was put in different forms at the different apartment-houses, but was sure to be brushed aside to say that the porter could not be asked to fetch beer or boots, though he might call a cab, that being in "duties of porter," or for some other important detail. At length, one lady-manager was pushed to the wall, and said, with a bored air as to one importunate, that really the matter concerned only the lady tenants themselves; if the lady tenants had not freedom of ingress and egress, there would be no lady-tenants. The answer was plain, and in it was involved three per cent. on the investment. A more specific question put with the determination to leave no stone unturned was answered, that having ascertained the value of a tenant's references, and accepting them, that no abuse of the perfect liberty assured to



York Street Chambers, Bryanston Square, West.



The Writers' Club, Hastings House, Norfolk Street, Strand.

the tenants had ever occurred, and the speaker seemed to regard the question as curiously persistent.

In the Chenies and the York Street Chambers, in addition to the usual provision for visitors, there is a private dining-room for dinner-parties and other hospitalities. At Chenies Street, in fact, the flowers and decorations of a previous night were in evidence. These hospitalities are not the Bohemian repasts of the newly emancipated person; they are the formal rites of members of organized society. The distance from "pigging in a studio," or a dinner at a foreign table d'hôte with "vin compris" and cigarettes, to this private dining-room with its flowers, crystal, and porcelain, marks the road achieved, and the position conquered by the bachelor-maid in London.

Moreover, there have been weddings within. It was not without pride, that these significant festivities were men-

tioned. This voluntary sequestration of women into feminine hives, notwithstanding it arose naturally out of a situation beyond their control, has been regarded with apprehension. Although in a country, officially monogamous, marriage for all women was an impossible attainment, it was still insisted that wise virgins would not relinquish their air of expectancy; yet here they were in the city, writing on newspapers, painting pictures, getting statistics on unattractive subjects, and coming back nights, tired as navvies to their own companionship and firesides.

It is doubtful whether in London the chances of marriage have been lessened by the incursions of women into the world. On the contrary, it is a question if the opportunities of meeting men more frequently, and off guard, as it were, have not increased those chances. That the comforts and cheapness of club-life in London have disinclined men to marriage, has the conclusiveness of an axiom. His immunity, however, he owes to the inviolability of the club doors, beyond which women may not pass. But when Mahometa puts on her bonnet, even though reluctantly, and goes by the mountain road, the result is apt to be the same. No one would intimate that the more men and women see of one another, the less they will respect, admire, and love. Nor is it likely that the ability of a woman to trudge alone, if need be, will be undervalued where the path is sometimes too precipitous for a man's firmer footing. The matter harks back, however, to the unalterable fact that no matter how well disposed men and women may be to one another, there are not enough men to go around. With this in mind, unquestionably, the chances of happiness, satisfaction, and prosperity in the various activities they have claimed for themselves, have increased over the British spinster, in timorous dependence on the male members of her family, filling up the chinks in the lives of others.

If it be true that all women infinitely prefer marriage, no one, who believes that the increase in the sum of human happiness is the chief thing to be desired in life, will be inclined to quarrel

with a state of affairs that tends to reconcile women with what cannot be helped, by giving them less time to think about it. For in the mind, as in physics, two things cannot occupy the same place at the same time.

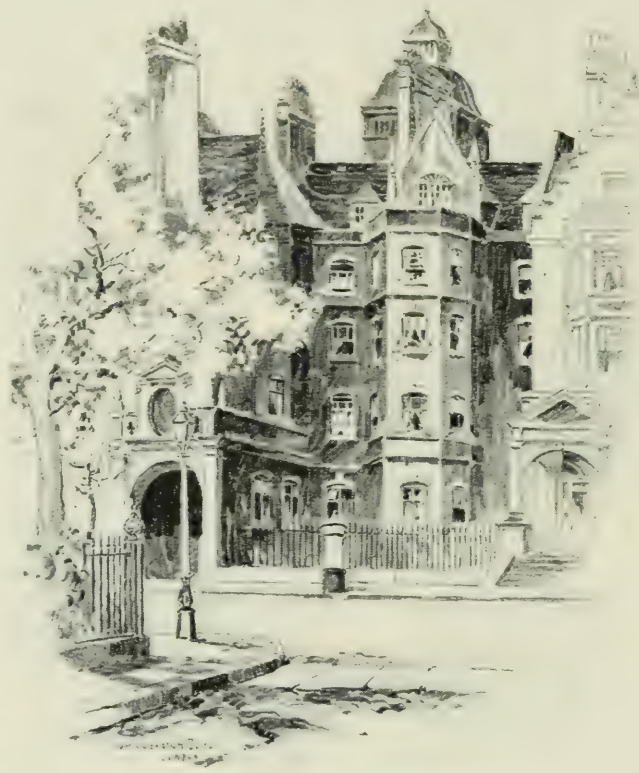
That homely common-sense which settled the question of the latch-key, soon suggested the propriety of clubs. Although Mr. Ruskin long ago urged the necessity of such co-operation among working-women, the woman-bachelor was a person unforeseen by even his prophetic eye. "Alas for the lonely ones at work in the primeval forests. Alas for the severed ones seeking domestic environment."

The first clubs for women in London were established in the East End for working-girls. These have been a potent element in teaching women how to combine in their own interests in the trades. An Honorable Maude who founded the Soho Club for working-women in Greek Street, with a "coffee-bar," and opportunities for mental improvement and gymnastics, solved the first financial problem. Twenty clubs have been organized in the same manner with commensurate success. The background of an authoritative aristocracy has been contributed to this. Honorable Maudes and Lady Dollies can assist in such enterprises without offensive condescension, both sides reckoning these as among the duties whereunto they are called.

Of the latest and the most useful of the woman-bachelors' clubs, "The Writers," the Princess Christian is President and Lady Jeune is the chief

promoter. "The Writers'" is in Hastings House, Norfolk Street, leading off the heart of the Strand, in the convenient neighborhood of the newspapers and the magazines, and within easy reach of the publishers. An amiable woman-bachelor was my sponsor at "The Writers'." The festive season of weekly teas, with "crumpets and converse," was over. Everybody who could, was flitting to the seaside and the moors. After all it was a fortunate moment to see what the Club was to the woman kept at her desk by work or worry, to the contributors to the three-penny weeklies, to the skirmish line on newspapers, to the women who do their tasks on a hurried cucumber sandwich.

"The Writers'" is a modestly equipped club. A pleasant tone of brown and yellow, the green of palms, a few etchings, some easy-chairs, and a table strewn with



Sloane Gardens House, 52 Lower Sloane Street, S. W.

books and papers, may be presented as a formal receipt for creating a literary atmosphere not above tea and talk, and a human interest in one another's ruffles. Above five o'clock one and another hard-working young woman, papers in hand, drifted in for a cup of tea. An English woman's enjoyment of a cup of plain, straight tea, with its humble accompaniments of milk and sugar, brings envy to the American who must be allured by lemon, by sugary wafers, or perhaps insists on lifting it into a convivial rite, by wafting over it different fragrant condiments.

There was an air of homely domesticity about this tea-drinking. One

kept to her scribbling while she stirred her tea. Another was waiting an appointment with a Fleet Street editor. "How much better than waiting under the cold penetrating eyes of the office-boys, or pretending to be interested in the shop windows," she sighed contentedly between draughts of tea and mouthfuls of thin bread and butter. A third, a prosperous looking young woman in a picture hat was engaged in deep conversation with a good-looking young man—an interview discreetly respected by the tea-drinkers, as by those mindful of the Golden Rule.

Over cups of tea, hospitably shared with the stranger, we talked of affairs feminine, such as tempt comparison between the two countries, and satisfied one another's curiosity with compliment and amiable appreciation.

"I never was a pudding-and-pie sort of a girl." An ear attuned to catching phrases would be immediately arrested by such a beginning. The same phrase, recently seen in a London weekly, suggests that the speaker has exchanged the threepenny weekly to which she was attached for the more aristocratic sixpenny article; for, certainly no fellow-journalist would lay hands on literary property of such value belonging to another. The speaker continued, choosing meanwhile a lump of sugar for her tea, with thoughtful consideration:

"I never was a pudding-and-pie sort of a girl, or of course I shouldn't be here. There were such a lot of us," checking them off with spoon on the rim of her cup. "There's the one that visits, the one that is a governess in Germany, the one that speaks English and endures the tantrums of Madame," naming a well-known prima donna, "the one that paints—papa is an artist—and the one that is ill or thinks she is. You may fancy I was glad to be out of it, so I came to town and set up with the one that paints. As I was saying, I am not a pudding-and-pie sort of a girl, and editing the household column in a threepenny weekly and looking up favorite quotations have not exactly fulfilled my ambitions."

Assured that her spirited domestic sketch had quite the ring of a modern

novel, she exclaimed: "Thanks awfully. I present it to you. Do you mean to have an English girl? No, not a novel? Well, what you will."

With this permission, and duly veiled, it is set down. Then, with further amiability, she continued:

"We took three rooms in a block of lodgings for gentlewomen. The large room the one that paints uses for a studio. My room is scarcely more than a closet, but it overlooks a bit of yard planted with acacias. We are not fine, but we are interesting. Interesting, I take it, is a diversion of all things from their original purpose, to serve other ends. We have comfortable spoons, for example, bought on Oxford Street at two-and-six, but I always give visitors either a Malay dirk or an Italian stiletto to stir their tea, they find it so much more interesting.

"We have no kitchen;" continued this young woman, "that would indeed be luxury. The decorative art-swells and the lady-essayists and interviewers have kitchens. Nor do we 'pig in the studio.' I don't believe in it. If I work I must be fed. Personally I have experienced the transmutation of a chop and a glass of porter into a fashion article so quickly that I felt myself only a superior sort of machine. If you know any psychologist I will give him an interview. Our housekeeper cooks a joint every day, and will send up a plate of meat for a sixpence, and a penny each for vegetables. Dessert we buy for ourselves according to the exchequer. The same person will furnish breakfast for eightpence, threepence extra for eggs, bacon, or fish. Of course there are rare days when if either of us has had luck, we dine at a restaurant and pay as much as three shillings for a dinner. On the other hand we have been known to buy hot roasted potatoes, taking our turn with the street arabs of the corner.

"There are but two recreations I find worth sighing for. The dearest would be to lie under the trees in St. James's Park and look up into the summer sky. Only the unemployed have time for that. I am not poor enough to enjoy the luxury of leisure.

At this moment although I am enjoying my club, my cup of tea, and airing my ideas in appreciative society, I am impatient for the hour of my appointment with an unappreciative editor, because I have some work to finish.

"The theatre is a recreation; but being an expensive amusement we rarely go except we have orders. Managers are generous with these. But as the seats require evening dress, we have to take a cab, and the combination of dress, cab, and the finding of that cab after the play is too discouraging to be classified as an amusement. If we could go and sit in the pit with our hats on like a man, I would prefer nothing to the theatre."

There seemed an unfamiliar tone of aggressiveness in this bachelor-maid when she alluded, even incidentally, to man. It was hard to believe that these well-groomed, frock-coated sons of English men could be less than allies. The question was hesitatingly put.

"Let me quote you from the 'Great Book of Mulier.' It was written by a man. 'She may queen it in a corner, certain of our loyal support, if she will give men her half of the world's assistance to uplift the fabric comfortable to them'—the rest of the quotation is not pertinent. No, I do not belong to the Pioneer Club. We have been entertaining them here, however, while their club-house was in the hands of the decorative people."

The "Pioneer Club" is the farthest outpost of the "New Woman." An admirer classes its members into the "busy, bracing, and brilliant." The club is æsthetically housed on Bruton Street. In its primrose-tinted drawing-room, with frieze of iris flowers, is a large painting. Here are the forms of two women. One, lying airily on the earth, is supposed to symbolize woman as she was. The other, rising to welcome the dawn, is woman as she is to be. The superficialities of the women of the "Pioneer Club" is freely commented on by the paragraphers, but evidently æsthetic papers and old oak are not held incompatible with advanced views, and indifference to shapely boots. No woman's club in London is more attractively installed. The Pioneer Club, in its public

aspect, supplies an arena in which, at Tuesday tea-drinkings and on Thursday evenings, the tyrant man is invited to come in and defend himself. The amiable complaisance with which he comes, drinks tea, and hears himself abused seems to argue that, like another of his sex, he is not so bad as he is painted. "No sensible man," says one, "objects to the advance of woman; it is the beat of drum and the blare of trumpet which annoys him. If women want to paint pictures and write plays, as well as ride bicycles and smoke cigarettes, let them simply do so, and no one will have any right to grumble."

The Pioneer Club, however, is not the stronghold of the bachelor-maid. It belongs to the women of experience. Every woman enlisted in a Cause finds a welcome there. Scratch a Cause, ever so lightly, and a Man is revealed. To deal with a Cause you must know Man. Against the wide area traversed by women who have encountered men in every walk in life, and particularly over the perilous passes where there is hardly room for two, the limited promenade of the bachelor-maid is of slight importance. The influence of the Pioneer Club seems to account, nevertheless, for a certain air of grievance in one type of the woman-bachelor when man in the abstract was in question; the concrete person doubtless retains all his power to please.

There are other clubs. Curiously enough, the "Alexandra"—which is the first, the largest, and the most conservative of the women's clubs—has never permitted a man to enter the doors of its handsome Grosvenor Street club-house, although it has arrived at the dignity of a kitchen and might reasonably desire to show it off. "The Victorian," in Sackville Street, is intended for the convenience of women living out of town, but working in town. This implies that it unites economy with modest comfort. The Victorian has a dining-room, but a dining-room is not a kitchen in the progressive ritual of Amphictyon.

The "Somerville," on Oxford Street, and the "University," on Maddox Street, bring together the learned profession. The Women-Bachelors, and

Mistresses of Arts are alone eligible to the University. The girls of Newnham, Girton, and London, fill its roster. Many of them are married; but once a college-girl, always a college-girl. As the Pioneer, so do the Somerville and the University make a feature of their weekly debates. These deal with intellectual rather than with social topics. The Somerville seems exceptionally prosperous, having a membership of over six hundred.

With the universities opening their doors, with politics extending its arms, with science and the professions hospitably inclined, with literature and the arts common ground, with apartment-houses, residential chambers, and clubs for their personal convenience and comfort, the women-bachelors of London do

not seem to have done badly for themselves. If they have to give up much in life that is gracious, that women prize, they are compensated by the satisfaction that comes from endeavor, by the refreshment of healthful activities, by a recognized place in life, and frequently by success, sweet to women as it is to men.

Surely this is better when the sum of human happiness comes to be made up, than to wait in patient expectancy as women used to do. "So did they sometimes wait for years; they have waited until they withered into their graves, like the vapors of a brief winter's day; a moving picture of their sex restrained by modesty in those purer times from taking of one step forward unless inquired for."

RATHER TOO MUCH ENERGY

By J. West Roosevelt



WAS comfortably ensconced in my den one snowy night, half asleep before the fire, when I was startled by the sudden and unannounced entrance of my young friend Singer. I am fond

of "Squinty," as he is commonly called (not because of any peculiarity connected with his eyes, but because his father, whose mind had been hopelessly corrupted by much study of the Latin tongue, had not shrunk from fastening upon his helpless infant son the dreadful name of Quintus, thereby making the nickname an inevitable obstacle to the boy's complete happiness in life).

In spite of this handicap Squinty grew up. He had always been noted for his cheerful manners; and the extremely optimistic view which he took of life was sometimes rather irritating to those about him, who were too often informed by him that the world was so very good and life so pleasant, etc., at times when they had been passing through experiences which proved to them that

neither of the statements was true. Singer's cheerfulness had been more than usually aggressive for several months, for he had become engaged to a very sweet girl who lived in a neighboring town, and we all devoutly prayed that the marriage would not be delayed, for we longed to have a chance to enjoy a little uninterrupted gloom in peace—a thing which was impossible while the young enthusiast was loose. What was my surprise, then, when a woe-begone wretch, unkempt and haggard, and with an expression of hopeless misery upon his face, staggered in—and I recognized Singer.

"Why, Singer, what has happened?"

Without replying, he threw himself face downward upon my lounge and groaned. I tried to soothe him, at first without success, but after a while he became calmer, and I again began to question him.

"Tell me, old man, what is the matter," said I. "What has happened?"

He became fairly hysterical as he tried to speak, and broke down completely. He burst into tears and sobs. Sudden-

ly his weeping gave place to the mirthless laughter which is a sign that the nerves are acting uncontrolled by the will—running wild, as a locomotive runs wild when the opened throttle cannot be shut, despite the efforts of the engineer to close it. It was plain that Singer was crazy, or was having “high-strikes;” he was not drunk, I was certain. By the judicious use of persuasion, command, and threats, I got him into a more rational condition.

“Singer,” said I, with much firmness, and with anger in my heart, “Singer, if you try any more of this damned nonsense I’ll empty that ice-pitcher on you, and I’ll punch your head off.” Then I made him sit up, and just as he was beginning another fit—“Stop that!” I almost shouted, “don’t be a fool, but tell me what has happened.”

“I don’t know what has happened,” groaned Singer, “and that’s the worst of it. And I don’t know what is going to happen, either. And it may happen any minute, if it hasn’t happened already.” (By this time I began to be pretty sure that my poor friend was crazy, and his next words seemed to confirm my fears.) “Why did I make it,” he wailed, “why did I make it?”

“Make what? What are you talking about? Are you drunk? Come now, try to be sensible and tell me about it all.”

“And now they’ve sent it to her—what shall I do? Tell me, Jack, what shall I do?” And he looked imploringly at me.

“Now, Singer, the first thing to do is to get yourself in hand and stop talking nonsense. Now, don’t get excited, but tell me what the trouble is, so that I can try to help you.”

“How can I *help* being excited when she may be dead already. I tell you they’ve sent the whole of it to *her*—and she must have got it before now—and it may kill her—and it’s my fault! I should never have done such a stupid thing; and I ought to have known that that fool would be sure to send her anything except what I wanted sent. If I get hold of him I’ll fix him so that he’ll never get a chance to do it again. My God, man! Wouldn’t you get excited if it had happened to you?”

“My dear fellow, I don’t know what has happened, and I can’t say how I would feel; but you must manage to give some sort of an account of the affair that I can understand. But you had better not say anything at present”—I was sure the man was crazy, and wanted to take him home quietly—“you haven’t made it clear to me. Perhaps later I may understand——”

“Understand later? Good heavens! How long do you suppose I can wait? Don’t you understand English?”

“Generally I do; but, Singer, do you realize that you have not said a sensible word since you’ve been here? *What* have they sent to *her*? *Who* sent it? *Who* is *she*? What makes you say that *she* may be *dead*? What are you talking about?”

Little by little he managed to tell me his story, and when I understood the situation as Singer explained it, I must admit that I was hardly less demoralized than himself. My first impulse was to take my hat and rush out immediately, and do something to avert the catastrophe which might occur at any moment. I had seized my hat and coat, intending to set out at once, when I suddenly realized that I did not know what to do or where to go. When there is manifestly no excuse for physical action, it is very common for frightened persons to try to overcome fear with some other emotion which finds relief in words—they grow angry. This was what I did. A vindictive desire to hurt the unfortunate Singer took possession of me. I began to abuse him in most vigorous language. I had a sense of personal injury as though he had deliberately devised this miserable affair in order to spite me. His wretched expression soon brought me to a stop in the midst of my tirade, and anger gave way to pity.

Singer is a young man, not more than twenty-six years of age. As I have said, he is an aggressive optimist; he is also what is called “a whole-souled, good-hearted fellow,” which qualities are closely related to optimism. He undoubtedly has a bright mind—indeed he has more than ordinary intelligence, and might have made his mark in the world

had he made the best use of his ability. Perhaps he may do so yet; for his experience has been a severe lesson to him, and he has learned something of importance to one of his character, namely: that a man may be intelligent and yet be also a fool—and that the worst of fools is he who brings the power of intelligence to assist in acts of folly. Singer is rich, and spends his money freely. He has dabbled in many branches of science, and among others chemistry. He is apt to do things on a large scale, and in his chemical studies his wealth enabled him to acquire the most elaborate apparatus with which to furnish a beautiful private laboratory, and to deal with expensive chemicals in quantities which would never be thought of by professional chemists, who do not sanction wasteful methods. Also, being indolent at bottom, Singer is very careless in his studies, and seldom takes the trouble to read the whole of any paper upon any subject of scientific or philosophic interest, unless the paper is very short. His habit is to skim through the article in the most desultory way, reading only a paragraph here and there. If the subject is some chemical compound, this happy-go-lucky young man is very apt to read enough to enable him to make some of it, and promptly to commence to do so. After accomplishing this he is very apt to do nothing more with it, except to put it aside “for future study,” as he says. So far as I know, all compounds thus put aside are still subjects for future study; he has not yet begun to work on a single one of them.

Singer's friend and fellow-worker in his laboratory is extremely quiet and unassuming in manner, and utterly unlike him in mental characteristics. He has none of Singer's brilliancy and superficial knowledge of a vast number of different subjects; he acquires knowledge slowly and with effort. He is not popular, for he talks but little, and when he says anything his remarks are usually commonplace and delivered in a monotonous, not unmusical soft voice, very deliberately, every syllable being clearly enunciated. In fact Van is a bore, save to the few who know him best. He is really very shy, and it is

only his few intimate friends who hear the quiet dry humor which he possesses, or who appreciate the sturdy strength of his character. He is intensely in earnest, as were his Dutch forefathers; and even as they were thorough in their work if slow, so is Van. Therefore Van plods along and really does more work than the versatile and superficial Singer. He loves Singer, and he loves to work in his laboratory, and he humbly follows the erratic course of his friend, reading carefully what the other has merely glanced over in a careless way.

Now, here is what these two had done. It happened that Singer had become interested in nitrogen and some of its compounds. Among the latter are a number which are explosive, and the idea occurred to him to experiment with some of these. In a characteristically reckless fashion, he started at once to make the first compound of the explosive varieties which was described in the first work about explosives that came to hand. This was an elaborate German essay upon nitrogen trichloride, as the chemists call it.

Singer read pretty thoroughly the description of the process of manufacture, and contented himself with a very indefinite study of the remaining details of the essay. He then proceeded to make some of the stuff. It is very easy to make, and my enthusiastic friend found a certain exhilaration in the manufacture of a substance which contained within so small a bulk, such tremendous power; it tickled his self-esteem to feel that “he was master of the forces of nature, and that he could fetter the eternal energy as with a chain!” He thought about this as he continued to work, and he was pleased with the thought, and he wrote down the sentence which I have quoted on a piece of filter-paper, during one of those periods which so often mark the progress of chemical studies, when one has nothing to do but to watch the slowly occurring reactions. Subsequently he would have been more pleased had “the chain” been somewhat stronger; but it was not until he had made about two ounces of the infernal oily yellow liquid,

that this last idea occurred to his mind.

It was the careful Van who first appreciated the situation of affairs. As I have said, the German monograph in which the amateur chemist had found the description of the compound and directions for making it was elaborate. I may add that it was elaborate even for a German monograph. Those who are familiar with German scientific literature, will understand what this statement implies, and will at once see why Singer did not read it without skipping some of the dreary paragraphs. A far more thorough student than he would have been discouraged by its interminable array of references, its vast accumulation of minutiae more or less related to the subject under consideration, and by the irritating confusion of the language in which the facts were presented. In short, it was a composition typically German. It was one of those bedraggled-looking, yellow-covered, uncut samples of the publisher's art which abound upon the continent of Europe. It contained about fifty pages; which pages, owing to the feeble stitching usual in such publications, performed all sorts of irritating antics—such as stretching themselves out in an irregular row, hanging on the feeble thread which was supposed to keep them in place, and rearranging themselves in a perplexing fashion when one tried to gather them together into the form of a book. Not only are these devilish volumes capable of shifting the sequence of their pages in the twinkling of an eye, but also—so ingeniously does the malignant binder prepare his trap—it will be found almost impossible to replace them in their normal order.

Van began at the first sentence and read the ten pages of the introduction, toiled painfully through the eighteen pages which the author called "Historical Notes," and finally got to the five pages of information about the compound and its characteristics. The text, printed in large stiff letters, occupied the fewest possible lines at the top of each page, and a heterogeneous collection of foot-notes in small type filled the rest. Van read both text and

notes religiously, and was wondering vaguely whether the next chapter, containing the details of 147 experiments (most of which seemed to have ended abruptly with the premature explosion of the stuff) was likely to be more interesting than those which preceded it, while he wearily disentangled the snarl of clumsy sentences, patiently digging out the verbs whenever he found them, and fitting them to the nouns which they had deserted, as is the custom of German verbs. Suddenly he discovered something in one of the foot-notes which aroused his interest. In fact, it was more than interesting—it was exciting. It almost made Van's hair stand on end; and it did make him spring to his feet and rush into the adjoining room, where Singer was calmly at work.

"For God's sake, Squinty, stop making any more of that stuff," he cried. "How much have you made already?"

"How much have I made?" said Singer, in a tone of voice which indicated some irritation. "I haven't made much—only about a couple of ounces or so."

"A couple of ounces! Why, man, do you want to blow the whole place to thunder? Ounces! Oh! what are we going to do?" Van sank into a chair, pale with excitement, and looked helplessly at the glass-stoppered vial into which Singer had poured the yellow, oily-looking fluid.

"Don't be afraid," said Singer, imperturbably. "Of course I shall be careful how I handle it. You see, I need quite a quantity for my experiments, and it does no harm to have enough ready. It is always troublesome to interrupt work like this in order to prepare a fresh supply." And he calmly proceeded to invert another bottle of chlorine gas over a lukewarm solution of sal-ammoniac, in order to make still more of the compound.

Van made a dash for the bottle of chlorine, lifted it out of the solution gently, but as quickly as possible, looked anxiously into the leaden bowl which had been immersed beneath the liquid in order to collect the nitrogen trichloride as it formed, and—seeing that it was empty and that no oily droplets were floating on the surface—

sat down again, with a sigh of relief to find that there was no more of the devilish stuff to deal with save what was in the vial.

"Singer," said he, savagely, "you're a damned fool! Do you know that that thing may explode at any moment? Talk about 'interrupting work!' The first thing you know that bottleful will interrupt it for you! Let it alone!" he fairly yelled as he saw his friend's hand extended to pick up the little flask.

Singer did let it alone. He turned and faced Van.

"What are you so excited about? I didn't suppose you were so afraid of explosives as this."

"Just come into the other room and read what the Dutchman says in a footnote," said Van, "and then let's try to think what is to be done."

When they picked up the book from the floor, where it had been thrown by Van in his excitement, of course that volume had fallen to pieces and its pages were inextricably mixed up. With some difficulty the right one was found, and Van pointed to a note in very small print, near the bottom thereof.

"Read that!" he said.

I do not remember the precise wording of that demoralizing little paragraph; but the first part was somewhat as follows:

"Naturally," it ran, "in addition to the already mentioned, and in detail described, and especially for the face and eyes to be adopted precautions, takes one care at no time but the smallest quantities of this explosive to accumulate, and never more than gmme 1 (about $\frac{1}{30}$ ounce). Although I myself strongly maintain that in no case is it correct to speak of true spontaneous explosion—in spite of the assertions of my much lamented colleague, Boodenbinder—nevertheless the unexpected terminations of experiments (*vide infra*) III, V, VI, VIII, IX, X, XI, XIII, XIV, XX, XXVI [the list was appalling in length] I must admit lend a certain verisimilitude to this distinguished gentleman's theories. It is most unfortunate that the explosion in which Privat-Docent Boodenbinder and his talented assistants lost their

lives, should have also destroyed the records of the experiments upon which they were engaged. Great is the loss to our German Science (unsere deutsche Wissenschaft), that such a tragic occurrence leaves no other lesson than that it is unwise to accumulate in quantity the so-called NCl_3 . We know well that the contact with oil, and with a large number of other substances; for example"—and here the information abruptly ceased; the rest of the note was on a missing page! But clearly it seemed safe to agree with the author that, if Boodenbinder, assistants, and records were simultaneously blown to useless fragments, in consequence of rashly having "accumulated in quantity the so-called NCl_3 ," it was better to avoid thus "accumulating" it. Moreover, since our author thought one gramme to be the utmost limit of safety as to quantity, and since two ounces equal about sixty grammes, there seemed to be little doubt that the havoc which might follow the explosion of the quantity on hand would be awful to contemplate—and this whether the said explosion were of a kind which ought to be called "true spontaneous" or something else! Then the information that "contact with oil and a *large number of other substances*" is "well known" to do something, of a sort not specifically stated (probably explode it) was far from reassuring. Unfortunately the page containing the details had been mislaid before Van had read it; his anxiety to stop "over-production" had been so great that he had dropped the book when he had read the foregoing.

Here were these two young men with a large quantity of a most dangerous explosive on their hands, in a laboratory which contained much valuable apparatus, to say nothing of various other explosive compounds—a laboratory, moreover, which formed part of the house in which lived the family of one of them.

"Van," said Singer, severely, "where is the rest of that book? What do you mean by being so careless as to mix it all up? I wish you had a little more sense!"

Poor Van felt that this attack was

undeserved, but he was too much demoralized to pay any attention to mere verbal injustice at the time. He was silent until his friend again burst out:

"For heaven's sake, don't sit there like a fool! Tell me what explodes the cursed stuff besides oil! Can't you read?"

Then the deeply injured spirit could stand it no more.

"Look here, Squinty, *I* didn't make it, did I? Why didn't *you* find out all about it before you started? Do you suppose anyone could guess what fool trick you might undertake to play next, and get all ready for it? It's not my fault! Shut up, and let's try to get out of this hole!"

It was no time for quarrelling, and both began to cudgel their brains for any facts which they could recall about the behavior of the "so-called NCl_3 ." Both had a vague recollection that it exploded upon sudden change of temperature; but whether when the change were due to a rise or fall, neither was sure. They were sure that it did so at a comparatively *low* heat during the process of distillation, for the monograph had mentioned that fact in the body of the text. A blow was also said to be able to cause explosion, and apparently the same was true of any flame.

They quickly agreed that it must be immediately removed to a place where its explosion would do little harm. An out-building in which Singer had a work-shop seemed to be the best place, and they concluded to carry it thither; accordingly one of them put the bottle under his coat and they set out. Snow was falling at the time, and the path was steep and slippery. He who had the fatal bottle had hardly taken ten steps before he fell flat on his back, and slid rapidly some fifteen yards or so in that attitude. Fortunately he stopped without serious concussion to the bottle; but, when the other had gently helped him to his feet, and both had recovered from their scare, it is said that they walked very carefully. Precisely what they intended to do on reaching the out-house, neither of them knew; but when they had reached that place in safety, they finally concluded to get rid of the

unpleasant product of the chemist's art by exploding it drop by drop. They were not destined to put this plan into execution quite so soon as they had hoped, for Singer's latest acquisition in the line of pets, an enormous and active mastiff pup, had his dwelling in that out-house, and the force with which the intelligent animal leaped against them in his frantic joy over their arrival, nearly knocked both off their feet, and caused the one with the bottle to flee for his life. Of course the dog entered with zest into what he thought was a game devised for his especial amusement, and it is probable that he never before or since saw a human being run faster or dodge more actively than he did during the few minutes the sport lasted. He was both disappointed and surprised when he found himself suddenly grabbed by the collar, kicked violently in the ribs, and beaten over the head, besides being vigorously sworn at, by one of his quondam playmates. He slunk away much depressed by such an example of human treachery.

The two proceeded to put a piece of sheet-iron on a heavy table which was in the shop. Upon this they poured a little of the compound. They possibly put more on it than they intended; their nerves were hardly as steady as usual by this time. Then one of them carefully carried the bottle into a distant room, while the other, having crawled under the table, proceeded with a hammer to try to hit the right spot on the iron. After several trials he began to wonder whether he should ever strike it. Suddenly a sharp explosion—a shower of splinters around him, and a blow on the head from a falling piece of the table—convinced him that he *had* struck it. The table was broken to pieces, and the young men concluded that some other scheme must be devised. They did not dare pour the liquid away on the snow because they were not sure that such a sudden change of temperature would not cause an explosion. They dared not leave it anywhere, because of that uncertainty about its capability of blowing up at any moment for no ascertainable reason. The picture of the fragments of Booden-

binder and his assistants, together with those invaluable "records," arose with extreme vividness in their minds.

At length a brilliant idea occurred to Singer. There was a deep pit in a field about a hundred yards from the house, which had been dug for some purpose to me unknown. Why not wrap the bottle up carefully so as to prevent too sudden chilling of its contents, put it carefully on the bottom of this pit, together with an electric detonator such as is used for exploding blasting cartridges, and explode it from a distance? He had the detonator and battery. The scheme should be tried at once.

Singer started to find his detonator, after telling Van first to wrap up the bottle in a thick layer of asbestos and put it into a box which he would find in the next room. He further instructed him to leave the box behind him and carry a short ladder to the hole so that they could reach its bottom with their dangerous burden safely. Van followed these instructions; but, he followed them too carefully. He not only wrapped the bottle in asbestos and put it into the box, he also carefully wrapped the box up in paper and made a neat bundle of it, which he left on the table. Then he took the ladder, carried it to the scene of operations, and growing tired of waiting for Singer, was walking slowly toward the building in which the box had been left, when Singer appeared carrying the battery.

"Here, Van, you carry this machine and I'll get the bottle," he called, at the same time setting the battery on the ground. Now, Van always preferred to have the battery in his own hands whenever his impulsive friend was in the neighborhood; safe handling of such things as batteries attached to detonators demands caution rather than genius. Therefore he obeyed with alacrity, and he did not observe carefully the parcel which Singer brought out of the house. The latter soon arranged things to his satisfaction in the hole and drew up the ladder. Just as they were about to explode the charge they heard the down train approaching, and as the track was rather near, they waited until it had passed. Then Van turned the switch of his battery after bracing him-

self a little for the tremendous noise which he expected to follow.

There was no tremendous noise. There was a sharp, short crack of fulminate; that was all.

The two men stared stupidly at one another for a moment. Their recent experience with the hammer made them sure that the shock of that little cartridge could not fail to have blown up the nitrogen compound; it had likewise convinced them that when the latter blew up they would know it by the force of the explosion. Slowly they walked to the edge of the hole. Then they let down the ladder and Singer descended. He quickly climbed out, carrying a broken box in his hand. The language used by those two men as they recognized that box doubtless might be printed, but it shall not be with my approval.

They had blown to pieces a jewelry case containing a necklace. The necklace itself was not badly injured, although a few of its links were snapped; but as it had been intended by Singer as a gift to his fiancée, and as he had ordered that it be sent to her by the express which had been carried on the train which had passed just before the attempted explosion (the one during the passage of which they had waited before turning on the switch), its presence in the hole was rather a mystery, and its injury was very provoking. As they gathered up the fragments of box and necklace, they expressed their feelings in violent language, but they felt that they had done no justice to the situation.

They realized, too, that there was the bottle of nitrogen trichloride still waiting to be disposed of somehow, and still as ready to explode whenever the right conditions happened to prevail. By this time both men were growing desperate. Van told me afterward that, for his part, he had begun to regard the stuff with a certain awe. He said that he fully expected to spend the rest of his life and possibly of eternity in trying to get rid of it; he was sure that neither he nor Singer would ever kill themselves with it, under any circumstances. He looked forward to years of agonizing endeavor, in which nothing

would be accomplished save the destruction of property and the injury of friends and neighbors.

Evidently there was nothing to be done but to take the broken necklace to the house, and then, with another detonator, to blow up the right box. Accordingly the two unlucky wretches walked sadly through the snow, which was now falling thick and fast and rapidly gathering into large drifts under a strong wind which had arisen. They were determined that there should be no mistakes this time, so both of them entered the room where Van had left the box with its fearful contents. He had put the package on the end of the only table which there was in the room, not observing the jewelry box which lay on the other end when he left the neatly packed vial in a prominent place and went to get the ladder. He had a vague recollection of having noticed one or two books near the middle of the table, but nothing else. The remaining furniture of the apartment consisted of a small set of book-shelves and two chairs. There was no place in which anything could have been hidden save a closet, the door of which was locked and its only key safe on Singer's key-ring.

When my unfortunate friends entered the room they found the table with the books just as they had last seen them, but *the box and its contents were gone!* They looked everywhere in the room in vain. Then they hunted high and low in the adjoining work-shop without success. They were utterly dumfounded. Van said that for a little while he began to hope that the whole thing was a hideous nightmare from which he was then awakening, but was soon obliged to give up this theory on the ground that he did not seem to become any wider awake as time progressed, and, as he remarked, "No fellow could have felt the way I did and stayed asleep for two minutes, you see!" Then he thought of the mastiff pup; but as even that voracious animal could hardly have swallowed the box whole, this faint gleam of hope vanished, as also the grim appropriateness of thus having the beast, as it

were, "hoist with his own petard," as a punishment for his conduct earlier in the day. In the meanwhile he and Singer had looked through a lot of impossible places, as is the wont of people searching for lost articles. Singer was just taking out his keys to open the door of the closet, apparently supposing that the parcel might have picked the lock, entered, hidden itself on a dark shelf, and then closed and locked the door, when the mysterious disappearance was explained.

Trudging through the snow and whistling cheerfully came Singer's young brother. This youth, who was about fourteen years old, had a look of conscious virtue when he opened the door of the work-shop and came in, seeming to bring with him more snow than could possibly have stuck to his person. It is curious to observe how certain boys always manage to bring a disproportionate amount of snow, or rain, or mud, or dust with them whenever they enter a house.

"Hello, Squinty!" said the young fellow, as he shook the snow off his hat; "I've sent that box to Miss Brent all right. I knew you wanted it to go, so I just directed it and took it down and put it on the train."

"What?" shouted the two men. Then Singer gasped rather than spoke: "Did you send the box which was in the next room to Miss Brent?"

"That's the one. I found it here, and so I took it down and gave it to the expressman myself. Wasn't that all right?"

And now those two chemists became as frantically anxious to get possession of the deadly vial as they had previously been to get rid of it. It was on its way to Singer's sweetheart, and would probably kill her, unless Providence should cause it to wreck the train before reaching its destination.

"If it blows the train to thunder," thought Van, grimly, "at least that will be the last of it." And then he thought of the man who said "I do wish my wife would get well, or *something*." Poor Van is the gentlest of men, but he really felt that *anything* which could end the agonizing suspense would be

a relief. Being, moreover, a genuine American, he possessed in a high degree one of our most marked characteristics: that of seeing the sardonic humor in a possible or actual tragedy. He said nothing, for he was endeavoring to think what could be done. In speaking of it afterward he told me that he really doubted whether any *single* explosion could exhaust the capabilities for harm of that compound, or whether it would not blow up little by little and take a year or two before it was finally used up.

What could be done? The train had been gone more than an hour, and unless much delayed by the storm (or unless blown to matchwood by the infernal machine which it carried in the baggage-car) it must have reached S—— half an hour before; in which case Mr. Brent would have already carried the box to his house and presented it to his daughter, for it was that gentleman's daily custom to stop at the station after the arrival of that train in order to get his mail and any express packages which might arrive. On the chance that the train might be delayed in the snow, Singer started on for the telegraph office, intending to warn his future father-in-law—if haply that gentleman were not already blown to pieces—of the danger. There was no train going to S——, until the following morning. Singer wanted to telegraph for a special so as to get there himself as soon as possible. Neither of these messages was ever sent, however, for the wires had been broken by the wind. It was useless to attempt to go on such a night by the roads, for the country is mountainous and no one could have found his way in safety even if the high snow-drifts had not blocked the passage.

It was after his futile attempts to telegraph that Singer came to my house, and his excitement is not to be wondered at under the circumstances.

There is little more to tell; nothing could be done that night. By the next day the whole railroad was blocked by heavy drifts. It was not until late in the afternoon that the storm abated enough to make travelling possible even on foot. We set out as soon as

possible, but did not reach S—— until nearly dawn the following morning. As we passed the railroad station we learned from the watchman that the train which had carried the explosive had been detained nearly ten hours between our station and S——, but that it had finally reached there and gone on. Evidently fate meant that Miss Brent should receive this unintentional proof of her lover's affection, for the watchman volunteered the information that Mr. Brent had been expecting some stuff on that train and had been put out by the delay, but that he had been on hand promptly after its arrival and carried all the small packages home with him, leaving two large boxes until a sleigh could call for them.

I suspect that the watchman must have thought both Singer and I had gone suddenly crazy; for on hearing this we both turned without a word and rushed wildly toward the Brents house. Ordinarily we could have reached it in five minutes. I don't know how long it took us to get there floundering through the snow-drifts; it seemed at the time an endless journey. There was the house at last, uninjured, and Singer nearly broke the door down in his efforts to arouse the family.

At length the head of Mr. Brent was thrust out of an upper window. It took some time to persuade that gentleman to let us in, for he very naturally thought us drunk or crazy. It was then just beginning to be light. When the old gentleman opened the door, Singer's actions were not calculated to allay his suspicions. His incoherent demands for "a box" "and bottle" and his excitement of manner were by no means reassuring. We had quite a scene, until Miss Brent, looking very pretty in a blue wrapper and with her hair in disorder, came downstairs.

"Why, Quintus," she said, "do you mean the box with some queer packing and an empty bottle in it which I got yesterday?"

We had all forgotten that the "so-called NCl_3 " is very volatile. If it had not been corked up it would have evaporated harmlessly in the labora-

tory. As it was, the bottle must have leaked and thus my friend's particular example of "eternal energy bound as with a chain" had quietly taken itself away in the form of vapor while it was on the delayed train.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA

By W. J. Henderson



ACOB, spin us a yarn."

"Bless ye, sir, whatever put that notion into your head?"

"Why, I thought any seafaring man could spin a yarn."

"But I ain't what ye might call a seafarin' man, sir. I'm only a sort of a 'longshoreman, as ye might say."

"But you're captain of a life-saving station, and you must have had some interesting experiences. This Jersey coast, I'm told, is a famous place for wrecks."

"Well, sir, I won't say that I haven't seen some stirrin' times here in some of the big gales, but I don't know as there was anythin' that ye might call fit for a yarn."

"Oh, nonsense. Tell us the strangest thing that ever happened to you."

They were sitting under the lee of the life-saving station, sucking whiffs of comfort out of their pipes. Before them spread the yellow carpet of the beach running in wind-blown patterns of sand down to the smooth shingle where the wash of a gentle surf sang in gurgling measures. Beyond the surf the oily folds of the swell ran away into a blue middle distance, beyond which the brisk off-shore wind lifted a host of milky crests on the low seas. A steamer poured a swirling stream of sooty smoke along the shining horizon, and nearer inshore a big three-masted schooner was reeling off ten knots an hour to the southward with half an acre of snowy foam under her bows. Captain Jake, as he was called, blew a great puff of smoke from between his leathery lips, squinted thoughtfully around the horizon, and said:

"Well, sir, do ye mind the big gale

we had in September about six years ago?"

"Indeed I do, for I was homeward bound on a Cunarder at the time, and a first-class shaking up we had."

"It was just at the beginnin' of that gale that it happened. The crew had just come to the house for the season, and the patrol had just been started on the beach. We had a day of blisterin' calm with a queer yellow haze that hung down over the water like smoke, and made the sun look the color of a piece of strong cheese. At the same time a most uneasy swell commenced to run in from the southward and eastward. My stroke oar, Jerry Smith, he said to me, 'Cap, as sure as ever ye live, we're a-goin' to have a tough southeaster,' and I told him I guessed he was pretty close to tellin' the gospel truth. Well, sir, about dusk, the haze seemed to dry right up and the stars showed out soon afterward as bright and hard as steel nails. Then it commenced to come out of the southeast in little puffs, and the swells didn't get any bigger, but they came in faster, and made more noise when they broke. Every once in a while a big fellow would rear up and tumble over with a report like a heavy gun, and I knew there was an ugly gale down behind the horizon.

"The puffs kept growin' harder and oftener, and once in a while they'd pick up a wagon-load of sand and send it against the side of the house like a charge of duck-shot. Toward mornin' it settled down to a steady blow, though it wasn't more than half a gale yet; but still it cut down the swell and raised a nasty mixed-up sea that wasn't pretty to look at. About half-past seven Jerry, he came in off the beach and said there was a schooner in sight,



"The boys pulled hard, sir."

steerin' wildly, but generally a-headin' for the beach. We all went out and took a look at her. Well, sir, she fairly puzzled us. There didn't seem to be anythin' particularly wrong with her. She was nicely snugged down to a double-reefed mains'l and a jib, and her riggin' appeared to be all ship-shape. But, sure enough, she was only a little more than three miles off and a-headin' generally at the beach. I say generally, because I'm blessed if anyone ever saw such crazy steerin'. Sometimes she'd round up almost into the wind and then she'd fall off, get before it and come a-rushin' and a-tearin' down head first over the steep-sided seas like a mad thing. Then she'd go off till I expected to see her gybe her mains'l and carry away the mast, but she didn't do it.

"'She's a derelict, that's what's the matter,' I said.

"But Jerry he got the telescope on her and he shook his head.

"'Not much,' says he; 'I can see a man at the wheel and there's more of 'em about the deck, but they don't seem to be a-doin' anythin'.

"'Maybe they're all under liquor,' says I.

"'Why, Cap,' says he, 'what on earth'd make a whole crew get drunk with a gale a-comin' on?'

"'Then there must be fever or some-
thin' of that sort among them,' I says.

"'Well, whatever it is,' says Jerry, 'that schooner is a-goin' to come ashore, and if she strikes in this sea and all hands helpless, it's good-by to them.'

"'That's the livin' truth,' says I, 'and it isn't goin' to do for us to wait to fire a line over her after she strikes. We've got to get the boat out.'

"'And it's my idee,' says Jerry, a-lookin' at the sea, 'that it's goin' to be a ticklish job a-gettin' through that surf.'

"'But we've got to do it, and that pretty quick,' says I, 'if we expect to get to her before she's in the breakers.'

"Now, sir, it isn't any child's play gettin' a boat out through that surf when it's dancing to the tune of a southeaster. It's a job I don't hanker after at all, and don't want to try exceptin' it's a case of life or death. But that's what it looked like on that occasion, and so I ordered the men to get on their cork jackets and stand by. We hauled the small life-boat down to the undertow and waited for a good chance to run her out. When we did start her she fairly stood on her stern as she went through the first breaker. But we didn't mind that so long as she

kept her headway and wasn't broached to. The boys pulled hard, sir, but for a few minutes, I reckon, we clean lost sight of the schooner, for we had all we could do to take care of ourselves. Anyhow we got out, and then we began to look around to see what had become of the schooner.

"Well, sir, there she was a-comin' up and a-fallin' off, but makin' good headway on a zigzag track for the beach. Fact is, she was a-tackin' to leeward like an ice-boat. I don't know exactly why it was, but the sight of her comin' down on us in that way kind of gave me a shiver, and I know it did the same thing to the rest of the men, for they turned a little white and eased up on their stroke. I braced myself up and sung out to them to give 'way hearty, because we'd got to get out and meet her before she got too far in. We came abreast of her before long and I sung out :

" 'Aboard the schooner !'

"But not a sound answered me, and what's more, I couldn't see anyone except the man at the wheel. There was something ghastly about him, but I couldn't tell what. His hat was pulled down over his eyes, and he bent over the wheel like a man too tired to hold himself up. He lurched from side to side with the heave of the schooner, and I looked to see him fall down, but he had a deadly grip on the spokes of the wheel.

" 'Aboard the schooner there !' I hailed again, but as before not a sound answered me.

" 'I told ye they were all drunk,' says Jerry.

" 'Where are the others ?'

" 'All down to leeward.'

"The schooner was beginning to fill away again, and I called on my men to give 'way and get around under her lee quarter. As we came out on the lee side I saw two men sittin' against the side of her cabin. One of 'em had a book in his lap and was a-readin' with his hat pulled down over his eyes, just like the man at the wheel. And he was a-wobblin' about, too. The other fellow had a trollin' line out over the stern and seemed to be a-watchin' it very close. He had his hat pulled down,

too, and was likewise a-wobblin'. I looked at Jerry and I says to him :

" 'Drunken men don't read books.'

" 'He don't know what he's a-doin',' says Jerry.

"I shook my head and called to the bowman to heave our painter quick, or the schooner would get too much way on her for us to keep up with her.

" 'Look alive there !' sings out the bowman, and with that he hove the painter. But bless ye, sir, they never made a move exceptin' to go on bobbin' their heads about like a lot of men with the ague.

" 'Pull hard, men !' I shouted, 'we must get aboard that craft and find out what's gone wrong there !'

"My hearties needed no second order. They laid their broad backs down and lashed their oars through the water like a racin' crew. In a few seconds we were alongside of the schooner, and the bowman jumped aboard and ran aft with the painter. We all tumbled aboard and saw our boat secure before we made a move to see what was wrong with the schooner's crew. Then I turned and grabbed the fellow at the wheel by the arm and shook him. His head went back with a jerk and his hat fell off as his ghastly, grinnin' face was turned up to the light. Oh, sir, I'll never forget that dreadful sight. He was dead."

Captain Jake paused for a moment and hid his face in his hands, as if to shut out the dreadful recollection.

"That wasn't the worst of it, sir," he continued, presently. "The color of his face was somethin' awful to see. It was a sort of yellowish-green, and there was foam dried all along his lips. I wondered then how he stood at the wheel, and comin' to examine, I found his hands were lashed to the spokes. His body also was lashed, so that he couldn't fall down no matter how the schooner pitched or rolled. I jumped to the fellows on the lee side of the cabin, and there I found it was the same thing. They were dead, sir, and they were lashed up so as to look like men sittin' there peacefully. My men looked at me with pale faces, and I says to them :

" 'Lads, there's been foul play here.'

"Then I cut away the lashin's of the



"'Look alive there !' sings out the bowman, and with that he hove the painter."

body at the wheel and put one of my crew there. The gale was increasin' and the schooner stood to go ashore in five minutes unless we could get her out to windward a little. We close-reefed the mainsail and found she could make a little headway against the seas, so we headed her for Sandy Hook, though I felt sure she'd go ashore before we made it. Then I pulled a long breath, and went down into the cabin. A ship's lantern was swingin' from a beam, and by the light of it I saw two men sittin' at the table, with a bottle and some glasses in a rack. I touched them. They were both dead, sir, and I found their faces the same ghastly color as the men's on deck. Between the two men was a piece of paper fastened to the table by a long nail. I pulled it off and read it. This is what it said:

"'Compliments of Captain ———. Boarded this schooner in latitude 38° 52' N., longitude 72° 48' W. Treated all hands to one of my famous drinks,

and got well paid for it. They will never drink again.'

"Well, sir, it didn't take long to find out what this Captain Dash or Blank meant by 'well paid,' for I found the schooner had been looted clean. There wasn't a solitary thing of any value left below decks. Who this pirate with poison was, no one has found out. He never was heard of before and he never was heard of since. But the doctor who examined the stuff in the bottle gave it a long name, and said it had a deadly poison in it that would kill a man in ten minutes."

"Then you did get the schooner inside the Hook?"

"No, sir," said Captain Jake, "she made too much leeway for us. But we brought ashore the bottle and the letter—and the crew, sir. They got a decent burial, poor fellows; but the exact manner of their deaths is one of those mysteries that yonder peaceful lookin' ocean doesn't give up."

A RHYME OF RAIN

By Charles Prescott Shermon

RAIN upon the bending boughs—
 Blossoms beaten down by rain,
 Tiny May, pent in the house,
 Drums upon the streaming pane,
 Petulantly beating time
 As she chants the children's rhyme—
"Rain, rain, go to Spain!"

Ah, it should be falling there
 On my castle's mouldering walls—
 Through blank casements to the bare
 Bat-infested haunted halls!
 Joyous sunshine ill-beseems
 That grim ruin of my dreams—
"Rain, rain, go to Spain!"

THE COMEDIES OF A CONSULATE

By Ben. H. Ridgely

ILLUSTRATED BY C. S. REINHART

DESTINY, operating through Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, or some other legislative agency, will undoubtedly in the course of time bring the consular service of the United States under the Civil Service regulations, and make the consular tenure of office, if not permanent, at least a far less ephemeral thing than it is to-day. Certainly anybody at all familiar with the duties of an American consul, anybody who knows what is expected of him by the Department of State, and what he is called upon to do by the public, will agree that he should neither be the product nor the victim of capricious political partisanship. He should be appointed upon his merits after careful examination, and retained upon the same basis. There should be a career for the consul; there should be reward for merit, and he should suffer for incompetency. Primarily the consul should be a gentleman, meaning thereby an honorable and educated man, familiar with the amenities and graces of good society. The next and absolutely necessary requirement should be an intelligent knowledge of the language of the post to which he is assigned. He need not be a professor of German or French or Spanish or Italian, but he should be

able to speak and write the language of the country to which he is commissioned intelligently. Unhappily, Americans have not the habit of languages, and our consular representatives suffer from this deficiency. But I am not to deal with reforms of the consular service. The press of the country and the representatives of the people at Washington will in the course of time give that matter the attention it requires.

I do not know exactly why I applied for the consulate at Geneva, unless it be that Mr. Henry Waterson, in his incomparable style of off-hand narrative, once gave me a description of the fine old city—of its matchless lake, its brilliant quays, and quaint old streets—that filled me with a desire to see the place. Another reason, perhaps, was that the pay was so small that I thought nobody else would want it.

I can recall very distinctly President Cleveland's look of patient fatigue on a certain morning in March, when, flanked on one side by Senator Lindsay and on the other by Congressman Caruth, I filed in with the great throng of office-seekers to make my application.

"Why is it," asked the President, when I told him what I wanted, "that so many of you young men want to



Seeking the post of Minister to Italy.

leave the country? Some of you must stay here," he added, good-naturedly, "and help take care of home affairs." But before I could give him an answer Senator Call, of Florida, at the head of a delegation of his constituents, bore down in a solid phalanx, and we were swept on out of the Presidential presence. When I left the White House with memories of that eager procession of place-hunters indelibly impressed upon me, I felt that my chance for appointment was as infinitesimal as that of a certain long-haired and wan gentleman with green goggles and a shoe-string cravat who had been just ahead of me seeking the post of minister to Italy. But lightning strikes, and one day, at a time when I had about given up all thought of the place, and was beginning to consider myself abominably wronged by an unappreciative administration, the news came that I had been appointed "Consul of the United States of America at Geneva, Switzerland." Thus, having got the place, I had very little idea of what I was going to do with it. Certainly I had a very faint and, as I afterward discovered, an extremely erroneous impression of what my duties would be. As a matter of fact, I had not expected to do much of anything

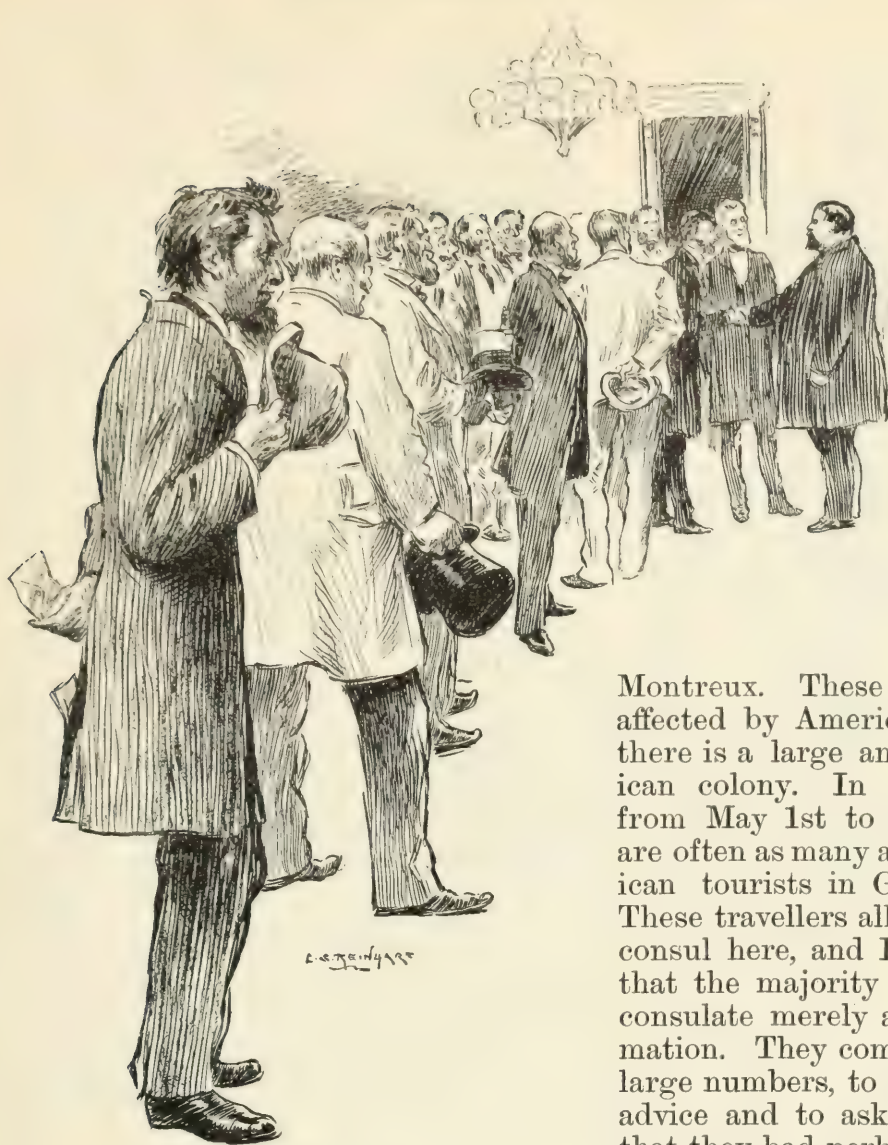
except stay at the consulate during office hours and draw the salary patiently and faithfully. However, one day in midsummer, having largely occupied my ocean voyage in perusing the volume of "Consular Regulations" that had been furnished me at the Department of State, I walked into the consulate at Geneva and found my predecessor closeted with a hopeful friend who had just made him a bet of fifty francs that I would never come.

Mr. Hemmick, who had been a competent officer, was also an extremely amiable man, and received me so cordially that I felt ashamed of myself for having applied for his position.

"No matter about that," he said, heartily; "if you had not come, someone else would. I have no reason to complain. They put a first-class man out to give me the place. Now they take it away from me. It's wrong, but it's the fortune of war, you know." In the presence of this kindly philosophy I felt more comfortable, and two days later I formally assumed charge of the consulate. Consular etiquette made it my immediate duty to call on my twenty-two colleagues and afterward on the State and municipal authorities of Geneva. This was rather embarrassing, since my few words of French, ac-



"Why, sir," and the lady grew absolutely splendid in her indignation, "I have never had the cholera in my whole life."



That eager procession of place-hunters.

quired some years before at Niagara Falls, were not sufficient to give expression even to a polite platitude, but with the assistance of the vice-consul and by a certain remarkable pantomime, whereby I may have illustrated either William Tell shooting the apple off his boy's head or Napoleon crossing the Alps, I made the several gentlemen understand that I was the new American consul.

"Oh, alors," shruggingly and pityingly observed the portly M. Ettienne, one of my colleagues, "*il y a toujours un changement chez vous. Quelle drôle d'habitude, n'est-ce pas?*"

"Oui, oui, monshur," I replied, gravely, not having the faintest idea of what he was talking about, "*oui, oui.*" And it was not until some months later that

I learned he had thought I was an imbecile at this first meeting.

In the course of a very few days I began to understand that an American consul has something to do. The consular district of Geneva comprises nearly the whole of French Switzerland, including such well-known cities as Geneva, Lausanne, Vevay, Clarens, and

Montreux. These places are largely affected by Americans, and in Geneva there is a large and permanent American colony. In the tourist season, from May 1st to November 1st, there are often as many as five hundred American tourists in Geneva at one time. These travellers all know that there is a consul here, and I speedily discovered that the majority of them regard the consulate merely as a bureau of information. They come daily, and often in large numbers, to seek the most trivial advice and to ask the same questions that they had perhaps already asked of the interpreters at the railway stations and of the concierge at the hotel. One of my first visitors was a former prominent official of the State of New York, who came in and gravely asked me:

1. If I could tell him where he could get some real American chewing tobacco?

2. If I could give him the address of an American dentist?

3. Was there a United States tariff duty on honey?

4. At what hours of the day could the Castle of Chillon be visited?

He had these several questions carefully written down, and propounded them one after another with such impressive solemnity that I felt my utter ignorance of anything he wanted to know painfully accentuated. However, I made a bold stand and, with superb presence of mind, called in my clerk,



"Now, I want my hat back."

whom I had inherited from Mr. Hemmick, and told him, in an off-hand sort of way, to take these questions and write replies to them. Fortunately Alonzo had been interrogated before, and had all such information as this at the tips of his fingers. Since that time I have become a pretty good commercial directory myself. I can tell a man where to buy a banana or a piano; where he can rent furniture, books, pictures, or anything else for his apartment. I can tell him where he can find American cigarettes, American overshoes, American patent medicines, American chewing-gum; I can direct him to an employment agency where he can find rosy-faced Swiss servants; I can give him the names of an American dentist, an English bootmaker, and a Parisian pedicure. To be frank about it, if I were not prepared to furnish this information and a great deal more off-hand I fear my countrymen, or at

least a great many of them, would regard me as a very inefficient consul.

But let us look again at the consular routine. I shall set down here only actual episodes and experiences.

It is a hot August day. An elderly lady, blowing like a small tug-boat, puffs into the consulate and casts anchor near the consular desk. The elderly lady is evidently "real mad," and although I am innocent of having offended her, she looks at me with great severity.

"Can you tell me," she asks, suspiciously, "if in going from Geneva to Paris to-night my baggage will be examined again by those stupid custom-house officers?"

"Presumably it will, madame," I reply.

"Well, it's a shame," observes the lady, majestically, "and if you are over here representing the American people you ought to have it stopped. I have had my baggage examined four times since I left Baden Baden. Last night at the Italian frontier they threatened to boil my clothes because I had been in Hamburg, where there is said to be cholera. This morning at Geneva they seemed to be actually searching my trunk for microbes. Why, sir," and the lady grew absolutely splendid in her indignation,



"Sir, I am in this town alone and unprotected."

"I have never had the cholera in my whole life."

"I do not believe you have, madame," I replied, soothingly.

"Well, then, sir," she continued, majestically, "if you are the representative of the American people, why don't you protect me? I am an American lady, sir. I am entitled to protection. I request you, sir, to order those brutes not to go through my trunk again. I am not a smuggler, and I am not distributing cholera germs, and I want those ruffians to let me alone."

I knew it would be useless to reason with this excellent female, and so I tried diplomacy.

"Alonzo," I said, in business-like tones, to my gifted secretary, "make a note of this affair and report it at once."

Alonzo had no idea to whom he was to make his report, but he took copious notes, and the lady went away presently in a better frame of mind. Two days afterward I received a note from her in the following biting terms:

"PARIS, August —, 189—.

"SIR: My trunk was examined as usual last night, and if possible *more* rigidly than before. My *opinion* is that our *so-called* consuls are as *deceitful* as they are incompetent.

"Yours, respectfully, _____."

And while I was thus being withered it happened that two other ladies entered. They were tall and gaunt, of the Western school-mistress type, and the one who addressed me had an aggressive nasal twang that haunts



"How do you pronounce 'bomb-shell'?"

me still. She seemed to be shooting her words at me.

"I hear you have a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, here," she said, severely.

"Yes," said I, "would you like to see it?"

"That's what I came for," she responded. I put the dictionary at her disposal, and waited. In a few moments she closed the book sharply, and looking me straight in the eye said, frostily:

"How do you pronounce 'bomb-shell' — 'bōm-shell' or 'bum-shell'?"

"I pronounce it bomb-shell," I replied.

The lady looked for a moment as if she were going to scream. Then she said, in her shrieking voice:

"You are wrong; it's 'bōme-shell.' Good-morning," and without another word the fair creature strode imperiously out of the office, followed by her companion, who cast a resentful glance at my secretary in passing, as if he had done her an injury.

These are characteristic trivial incidents that enter into the daily consular routine, and I call attention to them here because they happen to be of very recent occurrence.

I also recall with particular amusement the presence in my office one day of a serious-looking old gentleman, who came in and reproachfully asked me how it happened that on the stone cornice of the fine new post-office building in Geneva the names of all the most important countries in the International Postal Union had been carved except that of the United States. I answered that I did not know.

"It seems to be a deliberate slight," said the old gentleman, in an injured voice.

"I doubt that," I replied; "there must be some other reason."

"Well," said he, solemnly, "why don't you find out what it is?" and he seemed to take the thing so seriously that I told him I would write to the Post-Office Department and make inquiry, which I did with the following result:

"ADMINISTRATION
DES POSTES SUIS-
SES. "GENÈVE, le
12 Mars, 1894.

"MONSIEUR LE CON-
SUL:

"Votre demande n'est pas la première que je reçois au même sujet—l'omission des États Unis sur la corniche de l'hôtel des postes. Voici l'explication:—dans l'impossibilité d'y faire figurer tous les pays de l'Union Postale Universelle, l'on avait dû se borner à indiquer les pays de l'Europe.

"Veuillez agréer, Monsieur le Consul, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée,

"LE DIRECTEUR
DES POSTES."

Since that solemn old man came in with his query I have been asked the same question fifty times by sensitive Americans who had also observed the omission, and I finally found it convenient to have my correspondence on the subject printed on a large slip, in order that I might show it to those who so frequently asked me the question. This incident may be cited as one of many going to show that the average American abroad becomes almost sensitively patriotic. He resents the faintest

slight to his country, and is ready, on the least provocation, to run up the flag and make the eagle scream. If there is a consul at hand he never hesitates to make his grievance known, and there have been instances at this consulate when nothing short of the American navy sailing up the Rhone ready to bombard Geneva at a moment's notice would have been entirely satisfactory.

The consul at a great tourist centre frequently becomes a baggage-master. That is to say, he is called upon at least once a week to look up somebody's lost baggage, and if he fails to find it he is invariably expected to personally conduct a proceeding for damages against the recreant railway company. In several instances I have been successful in recovering damages for baggage lost in this manner, but it is always a difficult and doubtful undertaking. Occasionally people, particularly women, are excessively unreasonable about such matters. It seldom occurs to them that it is not the consul's duty to look up



The girl was an American.

their lost baggage, and that whatever he does for them in that direction is purely a voluntary service. I remember with particular amusement the case of a middle-aged and well-dressed lady who came into my office last August and complained that her trunk had been lost somewhere between Turin and Geneva.

"Well, madame," said I; "we will see if it can be found," and during the afternoon I made inquiry both at the railway station and the custom-house

for the missing trunk, but it could not be found, and I reported this fact to her at her hotel. The next morning she again appeared at the consulate and, looking at me severely, demanded if I had yet received any news of her trunk. I told her I had not. Whereupon she brushed past me into my private office, took possession of an arm-chair, and said, in deep, tragic tones :

"Sir, I am in this town alone and unprotected, and as an American woman I have the right to demand the services of an American consul. I shall not leave this office until you have found my trunk, if I have to sit here until judgment-day."

I have learned enough about women not to lose my patience even at this extraordinary declaration, and so I politely handed her a New York paper and told her to make herself perfectly at home.

She sat for two hours without flinching and without speaking. Then she looked up at me defiantly and asked how long I thought she would have to sit there.

"The consulate closes for the day at three o'clock," I replied, serenely.

"But I shall not go then if my trunk is not found," she rejoined, with a glimmer in her eye.

"Very well, madame," I answered,



"Well," said he, solemnly, "why don't you find out what it is?"

gallantly, "I shall be very glad to leave you in possession of the consulate."

She sat stolidly silent for two hours longer, and then, much to my amazement, the excellent lady suddenly burst into a storm of tears, sobbing loudly, hysterically, and dramatically. This was too much for me. Although there was still an hour before closing time, I told her I would go at once to the station and see if her trunk had arrived by the mid-day train. Fortunately it had, and within thirty minutes I was back with it on the top of a cab. The lady meanwhile had dried her tears; her manner, no longer defiant, had become sweet and gracious, and as she left the office she said, very gently :

"Thank you, Mr. Consul. I am sorry if I have caused you any trouble."

"Madame," said I, "you wept most opportunely."

"I shall always know how to find my



"I have been interested in the possibility of snail-raising."



She looked at me with a twinkle in her eye.

trunk hereafter," she replied, with a smile.

Two days later I received a very pleasant note from her and a pretty little souvenir spoon of Evian-les-Bains.

I might go on and recite trivial occurrences of this character without number. The consul in a city like Geneva is besieged with such little troubles. Among other things, alleged over-charges at hotels and shops are frequently referred to him for adjustment. Only a few evenings ago, while dining with a friend at his villa near Coppet, I was sent for to come in great haste to the Hôtel de la Métropole, where I found an American lady under arrest, at the instance of a bootmaker—a foreign tradesman in Geneva. She had refused to pay him for a pair of shoes that did not fit her, and just as she was about leaving for Paris he had caused her arrest. Although greatly frightened, she was a plucky woman, and stood her ground even in the presence of an agent of police and demanded that I be sent for. It was rather hard, not only on me, but on my host and his dinner-party. However, the lady triumphed, since she neither passed the night at the *gendarmerie* nor paid for the ill-fitting boots. In emergencies of this character Americans would often experience great imposition and

difficulty if it were not for the presence of a consul. And they never fail to call upon him at any hour of the day or night.

The consulate at Geneva, besides being a bureau of information and a general baggage office, is also a "lost and found" agency. Lost articles which bear some mark showing that they might have belonged to Americans are quite often brought to the consulate, and are thereby frequently restored to their owners. A great many tourists know this, and it is not at all unusual for them to advise the consul when they have lost something. Here, for example, is a letter which is similar to others I have received from time to time:

"ZURICH, September 12, 1894.

"CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES, GENEVA.

"DEAR SIR: I do not like to trouble you with my private affairs, but I have no one else to write to. Yesterday, in going from that fur-store in the rue du Rhone to the railway station, I lost or had stolen a Mexican opal stick-pin with a small guard-chain and pin attached. I know I had the pin at that fur-store, and I did *not* have it on the train two hours later when I looked for it. Please either advertise for it or put the matter in the hands of a detective.



And sometimes nearly heart-broken.

"Please address me care of the Hôtel Suisse, Lucerne, where I shall be next week. Thanking you in advance for your trouble,

"Yours respectfully,
"MRS. J. P——."

It perhaps did not occur to this excellent lady that it would cost three or four francs to "advertise for her pin," and so she enclosed no money for that purpose. The matter was referred to the police, but the pin was never recovered. An Illinois gentleman had better luck. One day he appeared at the consulate with a very grewsome face and a voice that was far from cheerful. After handing me his card he said: "I have lost my purse with all my money and letter of credit in it, and am completely stranded in a strange town. I have come to ask you to let me have enough money to cable home for funds, and a few francs for small expenses meanwhile."

"Where did you lose your pocket-book?" I asked.

"On the carriage-road between Geneva and Fernez," he replied. "I drove out there yesterday afternoon to see Voltaire's château, and I know I had my purse at the tavern just this side of the village. I did not miss it until this morning."

"What did you have in the purse?"

"Nine hundred francs in French notes and gold, a letter of credit for \$2,500, and some of my visiting cards," he answered, sadly.

I at once opened a drawer in my desk, and, to the gentleman's delight and bewilderment, handed him his purse with not a sou missing. It had been found on the road by a little peasant boy, whose father, less than an hour before, had brought it into the consulate. The lucky American left Geneva with two impressions—first, that there were no people so honest as the Swiss, and second, that the American consular service was a great institution.

One never-ending duty of the consul at Geneva, as at Dresden, Berlin, Paris, Rome, Florence, Nice, Leipsic, and other continental centres, for persons seeking educational facilities and places of sojourn, is answering letters as to schools,

hotels, *pensions*, apartments, villas, etc. Here are a few examples of the letters that are received in almost every mail at this consulate, and I know from personal inquiry that similar letters are received at all other important continental consulates:

"HOTEL DE ROME, NICE,
"December 11, 1893.

"CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES, GENEVA.

"MY DEAR SIR: Will you have the goodness to let me know if it be possible for me to obtain apartments in Geneva for about 100 francs to 150 francs per month? I should like six rooms: Two bedrooms, a *salon*, dining-room, kitchen, and servant's room. We are in Nice now, and if we do not find what we wish here would like to go to Geneva for the educational advantages.

"I shall be very much obliged for any information you can give me, and I remain,
Yours respectfully,
"———."

"SCRANTON, PA., March 6, 1894.

"UNITED STATES CONSUL, GENEVA:

"DEAR SIR: Will you please write me something about the educational advantages of Geneva and Lausanne for boys of from twelve to fourteen years, and a girl of sixteen? I want my two boys to learn French and German, and my daughter French and music. What is the cost of education there as compared with the cost in the United States?

"What would be the yearly rental of an eight-room cottage or house on Lake Geneva? Are the necessaries of life reasonable?

"By replying at your earliest convenience you will greatly oblige,

"Yours very respectfully,
"———."

"NEW YORK, April 5, 1894.

"TO THE CONSUL-GENERAL, U. S. A., GENEVA:

"DEAR SIR: I have been interested in the possibility of snail-raising in New York State, and would be very much obliged if you could give me some information on the subject, as I hear there are extensive snail-farms near Geneva. Can I obtain and ship

snails from there so that they will arrive at New York in good condition? I regret to trouble you and will be very much obliged for any information you can give me.

Truly yours,
"———."

Communications are also regularly received from various American merchants and manufacturers, asking detailed information on almost every conceivable commercial subject, and even the farmers write occasionally for information as to grape culture and other kindred matters.

All these letters must be answered, and, necessarily, a great deal of time is taken up in doing that sort of work, in return for which the consul is not often thanked. However, I should not like to be understood as objecting to these demands. Americans naturally turn to their diplomatic and consular representatives for honest and authoritative information as to conditions in foreign countries, and I think consuls generally regard it as their duty and are pleased to be of service to their countrymen in any direction, as long as they can do so within the Consular Regulations, which make up a wise and admirably written volume of official instructions, plainly telling the consul what he may do and may not do in general, without incurring the displeasure of the President. But so many and varied are the duties of a consul in the important cities of continental Europe that emergencies are constantly arising which are in no manner covered by the printed instructions. In these cases the consul must act solely upon his own judgment, and unless he be a man of some *finesse* and discretion he is apt to go wrong. For example, it has not been a great many mornings since, when, upon going to my office, I found there ahead of me a young man of excellent dress and appearance and a pretty girl of eighteen. They were in travelling dress and had come in by the early morning train from a certain great city not many hours' ride distant from Geneva. The girl was an American and the man claimed to be one also, but I doubt it, since he had a distinctly foreign accent.

The young man gave me his card and introduced his companion, who was all blushes and embarrassment.

"We have come to Geneva to be married," said the man, directly, "and we want your assistance. I am told it is an easy matter to be married in Switzerland," he added, rather anxiously, "and we would like to have the ceremony performed at once—this morning, if possible."

"That would be quite impossible," I replied; "primarily, a residence of three weeks is necessary, and there are other positive requirements. Among other things you must officially identify yourself by means of a passport."

The man looked nervous and the girl was plainly on the verge of tears. I saw at once that they were a runaway couple, and knew that the girl, scarcely more than a child, had done a very foolish thing without realizing it.

"I understood that all we had to do was to come here and be married at once before the civil authorities in your presence," said the man, directly.

"You were seriously misinformed," I replied.

"Can we stay here quietly and be married three weeks from now without publicity?" he asked.

"Not with my assistance or consent," I answered.

"Then," said he, rather sharply, "we can go somewhere else—to the United States, if necessary."

I said nothing, but I was feeling all the time a great deal of sympathy for the sweet young girl, upon whose eyelashes the tears were trembling, and who was evidently just beginning to understand that her position was a most unfortunate one. But no further advice had been asked of me and I hesitated to offer it unsought. Here was a case that was not even remotely covered by the consular instructions. I might, in my own discretion, say something or nothing. It seemed to me, however, that it would be wrong to permit this girl to compromise herself any further, and so I said, directly:

"This young lady is an American girl, evidently not yet of age. If you will take my advice you will place her in charge of my wife, telegraph her

parents or guardian where she is, and let them come for her."

The girl looked up gratefully.

"Yes," she said, "please let me go to your house at once. That would be the best thing to do." And it was done accordingly, although the would-be bridegroom was by no means pleased with the result and left it to me to telegraph the young lady's relatives. Any displeasure of his, however, was more than forgotten in the presence of the gratitude of the young lady's father and brother, who arrived early the next morning. I may add that the marriage never took place. Giving advice as to the marriage laws and arranging details of marriages, by the way, is quite an important function of the consul at Geneva, as it also is at Paris, Florence, Nice, Dresden, Rome, and London.

But if the consulate has its comedies it also has its tragedies. The consul, by virtue of his position, is a sort of father confessor to many of his countrymen and countrywomen. Persons frequently go to him as they would go at home to their lawyer, their doctor, clergyman, or other confidential adviser. He may be called at one moment to a wedding; at another to a death-bed. He sees and hears things, of course, which he can never divulge—things that it would even be indelicate to think of as other than the most sacred official confidences. And that is one reason why I say a consul should be, above all things, a gentleman, a man of honor, capacity, and good manners. I have been called out of my house at midnight to write a sick man's will in a Geneva hotel. I have watched the night through with a lonely and distracted mother at the bedside of a dying daughter in a stranger's hospital, and I have followed more than one poor fellow countryman to his last resting-place in a foreign grave-yard.

People thus alone in a far-away land naturally turn in their sorrow for advice and consolation to the authorized representative of their country, and so I say that the experiences of a consul are not confined to comedies. Sometimes these sad things have a comic side. One day a stout, short, sweet-faced little old lady came bustling into

my office and told me with a cheerful smile that she wanted me to write a codicil to her "last will and testament." She was an American lady who had married a foreigner and had been living abroad a great many years. Her husband was long ago dead.

"I come to you," she said, "because I understand that nearly all American consuls are pretty fair lawyers and know how to do things sensibly."

"I am sure I can at least write a codicil to your will," I replied.

"Well," she said, still smiling cheerfully, "here is my will. I want you to write a codicil saying that at my death I desire my body to be cremated and direct my executors to expend whatever sum is necessary to have it properly done."

I quickly drew the codicil and the little lady approved it as far as it went.

"But," said she, "there's something else. If you don't mind, I should like you to promise me to take the cremation of my remains in hand yourself, and see personally that it is attended to. Just add a line saying that I have made this request of the consul at Geneva and direct that he be paid for his services."

"But, madame," said I, "you seem to be in excellent health, and in all likelihood I shall be called back to the United States long before there will be any occasion for the execution of so sad a commission."

She looked at me with a twinkle in her eye and smiled even more cheerfully than before.

"My dear young friend," she said, in a motherly sort of way, "I know myself very well—far better than the doctors do. I shall be dead within a year. Now you just add that line and see that I am properly burned. I want no mistake about it."

I added the line while she looked on approvingly. When she left she said, sweetly: "Good-by; don't forget." And I had good reason not to forget, for in three months from that day the bright little old woman was dead at a hotel in the Tyrol. She had died of rheumatism of the heart, and among her papers was a direction that I should be notified. It happened at that time,

however, that I could not leave Geneva, and so after all I was unable to comply with her request. But I am informed that her remains were subsequently cremated at Zurich. She left a very nice estate and gave the most of it to poor friends and relatives. So I am satisfied that no matter how satisfactorily her poor little body may have been burned, her kind and gentle soul found a place among the angels.

Occasionally a consul is forced to assume responsibilities *nolens volens*. One day there was a sharp ring at the outer door of the consulate, and presently my old concierge came rushing in in a state of bewilderment.

"Mon Dieu," she cried, "monsieur, veuillez avoir l'obligeance de venir tout de suite. Il est arrivé quelque chose d'effrayant."

I hurried out, and there before the door, on a rude stretcher, I saw the form of a human being. Out from under an old blue blanket peeped the wan, pinched face of a boy of fourteen. Pinned to the blanket was a note addressed to "Monsieur le Consul des États Unis d'Amérique à Genève." The note, written in clumsy French, recited in effect that the boy was the son of a naturalized American citizen, who had died some weeks before at a neighboring village at the home of some relatives, who, although excessively poor, had done all they could for him. They were unable, however, to give proper attention to this sick boy, and therefore they had brought him to *Monsieur le Consul*, who they were certain would see that he had all necessary care and attention. Enclosed with the note was the dead man's naturalization certificate, showing that he had been a citizen of the United States. The two men who had brought the boy had hastily disappeared after having deposited him at the door of the consulate, and so *Monsieur le Consul* was forced, in the name of humanity, to assume his remarkable responsibility. But it was not such a serious matter, after all. The child was suffering from a slight intermittent fever, and with good food and nursing for several days was able to be out of bed. Fortunately, soon after that time, his uncle came and took charge of him.

In cases of this character the members of the American colony never fail to respond to any reasonable demand for aid, but there is no consular fund to meet such emergencies, and anything the consul gives comes out of his own pocketbook, which is usually a slim one. However, at Geneva and at other cities in the great highway of the tourists, the consul must, of necessity, become occasionally a money-lender. Or, if he has no money of his own to spare, he is often asked to go to his banker and secure financial aid for a fellow-countryman who finds himself unexpectedly in need. Although this is a risk which no consul is expected to assume, he none the less occasionally assumes it. Happily for the credit of the country, it is only the naturalized American who becomes a professional tramp and beggar on this side of the water. There are always some of these worthies who tramp through the country, speaking their broken English, calling themselves Americans, and begging their way from consulate to consulate. The regular consular "loan" in these cases is about three francs.

The consul at Nice is perhaps more besieged for hasty loans than any other officer in the service. This is because of the fact that fascinating Monte Carlo is in his district. Our consul there could doubtless tell some pathetic stories of hapless tourists who have come away from the great gambling cormorant penniless and sometimes nearly heart-broken. More than one ambitious globe-trotter has had his proposed tour around the world brought to a sudden and miserable termination at Monte Carlo. As I have already said, it is the natural impulse of any American in trouble abroad to turn to his consul for advice and assistance, but if he did not think of that resource himself, it would certainly be suggested to him by the director of his hotel or *pension*. These gentlemen, finding a stranger embarrassed, never fail to say to him, "Go to your consul." Only last month a gentleman and his wife came fifty miles from a town in my consular district to ask me to guarantee them to their hotel proprietor, who had threatened to put them out and seize their

baggage because of a board-bill three weeks overdue. But after all, as endless and annoying as they may seem, these things of which I have been writing are but the mere incidental duties of an American consul. The duties to which his attention is almost exclusively directed by the Department of State are purely commercial. He is expected above all things to endeavor to extend the commerce of the United States with foreign countries. He must be ever on the lookout for commercial opportunities, and when he sees something or anything that might interest American merchants and manufacturers, it is his official duty to carefully report it in a detailed and intelligent way to the Department of State. Reports of this character are printed by the Department and distributed among the business men of the United States. The consul must also keep himself *en courant* with the market prices of the merchandise shipped from his district to the United States under consular invoice and declaration, in order that the shippers of these goods may not undervalue them. At almost any moment, the First Assistant Secretary of State, is likely to send out circulars calling for special reports on subjects of commercial interest. These reports must be either absolutely correct or absolutely valueless, and the most diligent inquiry and precise care must be observed in their preparation. All this takes time and hard work—a great deal more of both than the gentleman who applies for a consular position has any conception of.

The consul has yet another function, and an important one. In all cities where there are American colonies he must do more or less entertaining. This is anticipated by the Department of State, and in the "Consular Regulations" the consul is gravely informed that he is not sent abroad to perform social functions. But in the principal cities no self-respecting consul can wholly avoid the social movement among his countrymen, even if he were inclined to do so. If he is a gentleman he is invited everywhere, and in accepting invitations he cannot decline to display some adequate spirit of social reciproc-

ity, and since he is the official representative of his country and inasmuch as foreigners are necessarily found among his guests, whatever he does in the way of entertaining must be respectably and generously done. Otherwise both the consul and the country suffer by comparison. Wherefore, it may be understood that there are few European consuls whose salaries and fees are sufficient to pay their living expenses. Take Mr. Carroll, the present popular and efficient consul at Dresden, for example. So splendid and generous is this amiable officer's hospitality in entertaining the large and fashionable American colony at Dresden that according to general report he spends several times more than the place pays him; and this in spite of the fact that Dresden is among the best-paying places in the service. At some of the important commercial consulates, such, for example, as Bordeaux, St. Gall, Frankfort, Marseilles, and several of the posts in Great Britain and Canada, social functions are not so pressing, but there are other and more serious duties that keep the consuls busy. Upon the whole, the man who expects to find a consular sinecure must look for it in a city out of the track of the tourists, or where there is no American colony and very little commercial business with the United States. There are perhaps a few such places in Europe, but the average applicant would not be apt to think of them. In conclusion, I may say that consular life in a desirable European city has some charms, but it is expensive, and the consul who attends to business will always have his hands full. In the single consular district of Geneva there are three important educational centres, at each of which there is a considerable American colony. The consul is required to keep a list of all Americans living in his district, of their births, deaths, and marriages. His office is a daily rendezvous for many of them, their cares, troubles, and pleasures are often shared by him, and his bureau of information is not at all unapproachable. Thus it may be understood that I am not writing this sketch for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE during office hours.

THE NIGHTMARE PAGE

By Octave Thanet



HAD long suspected my friend Captain Mainwaring of petting some queer hobbies, but it was by accident that I stumbled on one of the queerest. I had called on the captain's sister. He is a widower and childless, and his sister, who has never married, lives with him. The maid ushered me into the library, saying that the captain was there, and that he had left word to be called if I should come.

The library is a large room, furnished in the rather sombre stateliness that the English affect. There I had admired many an old volume and (solely by chance) many a rare edition. Nevertheless, the captain is a collector of books, not of bindings. He does not care a jot for vellum or tooling or letter-press—let it be only of good size and clear; what Basil Mainwaring is seeking with a never-flagging ardor is information at first hand. He values his old MSS. not as MSS., but as the authentic transcript of otherwise unobtainable information. On his shelves are the Camden Society's and the Parker Society's and I know not what societies' reprints; forgotten divines and forgotten statesmen peacefully touching elbows. Here, every day, the housemaid dusts volumes on volumes of bound newsletters, and yellow, old journals. I have a speaking acquaintance, as one may say, with most of the books; but the book on the desk I had never seen.

I don't know why I looked at it curiously, but I did so look, and I perceived that it was of the semblance of a ledger, only bound (rather rudely as if at home instead of by the bookbinder's art) in heavy, black cloth, which had been cut away to reveal a crimson lining and form the letters of the title. This much I could see, although the captain's short, white, square tipped

fingers were spread over the words, preventing my combining them.

The captain was in his black velvet morning-jacket, which is becoming to him. Many skies have stained his skin (so beautifully white under the roots of his iron-gray hair) into a fine British, brick-red. He is short, yet appears like a tall man seated, and must have made a splendid figure of a soldier on horseback; indeed, I have been told as much. He rose courteously at my entrance, and, after greeting me, said: "I told you yesterday that I should have something to show you apropos of our conversation; well, here it is."

Lifting his hand, he pushed the book forward a little. I could read the letters making the name: "THE BOOK OF MURDERS."

"Is that the book you were going to show me?" said I, taking a chair near enough the desk to reach the volume.

"That is the book," said he; "do you remember what I said about it?"

"You were contending that the worst as well as the best things we do, we do unconsciously, and you said, 'I have a book at home to prove that.'"

He smiled. "Yes, you are exact. My very words. Well, here it is. For years I have been studying murder—you'll think it a queer fad, but it has an amazing interest. For that matter, all human nature interests me tremendously. Where is the real man? I'm always asking. Does he know where, himself? A good many times, no, I think. You'll remember what Emerson says: that there are three men of us, the real man as God sees him, the man as he sees himself, and the man as the rest of the world sees him. To get at that real man, that unknown fellow, that's to get at the principle of life. You see why I like history and why I've made a collection of murders."

As he spoke he raised his eyes. I had always been puzzled by the captain's eyes. They were not large, but bright and of a rare color, an intense

blue. Handsome eyes they were, that twinkled and wrinkled pleasantly over a good story, the eyes of an honest man in their straightforward, unforced glance, the eyes of a clean liver, too, in their limpid vigor. Yet in these clear and genial eyes was always an illusive quality that held one aloof. I was, it seemed to me, often on the point of naming it, but never quite able to give it a name. Now it flashed over me, this alien trait was a cold keenness. The lightning came, because at this second the captain's eyes (sparkling cheerily on either side a fine, bold Roman nose) looked out at me and past me, with precisely the same animation as the eyes of the painted surgeon, above his head, poisoning a knife at a dead man's chest. It was an interest as vivid as emotionless.

"You can see for yourself"—the captain lifted the black covers: I saw a broad, typewritten page with large margins; on the right hand, annotated in a legible, neat, minute handwriting, in red ink; on the left, ornamented with portraits—some photographs, some nothing better than the wood-cuts from the daily journals.

"There is an index in the end," says the captain, "whereby I can refer to every case. But the pages are arranged alphabetically; they contain accounts of all the murders which I have had an opportunity to study. I daresay, in strict correctness, I ought not to call them *murders*, since that word conveys the idea of premeditation; whereas most killings are done unconsciously. But glance down the page." He touched a woman's picture with one of his square, white finger-tips. "Pleasant-looking lady, isn't that? Hasn't she a nice, amiable face? Eyes a trifle too near together, and chin a little too short and heavy, but on the whole, what you would call a fine figure of a woman and decidedly kind. Don't you like the picture? It was in a newspaper, but so much better than the ordinary run of newspaper portraits it struck me at once. I might get a photograph; but this does as well."

"What did she do?"

"Social leader, active in charities—oh, do you mean whom did she kill?"

Her cook was taken ill. Pneumonia. At *her* house. Such a good cook this girl was, she said; and so awkward to have her taken sick just when she was expecting company. 'What did you do?' said another lady—I heard the two of them talking. 'Sent her home,' said she. 'I couldn't have her sick on my hands.' Do you know *how* she sent her? It was a raw, sulky, blustering day. The girl was burning with fever; she got up out of her bed and went four miles or so in a fireless street-car. She caught a fresh cold. It may be they did not have the means or the knowledge to nurse her properly at her home. She died. That is all I know. I inquired for her and she was dead."

"Did the lady, Mrs. — Mrs. —"

"Aldernay. Did she feel remorse over it? Not a quaver. She was very sorry for the girl, who was a nice, willing girl, she said, and the best cook she had had in a long time; and she sent some flowers to the funeral. But I don't think she ever blamed herself that she didn't send the girl to a hospital, or that she had no fire in her room. I heard that from the girl's father, a very decent man. He was crying and could hardly articulate, but the story seemed to be straight. I should say the mistress was more concerned over the loss of such a good cook than for anything else. She said the girl didn't wear thick enough underclothes. She was saving every cent to give to her father because he was out of work, and they were trying to keep up the payments on the house. She laid it to that, I expect."

I turned from Mrs. Aldernay's smiling features, for the captain's finger had moved down the page. It rested on a man's face. A stout, prosperous, well-fed, and complacent visage with prominent eyes.

"There," said the captain, "is one of our great captains of industry, Abraham Askill. I knew him personally. Pompous man, but free with his money and fond of good living. Shrewdest kind of business man—almost a genius in the financial weather business, never bought yet at the wrong time that he didn't get out of his bargain, somehow. No superfluous ounce of sentiment on

his bones, I tell you. He gave good wages, got as good men as he could for them, and got as much work as he could out of his workmen. Never knew a mother's son of them by sight, outside the superintendent and the office force. Nothing but tools, you see. And like a good many awfully clever men, he wasn't clever enough to see that it paid, simply as a business investment, to be in touch with his men. He wasn't. When the hard times came, he whittled away at the wages, first thing. Whittled hard. The next thing was, a slick young fellow with a tongue like a windmill, red hot for the rights of labor, industrial revolution, and God knows what not, came down to them and organized the men. They talked over their grievances, which grew bigger and bigger the more tongues handled them—like ghost stories. And there was a strike.

"Askill shrugged his shoulders. He told me he didn't care if they *did* strike. Good chance to weed out the hot-heads, and the others would come back after they had been whipped, in just the frame of mind he wanted. It wasn't my business to argue with him, but I did say that, for myself, I never like hunting with a cowed dog. He laughed and called me a sentimentalist.

"Well, they struck. I fancy they kept up the strike longer than his plans admitted; and he lost his temper; for, one day, he fired them all. Swore he would never hire one of them again.

"The next day, somebody set fire to the mills. There was a big riot—two men killed."

"He won the strike?"

"Certainly; he was bound to win it. The workingmen have poor judgment in leaders. This one was as honest as he was vain. You couldn't have bought him with a million dollars; but he could have his fool head turned by any sleek scoundrel who appealed to his vanity, and told him *he* could overturn society. He couldn't see the strike was lost when it was, and he prolonged a hopeless fight, promising recklessly what a grain of sense would have told him he never could perform. He kept those poor devils with families from going back until it was too late. Some of

them haven't got any work since. He turned the reckless ones crazy, with his talk of their wrongs and the way *he* was going to right them. He is as much responsible for the murder, as he calls it, of those two men; as much, no more than Abraham Askill—so there they are, together!"

The labor organizer had a long, thin, eager face. He looked kindlier than the man near him. He was dressed well, with the cutaway coat, scarf, and pin affected by prosperous labor agitators.

"Does he take the outcome of the strike hardly?" said I.

"Oh, not at all. He says there will be an ultimate triumph. This is only a passing reverse. Governor had no business to call out the soldiers. Otherwise the strikers would have won. You know the way they talk."

"Has he done anything for the families of those men that were killed?"

"Not that I know. In fact I'm pretty sure that he hasn't. There were some nasty legal complications involving him; and he has been too busy saving his own skin. He has had no time nor money for his victims! Of course he is sorry for them. I visited him, once, lately. He was in jail. Jumped up and wrung my hand, the tears in his eyes. Talked with the most extraordinary fluency about Askill blacklisting his men, and raved about the millennium that would come when labor had its rights."

"Didn't he blame himself?"

"Not one atom."

"Didn't Askill blame himself?"

"Bless you, no. He laid it all on Bartlett, and Bartlett laid it all on Askill. So there's the pair of them."

Several things occurred to me to say; while I was choosing among them, Captain Mainwaring's finger tapped a new face, and his cheerful voice went on:

"Here's a common sort of murderer, typical I call him. '*Abbott, Francis Endicott*,' gentleman of leisure. Met him in India. Large proprietor of real estate. Tenement-houses on back street. Visited one of them. Bad sanitary conditions. Very bad—you may say atrocious. I actually led up to the matter with the agent on account of the babies. The mothers told me they

were dying ; and they were, there is no doubt. They *did* die, four of them. The agent referred me to Abbott, and Abbott tossed me back on the agent. His feelings were injured. Impertinent interference on my part, you know. We had a quarrel. Well, here he is. *He* gave me that photograph. Rather nasty of me to use it that way ; but I never have shown the book before ; neither do I expect to show it again."

The photograph presented a slim young man of the most correct appearance. Glasses masked his eyes. He was the least in the world bald. The general impression given by his delicate features was a pensive refinement.

"He doesn't look a bad fellow," I ventured.

"He isn't half a bad fellow," said the captain ; "in a sort of a way, he is a real Sir Galahad. He has been the best of sons to not the very nicest mother. He has done a great deal to encourage young artists, he knows a capital thing even if the painter hasn't a reputation, and he has been generous in buying. There are plenty of good things about Frank Abbott. The trouble, as I take it, is that his dilettante refinements have eaten away his sensibilities ; and, there's another thing, he doesn't think small beer of himself, not he ; and he could not see how such a high-principled, immaculate young man as he could be doing wrong ; or how such a sharp fellow—which he wasn't, but he thought so all the more on that account—could be fooled by his agent. Therefore, he wouldn't even consider the matter. Here's another good, pig-headed fellow—that man with the wisp of a necktie and his hair parted on one side and his hands spread on his knees. That fellow nearly froze to death hunting for a lost child, last winter ; everybody else gave up the search ; but he held on like a bull-dog to a tramp's leg ; and finally found the child, himself—alive !"

"How does he come here ? He looks good-natured, if a trifle stupid."

"He's both, you see. It is those dull eyes of his and that sagging mouth give you the idea ! He comes here because he killed his wife—worked her to death ! He didn't realize that he was

doing it, but he did it just the same. She was a nervous, ambitious, sickly young woman, who might have gotten her health if she had had a chance ; but there were seven children in ten years, and the farm, which they were straining every nerve to pay for, to be tilled ; and she milked the cows and made butter and raised fowls and was too poor to buy things for the children, and too proud of them not to keep them tidy, and so worked day and night ; and he, instead of holding her back, spurred her on until she fell ill. Then he bought her patent medicines ; and she was fretful and unhappy and he was impatient, and there were the children ; he called it nonsense when she wanted to have someone hired to help ; but I daresay he would have hired someone eventually, for he has a good heart at bottom ; unfortunately her mind gave way under the loneliness and the strain, and she was sent to the insane asylum, where she died."

"And he ?"

"He married again in six months' time—or may be it was eight—a very good, robust woman, rather older than he, who makes him very comfortable. He is richer, now, and can afford to hire help in the busy seasons for his wife as well as for himself. He told his wife's cousin that he guessed his present happiness was given him 'kinder to make up for the bad times he had with Nelly.' He doesn't dream that he failed in his duties as a husband ; but I think he killed his first wife."

The short, white finger, which had grown to have a sinister fascination for me, moved a space downward, to the picture of a young man in evening dress, a young man like thousands of others with his curled mustache, his regular features, and his smile.

"Here," says the captain, "is a man you may meet every day for a week, a pleasant, winning, young spendthrift who squandered a fortune and broke his wife's heart. Did her to death slowly with his sins and follies. The details wouldn't make a nice story, but I investigated them. He was responsible for her death."

"I suppose he doesn't even know he killed her," I mused.

"Decidedly not. She was an uncomplaining, loving soul, always hoping to reform him, always cheering him up. He mourns her sincerely and loves to talk about her whenever he gets drunk. It isn't very often, by the way, he enjoys that privilege, as his second wife (whom he married for money) is a tartar, and keeps him uncommonly short. Opposite is a lady who nagged her husband into suicide. Not such a bad face, thin, and chin sharp; but she looks honest and she was a most devoted wife and mother, so far as slaving and scrimping for her family went. Her husband failed in business, and she made his life so unpleasant that he hanged himself."

"Did she reproach herself?"

"No, she wondered why she had so much trouble in life. Lost her children, lost her husband, lost her property, and she had always been a professing member and never backslid. Do you recognize *this* type—the man in the slouch hat?"

"*He* doesn't look like a murderer," cried I; "he looks like an honest Southern gentleman. If he killed anybody it was in a fair fight."

"Well, hardly," returned the captain; "but I have a great esteem for Major Avery, myself. He is a fine fellow. The circumstances of the case are these: Major Avery had an enemy, a little, pestiferous hog-thief, whom he had sent to jail. The fellow in revenge put pounded glass in the manger of the major's favorite horse and killed him, he poisoned the major's dog, and set fire to the major's cotton-gin. The fire was discovered in time to save some of the cotton. There was proof against him, but not enough for the courts. Grand jury wouldn't indict. The gin was rebuilt; and for six months either the major or a favorite servant of his whom he knew he could trust secretly watched that gin at night. Waiting. For six months not a thing happened; then, at last, the enemy got bold and made his little fire of coal-oil against the side of the gin. The major crept up on him, saw his face plainly by the light of the fire, took leisurely aim, and shot him dead. Then the major put out the fire and went home to bed. They found the body in the

morning. Coroner's jury rendered a verdict of 'Shot while firing a gin, by parties unknown.' And that is all there was about it.

"Years after I had the story from the major himself. 'I tell you, sir, I slept mighty well that night,' said he. 'First good night's rest I'd had in a year. And nobody ever did fire that gin again!'"

The captain, smiling, made ready to turn the leaf; but I held his hand with the request: "No, please, this page is enough nightmare for me!"

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think none of your murderers seem to know they have done anything out of the common, except your Southerner—and he doesn't care."

The captain nodded and his eyes twinkled. "You're right—quite right. You see the point I'm making. The worst, as well as the best things we do, we do unconsciously. And it's my theory that remorse is as rare as a white blackbird. It always makes me feel qualmish to see the popular superstitions on the subject of conscience. Conscience forsooth! It is the most easily cozened faculty we possess! The writers who are so glib with their pratings of *remorse* underrate the magnificent resources of our self-esteem. We blame our tempters, we blame our victims, but the great bulk of us are awfully easy on ourselves."

"But the puzzling, the truly awful thing about all this"—I went on with my own bewilderments, not much heeding him—"is that your murderers are not, on the whole, bad people. Except the spendthrift and Askill, they really were conscientious people, who didn't see the relations of life clearly."

"That's not entirely it," said the captain, thoughtfully. "You see there was in them all (bar Avery, who was a good fellow, and I don't blame him a particle, but *he* killed with his eyes open) a kind of obtuseness of the heart as well as the mind. They *were* to blame for that, weren't they? I say we are to blame for the things we do without knowing, when we ought to have known."

"What a vista!" cried I, with an involuntary shudder.

"Yes, even restricting the sins of us

to murder. There must be no end of murderers quite ignorant and easy in their minds. It's very interesting." His face glowed, there was not the least doubt that he was enjoying his theme; he looked more than ever like the surgeon in the picture. "I often wonder if I've chanced to kill anyone," said he,—"you're not going?"

"I think I must. I only called to see Miss Mainwaring for a moment. Thank

you so much for showing me the book. I'll think about what you say."

I have thought of it often. And I wonder, uneasily, how many of us have stains on our hands for which no law of this earth can touch us. I wonder, again, will there ever be, through memory or any other power, within us or without, such a revelation as might be that nightmare page of the captain's to the guilty souls that it arraigns?

THE SUN IS LOW

By Louise Chandler Moulton

I sit and wait for you, Dear, my Dear,
Now the sun is low;
From the far-off town the path runs clear,
And the way you know—
The old, old way that brought you here,
In the Long-Ago.

The white moon climbs, and looks at me—
Her smile is cold;
Something she sees that I do not see—
The moon is old.

I catch a sigh from the winds that flee
Across the wold—
What is the secret they hide from me?—
They have not told.

To Lethe-country your steps were set—
Did you taste that spring
That makes the heart of a man forget
The dearest thing?

Nay! I sit and wait for you, Dear, my Dear,
For the sun is low—
From your far-off place the path runs clear,
And you still must know
The old, old way that brought you here
In the Long-Ago.

A LETTER OF FAREWELL

By Brander Matthews



HERE had been a hesitating fall of snow in the morning, but before noon it had turned to a mild and fitful rain that had finally modified itself into a clinging mist as evening drew near. The heavy snow-storm of the last week in January had left the streets high on both sides with banks that thawed swiftly whenever the sun came out again, the water running from them into the broad gutters, and then freezing hard at night, when the cold wind swept across the city. Now, at night-fall, after a muggy day, a sickening slush had spread itself treacherously over all the crossings. The shop-girls going home had to pick their way cautiously from corner to corner, under the iron pillars supporting the station of the elevated railroad. Train followed train overhead, each close on the other's heels; and clouds of steam swirled down as the engines came to a full stop with a shrill grinding of the brakes. From the skeleton spans of the elevated road, moisture dripped on the cable-cars below, as they rumbled along with their bells clanging sharply when they neared the crossings. The atmosphere was thick with a damp haze; and there was a halo about every yellow globe in the windows of the bar-rooms at the four corners of the avenue. More frequent, as the dismal day wore to an end, was the hoarse and lugubrious tooting of the ferryboats in the East River.

Under the steps of the stairs leading up to the aerial station of the railroad overhead, an Italian street vender had wheeled the barrow, whereon he proffered for sale bananas and apples and nuts. At one end of this stand was the cylinder in which he was roasting peanuts, and which he ground as conscientiously as though he were turning a hand-organ. A scant quarter past six o'clock it might have been, when he

opened his fire-box to throw in a stick or two more of fuel and to warm his stiffening fingers in the flame. The sudden red glare, glowing through the drizzle, caught the eye of a middle-aged man who was crossing the avenue. So insecure was his footing that this momentary relaxation of his attention was sufficient cause for a false step. His feet slipped from under him and he fell flat on his back, striking just below the right shoulder-blade upon a compact mass of snow, hardened by the chilly breeze, and yet softer than the stone pavement.

The concussion knocked the breath out of him; and he lay there for a minute almost, gasping again and again, wholly unable to raise himself. As he struggled to get to his feet and to refill his lungs with air, he heard a shop-girl cry, "Oh, Liz, did you see him fall? Wasn't it awful?" And then he heard her companion respond, "I say, Mame, you ask him if he's hurt bad?" Then two men stepped from the sidewalk and lifted him to his feet, while a boy picked up his hat and handed it to him.

"That's all right," said one of the men, "there ain't no bones broke, is there?"

The man who had fallen was getting his breath back slowly. "No," he panted—"there's nothing broke"—and he cautiously moved his limbs to make sure.

"Ye've knocked the wind out of ye," the other man returned, "but ye'll get it again in a jiffy. Come into Pat M'Cann's here and have a drink, that'll put the life into ye again."

"That's it," agreed the man who had been helped to his feet, "that's it, get me into Pat M'Cann's—they know me there—I can rest a bit—then I'll be all right again in a little." He broke his sentences short, but even thus he was able to speak only with effort.

Taking him each by one arm, the two men helped him into the saloon

almost at the door of which he had slipped. They led him straight up to the bar.

"Good-evenin', Mr. Malone," was the barkeeper's greeting. "The boss was after askin' for ye." Then seeing the ashen face of the new-comer he added, "It's not well ye're lookin'. What can I give ye?"

The man addressed as Malone was plainly attired; his clothes were tidy but shiny; his overcoat was thin, and it was now thickly stained down the back by the slush into which he had fallen. The bronze button of the Grand Army was in the buttonhole of his thread-bare coat.

He steadied himself by the railing before the bar. "Ye may give me—a little whiskey, Tom," he said, still gasping, "and ask these gentlemen—what they'll take."

These gentlemen joined him in taking whiskey. Then they again assured him he would be all right in a jiffy; and with that they left him standing before the bar, and went their several ways.

There was nobody else in the saloon, for the moment, as it chanced; and Tom, the barkeeper, was able to give undivided attention to Mr. Malone.

"It's sorry the boss'll be to hear of yer fallin' here at his door, an' he not there to pick ye up," he remarked. "But ye'd better bide till he comes in again. Ye'll not get your breath back so easy either—I've been knocked out myself, an' I know—though it wan't no ice that downed me."

"So Pat McCann wanted to see me, did he?" asked Malone, trying to draw a long breath and finding it impossible, as the bruised muscles of his back refused to yield. "Oh—well, then I'll sit me down here and wait."

"There's yer old place in the corner," Tom responded.

"I'll smoke a pipe," said Malone, moving away, "if I haven't broke it in my fall. No; I've got it right enough," he added, taking the briar-wood from the breast-pocket of his coat.

As Malone was shuffling slowly forward toward a table in a corner of the saloon, the street-door was pushed open and the owner of the bar-room en-

tered—a tall man, with a high hat and a fur-trimmed overcoat. McCann went straight to the bar.

"Tom," he asked, "how many of those labor-tickets have I now in the glass there?"

Tom looked in a tumbler on the top shelf of a rack against the wall behind him. "There's five of 'em left," he answered.

"Barry McCormack will be in before we close and he'll ask ye for them, and ye'll give him three of them," said the owner of the saloon. "Tell him it's all I have. An' if Jerry O'Connor is here again wantin' me to go bail for his brother in the Tombs, ye must stand him off. I don't want to do it, ye see, an' I don't want neither to tell him I don't want to."

"An' what will I tell him then?" asked the barkeeper. "Hadn't I better say ye've gone to Washington to see the Senator?"

"Tell him what you please," responded McCann, "but be easy with him."

"I'll do what I can," Tom promised. "Ye was askin' for Danny Malone before ye went out. That's him now in the corner. It's a bad fall he had out there on the ice. The drop knocked him out—but there's no bones broken."

"What I've got to tell him won't make him feel easier," returned McCann. "But I'll get it over as soon as I can." And with that he crossed the saloon to the farther corner where Malone had taken his seat before a little table.

Looking up as McCann came toward him, Malone recognized the owner of the saloon and tried to rise to his feet, but the suddenness of his movement was swiftly resented by the strained muscles of his back, and he dropped sharply on the seat, his face wincing with the pain, which also took his breath away again.

"Well, Dan, old man," said McCann, "so ye've had a bad fall sure. I'm sorry for that. Don't get up!—rest yerself there, and brace up."

The tall frame of the saloon-keeper towered stiffly beside the bent figure of the man who had had the fall and who now looked up in the face of the other, in the hope of seeing good news written there.

"Well, Pat," he began, getting his breath again, "I've had a fall—but it's nothin'—I'll be over it—in an hour or two. I'm strong enough yet—for any place ye can get me——"

He had fixed his gaze hungrily on the eyes of the other and now he waited eagerly for a word of hope.

The saloon-keeper lowered his glance and then cleared his throat. He had unbuttoned his overcoat and the large diamond in his shirt-front was now exposed.

Before he made answer to this appeal the elder man spoke again, overmastered by anxiety.

"Did ye see him?" he asked.

"Yes," was the response, "I saw him."

"An' will he do it for ye?" was the next passing question.

"He'd do it for me, if he could, but he can't," returned M'Cann.

"He can't?" asked Malone. "An' why not?"

"Because the appointment isn't his, he says," the saloon-keeper explained. "He'd be glad to give the place to a friend of mine if he could, he told me; but there's the civil-service. He's got to follow that, he says, more by token that they raised such a row the last time he tried to beat the law."

"But I'm a veteran," pleaded the other, "I served my three years. The civil-service has got to count that, hasn't it?"

"Ye might be on the list this very minute, and it wouldn't do any good," the saloon-keeper responded; "there's veterans to burn on the list now!"

"My post will recommend me, if I ask 'em—won't that help?"

"Nothing will help, he says," M'Cann explained. "It isn't a pull that'll do ye any good—or I could get ye the job myself, couldn't I?"

"There ain't no influence that'll help me then?" was the elder man's next question.

"As I'm tellin' ye, I done what I could, and I don't believe any man in the district couldn't do more," the saloon-keeper answered. "He says he'd rather give ye the job than not, but he can't. He's got to take the civil-service man."

"Then there ain't nothin' else you can do?" asked Malone, hopelessly.

"I'd do anythin' I could," M'Cann replied. "But I don't see nothin' more to be done. That dog won't fight, that's all. The jig's up, there ain't no two ways about it. Of course, if I hear of anythin' else I'll tell ye—and I'll get it for ye, if I can. But it's been a pretty cold winter for the boys, so far; you know that well enough."

The other said nothing; his head had fallen; and his eyes were staring, vacantly, at a box of sand across the saloon.

The saloon-keeper drew a breath of relief that the interview was over.

"Well," he said, turning away, "I must be goin' now. I've got to see the new man who's got that contract for fillin' in up on the Harlem."

"Don't think I ain't beholden to you—Pat," Malone declared, raising his head again. "Ye know I am that—and I know ye've done yer best for me."

"I did that," M'Cann admitted, taking the hand the other held out, "An' it's better I hope I can do some other time, maybe."

With that he shook Malone's hand gently and left the saloon, calling to the barkeeper as he passed, "I'll be back in an hour, if there's anybody wants me. An' make Danny Malone as comfortable as ye can. It's a bad shock he's had."

As the owner of the saloon left it three customers came in, and were served, and tossed off their drinks standing, and went out again; and the dank night-air was blown in as they swung open the outer door.

Then the barkeeper went down to the corner where Malone was sitting, with his pipe in his fingers, unlighted and unfilled, gazing fixedly at vacancy.

"Mr. Malone," he said, "is it better ye're feelin' now? Have ye got yer breath again?"

"Yes, yes," answered Malone, rousing himself, "I'm better now." And he tried to rise again; and again he sat down suddenly seized with muscular pangs. "I'm better—but I'd best—stay here a while yet—I'm thinking."

"That's it," responded Tom, cheerfully, "get a rest here. Let me fill yer pipe for ye. There ain't nothin' so soothin' as a pipe, I don't think. An' I

don't believe a drop of old ale would hurt ye, would it now?"

Five minutes later Dan Malone had his pipe alight in his mouth and a glass of ale before him on the table. He drank the liquid slowly, barely a mouthful at a time; and he smoked irregularly also, scarcely keeping the pipe alight. He sat there by himself, limp on the seat, with his last hope washed out of him.

Half an hour afterward the saloon happened again to be empty, and seeing the barkeeper at liberty, Malone asked for the loan of an inkstand and a pen, and for a sheet of paper and an envelope. When the table had been wiped off, and these things were placed on it before him, he ordered another glass of ale, and he filled his pipe again.

After he had taken a sip or two of the ale and pulled four or five times at the pipe, he squared himself painfully to the task of writing.

First, he addressed the envelope to "Hon. Terence O'Donnell, Assembly, Albany;" then he thrust this on one side to dry, and began on the letter itself.

"Friend Terry," he wrote, and his handwriting was more irregular than usual; it had always been cramped and straggling, but now it was shaky also. "Friend Terry, Ime writing you this at Pat M'Can's, and its the last letter you will ever have from me. I slipped at the corner here and I fell flat on my shoulders and I knocked all the wind out of me like I was a shut bellows. I aint got it back yet. I will never have any strength again. Ime only fifty, but I had three years in the Army of the Potomac; and fighting and sleeping in the swamp and laying out all day and all night with a wound in your leg—thats fun you got to pay for sooner or later. Ime paying for mine now. Ime feeling very old to-night, and old men ain't no good. If Ide been younger, I doubt Mary would have shook me for Jack. Your young yet, Terry, and you got a good wife, God Bless her, and youll thrive, for your square and a good friend. But you wont never know what it is to have the woman you loved shake you. That hurts, and it hurts just as hard even if it is your brother she marries. Jacks only my

half brother, as you know, but it hurt all the same. Mary married him and he's never forgive me for the wrong he did me then. And Mary, she sides with him. Thats natural enough, I suppose—hes the father of her children—but that hurts too. Hes been doing me dirt all this winter. I know it, but I aint never let on. Now I caught him setting the kids against me too. And theyve been friendly, both of Mary's kids have. The one named for me is a good boy; and, Terry, if you can give him a helping hand any day do it for my sake. Ime going to pawn my watch when I leave here to buy a pistol with. But Ill put the ticket in the envelope with this, and some day when your feeling flush I wish you would take it out and give it to little Danny. I always meant him to have it.

"I ask you now, for this is the last letter I will write you, and I wont never see you again. Ime smoking the last pipe I will ever smoke and Ive drunk half of my last glass of beer. I shall think of you when I finish it, and it will be drinking your health and Maggies and the baby boys your expecting.

"Ime going to quit. Ime tired, and I aint never felt so old as I do since I had that fall an hour ago. It knocked more out of me than wind. I was thinking Pat M'Can here could get me a job, but he cant for fear of the civil service. So its time I quit for good and all. Ime going to put up my watch and get a gun. Then Ime going up to Jacks. Mary cant refuse me a bite. Its little enough to give me, Ime thinking, and its the last time Ill ask it too. The kids are going out to a party—a sunday-school party it is. Ill see them all once more, and Ill say good-by to them. After supper when the kids are gone I will get out the pistol and I will put the bullet where it will do most good. May be Jack will be sorry when its too late, may be Mary will too. I dont know. If they had treated me white first off, I woodent need to buy no gun now.

"Good-by now, Terry, and God bless you all. Its time I was going along to Marys if I want to see the kids again.

"Your old friend

"DAN MALONE."

When he had made an end of the letter, he had a pull or two at his pipe, and then he finished his beer. He took up what he had written and read it over carefully to see if he had said all that needed to be said. Satisfied, he folded it and tucked it inside the envelope. After four or five whiffs more, his pipe was smoked out. He emptied it on the table with a sharp rap and methodically put it back in the breast-pocket of his coat.

Then he raised himself to his feet slowly and carefully, not knowing just what bruised muscle he might chance to stretch by an inadvertent gesture. He shuffled across to the bar and paid for his drinks, and asked the bar-keeper if there was a stamp to be had. As it happened, Tom was able to give him one, which he stuck on the corner of the envelope.

"Say, Mr. Malone," asked the bar-keeper, "ye don't want no tickets for the Lady Dazzlers' Coterie Mask and Civic Ball, to-night, do ye? It's goin' to be the most high-toned blow-out they ever had."

"I'm not goin' to balls any more," Malone answered, "I'm too old now."

Buttoning his thin overcoat tightly across the chest, he held out his hand to Tom, to the barkeeper's great surprise.

"Good-by," he said, "Good-by. May be I won't see you again, Tom."

"Good-by, Mr. Malone," Tom answered. "But ye'll be better in the mornin', I'm thinkin'."

"Yes," the elder man repeated, "I'll be better in the mornin'. Yes; I'm goin' to make sure of that, to-night."

When he opened the outer door of the saloon the damp moisture suddenly filled his lungs and he choked, but he dared not cough as the strained muscles of his side warned him.

Two doors above the saloon was a pawn-broker's office, with the three

golden balls hanging over the door, and with the unredeemed pledges offered for sale in the broad window. Into this store Malone made his way, glad to get out of the dank air, if only for a moment.

In perhaps five minutes he came forth holding in his hand the envelope addressed to the Honorable Terence O'Donnell. He paused on the threshold of the pawnshop and, by the light of the gas-jets in its window, he put the pawn-ticket into the letter and then closed it. In the large right-hand pocket of his thin overcoat there was something that had not been there when he entered the pawnbroker's; something irregular in shape; it was the revolver he had bought with the money advanced on his watch.

He turned down the avenue again, for there was a letter-box on the lamp-post at the corner occupied by M'Cann's saloon. The store between the pawnbroker's and the barroom was an undertaker's; and Malone, walking slowly past, saw in the window a little coffin, lined with white satin.

"It'll take a bigger one than that for me," he said. "To-night's Friday—so they'll be havin' the funeral on Sunday."

At the corner he dropped the letter into the box on the lamp-post, just as there came a weird shriek from an impatient tug in the river far behind him. While he was waiting for a cable-car a lame newsboy limped up to him and proffered the evening papers with a beseeching look. Malone felt in his pocket and found only two coins, a nickel and a quarter. He gave the quarter to the newsboy. Then he lifted himself painfully on the rear platform of a cable-car and handed the nickel to the impatient conductor. The car clanged forward again; and soon the halo about its colored lamp faded away in the murky distance.

THE POINT OF VIEW

SPRING poets have been a standing newspaper joke so long that we are liable to forget that there is a valid basis to their frenzy and that when all the reasonable discounts have been sub-

tracted from spring it still remains the most inspiring of the seasons. There is no denying that in these latitudes it is painfully lacking in

A Basis
for
Spring Poetry.

quantity. From its available assets March and the bigger part of April have usually to be deducted almost in bulk. There is little that is good about our March except its purgatorial hopefulness. All through that harsh month we are doing time. Every day of it that we live through without catching pneumonia, or seeing our children thrown down with anything worse than croup, is a little triumph. If we can stay at home and stick March out, and not be beaten by it, we are proud and give ourselves just, though secret, airs of superiority to tenderer people (with more money, no doubt) who run away from home and cheat the season. Purgatory is a disagreeable state of progress with a definite limit. So is March; and whereas purgatory may be so stretched out as to be awfully monotonous, March, to do it justice, has plenty of go in it, and blusters but does not lag. Nobody in the latitude of New York pretends to like it. Its good days, when it does produce one, are received with distrust and a certain impatience. One would rather have March rage and work itself thoroughly out. There are few inspirations in it—something in the air of a misplaced day that hints at spring; an occasional robin, much chilled; signs sometimes that the liver dreams that its season of hibernation is about to end.

April is not, like March, a month of defi-

nite characteristics. Every day as she advances she knows her mind less. She is capable of anything, and when she shows a white spot you look twice to see whether it is a snowflake or a cherry blossom. It is a snowflake, of course; but it was pleasant to have to look. Even while April does not bring the spring and leave it on the doorstep, she fetches it part of the way and has it waiting on the next corner. Very promptly she moves it north as far as Washington, which is only a short night's journey off; and then almost before you can get back it is in New York. April is bountiful of inspirations. In the country—but no, that is too large a field and too multifarious in its movements. In the lesser towns and in the suburbs of the bigger ones, householders who have yards with garden-beds in them begin to pry away the hard lumps of earth with their penknives to see if the bulbs below have begun to send up their green tips. People who possess peonies exult as much in the appearance of their pink exponents as though they were unexpected dividends from forgotten mining shares. In the cities, big and small, the venders of outdoor plants transpire and hawk their cheerful wares up and down the side-streets, and then the parks begin to prink and put on their green fineries, and the people begin to flock into them.

It is the peculiar feature of spring that when once it gets started it is so alluringly vociferous. Summer is not so. Summer is intense but somewhat humdrum. Autumn has exquisite charm, but a low voice and a retiring manner. But spring calls to the sons of men to stop and look, to stop and breathe and feel; and they do stop and discern, and appreciate and enjoy. It is such a

marvellous awakening ; so singular in that it never grows stale but does an annual work in human creatures analogous to what it does in the soil and all the springs of vegetation. There is a sound basis to the tradition of spring poetry. Spring really does make the sentiment that is in people bestir itself, so that for every singer who finds his voice there are a thousand whose instincts quiver with consciousness and whose feelings, though not audibly vocal, whisper that they are there.

What March forecasts and April introduces, May develops and June fulfils. May needs no extenuating suggestions. She has her austere moods and chilly mannerisms, but the delight of life is in her, the delight that has no drawback or sting, that cheers without befuddling, that brightens without dazzling, that warms without scorching. Go to the parks ; there you find her radiant in horseman, carriage person, bicyclist, and scampering child. Go down the Bowery ; she smiles at you all the way, and is just as pleasant, day and evening, in gregarious Delancey Street as in the Fifth Avenue. You cannot know May without liking her, and you cannot miss her unless possibly you take ship, and even then you find her beyond the sea as soon as you put foot ashore.

ONE good result of war scares and money scares, and of the very earnest criticism of Congress which has lately obtained in this country, and of the distrust of the collective wisdom and competence of our senators and representatives which has harrowed the

The Proxies of souls of many easy-going citizens, the Public. may possibly be to constrain Amer-

ican voters to take more pains about the selection of the persons to whom they entrust the responsibilities of government. In the debate in the Senate, in March, on the Cuban resolutions, Senator Hoar deprecated the prevalent propensity of everybody to rush in and take a hand in the management of the foreign affairs of the country. He thought that when the President had announced that he and the Secretary of State were having an important and delicate discussion with a foreign nation, "the pulpit, and the press, and the college professors, representatives and senators, had better let it alone and leave it to negotiation." Senator

Hoar would have us all somewhat less vociferous, and readier to leave our interests in the hands of our appointed agents. Of course that is well enough in its application to senators and representatives, who really ought not to raise a hue and cry over foreign matters, in which the initiative belongs to the President ; but if the rest of us voters, and our newspapers and college professors are not to make uproars, and discuss and criticise, and deprecate and suggest, it will have to be because we trust the President's capacity to do business, and the discretionary ability of our immediate representatives in Congress to check him if he needs a check.

Now, as a matter of fact, we do our best to get trustworthy presidents, and when we get one we do trust him in considerable measure ; but of recent years our confidence in Congress has been of a very moderate and hesitating quality, and we have looked far more to the Executive to check Congress than to Congress to restrain him. We shall hardly be content to let our Executive go his own gait without telling him what we think and what we fear, unless we feel that we have a Congress that may fairly supplement his wisdom, and piece it out where it threatens to prove scant. It cannot be said that of late years we have been successful in providing ourselves with a Congress of that quality. When we call in a doctor we choose him with pains, and then let him have his head. We don't want a doctor whose discretion we can't trust. So with our lawyer. When we need a lawyer we try to get a good one who will manage our matters for us without our being obliged to counsel him how to do it. Doctors and lawyers have to do with our intimate concerns. We don't trifle about them. We don't choose them because they happen to wish to work for us, but because we have need of their knowledge and judgment. Our interest in our congressmen has come to seem to us more remote. We have not felt as we should have felt, that they have to do with matters of vital personal importance to us, but have seemed rather to feel that they are concerned with remote affairs in which our interest was vague. Consequently when they have had to consider matters like peace and war, and good or bad money, the conduct of which makes a vital difference to us, we have worried and danced about, and uplifted our voices, and tried to impart the

impulse popularly known as "the proper steer" both to them and to the Executive.

Our anxiety may do us good in the end by teaching us to try, as far as lies in us, to take the saving stitch in time, which traditionally saves trouble. If it dawns on us, as it may well have dawned on most of us, that it makes some difference to our pockets and our peace of mind whom we send to Congress, perhaps we may exert ourselves with more vigor, when the chance comes, to send a good and able man, and once he is sent to keep him where he can be useful to us. As a matter of fact there are measures of domestic government that affect us just as nearly as war scares, but war scares are so tangible and definite, and so easily understood, that they are useful to wake us up to our dangers, and to our responsibilities as electors. We are rulers, and we cannot safely dodge the responsibility of ruling. But it is far better economy for us to rule by proxies wisely and carefully selected, than to be careless about our choice of proxies, and then tear our hair over the possible consequences of our neglect.

THE difficulties in the path of the novelist increase daily. With each new book he is bound to provide for a grasping public a New Obstacle. It goes without saying that, if the novel is to exist at all, a fatal something must separate hero and heroine in order to prevent their marrying in the first page and thus ending the story before it is fairly begun.

Wanted — a
New Obstacle.

It would be hard to over-estimate the arduousness of the task, first, of discovering an impediment not already worn thin in the hands of the writers of an older fiction; second, of managing this with economy, so that it may hold out to the end. To-day the fatal chain of Manx tragedy breaks at the crucial point, just as, in 1748, the devilry of Lovelace weakened at the crisis. The perplexity that results from an attempt to weave circumstances into a hopeless tangle ought to make every novelist an optimist as regards life, whatever pessimism it may induce in regard to the outlook for fiction.

Our novel-reading forefathers were content with objective troubles. The eighteenth century had its villain. He was perfect, but short-lived. The good die young. Analyzing

his own wickedness with charming artlessness in Richardson, or stalking, armed with sneer, cloak, and dagger up the secret stairways of Mrs. Radcliffe, or strolling in all his native innocence through the fresh green fields of Goldsmith, he was a bright and beautiful being whose loss can never be made good. He will not come again. Nor is it to be wished that he should. To keep him true to his villainy through seven or eight volumes was a Herculean task. They were giants who created him. The novelist of to-day could not cope with so magnificent a machine.

The cruel father too has disappeared, except from yellow paper novels. He and the villain lie buried in one grave. An undisciplined parent is too great an improbability to pass muster with a generation that demands transcripts of fact.

The novelist of the early nineteenth century took refuge in circumstances. Poverty warred with love. But even this single device was hard to manage. Great toil must have been expended in keeping David Copperfield and Philip and Pendennis so idle that industry should not end suspense. The hero of to-day whose path could be thus blocked would win small sympathy—from the American reader at least.

Unquestionably all the old external machinery, from belief in superhuman wickedness down to physical disaster, is out of date. Distance, absence, shipwreck can no longer serve as barriers, since steam, electricity, and the telephone have made communication inevitable. We are weary too of the more modern device for subjective obstacle. It is impossible to worry longer over the ascetic ideal as a barrier to matrimony. The Weismann idea of heredity has shaken the hero's noble resolve not to marry because of an unfortunate inheritance. And difference of belief in regard to economic, religious, or philosophic theory no longer seems adequate cause for the five hundred pages of unhappiness that we crave in the novel. The medical information of the modern woman's heroine ceases to thrill before the end of the tale. Anxiety lest the book shall not end at all hardly increases the requirements of artistic suspense. And the views of the young lady socialist no longer keep us on the *qui vive*, having been proved inadequate to baffle masculine determination.

In a word, all the familiar obstacles, objec-

tive and subjective, the villain, the hardships of poverty, the fixed idea that makes for confusion of circumstances, have palled. The situation is grave. Already we have begun to borrow, and the Gallic convention of marriage as the one barrier to love is becoming Anglicized. Must the Saxon muse go a-begging for alms so poor?

It is evident that unless fresh ingenuity can suggest some new complicating force in human life, English fiction will die for lack of a difficulty for love to contend with. Happiness is apparently too easy, protracted unhappiness too hard to imagine. Clearly, the world is not sufficiently out of joint. Who will arise to set it wrong?

OF those things which have had a protean character through the ages "honor" is assuredly one. Even a short time ago it was a very different affair; and when one goes not so very far back it assumes shapes in which it is hardly recognizable at all. The time of Buckingham and of Cinq Mars was not assuredly the least "honorable" time in history, and "Les trois Mousquetaires" the least "honorable" of men. Still they did things that in our modern eyes look very queerly, and in these days would get any one of them, if the question happened to come before a Board of Governors, expelled from any club to which he belonged. Not only the sturdy Porthos and the exquisite Aramis were peculiar in their dealings, but d'Artagnan, the *jeune premier*, the "first walking gentleman" of the piece, openly and carelessly commits an act that would do more to destroy a hero of the present than any crime or folly. It has never been considered that the elder Dumas, the "*père prodigue*," ever gave much attention to local color, and indeed that fashionable shade had not been discovered in his time; but in his careless way, with one bold stroke, he did more to differentiate his hero and characterize the time when he made

d'Artagnan open Milady's letter than many another has done with repeated stippling. Still we are made to understand that the fiery Gascon was particularly "keen" on the subject of "honor," and indeed his hand would have quickly flown to the hilt if anything had happened that had touched his seventeenth century sensitiveness. Indeed the conception of individual "honor" has changed in these days; and with this change, more unrecognized but quite as certain, has come a change in the idea of honor among nations. The temptation is still to be naturally something of the "ruffling gallant," ready for conflict at the slightest provocation, although personally one would feel such a course of conduct at the present time unsuitable. Nowadays if a man stumbles against you in the walk you are not obliged, like d'Artagnan, in order to support your self-respect, to put his life in jeopardy; and it seems strange that very often a nation is called upon to resent something that with a private individual could be easily arranged. Everyone is rather afraid of being behind his neighbor in spirit and patriotism, and so the cruder ideas of an earlier time when races and nations were supposed to be, and were in fact necessarily inimical, have for the greater part prevailed. But the world, for all they may say, is better bred than it used to be, and nations in good standing do not go out of the way to insult each other any more than people in good society. In the latter case when this happens nowadays there is hardly any doubt in regard to it; and a man generally "does something about it," and so it must be with a nation. One of the gains of the present in society is the general assumption that we "mean well"—the assumption of our forefathers with any stranger being generally quite the opposite;—and since in practice it is really upon this basis that international affairs are now conducted, it is a pity that it is not more fully recognized as an acting theory, and as a national state of mind.

THE FIELD OF ART

LOAN EXHIBITIONS



LOAN exhibitions have gradually become a favorite means of raising money for charitable and other purposes in New York, having in great measure supplanted the erstwhile popular fancy fair; and their success may be said to depend largely, as did that of the fairs, upon the importance or conspicuousness of the persons interested actively or otherwise in their organization and management. To both a large and fashionable list of patrons and patronesses is a prime necessity, and the experience of most of them has been that the more tea-pouring there is by "society ladies" to the accompaniment of an Hungarian band, the greater the receipts.

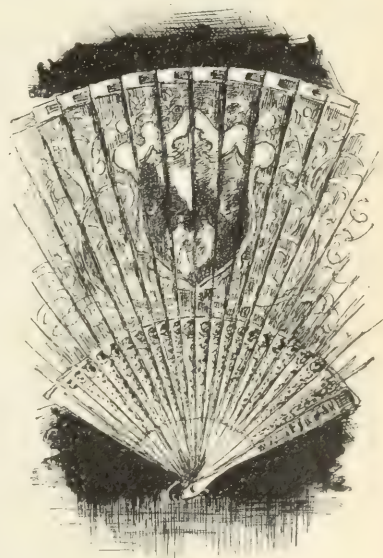
While this aspect of the case may well put us to the blush, there are other points of view from which we may take heart, and even plume ourselves upon our advance as an art-loving community.

To begin with, the Metropolitan Museum of Art has always owed much of its attractiveness to a succession of loan exhibitions, and is even now to a large extent a loan collection, and as such a standing monument to the public spirit of our collectors who magnanimously strip their houses for our delectation. Beginning at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street it moved in 1872 to the Douglas mansion in Fourteenth Street, at which time its permanent collections consisted of little more than the Blodgett pictures and a portion of the Cesnola collection. It became necessary to call upon private collectors for assistance. This was freely rendered, Mr.

Prime alone filling one room with his collection of pottery and porcelains. From that day to this, except that the gradual increase of the permanent collections has left less room for loan exhibitions, the policy of the Museum has remained unchanged, following that of the South Kensington Museum, which has always been ready to exhibit any collection of sufficient importance which may be lent to it.

Even in earlier days the loan exhibition was regarded as a means of raising money for charities. One was held, in a temporary structure erected for the purpose in Union Square, during the war, in connection with the Sanitary Fair. This consisted almost entirely of American pictures.

The next of any importance was held at the National Academy of Design and at the Metropolitan Museum in Fourteenth Street simultaneously, in 1876, and was called the Centennial Loan. It consisted entirely of pictures, and was supplemented by the exhibition of Mr. August Belmont's collection in his own house, which he generously threw open to the public. It remained open the entire summer, one hundred and twenty-five days, attracting many visitors from among the thousands who thronged to the Philadelphia Exposition, and netting nearly thirty-eight thousand dollars, which was divided



Chinese Fan, painted in Holland; probably early eighteenth century.

between the Metropolitan Museum and the Academy of Design. In 1878 another exhibition was opened in the academy for the benefit of the Society of Decorative Art, consisting of *objets d'art* almost to the entire exclusion of paintings.

Many objects and collections of great value and interest were exhibited, but the catalogue reads to-day like that of a sale of bric-à-brac. To give an example (I purposely omit the owners' names):

501, 502. One Panel with "Sujet," Italian Renaissance.

503. Old Cabinet.

504. Pieces of Gobelin Tapestry, Versailles.

505. Plaster Bas-relief, Florentine, sixteenth century.

506. Two Pictures, St. Luke and St. John, sixteenth century.

507. One Piece Spanish Embroidery, time Ferdinand and Isabella.

508. Eight Pieces Stained Glass.

509. One Copper Holy Water Vase, seventeenth century.

510. Trousseau Chest, seventeenth century, from an old château in Normandy.

511. Old Majolica Plate, Abruzzi trail.

512. Three Pieces Point de Venise.

The attention of the uninitiated visitor was guided by such naïve comments as "very fine," "best period genuineness shown by the light weight," "age 200 years," "stolen from the palace," "fine, old," "came out in the Mayflower," "very curious," etc.; instances might be multiplied *ad nauseam*, but while we laugh we must not forget that examples of this auctioneer's jargon are not altogether absent from our most recent catalogues, even from those of the Metropolitan Museum of Art!

In connection with this exhibition Mr. Marshall O. Roberts followed in Mr. Belmont's footsteps and threw open his house "for the benefit of the cause."

The best known, and with but one exception, the most successful loan exhibition held in New York, was that opened in December, 1883, at the National Academy of Design, in aid of the fund to defray the cost of the ped-

estal for the colossal statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, by Bartholdi, presented by the French people to the United States and now standing at the entrance of New York Harbor.

It was managed by no less than thirty committees, not including the Executive Committee, of which the late Allen Thorndike Rice was President. It opened on December 3d, and remained open for four weeks. The paintings were all foreign, and mostly of the French school, that being in prime favor with collectors for the moment. General Grant lent what was somewhat pompously called "the Grant Treasure," consisting chiefly of caskets in which the freedom of various cities had been presented to him. There were also old prints from the West and Sewall collections, and a number of original drawings by William Blake, lent by Dr. C. E. West. Books of hours, manuscript and printed; stained glass, lace, porcelain, lacquers, costumes, arms and armor, embroideries, fans, old jewelry and silver, coins and medals, metal work, furniture and musical instruments, among which was a violin lent by Mrs. Ole Bull, and since presented by her to The Players. It was made in 1568 by Gaspard da Salo, and has a scroll terminating in a cherub's head, with finger-board and tail-piece carved by Benvenuto Cellini. This remarkable instrument was made by the orders of Cardinal Aldobrandini, and figured in various adventures before reaching its present haven of repose.

The Bureau of Ethnology lent an important collection of works of Aboriginal American Art; but the most remarkable and interesting collection was that of miniatures, of which no less than one thousand were brought from London by M. Edward Joseph, including the celebrated Cosway collection. Many more were added from New York collections, making up an exhibit never equalled here before or since. The net receipts for the four weeks were \$13,717.51.



Spanish Statuette of the Virgin Mary; seventeenth century, gilt and colored ivory.

(Property of Mr. James F. Drummond.)

In January, 1884, a loan collection of pictures was held in Brooklyn for the same purpose.

The Washington Centennial Loan Exhibition, held in the Metropolitan Opera House in 1889, consisted of portraits, silver, and other relics of the Revolutionary period. It revealed an extraordinary wealth of these objects owned in New York and the neighboring cities, an idea of which may be gained from the fact that no less than forty-eight portraits of Washington alone were exhibited, not inclusive of engravings, busts, or medals; there was also an immense number of personal relics of the founders of the republic, and a very large collection of silverware of the same period, much of which had a personal and historic interest, while the Fellowship Club contributed a collection of American newspapers and magazines of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. In 1892 the Academy again opened a small loan collection of paintings by American artists in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

In 1893 two loan exhibitions were held in the city of New York, one in the then newly erected Fine Arts Society's Building in Fifty-seventh Street, the other at the old Academy of Design. Both were intended to benefit the institutions in which they were held. That at the Fine Arts Society was probably

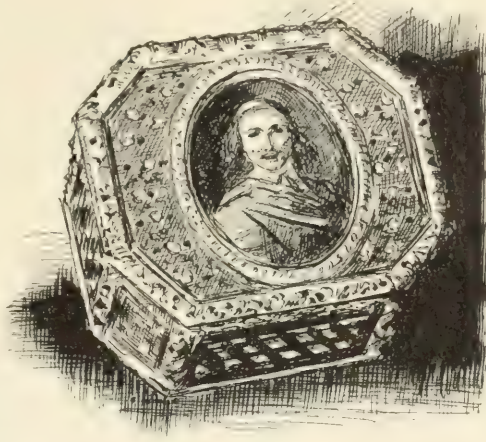
the finest ever held here. The rooms of old masters contained a collection of paintings which it would have taxed many a public gallery in Europe to surpass. Mr. H. O. Havemeyer lent his famous Rembrandts—"The Gilder," "Burgomaster Six and his Wife," and an old woman, together with a Pieter de Hooghe of the first quality.

A superb Turner, an equally fine Constable, a Crome, a Reynolds, and a Gainsborough were borrowed from Montreal, and Mr. W. H. Fuller's collection of early

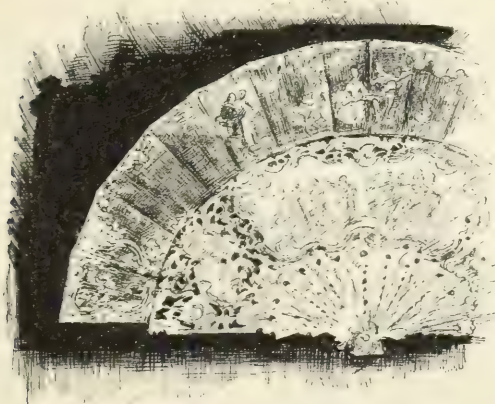
English masters was shown in its entirety. Other schools, more particularly the Dutch, were well represented, while the great Vanderbilt gallery contained a collection of modern French paintings carefully picked from all the most important collections in the country. Besides these, the collection of Greek Art was larger and more interesting than any ever shown in New York, and the ceramics and lacquers were quite wonderful. The collection of Barye bronzes was also very remarkable.

The exhibition at the National Academy contained the Belmont collection of pictures, together with others, Mr. James A. Garland's collection of Chinese porcelains, and Mr. Heber Bishop's of Oriental works in bronze and iron.

Leaving for a moment the exhibition of "Portraits of Women," held in 1894, to be considered in connection with its successor, held in 1895, the next loan exhibition on the list, though not so successful as many others, was in some ways the most noteworthy of all. It was held in the spring of the present year at 366 Fifth Avenue for the benefit of several deserving charities, and was the outcome of the New York State Loan Exhibit at the World's Columbian Exhibition. Special pains were taken with the historical and educational sides of this enterprise, and it may safely be said that nothing more complete has ever been shown in New York than the collection of lace arranged by Miss Newbold's committee, the historic book-



Louis Quatorze Gold Snuff-box.
(Property of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.)



Louis Quinze Fan; pearl and gold sticks, painted parchment leaf.

bindings by Mr. W. Loring Andrews, the old silver by Mr. A. Duane Pell, and the fans by Mrs. Pinchot and Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge. These and other departments were illustrated by brochures written for the purpose by experts on each subject, and afforded an opportunity of studying these arts which, in view of the scant encouragement it received, is not likely soon to occur again.

Another loan exhibition, held about the same time, with equally discouraging results, but possessing many features of great interest, was one of Religious Art at 333 Fourth Avenue. This idea, novel as it is, might well be used again.

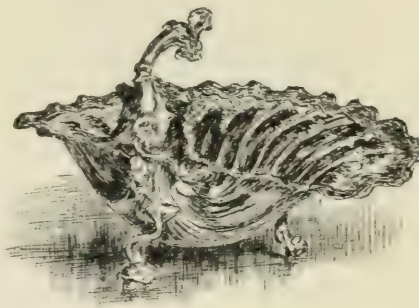
The two loan exhibitions of portraits held for the benefit of charities in 1894 and 1895 are the most conspicuous examples both of the evil we began by bewailing and of the good which this class of exhibition may bring about. The first, which consisted entirely of portraits of women, was phenomenally successful among its fellows, netting over nineteen thousand dollars in thirty-two days, and the second was not so far behind it. While a great deal of this was undoubtedly owing to what one waggish member of the committee called "working the social racket," we think it can be traced, even in these hard times, to an increasing interest in the art of portraiture, and of American portraiture in particular; not a few of the portraits exhibited were of recent production, and by native artists; and our painters unquestionably held their own with their foreign compeers—which could not have been truthfully said of many a previous loan exhibition. While this is to a great extent only a manifestation of the general advance of this

country in the arts so conspicuous in the last decade, may we not claim for the loan exhibition some share—not inconsiderable if we come to reflect—in this advance?

No one who will take the pains to compare the meagre attendance at even the most successful professional exhibition with the throngs which crowd to a popular "loan" can deny to the latter a powerful influence in the spread of a knowledge of art. Then we must remember that loan exhibitions of pictures afford our painters the inestimable benefit of comparing their work with that of the men to whose influence many of them owe their style, knowledge, nay, their very existence in some cases. This comparison can otherwise only be made at the infrequent international exhibition, and is of the utmost value to the worker. Many a painter who has loomed large on the walls of the Academy or Society sinks into his true perspective in a loan exhibition, and on the other hand often has the native artist, struggling among the contrary waves of approving and adverse opinions which beat about his head, seen his work hanging side by side with that of his teacher perhaps—and drawn a long breath as he realized that he was a pupil no longer, but

himself a master too.

In the department of what may be called the Lesser Arts, those who can remember the beginnings of many or most of the great and priceless collections owned in this country can trace their growth—in many instances, their birth—to the worthy spirit of emulation generated by this or that now half-forgotten loan exhibition.



Two-handled Cup and Cover; grape pattern; London, 1751.

(Property of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt.)

Caddy, by the celebrated Paul Lamerie; Chinese design; London, 1744.

Shell Basket, by Paul Lamerie; London, 1744.

ABOUT THE WORLD



WE are too fresh from our scorn of the "corybantic" methods of the Salvation Army to realize at once that its critical troubles in America show an historical situation of uncommon picturesqueness.

Less than a generation ago, an impecunious and unknown Methodist minister, William

Booth, was devoting his life to the task of bringing a few of the tough East Enders of London to his religious meetings.

To-day that dyspeptic but fervent parson commands an army of a million people, ten times as numerous as Cæsar's legions; campaigning through a world to which the field of Cæsar's operations was in extent as Australia is to the whole earth; and enforcing his own decrees with infinitely less danger of opposition and mutiny than ever clouded the dreams of great Julius. Eight sons and daughters of General Booth are officers of high rank who carry the war of irresistible earnestness into strange lands, against the disbelief and indifference of yellow men, red men, brown men, black men, and white men, among the Esquimaux and Sledged Polacks, Hindoos, Australasians, and every people that we learned to say over in our geographies and bibles, together with some that were not known in those remote periods.

No one has ever reproached this imperator with nepotism; the officers of the immense army receive salaries ranging from \$5 per week for lieutenants to \$18 per week for those in the highest command, General Booth himself serving without pay. The three thousand seven hundred foreign officers of the army draw on an average only \$25 per year from the treasury. In short, if the world has ever

known such a thing as a million people bound together in zealous work from uniformly disinterested motives, the Salvation Army presents the solitary instance. Long before any other cognate organization has attained one-fourth its size or one-tenth its ubiquity, there have been temptations and falls which made greater or less drafts on the credit of the whole institution. But it is not at all the weak and negative merit of disinterested motives that has so recently conquered the admiration of the world for this organization. Its marvellous dynamic force in doing the things it set out to do was the argument which quickly brought the name Salvation Army from a grog-shop byword to a revered phrase, suggesting to every intelligent man one of the mightiest religious forces which the century has brought forth. Honest success of such gigantic dimensions is sublime, won though it may be to an accompaniment of ill-blown trombones and kettle-drums off the key. Even the man of good taste, who ever has to pay a heavy tax on existence in this world, had capitulated to the unexplained eloquence of these revivalists; even preachers of the more excluding denominations had learned to vie with each other in praising the slum work of those devoted men and women, when this mutiny—or, if that be not the right word, something equally disastrous—sprang up in General Booth's own family and in the great prosperous province of America.

The alienation of Ballington Booth and his wife is suggesting to some very well-informed minds the whole question of the permanency of the stupendous organization. These two brilliant proconsuls had commanded the American forces with dashing success for a decade. Only sixteen years after the landing at Castle Garden of the first little group of

"illiterate but earnest" Salvation Lassies, the fight had risen from mere street scuffles with drunken hoodlums and bickerings with unsympathetic, disdainful "cops," to proportions which held the interested attention and quiet assistance of the first men in the land. To be statistical: the American Salvationists make seventy thousand professing converts each year and preach to twenty-five million people; there are 4,560 officers in their 597 corps; their weekly and monthly papers have a combined circulation of 140,000; and from the auxiliary league of outsiders alone, a regular annual subscription of \$30,000 is given to further their cause.

Out of the many public absurdities and follies which the year 1896 has to answer for, there is none more gratuitous than the interference of—perhaps well-meaning—outsiders in the disagreements of the Booth family which led to a withdrawal of the American commanders. As a matter of fact, the details and merits of the disruption were purely the property of the Salvationists; but there was the most unblushing appropriation of a popular censorship, and the seceding elements were fairly egged on against their army superiors. The Salvation Army never suffered so vitally in its thirty years of rowdy assaults and universal jeering as from the meddlesome zeal which has exposed its unsightly trouble, with the usual distorting, to the people who were so rapidly learning to reverence its work. It would have been a fine and inspiring accompaniment to that work, and a fitting climax to the record of self-sacrifice, if the dissenting American element had obeyed orders and humbly continued its work. Certainly General Booth's achievements have made it worth while to swallow incidental objections for the sake of decency and the future of the whole army. If the temptation to lose this great opportunity has proved too strong, it is largely due to the uncalled-for participation of people the majority of whom have given nothing to the Salvation Army except scorn and ridicule in its weaker days. From a national point of view, the extraordinary feature of the incident was the prompt and clear division of partisanship on lines of international prejudice. Better the darkness of the pit, provided only it be an American pit, than "Salvation by way of London"—was the sentiment which actually obtained in many quarters and

which must be carefully preserved on contemporary records to surprise an incredulous posterity. The common aims and desires for unity held by religious bodies on the two sides of the Atlantic, are esteemed by clear-headed observers to be the strongest and kindest single tie between England and America, and the most enduring safeguard against war-making mischief. It is this which gives a political significance to the ap-



General Alexandre Dumas (son of the Marquis de la Paillette and Louise Cessette Dumas).

From an engraving by Bourgeois.

parent success of the warrior spirits among us, in arousing a rivalry and jealousy between the American branch of the Salvation Army and its English parent.

GOD has given, and will continue to give," was the motto of the Dumas; did ever a legend receive more striking exemplification than is furnished in the hereditary gifts and traits of both *père* and *fils*? Or did *le bon Dieu* ever continue to give, in such prodigal measure, through three generations of any other line, those luxuriant qualities which in one generation alone would have sufficiently enriched the name? Down to the very matter of omelettes, these tremendous Frenchmen showed the same avidity, the same choice of subject-matter, and the same genius in construction. This one idea alone should stagger that scientist in Besant's story, who has so small an opinion of the power of

The Three Dumas.

heredity that he sets out to develop a perfect man, a creature of wit, distinction, honor, and piety, by isolating a child of the gutters from its unfavorable surroundings. But it is the essential characteristics of body and mind that astonish us in their double reappearance, more than the art of the novelist or the prodigious exploits of the soldier.

The family begins when the Marquis de la Pailleterie, with all the insolent pride of blood and superb disregard for the laws of God and man peculiar to the typical French nobleman of the old régime, settles on his West Indian plantation and marries a full-blooded negress. What could one expect from such a union but the dashing young Creole Hercules, as ready with his rapier as Aramis or Porthos, and abreast with the wildest of the group which kept the Paris of 1780-90 in an uproar? After adventures of headlong variety and scarlet hue, Alexandre is brought up with a round turn by his father's second essay in domesticity—this time with his housekeeper. The old aristocrat's pride lives in the very name of his descendants. His son threatens to enlist as a private soldier—"I do not care," spouts out the Marquis, "that you shall drag my name" (also the



Alexandre Dumas père.

housekeeper's) "through the lowest ranks of the army." So it was Alexandre Dumas, grandfather of the lately deceased playwright, who took to the army those possessions which were his inalienably, and it is to Napoleon's fighting General Dumas that the French now propose to erect a statue.

The vast and

greatest Alexandre, he of "The Count of Monte Cristo," exhibits but little trace of the French mother in his make-up. He is in his books what his father was at the head of his fierce warriors. Inexhaustible of imagination, tropical and fevered, recklessly lavish with his astounding genius for entertainment, he pours forth his library of stories, or institutes marvellous culinary rites, or plunges into

dissipation, with the happy carelessness of a bacchanal. They are the deeds of his father, the brilliant irrepressible soldier, that the novelist celebrates in those undying escapades of d'Artagnan and the rest of that generous company. It would be difficult to imagine the novelist son with another parent.

Would it not take a brave prophet to outline the character of the illegitimate son of this second prodigy? Those early years of wretchedness which the younger Dumas suffered while his father was so poor and unknown that it never occurred to him to recognize the boy, sounded the pitch of "La Dame aux Camélias," and it contained the keynote of his literary compositions during half a century.

The fiery genius which blazed through the father's veins was subdued in the son, but in compensation the world was given those scrupulous niceties of expression and sense of proportion which distinguished the younger man—with still an abundance of the parental fervor and audacity, in all conscience. With a wit and tongue like his grandfather's sword he combined the polish of the *grand seigneur* which was his by right of ancestry. As the general furnished the model for the novelist's riotous tales, so the more analytical grandson found the subjects and ethics of his plays in the conditions of his parentage. Except in their devotion to their chosen callings, this meteoric grandfather, father, and son never belied the playwright's famous words to Bernhardt: "People with curly hair like you and me, Sarah, should never bind ourselves to anything for life!"



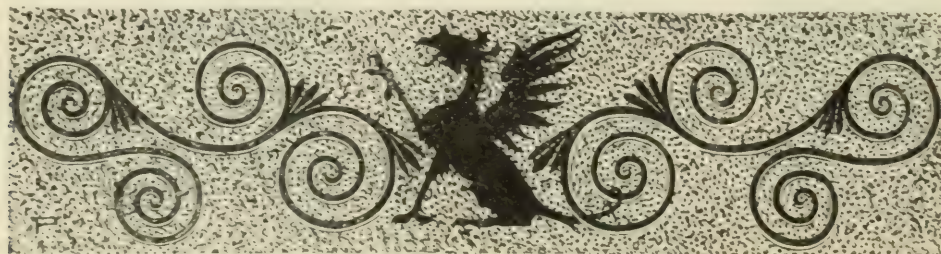
Alexandre Dumas fils.

Bad Boys and
Good Books.

SEVERAL instances of picturesque youthful depravity, retailed with the inevitable wealth of circumstance in the public prints, have recently shocked some millions of good Americans—all the more because there existed no excuse of moral handicap from hopelessly vicious surroundings or unfortunate parentage. The most serious of these escapades was the wrecking of a New York Central train at Rome, where two lives were lost, and many more would have been sacrificed had it not been for the unusually excellent construction of the cars and their methods of equipment as to lighting and heating, which prevented the frightful disaster of fire. It was the proud exploit of four boys, their leader only sixteen years of age. This pleasing youth was found, after the *dénouement*, with a hammer strapped to his wrist, to be used, he explained, in forcing the wrecked passengers to give up their valuables. It is an agreeable thought that the fit punishment for such precocious things may be delegated to expert criminologists. But the average decent citizen, interested in the common cause of this and other, only less shameful, incidents, is again impressed with the news that the perennial dime novel fired the imaginations of these boys and led them to become ghastly murderers and robbers in the midst of their teens. The passengers on the wrecked train will scarcely be in a mood, during the remainder of their lives, to assume the customary jocular attitude toward the youngster in throes over his hoarded penny dreadful.

Nor is it difficult to appreciate the righteous indignation expressed in the leading articles of serious-minded editors who find such a strong text for inveighing against all stories of adventure. And yet, without a word of apology for that vast output of juvenile print which can be swiftly classified into the mischievous and the inane—and with every respect for the subtlety of the distinc-

tions which must be drawn in achieving the literary salvation of one's son—every lover of Scott, of Cooper, and of Stevenson will put in a word here for this same story of adventure. Nor will it need to be defended in spite of its moral effect, but chiefly because of it. Every generous, high-spirited boy who has the habit of reading is going to find out for himself stories where men do mighty things in the primitive, manlike way, and blessed be his lot if it is Jim Hawkins's brig he ships on, or Alan's round-house he fights in, no matter how many gory murders and consummate rascals come into the voyage. Even in such a complex character as Attwater, in "The Ebb-tide," the artist leaves his reader, be he boy or man, with the most unequivocal loathing for the moral ugliness in that excellent rifle-shot. No boy could close his eyes on "The Wrecker," with its chamber of horrors, without a strengthened hatred of dishonor and villany. It would be, of course, an impertinence to defend Cooper and Sir Walter, though they are not, in their residual effect, a whit more antipodal to contaminating influence than is the Tusitala. And the great point is, that if the chance is lost to hear these noble story-tellers and men in their celebrations of the deeds that he loves, the ingenious youngster is in a fair way to provide himself secretly with the chronicles of the Jesse James gang, idly told, from a brutally unreal point of view. The lesson of the boy robbers and wreckers, so far as it has a bearing on literature, is surely that the world has too many worthless stories of adventure and too few good ones—not that lively young fellows should be forbidden the delight of those finely thrilling tales by the masters of romance. It is a step farther to Dumas *père*, and perhaps not a safe one for all; but who can picture a hopelessly bad fellow reading "The Three Musketeers," or a healthy one suffering from the friendship of Athos?





THE TROUBADOURS.

FROM THE PAINTING (UNFINISHED) BY S. W. VAN SCHAICK.

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IN THE BALKANS

THE CHESSBOARD OF EUROPE

By Henry Norman

I

I N almost every period of history there has been a name which filled the hearts of its hearers with terror. Generally it was the name of a man. We can faintly imagine the fear of the Burgundians fifteen centuries ago when anyone whispered "Attila" in their hearing; five hundred years earlier the fame of that first "Cæsar" had been made, whose name, become typical, was for so long to be an alarm-bell in men's ears; the little word "Alva," signifying the scythe-sweep of his "Council of Blood," can hardly have been spoken in the Low Countries for six years without a cold shiver; within the memory of living people the countryfolk of the southern English counties used to frighten naughty children by the Napoleonic bogey, and it would have been easy to throw a village into a panic by shouting the word "Buonaparte!" in the street at midnight. In modern times the supremacy of the individual has faded: men are no longer afraid of a man, and the struggle has become complex. But this complexity has brought its own new alarms; Europe has become a chessboard rather than a tourney; it is a question no longer of king and knight, and bishop one by one, but of all of them combined into a gambit. Instead of the terrible person we are faced by the alarming problem. The Balance of

Power, the *Dreikaiserbund*, the Triple Alliance, the Franco-Russian *entente*, the Monroe Doctrine — these are the clouds on our horizon. And of them all, the oldest, the most complex, the most dangerous, the ever urgent, is the "Eastern Question." What "Attila" and "Alva" and "Buonaparte" were in their days, this impersonal matter is to-day. It is the nightmare of emperors and the despair of statesmen. There is not a diplomatist in Europe whose digestion cannot be spoiled by whispering to him a fresh rumor concerning it across the dinner-table. Say of any proposal that it "will reopen the Eastern Question," and you have knocked it on the head.

Now, what *is* this Eastern Question? What are its constituent parts, its factors, the sources of its terrors? Who are the peoples, and what of the lands which constitute it? I had sought the answers academically for years without getting much nearer them; I had even edited books on the subject in the attempt—as I now realize—to teach others what I did not know myself. Last autumn, however, the problems of the Near East suddenly took on a new prominence, and I seized the opportunity of visiting all the lands, and making the acquaintance of the men who combine to form this "Eastern Question." One magazine article can be but a glance over so crowded a field, but my object here is



Bulgarian Officers and Ministry Waiting for the Prince in the Public Square of Sofia.

to paint a few pictures of the lands of the "Eastern Question" as they presented themselves to my own eyes and ears.

Before the pictures, a little politics. The Eastern Question, most briefly defined, is the struggle of civilized Europe for the heritage of the Turk. Between the Danube and the Dardanelles, the Adriatic and the Black Sea, lie the most fertile plains of Europe, the most luxuriant crops and the hottest human blood. Centuries ago, the Moslem horde came over from Asia, fought the Christian armies one by one, pushed them ever before it, and was only stopped at last when the very heart of Europe seemed within the grasp of the Crescent-bearing warriors. Slowly the tide has returned as it came. Intrepid Hungary, who stopped its flow, first turned it back. Serbia revolted and became free, Greece shook off the turbaned destroyers of her people and her monuments. A few Bulgarian peasants raised the flag of freedom—the very flag and its raisers are shown in the photograph I took, which is repro-

duced on p. 666—a few Russian officers came to their help, and soon the army of the Tsar Liberator poured across the Balkans to Bulgaria's aid, and she was free. The little fastness of Montenegro had kept itself virgin from the touch of the ravisher. Roumania had already quietly emerged into autonomy, and her gallant soldiers saved Skobeleff from defeat, and enabled Russia to strike the Sultan to his knees. The Treaty of Berlin made all this freedom permanent, and permitted Austria to send General Philippovich to subdue the Moslems of Bosnia-Herzegovina and place them nominally in her occupation, but actually within her empire. Then, in 1878, the process stopped. Last year it began again on the familiar lines. Macedonia revolted, and was suppressed. Armenia revolted afterward. Other Christian races had won their freedom thus, the Armenians said, and why not they? Let them only come to hand-grips with the Turk, and Christian Europe would intervene to save them, as she had intervened to save others. But her hope was vain.

The problem had become too acute. The next step would be the last, and the nations were too eager each for its own share, to dare to provoke the division. England went on till the imminence of a general war turned her back. Amid all the uplifted swords Abdul the Second still sits in security, redeeming the time by endeavoring to destroy the Armenian people *en masse*, before the Powers shall have agreed upon some plan for their rescue. Why are the swords poised and the rifles at the ready? What are the ambitions which conflict so flatly that not one of them can be realized? In a word, what is the Eastern Question of 1896?

Russia has slowly forced her way toward the great inland sea. For years a single chieftain stopped her at the Caucasus, till she absorbed him. Then the war with Turkey gave her another slice and brought her army to Kars and Erzeroum. Only Armenia now lies between her and the Mediterranean, and

on the shores of this the monasteries of her faith are loopholed for rifle fire, ready for the occupation of soldiers. Montenegro is her devoted ally, ready to strike at her bidding. Servian politicians, tired of the commercial domination of Austria, are complaisant to her. She has caused Prince Ferdinand to be recognized by Europe, and hopes that this time Bulgaria will not oppose a stubborn national sentiment to her advance, as under Stambouloff's iron rule. Turkey has been saved by her, and is lying uneasy under her heel, to be supported or overthrown when the moment comes. Her Black Sea fleet has its shot and shell on board, and its bunkers filled with coal; a Russian squadron is permanently stationed in the Mediterranean; the army in Russian Armenia is ready to march; by next spring every man of her vast forces will hold a magazine rifle. Russia may indeed be excused for preparing the golden cross that she is determined to plant once



Prince Ferdinand and his Aide-de-camp.

Drawn by Ozias Dodge from a photograph by the author.

more on the dome of Saint Sophia, and thinking that at last Constantinople, the queen of all the cities of the world, is within her grasp.

But Austria? She is the great rival of the Muscovite. Her emperor has lost provinces that once were his, and it is his dream to add to his empire in the Balkans more than he lost in Lombardy. Along the Herzegovinian frontier Austrian and Hungarian troops are massed. A triangle of fortified camps, at Mostar, Gacko, and Trebinje, is ready for the defence of her concentrated troops. The Montenegrin frontier is covered by her cannon at every vital point, and every yard of it is patrolled by Austrian sentinels. Between Serbia and Montenegro three regiments of Austrian troops, at Plevlje, Prepolje, and Priboj, separate Serb from Serb and command the road into Turkey, which ends at Salonika. By a few custom-house regulations she can ruin Serbia in a few months. She has only to stop the pigs and oxen which pour into Hungary across the Danube, and the plums and wine and maize and leather which cross the frontier at Semlin, and King Alexander's country is bankrupt. Montenegro she holds north and south with her troops, the Albanian savages block the eastern side, an ironclad at Antivari would shut the sea. In the view of Austrian statesmen Prince Nicolas is in a trap. To Salonika Austria is going, and farther, if possible. And she is in a hurry. For Francis Joseph is an old man, and nothing but the extreme reverence felt for his age and his character holds his empire together with certainty. Bohemia is virtually in revolt; Hungary, the most vitalized nation in Europe, is bursting with vigor and ambition, and hates the idea of adding new Slavs to the Dual Empire, thus weakening her own preponderance. The next heir, Karl Ludwig, is aged and more of a priest than a ruler; the second heir, Franz Ferdinand, is a youth,



The First Flag Raised in the Bulgarian Revolt against Turkey.

in bad health, caring for little but sport. If Austria is to strike it must be soon, and while the Triple Alliance lasts.

The smaller countries are equally ambitious. Bulgaria aspires to play the leading rôle in the Balkans. She means to add Macedonia to her boundaries. Prince Ferdinand has cast off Europe, which has treated him with contempt, and aspires, with the help of his now first-rate army, to become an Eastern potentate, and rule from the Danube to the Ægean Sea. Serbia has declared that she will die rather than allow Bulgaria to absorb Macedonia. Across the intervening Turkish lands she clasps hands with Montenegro and Greece, and demands the reconstitution of the greater "Old Serbia." Greece will have Crete and the northern lands, which are hers by right. Montenegro, as Prince Nicolas himself told me, can never forgive Austria for taking Herzegovina, which is sacred to her by Montenegrin blood and Montenegrin victories. To rule from Mostar to the eastern edge of Albania, under the protection of the Tsar—that is her ambition. Roumania, though embittered by the fact that her aid to Russia in the last war (kept ever present in her memory by the iron crown of her king cast from the Turkish cannon captured at Grivitzza), cost her the province of Bessarabia, is alone contented with the *status quo*, and is prepared to defend it within her circle



A State Ceremony at the Cathedral in Sofia.

of forts and by her splendid army, the sixth in the world. Finally, to England the presence of Russia at Constantinople would mean a total change in her policy, perhaps involving the abandonment of her interests in the Mediterranean, and certainly costing her instantly most of her considerable trade with Turkey. And France and Italy, as Mediterranean Powers, are also deeply concerned, especially as the former desires Syria and the latter Albania.

No one can step from state to state, from town to town, from language to language, from currency to currency, amid all these conflicting interests, and not call to mind the catch phrase of the old war correspondent in Mr. Kipling's story of "The Light that Failed"—"There'll be trouble in the Balkans in the spring." To think, as you travel there, is to feel the germ of trouble in your own mind; to lay ear to the ground, Indian fashion, is to hear the rumble of the tread of armies; there is a murmur to which you may not be deaf; there is a ferment to which you cannot be blind. No wonder that those whose finger is laid upon the political pulse to catch its every flutter should have prophesied for many a year that there will be trouble in the Balkans,

and when there is, what likelier time than that throbbing moment, when

—through the veins of the Earth riots the ichor of Spring?

II

THERE is a fascination for me, however, about the countries of southeastern Europe, about the Balkan Peninsula, apart from the Titanic tangle of treaties and trespasses and rivalries that makes pale the cheek of every statesman who trenches upon it. And it is of this fascination I would speak here. Can it only be my private taste, or would these countries themselves—the actual qualities and appearance of the earth's crust, and the character of those who tread it, in these countries—be found generally charming?

Despite the variety to be found between Roumania and Bosnia, between Serbia and Transylvania, between Herzegovina and Bulgaria, there is a certain similarity which counts for much in a general impression. Everywhere there is the splendid contrast of mountain, wood, river, and plain, there are forests that have withstood the age-long depredations of the peasants, that still



The Pot Market in Sofia.

ever, one had best begin in the centre of the Bulgarian plain. More than any of the other countries of the group, Bulgaria sums up and expresses the Balkans. You are there upon a wide plain—to European eyes that know not prairies or sierras, a vast plain—which stretches away on every hand almost to the eyes' limit, and upon its

harbor bears and wild-cats. Fine trout are still to be had in the rivers of Bosnia, vines still clothe the hills in Serbia, and supply the famous Negotiner wine; herds of long-limbed, curly coated pigs rootle with infinite satisfaction among the beech mast and the acorns of the lower hills. To tell of the Balkans, how-

edges the hills have taken hands seemingly to dance and tumble in a ring. Here is everything that makes poetry. At your feet an agricultural life goes forward in patriarchal simplicity; nothing remoter from our own present-day problems of farming and stock-raising can be imagined than the graceful, wasteful, ignorant, and complacent archaism of the methods used. In front, the small flock of multi-colored little sheep, watched at three corners by its dogs, which sit, like outposts or ushers, at some distance from the beasts, and at a fourth corner, in his sheepskin coat or cloak, in his home-grown, home-bleached, homespun linens, leaning upon his tall staff, the contemplative peasant shepherd, who appears rather to regard distantly the processes of nature than to aid them with any human intelligence. Beyond, the herd of cattle, and the queer, gray foreign freak of a buffalo—the same *gamus* that wallows horn-deep in the blue waters of the Bosphorus and plunges in the red mud of old Nile. Still farther afield, the troop of horses, feeding down to the willow-fringed river, and, piled conveniently for water-drawing and frequent flushings by spring floods, the village—a mass of stacks and hovels

that seem like discarded straw bee-hives, with a few one-storied, mud-built, and whitewashed houses, their Turkish chimneys with pierced tops the only beauty save in autumn, when the garlands of scarlet *paprika* hang and glean below the eaves. It is a happy, stalwart, broad-faced lot of peasants in kiptars, sandals, and sheepskin caps that live in these villages and tend their flocks and herds. Only when you notice that some of them have astrakhan caps, are you reminded of Russia and possible politics in the pretty picture; only when you see that some of the



Bulgarian Peasants at Sofia



The Old Roman Bridge at Mostar, the Chief Town of Heržegovina. (This bridge spans the Neretva River in a ninety-five-foot arch.)

said caps are made of imitation astrakhan—a degraded material not unknown to us—do you recall Austria, the commercial question, and more possible politics. And only when you see the Jews that fleck the crowd in the proportion of one in six, and the occasional Turk with fez and shawl, do you realize the tremendous anthropologic jumble of which this great plain has been and is still the arena. Well may the mountains heap themselves to make an amphitheatre—every pass in them might be paved with bones, even as the tower at Widdin was built of skulls; the curious scarlet haze that rises to mask the Rhodopes at sunset might be a mist of spilt blood from all the fighting. Just as the strange silver threads strung themselves across and across, even hundreds of yards long, from some silvery shrouded insect in the willows outside Tatar Bazardjik the night I drove into the town, so across and across here the bright armies passed in days gone by. If their tracks

could appear now to the seeing eye as they do to the eye of imagination, few would be the places not marked by raiding feet. But the plain is a palimpsest, and on the spot where so much dark history was written Nature has raised the brave grass again and bid the maize wave, and there are only strange mounds left—graves, graves, graves of many a soldier. When you turn your back on it all, and look on Sofia, the capital, new and white and shiny, and Austrian of shape, below the towering spikes of the Vitosh Mountains, and see the old church on the highest point in the town, the church that was built Greek, that has been a mosque, that was always a proud landmark, and is so still, although a ruin, you wonder if the things that will be can by chance be stranger than the things that have been.

To enter Sofia through the doorways of its neat and quite ordinary station is to pass the threshold of a garden of strange growths, strange happenings,



The Author and his Hosts of the Frontier.

and stranger tales; but at the first sight, suppose on a Sunday, you had best unpack your mind of all its prepossessions, and watch delightedly the streams of peasants pass up and down the long streets that were drawn, some twenty years ago, through the trackless

huddle of Turkish disorder. Very neat and straight and long are these streets. White houses, that remind one of the suburbs of Vienna, stand in rows, and the lower floor is a shop, generally full of Austrian wares which may be called for in the German tongue. While I was there I engaged one of the two or three cabmen who know German, but a friend of long experience in the Near East, and with a fluent knowledge of Turkish, told me that he invariably addressed all the common people in that language, and that they were still able,

after twenty years of disuse, to understand it. You have a long drive from the station before you pass the lion bridge—an unimpressive structure that spans a trifling river; on your left you leave the gypsy quarter, than which nothing is better worth seeing in Sofia,



A Turkish Gypsy Family.

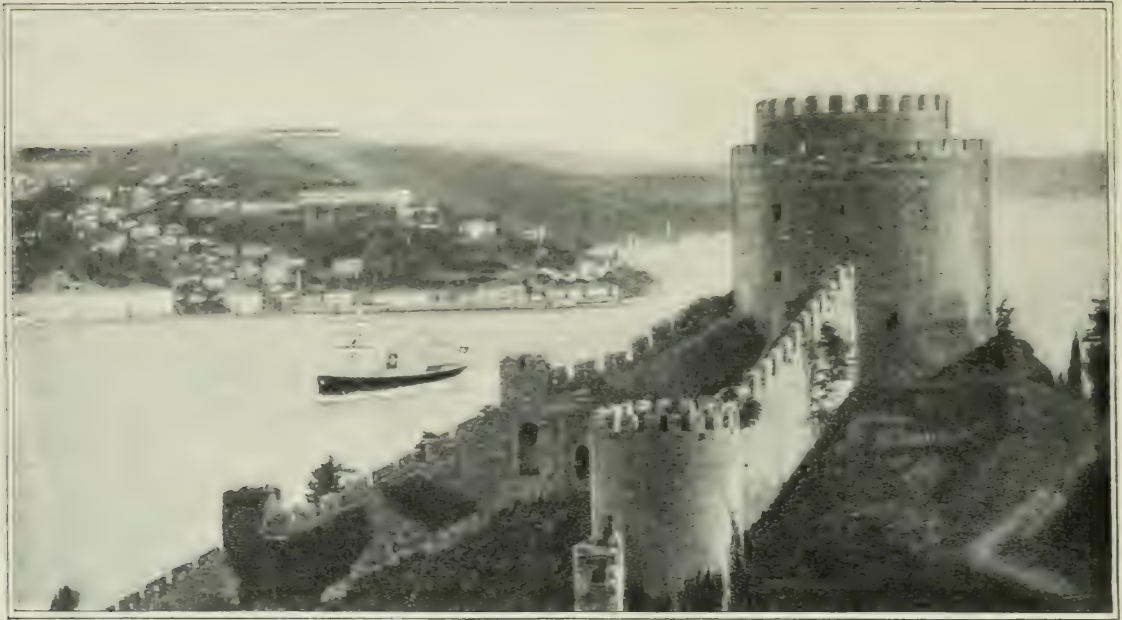


A Typical Landscape in Montenegro.

and beyond the bridge, some distance on the right, is the Jews' quarter. At the clean sweep that was made in the Sofia out of which the Turks were driven by Gourko in 1878, these two quarters were rigorously separated from the rest, and they are even isolated by reason of being allowed to claim a far larger piece of mud-colored ground than they can actually cover. The houses of the gypsies are of wood, and keep a strange reminiscence of patriarchal caravan habits in their arrangement. Not infrequently there is a hurdled court or enclosure where the animals stand disconsolately chewing maize-stalks, and the old women sit on their heels spinning and winnowing corn. And the clustered hovels for the beasts are roofed with the ubiquitous Russian kerosene tins—broken, flattened out, and rusted to a rich tone of brown, which no doubt pleases the color-loving eye of their possessors. Here you may see swarthy-cheeked girls in orange or red spotted trousers—those trousers which the Turkish woman has left behind, and the Croatian woman of Bosnia, even the Croatian Catholic woman, still wears. Beads are on their necks, bright

cloths are twisted around their snaky hair, and their eyes are like French prunes, impossibly bold and primitive and beautiful of gaze. See one of them carrying a green pot, whose contours are as triumphant as her own, from the iron pump supplied by an active municipality, and you see Hagar, and—well, you know more about Abraham.

It is a little, cantering pair of horses most likely which takes your small victoria rocking up the main street of Sofia; at the top stands the white, ugly Greek cathedral of many cupolas, where lately Prince Boris was confirmed, or, as the newspapers have wrongly persisted, baptized. Between you and the cathedral are continuous streams of peasants passing up and down. The women are mostly in a three-quarter length, sleeveless pelisse—shall I call it?—of dark blue blanket cloth, elaborately braided in white, from which their white linen gown, with wool-worked hem, depends about four inches, showing an elaborately patterned sock, home-knit, of course, in many colors, and an admirable, free-stepping foot in leather sandal. Their heads are bound with a



Rumili Hissar, or the Castle of Europe.

(The Bosphorus here is only half a mile wide, and the Castle was built by Mohammed the Conqueror, in 1452, prior to his capture of Constantinople; the walls are thirty feet thick, and the cannon used to throw stone balls weighing six hundred pounds.)

large white cloth, which floats out behind and shrouds a range of the tiniest plaits of hair I have ever seen; each plait made, say, of a hundred hairs, and tied in a bunch before the waist. Above each ear a group of artificial flowers, sometimes even of shell ornaments, is proudly fastened—treasured mementos dropped from many a funeral wreath, one would suppose—and these bunches conceal the means of attachment of the two long strings of silver coins which hang down, an immense weight surely, to join the finish of the plaits. At first this hair problem puzzled me, for the color would occasionally change, half-way to the waist, from black to brown; but I learned that it was customary to denude the scalp of a favored ancestress and plait in her chiefest glory to the aid of one's own poorer equipment. The desire to "Knock them in the Old Kent Road," so to speak, is as obvious in Sofia as anywhere else.

You will pass, at a street corner, the only active mosque in Sofia, religiously active, that is, for the Black Mosque, of which we have all heard and read shocking histories, is still active as a prison, though not so crowded or so misused as at the close of the Stambouloff era. Then, by a clean street—the

streets of Sofia are wonderfully well kept—you approach the Alexander Platz, which gives upon the Public Garden and the Prince's Palace, with a street behind it in which stands the principal hotel. In Sofia the public buildings have got ahead of the private buildings, a reversal of the usual order; you have the feeling that the makers of Bulgaria rubbed a ring, and museums, post-office, parliament house, war office, bureau of statistics, etc., arose on the instant. "It is not enough to have a state; we must have a capital," said the makers of Bulgaria; "we must have a capital at once." Then the professional town-makers were summoned from Vienna, took measurements of the mixed, scarred, old Turk-ridden city; drew boulevards here and there with a ruler and a T-square, threw a lion-bridge over one ditch, and an eagle-bridge over another; planted a public statue—to the Tzar Alexander II.—swept a carriage avenue around it, dibbled in a becoming quantity of plane-trees, and went proudly on their way, leaving the approved landmarks of a respectable modern metropolis behind them. It has answered very well. True, the boulevards are fringed with heaps of stone, brick, and puddles for plaster-making, and the little one-sto-

ried houses look out surprised to be facing so fine a street—a street that has surely run away from its home in Austria and got lost below the Vitosh Mountains; but it has answered very well. There is a town garden where a nice military band plays; there is a park, out beside the great Constantinople road; there is the Prince's garden, with a menagerie inside; there is a military college of imposing proportions, teaching the young Bulgarians how to shoot, and there are forts watching narrowly on the Constantinople road—and on some other roads, too. On the fringes of the spaceful, scattered town the peasant life of the Peasant State comes up to view the capital of Bulgaria. Horses, cows, buffaloes, pigs, peasants, and screeching bands of geese—who, after all, have an especial interest in capitals—and not far out, on the slopes of the Vitosh, the sporting correspondents of the press can have a day after fat woodcock and come back in a galloping Bulgarian hack to find—what? A hero fallen, a prince born, a conversion in progress, or a ministry crumbling—he never knows which till he reaches the Sofiote Club, whence the officers who played cards and lent an air of festivity in Stambouloff days have now been discreetly banished, lest they hear and tell too much.

As I look back on my stay in Sofia, where every day the splendid air added to the cure it had initiated for my wife—"Sofia for bronchitis, asthma, and similar troubles," might be a government advertisement—I see myself in the dark, narrow-windowed hotel room, with its view of the entrance and sentinels to the palace and the palace doors. The place was filled with deputies who had arrived for the Sobranje; squat, stalwart men, broad of face and tongue and shoulder; with the strange air of persons in new and unaccustomed clothing—again the strange, ready-made Austrian goods—shirts, *décolletés* enough for an agitator (no man can agitate in a tight collar!) with ties of astonishing originality—either satin, elaborately backed with glue and pasteboard, or some odd green bootlace of a thing, pathetic in its bid for political respectability. The astrakhan caps or

slouch hats of the country disappeared in favor of "stove-pipes," and groups thus attired would loiter in their incoming or outgoing at the hotel portico, raging of party splits in a language I knew not, but with a fire and fury that I could recognize. In their hands, very often, was a detestable little necklace of amber or mother-of-pearl beads which they twisted sempiternally in their dark spatulate fingers; twisted, turned, and rattled, repeating the same movement a maddening number of times, paying no heed to the twisting, but working with the tireless energy of fiends in hell, and discovering a horrid joy in the business. These "fidget-strings" are adored by the Turks, with whom the habit originated, and it is most common to see a brilliant, tightly clad officer produce one from the bosom of his tunic and give himself over to a habit which would have been the corner-stone of another Nordau volume had the inventor of "Degeneration" seen and studied this obsession.

At the restaurant of our hotel these, and nearly all other strangers to Sofia, took their meals. The family of Levsky, one of the real freers of the Bulgarian people, had come to town to be present at the unveiling of a bust of their distinguished relative. This man Levsky had been a carrier of coals, and when his train of horses or asses moved upon their journeys he met and talked with and encouraged all those who were prepared to throw off the Turkish yoke. He was before the great movement came, and so the Turks hung him where his monument now stands. My photograph shows his comrades and their flag. Now, when a free Bulgaria was raising this monument in a conspicuous part of regenerated Sofia, the hero's sister—a plain, patient-faced, old countrywoman, dressed with much neatness in black cloth jacket and brown skirt, and with no covering but the thin gray hair upon her head—came with her husband and children, even to the third generation, to be present at the unveiling, which Prince Ferdinand himself was to carry out. This interesting and curious family—the brother-in-law of Levsky was a most handsome old peasant, and he had been in the middle of

the plotting—trooped in twice a day to their meals and occupied a centre table, while at smaller ones round the wall the dark, fiery-eyed, thick-voiced politicians fed and argued with equal avidity. On a certain morning I saw this family honored, when the fine monument, all hung with wreaths, was given to the public eye amid hymns, chantings, choruses, speeches, acclamations, and the sunlight slanting through a frosty mist full in the eyes of Sofia's Prince. It was a very brilliant ceremony, and by the courtesy of a statesman, whose English and French are almost as fluent as his native Bulgarian, I occupied an almost too central position. Just on my right the high dignitaries of the Greek Church had spread a table with bright vessels of some religious significance and a gorgeous Bible; then, with much ritual, as intricate as interesting, they donned scintillating vestments, rose-flowered on cloth of gold. A mitre, lavishly enriched with jewels, balanced on the head of the Archbishop as he bowed above the chalice. A young priest, with a mop of black hair spreading down his back, as only poets wear it in this country, and the face of a Rosetti woman, chanted a service in a baritone of wonderful sweetness and power, and all the time, through the long service, Prince Ferdinand stood in the gray uniform of a Colonel of Bulgarian Infantry, his white astrakhan *caftan* in his hand, and his fair, pale, proud Austro-French face held dauntlessly to the piercing sunlight or bent reverently as the prayers of a church alien to his own rolled out over the heads of the crowd. Those who saw the grave dignity of this man of fateful destiny, as he did homage to the priest of the Greek Church, would not wonder if he adopted it entirely as his own, making its faith his faith, its worship his worship, rather than feel himself edged to the wicket-gate of the great Catholic fold, standing alone, with the flock, but not of it. And it would not be surprising, either, if Bulgaria, broad and blunt and rough and crude, from admiring the Prince's imperial manner and haughty bearing, grew to love the man who could take the withered, toil-stained hand of Lev-

sky's sister, the quiet, gentle old peasant-woman, and bow over it with a courtesy that was even tender, and tell her, in the language that is hers and has now become his (and astonishingly well he speaks it), what Bulgaria owes and what he owes to her brave brother, who in his country's cause hung on the gallows where they stood.

III

THE thoughts of very few people are worth hearing; the impressions, if they could be given with naked faithfulness, of nearly everyone are valuable. So I make no apology for my impression of Belgrad. I may be sorry that it is not a different impression, and reflect, and tell myself many things about Servia that are more agreeable—but my impression remains what it was. Say "Belgrad" to me, and I see one picture, hear one sound. I am standing in the citadel, the white citadel which makes a high cluster of white buildings with a church spire above the sheer corner of the Danube, and I am leaning on a white wall and looking out over the Hungarian marshy plain just opposite. Behind me and on my left is that kind of fortification which seems so extremely effective to an unknowing eye: guns peeping out, with dark porpoise noses, through close-grown turfy banks and terraces and walls with slits in them. Modern artillery would laugh—a strange whistling laugh—at this old theatrical set-out, and annihilate it in a few minutes; but still, the Servian kind of fortification is the grassy terraces, the loop-holed walls, and the peeping, pointing guns. Naturally the guns face Semlin, the Hungarian town upon the confluence of the Danube and the Save. A town upon the level has no chance surely against these terraces and walls? And yet Semlin, with its smoke rising peacefully above its shops, streets, and commercial-minded inhabitants, with its octroi and its swine-tax, is holding fortified Belgrad in the hollow of its Hungarian hand. I turn a little from the sight of Semlin and lean outward over to the plain, furrowed with water-courses,

with alder-beds, with strips of willow land. It is late afternoon in autumn, and mists in light wreaths, like trailing, fairy draperies, have been wafted out across the marshy ochre-colored flats. At the actual foot of this cliff is a stretch of muddy level land to the border of the great turbid river, which, on an infinitely greater scale, has an orange roll about it like old Tiber. Also, beside the current, is a round tower, and a long row of buildings with little windows, like stables. Farther on the right you can watch the river, grown blue-gray with distance; then, farther off, silver white, winding far to the horizon amid more misty, empty, willow-grown silences. Not a sound reaches you from it all. For the moment no steamer is in sight. No rattle comes from the railway bridge and viaduct above the blue—really blue—waters of the Save. It grows chill and cold, and I am preparing to go homeward through the now yellow-leaved park to the city when a strange music reaches me. No, it is not music, it is some ringing metallic sound. There is a weird rhythm in it, it reminds one of—prisoners, of course! I lean out over the parapet—far over. In doing so I dislodge a swallow-tail butterfly, somnolent and melancholy, sick with the approach of autumn, and he wings languidly out toward the Danube. In the evening light I note his sulphur yellow and black a long way off, and below, the sound of the clank of prisoners' chains comes nearer and nearer. I can see them; a straggling line of men in white linen garments, winding up to their lodging in the impressive but effete fortress. They are not all fettered. Some are quite free; some wear heavy chains from ankle to ankle, the middle of which is hung from the waist by a string. They have been working in the mist down there by the river, and they are coming home now. It grows colder, damper, duller; less and less of the marshy Hungarian plain is visible; the fires of sunset pour into the Save's clear tide and flow the brighter rather than become extinguished. More trails of men, all accompanied by the hollow clank which is indescribable in its sadness, suggest-

ing Siberia, the mines, and the sunlit snow on the plains near Tobolsk, are crossing the low land just below the citadel, are winding by the narrow path up the hill down which my swallow-tail butterfly flew. Some of them may see his suit of sulphur and black, perhaps be cheered by his beauty or saddened by the sense of his near end. They pass quite close to me, and I scan their faces and the faces of the indifferent aged soldier who walks beside them. They do not seem unhappy, they do not look depressed or base. Their chains clank louder and louder in my ears as they file past between the masonry walls of the old fortress. I cannot help it: the mists, the far plains, the wide, fog-wreathed river, the sunset in that mirror of a Save, and the one sound—it is my impression of Belgrad. I might recall the sunny street with its rugged pavement, the hurrying electric and horse tramways, the jolting cabs, the low white houses, the pretentious and miserable hotels, and the broad, dark, tall Servian women. These are square of figure, with flowing skirt; velvet zouave, gold-laced and fur-edged; the leg-of-mutton sleeve, which gives dignity and repose to the outline of the arm; the umbrella; the head, crowned with a red fez, and the sleek black braid of hair laid around it. Sometimes this fez, which is of a light scarlet color not seen elsewhere in the Balkans, has its crown covered with a rich embroidery of seed-pearls; it is oftener plain, with the tassel carefully flattened on and secured by the hair-plait. There is a Roman placidity about the broad, olive faces of the Servian ladies. And that plait of hair is as hard and shiny as though it were cast in gun-metal. I might recollect the boyish King Alexander, who executed a *coup-d'état* at nineteen, and looks prematurely serious with the cares of an almost bankrupt and politician-ridden state, driving out beside a big and gorgeous aide-de-camp. I might think of the sweet wildness of the Park of Topchider, tangled like that attractive Garden of the Sluggard, and the heroic memories clustering around the modest home of Prince Milosh there. I might dwell on the deeply interesting talk of

Servia's two real statesmen—M. Ristich, the veteran ex-Regent, and M. Novakovich, the Prime Minister. And I might easily linger with pleasure upon thoughts of the market-place, crowded with luscious fruits and gorgeously embroidered peasant girls. It is ungrateful of me, but I do not. Say "Belgrad" to me, and I see that wan file of men creeping round the mediæval battlements to the hopeless music of their chains.

IV

ALMOST as remarkable in its way as the Utopian settlement of Cosmé is Bosnia, the last of Austria's strange family. As one travels from one re-nascent townlet to another, stopping at hotels under direct Government supervision—this phrase applies to the hotel primarily, but the traveller, too, I found, was under direct Government supervision as well—one marvels greatly at what thirteen years of thorough organization can do for a country. The country itself is Norwego-Tyrolean, highland in character; the scenery, with its splendid mountains of natural forest and wild rivers boiling in the throats of chasms, is picturesque even to violence; tourist country in its last and most acute expression, and some day it will be as fashionable and as familiar as Switzerland. Villages with old Turkish fortifications hanging at the edge of cliffs, such as Vranduk on the Bosna, seem to clamor for the camera with a greater insistence than they invited the enemy's cannon in earlier days. Railways of astonishingly ingenious construction wind through the valleys of the Bosna and Narenta, scaling precipices, making weird loops and scoops, till the traveller feels that no angel on Jacob's ladder has outdone him in ascending and descending. But alight at Sarajevo or at Ilidze, and the impression of wandering in a great Jardin d'Acclimatation, pierced by a toy railway, becomes even stronger. For Sarajevo and Ilidze are real climatoriums, perfect flower-beds, and each of the many Government enterprises is a separate exotic under its own bell-glass or

hand-light. There is the Ilidze Spa; there is the Agricultural Institute, at Boutmir; there are the tobacco and carpet factories; and the *Kunstateliers*, for the revival of native arts, such as metal inlaying; and there is the absolutely perfect little hospital, and the school of justices, and the great *Landesregierung*. In the wild rich soil of this beautiful Balkan province, soil nourished in the past by the blood of Turk, Croat, and Austrian, these choice specimens, alien though they be, have thriven surprisingly, and to their head-gardener is due the praise. It is Baron de Kallay, with the freest hand of any statesman in Europe, who has made this garden for his Emperor's pleasure and glory.

In an age like ours, when democratic and semi-democratic governments, side by side with those of monarchs of restricted powers, show a similarly tardy progress toward a better state of things, it is astonishing to come upon a state governed to all intents and purposes by an autocrat whose mind is open to every enlightened project of the time. Autocracy is a word to wonder at in these free days, and yet, if you have the man! And Bosnia has the man. Benjamin de Kallay is doing for her what she could never do for herself, and to imagine a republic in Croatia is to imagine a state of affairs only less disastrous than anarchy itself. Essential freedom of the individual has been secured in Bosnia by a wave of one man's hand—in the right direction. There is religious freedom first of all; Jews and Catholics, Protestants and Turks, live one with another and pursue the ordinances of their respective faiths in a peace which has been arbitrarily bespoken for them. There is physical and moral freedom next, for education, technical and other, is provided in such a manner as to be within the reach of all. Take the four agricultural establishments for instance, which are run, and lavishly run, by the Government. These have for their object the provision of agricultural education for the sons of peasants. Is it cheese-making? The Government has invited experts from France who have taught the art and its secrets, so that a Rocquefort

nearly equal to its French namesake can be placed on Bosnian tables. Is it prune-drying? The same answer serves. No expense has been spared to achieve a quality which shall compete with the real French prune, and the success of the scheme is proved by the immense quantity of Bosnian prunes imported into France to be bottled as native. Carpet-making and metal inlaying I have mentioned; these are native arts which the Government has spared no pains to revive; old patterns, old dyes have been resuscitated; and again, in regard to the metal work especially, cigar-cases, vases, cigarette-cases, and other ornaments inlaid with gold or silver, wire or iron, foreign orders of considerable size have been filled. Horse-breeding has been specially looked after. The small, hardy Bosnian pony, so suited to the mountains, can now be crossed gratis from Arab sires and blood-stock from the Emperor's own stables, greatly to the improvement of the race. With regard to cows, I saw two score splendid Mühlthalers, rich brown animals with a white blaze in the back, which in a year or two will greatly affect the quality of Bosnian beef. I was of opinion that they are not suitable for a dairying industry, but it is not likely to be long before the Government finds this out as well, and introduces something more akin to our own Alderney.

The Government tobacco factory shows a bouquet of qualities which is almost unique; it is successful, honest and picturesque. The very finest tobacco I have ever smoked is called "*Herzegovina Ausstich*," has a color shared only by Japanese tobacco and a fair woman's hair, and a natural delicacy of aroma which places it far beyond what has been offered me in Constantinople or in Cairo, as the flower of Turkish and Egyptian produce. Talking of tobacco, I may here register my disappointment with all that I found in the Sultan's dominions. A Turkish cigarette differs from an Egyptian very greatly, and although the leaves may have been raised in the same tobacco-patch, the one sent to Egypt, where it may be freely adulterated with glycerine, sugar, and less harmless matters,

smokes quite differently from that which has remained in its native Turkey, where the same arts may not be practised. This is a little point, not generally understood, but it accounts for the difference so noticeable to an English palate.

V

ODDLY enough, it is in the far corner of Europe, on that edge of the Balkan Peninsula which is washed by the Black Sea, that civilization, without Western control, has flowered most freely with a Western bloom. The features of the Roumanian country itself are not, at first instance, so widely different, and that part of it through which the line runs to Costanza, has fewer natural advantages than Bulgaria or Servia, and infinitely fewer than Bosnia. But there is order present. The plantations of young oaks, grown variously to heights of from ten to fifteen feet, and then mown like a field of corn, suggest a thoughtful application of the laws of afforestation, and the recognition of young timber as a crop. The hedges that enclose many of the fields have, by individualizing ownerships and identifying more thoroughly small pieces of land, encouraged more careful husbandry, and it seemed to me that agricultural methods were less archaic than elsewhere throughout the Peninsula. It is when you get to the capital, however, to Bucharest, that the result of a strenuously preserved autonomy, a gallantly guarded independence, is chiefly observed. The very appearance of the town is enough. It has been laboriously rebuilt, and the Turk has been so effectually effaced in these twenty years that King Charles has been upon the throne that perhaps his own iron crown, which I have mentioned as forged from a Turkish cannon, is the most cognate trace of Turk in his kingdom, as it is certainly the most significant. That, by the way, was a strange little story. After the brilliant victory every foreigner was excluded one day from the arsenal, and Roumanian hands alone wrought the crown which is the emblem of Roumania's final freedom and the proudest posses-

sion of her King. Very wisely has the King proceeded with his difficult task, and he must be an example of what, under other circumstances, Prince Ferdinand hopes to do in Bulgaria.

It is disappointing to find that the river Dimbovitza, which the Queen-poet of Roumania has taught us to know, is, where it threads the capital, but a muddy little stream enough, with no hint of romance in its flat floor; and again, that it is not romance which you find in the Roumanian capital. A most unromantic city as ever I saw is Bucharest. Modern, flat, wholly without interesting buildings—the ideal has been a spacious Balkan Paris, and alike morally and materially the ideal has been approached. There are very smart shops, very bright streets, a park, a long white boulevard, good open squares, and a *chaussée*, where beauty and fashion—and there is a great deal of both—drive in the afternoon. The hotels are excellent; the restaurants also; there are two or three theatres and an opera open apparently every night; and the palace itself is in the centre of the main street, thrown back only a few yards from the road. This is quite the right position for so gay and sociable a little court as it is. Pleasure, in its ordinary acceptation, seems the main pursuit in Bucharest. There is, of course, much military society, and the Roumanian army, for smartness and efficiency, is thought to bear comparison with almost any in Europe. Roumanians, too, are often rich, and manufacturers and land-owners have seemingly only one idea of spending money; it is to come into the town, to rattle about in very fine carriages with very over-driven horses; often to dress your coachman in sapphire velvet (though I think the ordinary English livery adopted by many families is considered better style), and wear the French “model” clothes of an undeniable *chic*. The Roumanian woman reaches a high average of good looks; her black hair is crisp and curly, and can submit to elaborate arrangement, on the top of which her very French hat seems to have alighted tremulously like a butterfly. As we drive in the afternoon down the *Chaussée* at break-neck speed—the *Chaussée* is a long, tree-

lined road edged with fanciful villas—she bows charmingly to her friends on horseback and in the dashing Roumanian cabs. There is more *abandon*, more frankness in her sparkle than in the manner of women in the Bois, the Park, or the Pincio. A Roumanian lady loves life and all it offers. She is extravagant of clothes, smiles, laughter, and perhaps of love.

The court is not rich, but it is merry. A young prince, a pretty princess (Marie, of Edinburgh), both of them looking but just grown up, in spite of the two charming babies whose photographs are in every window and on every table—this young couple, so popular with the army, keep up a continual round of gayety while they are at home; and the palace is changed to a select dancing academy in the afternoon, where classes are held to rehearse the beautiful costume dances, in which Crown Prince and Princess always take part. In the background, the beautiful Queen smiles upon whatever intellectual sprouts there may be in this brilliant little city, and King Charles, while foremost in the wise government of his kingdom, looks forward to the summer when the heat drives the court to Transylvania and the high mountains, to the *chalêt-castle* that he and the Queen have built at Sinaia. There he walks in his mountain forests, directs his gardeners, opens up new woodland paths, and in fact, rides his favorite hobby. He can look round proudly and feel that he has been a success, and that he has made a success, from the time when Roumania, Moldavia, and Wallachia coalesced and elected him king—both acts in virtual defiance of the big powers of Europe—till to-day, when a dangerous, political crisis of years is over, and the little country stands bright, keen, prosperous, soldierly, and unafraid—a witness of what good government and a fine national character can make a kingdom even in the tempestuous Balkans.

VI

My whole Balkan journey was a delight to me, but the pearl of it was beyond question my glimpse of

Montenegro. There is pure romance, untainted by political commonplace, unspoiled by commercialism, almost unknown to the prying tourist. The approach to this mountain land is through a scene of almost unequalled beauty. The Bay of Cattaro, with its still, green expanse of water, its little island church and fortress, its vine-clad hills sloping to the rim, is assuredly among the most beautiful scenes I have ever visited. It is hard to imagine why more travellers do not go to enjoy its peace and picturesqueness. At the far end of the bay the mountains are stony and rise at a steeper angle than forty-five degrees. When the steamer stops beside the little two-horse carriage you have ordered by telegraph, you ask the driver where is Montenegro, and he points above his head. Across and across upon the face of the mountain of limestone you perceive a road, zigzag like the lacing of a boot or a football. There are twenty-nine of these zigzags, and it takes you five hours to climb them, along the perfect road built by the Austrian Government and commanded by Austrian fortresses on the adjoining hilltops. By the time the air has grown so chilly that you are glad of all your coats and rugs, and the bay, the heaped-up hills and even the Lake of Scutari itself are spread beneath you in a marvellous panorama, the driver stops and points with his whip to a row of square white stones sunk diagonally in the roadway. This is the frontier of Tchernagora, the Land of the Black Mountain, and many a Montenegrin returning from exile has stooped there and kissed the stony soil that he loves. Then for three or four hours you drive on through a country difficult to describe in credible terms. It is a mere rocky wilderness—literally heaps of stones, big and little, like a stonemason's yard, miles in extent. I thought the "Belly of Stones" beyond Sarras, the advanced British post in the Soudan, through which the Egyptian troops and their British officers are now marching to Dongola, must be the most rocky and barren place in the world, but the road from Njegus to Cetinje is more stony still. By and by there are little oases, which the inhabitants

call fields, varying in size from a tablecloth to a farmyard, but they only serve to emphasize the barrenness of the rest. In the interior of Montenegro, of course, there are fertile plains and rich valleys and a couple of flourishing towns, but on this side of the village capital one wonders how the inhabitants live, though, granting their existence at all, one is no longer surprised at their Spartan temperament. Cetinje, to eyes accustomed to great cities, is a village. Its two or three streets are lined with little two-story houses. The Prince's Palace is a long, plain white, two-story building with green blinds. The hotel—I will forbear to speak of it. Yet this cold, bare, stony place is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual glory with which few spots can compare. Montenegro is the only land in the Balkans which has never, in the words of the song about Poland so popular in England a quarter of a century ago, been "ploughed by the hoof of the Turk." A thousand battles have been waged on its soil, and won and lost, but Montenegro has always in the end remained free. Mr. Gladstone, in a letter which I had the privilege of evoking, declared that the traditions of Montenegro "exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylæ." Even in that black day for freedom when the Moslem triumph at Kossova plunged the Christian world into mourning—a battle which every Montenegrin commemorates to this day by black threads in his cap—Liberty remained erect in Montenegro. Tennyson's eulogy affords to everyone else a dispensation from inevitable superlatives:

O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne
Of freedom! warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernagora! never since thine own
Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm
Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

Montenegro is a patriarchal state. Prince Nicolas the First is alike father and ruler of his people. He controls every department of Government, and from his word there is no appeal. Every afternoon he strolls over from the palace to a stone seat under a spreading tree, where four roads meet,

and there everyone of his subjects has free access to him. I had the honor of a long and intimate conversation with him, in the course of which he told me frankly of his grievance against Austria, who surrounds him with troops and to whom Europe, in the Treaty of Berlin, gave that Herzegovina which in his view Montenegro had purchased by the blood of thousands of her sons, and where he himself had routed the army of Muktar Pasha in the rebellion that immediately preceded the Russo-Turkish War. Never can I forget the vigor of this ruler of the antique type as he paced with great strides up and down his salon narrating to me, with diagrams sketched with his finger on the table, or described by the pattern of the carpet, his campaigns in the neighboring land which he has lost, and apostrophizing, literally with tears, the young men whom he left there. Modern times and Krupp cannon have not destroyed the archaic habits of this magnificent race. Even to-day the bugle blown from the hill-top will bring every able-bodied man, rifle in hand, ready to follow his prince anywhere. "My country," he exclaimed to me, "it is a wilderness of stones, it is arid, it is poor, but I adore it! And if I were offered the whole of the Balkan Peninsula in exchange, I would not hear one word." It will be remembered that Mr. Gladstone forced the Turks to adhere to the stipulations of the Berlin Treaty, which gave more territory and a port to Montenegro, by the demonstration of the British fleet at Dulcigno. The name of Gladstone is worshipped in Montenegro, and the prince assured me, and I found later on when I crossed the country to the Austrian frontier that his words were literally true, that there was not a shepherd pasturing his flock among the lonely mountains of Montenegro who did not know and venerate the name of Gladstone. Prince Nicolas was good enough to send to Mr. Gladstone a message through me. "Tell him from me," he exclaimed, "that where the glance of Gladstone has fallen freedom has sprung up from the ground. And add that I hold his name in my heart of hearts." This, when telegraphed to

Hawarden Castle, by the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, where it appeared, called forth the remarkable letter to which I have already alluded, and which demands to be quoted in full.

"MY DEAR SIR: You have sent me a paper even more interesting than I expected. The picture of Prince Nicolas supplies me with knowledge I did not possess before. But I am very happy to possess it now. He seems to be worthy of the old Vladikas. I cannot say more. Until about thirty years ago Montenegro was a sphinx to every man in England except Professor Freeman; a man whose discernment on Eastern questions of itself deserves a monument.

"If I may presume to send a message to the Prince, it will be that I have the same sentiments in my domestic nest as I had when in the dust and heat of the political arena; that his estimate of me is much too favorable; but that in my deliberate opinion the traditions of Montenegro, now committed to his Highness as a sacred trust, exceed in glory those of Marathon and Thermopylæ and *all* the war-traditions of the world.

"I remain, your very faithful
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

When this letter was telegraphed to Cetinje, Prince Nicolas immediately sent, by telegraph, the following reply to the editor:

"Je vous remercie très sincèrement d'avoir bien voulu me transmettre par télégraphe les bonnes et flatteuses paroles que Monsieur Gladstone a eu l'extrême amabilité d'insérer dans votre journal comme réponse à l'expression de ma gratitude, que j'avais prié Monsieur Norman de lui porter, pour l'intérêt tout particulier qu'il a de tout temps voué à mon pays. Mon vif désir était surtout que votre grand compatriote sût quelle profonde reconnaissance lui garderont éternellement les Slaves de la Péninsule Balcanique et tout spécialement les Monténégrins.

"NICOLAS."



Cattaro, showing the Military Road to Cetinje.

In the Balkans one learns to hate the Turk with something of the virulent hatred felt by those who, one after the other, have thrown off his beastly and bloody yoke. Except the crown of Roumania, however, the Balkan peoples have no visible trophies to show, and only their yet unhealed wounds excite one's sympathy. But in Cetinje the keeper of the arsenal took me into a room called the Museum, the walls of which were hung close with Turkish swords and Turkish rifles, and the floor-space filled with Turkish cannon, while at one end, over the fire-place, a thousand Turkish medals, captured on the field of battle, told a tale which filled me with a hitherto unknown rapture of sympathy for all men determined to be—

as free as Nature first made
man,
Ere the base laws of servitude
began.

VII

I HAVE said nothing of
the country which not so
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long ago was entirely of itself, the Balkan Peninsula. It is difficult, for many reasons, to write of Turkey to-day. In the first place, everyone has learned so much about it of late; then the most dreadful story of modern times, if not of all history, the deliberate attempt of the Sultan to exterminate the Armenian race, overshadows every other aspect of his rule and country, and prompts almost irresistibly to a mere succession of Athanasian epithets. Again, the political position of Turkey is so uncertain that the prophecy of to-day may be out-dated by the fact of to-morrow. Great Britain intervened, as under the Berlin Treaty and the Cyprus Convention it was her pledged duty to do, on behalf of the Armenians—as disinterested an intervention as is on record. But her diplomacy was not equal to her intention, and in the face of Russia's absolute refusal to agree to any step which might result in the establishment of an autonomous Armenia between Erze-



*A. Monticelli Kopman
Nicolas*

Prince Nicolas of Montenegro.



His Beatitude Izmirlian, the Armenian Patriarch.

His Beatitude Izmirlian, the Armenian Patriarch.

roum and the Mediterranean, she was forced to retire, as even the rescue of the Armenians would have been dearly purchased by the European conflagration that would certainly have ensued had the British fleet forced the Dardanelles. To-day Russia is guiding the Sultan's hand, but this will not be for long, and on the very day I am writing, I learn of secret attempts he is making to secure a measure of English good-will once more. His efforts will be in vain: no British statesman will ever again dare to propose the support of Turkey. To any one who can forget the slaughtered Armenians, however, Constantinople remains the most fascinating city in the world, and nowhere does imagination run backward and forward in greater riot than when, lying in a caique drifting from corner to corner in the Bosphorus, one's eye feasts on the snow-white palaces, the piled-up mosques, the walls where Constantine fought and fell, the groves of

cypresses over the green and gold headstones — the cypress which Browning called "Death's lean forefinger," and Byron "the only constant mourner of the dead;" and when one realizes that in all human probability the greatest and hottest fight of all will yet rage round the coveted city before that happy moment when the Turk goes, "bag and baggage," out of Europe. Wherever the flame of war shall spring up in Europe the Balkans will catch fire. These peoples and lands, which my autumn pictures may have faintly suggested to Western readers, will once more be devoured by the sword. To-day the fastnesses and plains of the Balkans, reddened a thousand times with the blood of patriots, vocal with the crying of centuries of murdered Abels, pour out for you everywhere their purple wine with reckless prodigality. A deeper vintage must yet be pressed from these fields of Nature's smiles and man's passions. Who will be taken and who left, at the end, or in what colors the cartographer of a few years hence will paint his map, is the profoundest of political secrets. "The ways of Providence," as M. Ristich said in a public speech a few months ago, "are everywhere mysterious, but particularly so in the Balkan Peninsula."



Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

TWO SONNETS

By Edith M. Thomas

PEACE

MUCH I desired when Youth did fire my veins,
To join fair combat with some foe august;
And more I dreaded sloth and creeping rust
Than any meed of martyr scorns and pains.
How would my heart beat quick at clarion strains;
All to the God of battle would I trust—
As one who, midst the hissing barbs and dust,
From some swift Argive chariot flung the reins!

But now my pulse is slowed, my veins are cold,
O Spirit of the leafage silver-green—
Now let thy cool sweet shadow intervene,
That I no more the strenuous day behold;
So fold me, as the flocks that rest in fold,
While Hesper makes the darkening sky serene.

SPEECH AND SILENCE

THERE be, whose thoughts have eagle wings of speech,
Not hampered more than is the eagle's flight,
And followed far with wonder and delight;
Their sovran sway of hearts who would impeach?
There be, who never to their kind outreach,
Self-willed to silence, on some native height.
There be dumb souls whose wistful eyes, too bright,
Do like the wounded fawn's our aid beseech.

Not mute am I except by force of fate;
For I have words of fire, and swift as flame,
And words, and words, and words, in endless store,
That, leal and willing, on my thought do wait;
But I in all the world no ear may claim;
So halt at home those heralds evermore.



Drawn by William Hatherell.

One cruel revenge the beaten rivals had. They waylaid Grizel when she was alone.—Page 689.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXII

THE SIEGE OF THRUMS



HE man in the moon is a native of Thrums, who was put up there for hacking sticks on the Sabbath, and as the moon sails over the den his interest in the bit placey is still sufficient to make him bend forward and cry "Boo!" at the lovers. When they jump apart you can see the aged reprobate grinning. Once out of sight of the den, he cares not a boddle how the moon travels, but the masterful crittur enrages him if she is in a hurry here, just as he is cleverly making out whose children's children are courting now. "Slow, there!" he cries to the moon, but she answers placidly that they have the rest of the world to view to-night. "The rest of the world be danged!" roars the man, and he cranes his neck for a last glimpse of the Cuttle Well, until he nearly falls out of the moon.

Never had the man such a trying time as during the year now before him. It was the year when so many scientific magnates sat up half the night in their shirts, spying at him through telescopes. But every effort to discover why he was in such a fidget failed because the spy-glasses were never levelled at the Thrums den. Through the whole of the incidents now to tell, you may conceive the man (on whom sympathy would be wasted) dagoning horribly, because he was always carried past the den before he could make head or tail of the change that had come over it.

The spot chosen by the ill-fated Stuart and his gallant remnant for their last desperate enterprise was eminently fitted for their purpose. Being round

the corner from Thrums it was commanded by no fortified place save the farm of Nether Drumgley, and on a recent goustie night nearly all the trees had been blown down, making a hundred hiding-places for bold climbers, and transforming the den into a scene of wild and mournful grandeur. In no bay more suitable than the flooded field called the Silent Pool could the hunted prince have cast anchor, for the Pool is not only sheltered from observation, but so little troubled by gales that it had only one drawback: at some seasons of the year it was not there. This, however, did not vex Stroke, as it is cannier to call him, for he burned his boats on the night he landed (and a dagont, tedious job it was too), and pointed out to his followers that the drouth which kept him in must also keep the enemy out. Part of the way to the lair they usually traversed in the burn, because water leaves no trace, and though they carried turnip lanterns and were armed to the teeth, this was often a perilous journey owing to the lovers close at hand on the pink path, from which the trees had been cleared, for lads and lasses must walk whate'er betide. Ronny-On's Jean and Peter Scrymgeour, little Lisbeth Doak and long Sam'l from Pyotdykes were pairing that year, and never knew how near they were to being dirked by Corp of Corp, who lurked in the burn till there were no tibbits in his toes, muttering fiercely, "Cheep one single cheep, and it will be thy hinmost, methinks!" under the impression that Methinks was a Jacobite oath.

For this voluntary service, Stroke clapped Corp of Corp on the shoulder with a naked sword, and said, "Rise, Sir Joseph!" which made Corp more confused than ever, for he was already

Corp of Corp, Him of Muckle Kenny, Red McNeil, Andrew Ferrara, and the Master of Inverquharity (Stroke's names), as well as Stab-in-the-Dark, Grind-them-to-Mullins and Warty Joe (his own), and which he was at any particular moment he never knew, till Stroke told him, and even then he forgot and had to be put in irons.

The other frequenters of the lair on Saturday nights (when alone the rebellion was active) were the proud Lady Grizel and Widow Elspeth. It had been thought best to make Elspeth a widow, because she was so religious.

The lair was on the right bank of the burn, near the waterfall, and you climbed to it by ropes, unless you preferred an easier way. It is now a dripping hollow, down which water dribbles from beneath a sluice, but at that time it was hidden on all sides by trees and the huge clods of sward they had torn from the earth as they fell. Two of these clods were the only walls of the lair, which had at times a ceiling not unlike Aaron Latta's bed coverlets, and the chief furniture was two barrels, marked "Usquebach" and "Powder." When the darkness of Stroke's fortunes sat like a pall upon his brow, as happened sometimes, he sought to drive it away by playing cards on one of these barrels with Sir Joseph, but the approach of the widow made him pocket them quickly with a warning sign to his trusty knight, who did not understand, and asked what had become of them, whereupon Elspeth cried, in horror:

"Cards! Oh, Tommy, you promised——"

But Stroke rode her down with, "Cards! Wha has been playing cards? You, Muckle Kenny, and you, Sir Joseph, after I forbad it! Hie, there, Inverquharity, all of you, seize those men."

Then Corp blinked, came to his senses and marched himself off to the prison on the lonely promontory called the Queen's Bower, saying, ferociously, "Jouk, Sir Joseph, and I'll blaw you into posterity."

It is sable night when Stroke and Sir Joseph reach a point in the den whence the glimmering lights of the town are distinctly visible. Neither speaks.

Presently the distant eight o'clock bell rings, and then Sir Joseph looks anxiously at his warts, for this is the signal to begin, and as usual he has forgotten the words.

"Go on," says someone in a whisper. It cannot be Stroke, for his head is brooding on his breast. This mysterious voice haunted all the doings in the den, and had better be confined in brackets.

("Go on.")

"Methinks," says Sir Joseph, "methinks the borers——"

("Burghers.")

"Methinks the burghers now cease from their labors."

"Ay," replied Stroke, "'tis so, would that they ceased from them forever!"

"Methinks the time is at hand."

"Ha!" exclaims Stroke, looking at his lieutenant curiously, "what makest thou say so? For three weeks these fortifications have defied my cannon, there is scarce a breach yet in the walls of yonder town."

"Methinks thou will find a way."

"It may be so, my good Sir Joseph, it may be so, and yet, even when I am most hopeful of success, my schemes go a gley."

"Methinks thy dark——"

("Dinna say Methinks so often.")

("Tommy, I maun. If I dinna get that to start me off, I gae through other.")

("Go on.")

"Methinks thy dark spirit lies on thee to-night."

"Ay, 'tis too true. But canst thou blame me if I grow sad? The town still in the enemy's hands, and so much brave blood already spilt in vain. Knowest thou that the brave Kinnordy fell last night? My noble Kinnordy!"

Here Stroke covers his face with his hands, weeping silently, and—and there is an awkward pause.

("Go on—'Still have me.'")

("So it is.") "Weep not, my royal scone——"

("Scion.")

"Weep not, my royal scion, havest thou not still me?"

"Well said, Sir Joseph," cries Stroke, dashing the sign of weakness from his face. "I still have many brave fellows,

and with their help I shall be master of this proud town."

"And then ghost we to fair Edinburgh?"

"Ay, 'tis so, but, Sir Joseph, thinkest thou these burghers love the Stuart not?"

"Nay, methinks they are true to thee, but their starch commander—(gie me my time, this is a lang ane,) but their arch commander is thy bitterest foe. Vile spoon that he is! (It's no spoon, it's spawn.)"

"Thou meanest the craven Cathro?"

"Methinks ay. (I like thae short anes.)"

"'Tis well!" says Stroke, sternly. "That man hath ever slipped between me and my right. His time will come."

"He floppeth thee—he flouteth thee from the battlements."

"Ha, 'tis well!"

("You've said that already.")

("I say it twice.")

("That's what aye puts me wrang.")

Ghost thou to meet the proud Lady Grizel to-night?"

"Ay."

"Ghost thou alone?"

"Ay."

"(What easy anes you have!) I fear it is not chancey for thee to go."

"I must dree my dreed."

"These women is kittle cattle."

"The Stuart hath ever a soft side for them. Ah, my trusty foster-brother, knowest thou not what it is to love?"

"Alas, I too have had my fling. (Does Grizel kiss your hand yet?)"

"(No, she winna, the limmer.) Sir Joseph, I go to her."

"Methinks she is a haughty onion. I prithee go not to-night."

"I have given my word."

"Thy word is a band."

"Adieu, my friend."

"Methinks thou ghost to thy damn. (Did we no promise Elspeth there should be no swearing?)"

The raft Vick Ian Vohr is dragged to the shore, and Stroke steps on board, a proud solitary figure. "Farewell!" he cries hoarsely, as he seizes the oar.

"Farewell my leech!" answers Corp, and then helps him to disembark. Their hands chance to meet, and Stroke's is so hot that Corp quails.

"Tommy," he says, with a shudder, "do you—you dinna think it's a' true, do you?" But the ill-fated prince only gives him a warning look and plunges into the mazes of the forest. For a long time silence reigns over the den. Lights glint fitfully, a human voice imitates the plaintive cry of the pewit, cautious whistling follows, comes next the clash of arms, and the scream of one in the death-throes, and again silence falls. Stroke emerges near the Reekie Broth Pot, wiping his sword and muttering, "Faugh! it drippeth!" At the same moment the air is filled with music of more than mortal—well, the air is filled with music. It seems to come from but a few yards away, and pressing his hand to his throbbing brow the chevalier presses forward till, pushing aside the branches of a fallen fir, he comes suddenly upon a scene of such romantic beauty that he stands rooted to the ground. Before him, softly lit by a half-moon (the man in it perspiring with curiosity), is a miniature dell, behind which rise threatening rocks, overgrown here and there by grass, heath and bracken, while in the centre of the dell is a bubbling spring called the Cuttle Well, whose water, as it overflows a natural basin, soaks into the surrounding ground and so finds a way into the picturesque stream below. But it is not the loveliness of the spot which fascinates the prince; rather is it the exquisite creature who sits by the bubbling spring, a reed from a handloom in her hands, from which she strikes mournful sounds, the while she raises her voice in song. A pink scarf and a blue ribbon are crossed upon her breast, her dark tresses kiss her lovely neck, and as she sits on the only dry stone, her face raised as if in wrapt communion with the heavens, and her feet tucked beneath her to avoid the mud, she seems not a human being, but the very spirit of the place and hour. The royal wanderer remains spellbound, while she strikes her lyre and sings (with but one trivial alteration) the song of Mac-Murrough:

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountains, the frith and
the lake!

'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call ;

'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,

When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath ;

They call to the dirk, the claymore and the targe,

To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each Chieftain like Stroke's in his ire !

May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire !

Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,

Or die like your sires, and endure it no more.

As the fair singer concluded, Stroke, who had been deeply moved, heaved a great sigh, and immediately, as if in echo of it, came a sigh from the opposite side of the dell. In a second of time three people had learned that a certain lady had two lovers. She starts to her feet, still carefully avoiding the puddles, but it is not she who speaks.

("Did you hear me?")

("Ay.")

("You're ready?")

("Ca' awa'.")

Stroke dashes to the girl's side, just in time to pluck her from the arms of a masked man. The villain raises his mask and reveals the face of—it looks like Corp, but the disguise is thrown away on Stroke.

"Ha, Cathro," he exclaims, joyfully, "so at last we meet on equal terms!"

"Back, Stroke, and let me pass."

"Nay, we fight for the wench."

"So be it. The prideful onion is his who wins her."

"Have at thee, caitiff!"

A terrible conflict ensues. Cathro draws first blood. 'Tis but a scratch. Ha! well thrust, Stroke. In vain Cathro gins his teeth. Inch by inch he is driven back, he slips, he recovers, he pants, he is apparently about to fling himself down the steep bank and so find safety in flight, but he comes on again.

("What are you doing? You run now.")

("I ken, but I'm sweer!")

("Off you go.")

Even as Stroke is about to press home, the cowardly foe flings himself down the steep bank and rolls out of sight. He will give no more trouble to-night; and the victor turns to the Lady Grizel, who had been repinning the pink scarf across her breast, while the issue of the combat was still in doubt.

("Now, then, Grizel, you kiss my hand.")

("I tell you I won't.")

("Weel, then, go on your knees to me.")

("You needn't think it.")

("Dagon you! Then ca' awa' standing.")

"My liege, thou hast saved me from the wretch Cathro."

"May I always be near to defend thee in time of danger, my pretty chick."

("Tommy, you promised not to call me by these silly names.")

("They slip out, I tell you. That was aye the way wi' the Stuarts.")

("Well, you must say 'Lady Grizel.'") Good, my prince, how can I thank thee?"

"By being my wife. ('Not a word of this to Elspeth.')

"Nay, I summoned thee here to tell thee that can never be. The Grizels of Grizel are of ancient lineage, but they mate not with monarchs. My sire, the nunnery gates will soon close on me for ever."

"Then at least say thou lovest me."

"Alas, I love thee not."

("What haver is this? I telled you to say 'Charles, would that I loved thee less.'")

("And I told you I would not.")

("Weel, then, whaur are we now?")

("We miss out all that about my wearing your portrait next my heart, and put in the rich apparel bit, the same as last week.")

("Oh! Then I go on?) Bethink thee, fair jade——"

("Lady.")

"Bethink thee, fair lady, Stuart is not so poor but that, if thou come with him to his lowly lair, he can deck thee with rich apparel and ribbons rare."

"I spurn thy gifts, unhappy man, but if there are holes in——"

("Miss that common bit out. I canna thole it.")

("I like it.) If there are holes in the garments of thy loyal followers, I will come and mend them, and I have a needle and thread in my pocket. (Tommy, there is another button off your shirt! Have you got the button?")

("It's down my breeks.) So be it, proud girl, come!"

It was Grizel who made masks out of tin rags, picked up where tinkers had passed the night, and musical instruments out of broken reeds from the warping mill, and Jacobite head-gear out of weaver's night-caps; and she kept the lair so clean and tidy as to raise a fear that intruders might mistake its character. Elspeth had to mind the pot, which Aaron Latta never missed, and Corp was supposed to light the fire by striking sparks from his knife, a trick which Tommy considered so easy that he refused to show how it was done. Many strange sauces were boiled in that pot, a sort of potato-turnip pudding often coming out even when not expected, but there was an occasional rabbit that had been bowled over by Corp's unerring hand, and once Tommy shot a—haunch of venison, having first, with Corp's help, howked it out of Ronny-On's swine, then suspended head downward from a cross-bar, open like a book at the page of contents, steaming, dripping, a tub beneath, boys with bladders in the distance. When they had supped they gathered round the fire, Grizel knitting a shawl for they knew whom, but the name was never mentioned, and Tommy told the story of his life at the French court, and how he fought in the '45 and afterward hid in caves, and so did he shudder, as he described the cold of his bracken beds, and so glowed his face, for it was all real to him, that Grizel let the wool drop on her knee, and Corp whispered to Elspeth, "Dinna be fleid for him; I'se uphaud he found a wy." These quiet evenings were not the least pleasant spent in the den.

But sometimes they were interrupted by a fierce endeavor to carry the lair, when boys from Cathro's climbed to it up each other's backs, the rope, of course, having been pulled into safety at the first sound, and then that end of the den rang with shouts, and deeds of

valor on both sides were as common as leaves, and once Tommy and Corp were only saved from captors who had them down, by Grizel rushing into the midst of things with two flaring torches, and another time bold Birkie, most daring of the storming party, was seized with two others and made to walk the plank. The plank had been part of a gate, and was suspended over the bank of the Silent Pool, so that, as you approached the farther end, down you went. It was not a Jacobite method, but Tommy feared that rows of bodies, hanging from the trees still standing in the den, might attract attention.

CHAPTER XXIII

GRIZEL PAYS THREE VISITS



LESS alarming but more irritating was the attempt of the youth of Monypenny and the West town end, to establish a rival firm of Jacobites (without even being sure of the name). They started business (Francie Crabb leader, because he had a kilt) on a flagon of porter and an ounce of twist, which they carried on a stick through the den, saying "Bowf!" like dogs, when they met anyone, and then laughing doubtfully. The twist and porter were seized by Tommy and his followers, and Haggerty-Taggerty, Major, arrived home with his head so firmly secured in the flagon that the solder had to be melted before he saw the world again. Francie was in still worse plight, for during the remainder of the evening he had to hide in shame among the brackens, and Tommy wore a kilt.

One cruel revenge the beaten rivals had. They waylaid Grizel, when she was alone, and thus assailed her, she answering not a word.

"What's a father?"

"She'll soon no hae a mither either!"

"The Painted Lady needs to paint her cheeks nae langer!"

"Na, the red spots comes themsels now."

"Have you heard her hoasting?"

"Ay, it's the hoast o' a dying woman."

"The joiner heard it, and gae her a look, measuring her wi' his eye for the coffin. 'Five and a half by one and a half would haud her snod,' he says to himsel'."

"Ronny-On's auld wife heard it, and says she, 'Dinna think, my leddy, as you'll be buried in consecrated ground.'"

"Na, a'budy kens she'll just be hauled at the end o' a rope to the hole whaur the witches was shooled in."

"Wi' a paling spar through her, to keep her down on the day o' judgment."

Well, well, these children became men and women in time, one of them even a bit of a hero, though he never knew it.

Are you angry with them? If so, put the cheap thing aside, or think only of Grizel, and perhaps God will turn it into love for her.

Great-hearted, solitary child! She walked away from them without flinching, but on reaching the den, where no one could see her—she lay down on the ground, and her cheeks were dry, but little wells of water stood in her eyes.

She would not be the Lady Grizel that night. She went home instead, but there was something she wanted to ask Tommy now, and the next time she saw him she began at once. Grizel always began at once, often in the middle, she saw what she was making for so clearly.

"Do you know what it means when there are red spots in your cheeks, that used not to be there?"

Tommy knew at once to whom she was referring, for he had heard the gossip of the youth of Monypenny, and he hesitated to answer.

"And if, when you cough, you bring up a tiny speck of blood?"

"I would get a bottle frae the doctor," said Tommy, evasively.

"She won't have the doctor," answered Grizel, unguardedly, and then with a look dared Tommy to say that she spoke of her mother.

"Does it mean you are dying?"

"I—I—oh, no, they soon get better."

He said this because he was so sorry for Grizel. There never was a more sympathetic nature than Tommy's. At every time of his life his pity was easily roused for persons in distress, and he

sought to comfort them by shutting their eyes to the truth as long as possible. This sometimes brought relief to them, but it was useless to Grizel, who must face her troubles.

"Why don't you answer truthfully?" she cried, with vehemence. "It is so easy to be truthful!"

"Well, then," said Tommy, reluctantly, "I think they generally die."

Elspeth often carried in her pocket a little Testament, presented to her by the Rev. Mr. Dishart for learning by heart one of the noblest of books, the Shorter Catechism, as Scottish children do or did, not understanding it at the time, but its meaning comes long afterward, and suddenly, when you have most need of it. Sometimes Elspeth read aloud from her Testament to Grizel, who made no comment, but this same evening, when the two were alone, she said, abruptly:

"Have you your Testament?"

"Yes," Elspeth said, producing it.

"Which is the page about saving sinners?"

"It's all about that."

"But the page when you are in a hurry?"

Elspeth read aloud the story of the Crucifixion, and Grizel listened sharply until she heard what Jesus said to the malefactor: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

"And was he?"

"Of course."

"But he had been wicked all his life, and I believe he was only good, just that minute, because they were crucifying him. If they had let him down——"

"No, he repented, you know. That means he had faith, and if you have faith you are saved. It doesna matter how bad you have been. You have just to say 'I believe' before you die, and God lets you in. It's so easy, Grizel," cried Elspeth, with shining eyes.

Grizel pondered. "I don't believe it is so easy as that," she said, decisively.

Nevertheless she asked presently what the Testament cost, and when Elspeth answered "Fourpence," offered her the money.

"I don't want to sell it," Elspeth remonstrated.

"If you don't give it to me, I shall

take it from you," said Grizel, determinedly.

"You can buy one."

"No, the shop people would guess."

"Guess what?"

"I won't tell you."

"I'll lend it to you."

"I won't take it that way." So Elspeth had to part with her Testament, saying, wonderingly, "Can you read?"

"Yes, and write too. Mamma taught me."

"But I thought she was daft," Elspeth blurted out.

"She is only daft now and then," Grizel replied, without her usual spirit. "Generally she is not daft at all, but only timid."

Next morning the Painted Lady's child paid three calls, one in town, two in the country. The adorable thing is that once having made up her mind, she never flinched, not even when her hand was on the knocker.

The first gentleman received her in his lobby. For a moment he did not remember her; then suddenly the color deepened on his face, and he went back and shut the parlor-door.

"Did anybody see you coming here?" he asked, quickly.

"I don't know."

"What does she want?"

"She did not send me, I came myself."

"Well?"

"When you come to our house——"

"I never come to your house."

"That is a lie."

"Speak lower!"

"When you come to our house you tell me to go out and play. But I don't. I go and cry."

No doubt he was listening, but his eyes were on the parlor-door.

"I don't know why I cry, but you know, you wicked man! Why is it?"

"Why is it?" she demanded again, like a queen-child, but he could only fidget with his gold chain and shuffle uneasily in his parnella shoes.

"You are not coming to see my mamma again."

The gentleman gave her an ugly look.

"If you do," she said at once, "I shall come straight here and open that door you are looking at, and tell your wife."

He dared not swear. His hand——

"If you offer me money," said Grizel, "I shall tell her now."

He muttered something to himself.

"Is it true?" she asked, "that mamma is dying?"

This was a genuine shock to him, for he had not been at Double Dykes since winter, and then the Painted Lady was quite well.

"Nonsense!" he said, and his obvious disbelief brought some comfort to the girl. But she asked, "Why are there red spots on her cheeks, then?"

"Paint," he answered.

"No," cried Grizel, rocking her arms, "it is not paint now. I thought it might be and I tried to rub it off while she was sleeping, but it will not come off. And when she coughs there is blood on her handkerchief."

He looked alarmed now, and Grizel's fears came back. "If mamma dies," she said, determinedly, "she must be buried in the cemetery."

"She is not dying, I tell you."

"And you must come to the funeral."

"Are you gyte?"

"With crape on your hat."

His mouth formed an emphatic "No."

"You must," said Grizel, firmly, "you shall! If you don't——" She pointed to the parlor-door.

Her remaining two visits were to a similar effect, and one of the gentlemen came out of the ordeal somewhat less shamefully than the first, the other worse, for he blubbered and wanted to kiss her. It is questionable whether many young ladies have made such a profound impression in a series of morning calls.

The names of these gentlemen are not known, but you shall be told presently where they may be found. Every person in Thrums used to know, and many itched to get at the names, but as yet no one has had the nerve to look for them.

Not at this time did Grizel say a word of these interviews to her friends, though Tommy had to be told of them later, and she never again referred to her mother at the Saturday evenings in the den. But the others began to know a queer thing, nothing less than

this, that in their absence the lair was sometimes visited by a person or persons unknown, who made use of their stock of firewood. It was a startling discovery, but when they discussed it in council, Grizel never contributed a word. The affair remained a mystery until one Saturday evening, when Tommy and Elspeth, reaching the lair first, found in it a delicate white shawl. They both recognized in it the pretty thing the Painted Lady had pinned across her shoulders on the night they saw her steal out of Double Dykes, to meet the man of long ago.

Even while their eyes were saying this, Grizel climbed in without giving the password, and they knew from her quick glance around that she had come for the shawl. She snatched it out of Tommy's hand with a look that prohibited questions.

"It's the pair o' them," Tommy said to Elspeth at the first opportunity, "that sometimes comes here at nights and kindles the fire and warms themselves at the gloze. And the last time they came they forgot the shawl."

"I dinna like to think the Painted Lady has been up here, Tommy."

"But she has. You ken how when she has a daft fit, she wanders the den trysting the man that never comes. Has she no been seen at all hours o' the night, Grizel following a wee bit ahint, like as if to tak tent o' her?"

"They say that, and that Grizel canna get her to go hame till the daft fit has passed."

"Weel, she has that kechering hoast and spit now, and so Grizel brings her up here out o' the blasts."

"But how could she be got to come here, if she winna go hame?"

"Because frae here she can watch for the man."

Elspeth shuddered. "Do you think she's here often, Tommy?" she asked.

"Just when she has a daft fit on, and they say she's wise sax days in seven."

This made the Jacobite meetings eerie events for Elspeth, but Tommy liked them the better; and what were they not to Grizel, who ran to them with passionate fondness every Saturday night? Sometimes she even outdistanced her haunting dreads, for she

knew that her mother did not think herself seriously ill; and had not the three gentlemen made light of that curious cough? So there were nights when the lair saw Grizel go riotous with glee, laughing, dancing, and shouting over-much, like one trying to make up for a lost childhood. But it was also noticed that when the time came to leave the den, she was very loath, and kissed her hands to the places where she had been happiest, saying, wistfully, and with pretty gestures that were foreign to Thrums, "Good-night, dear Cuttle Well! Good-by, sweet, sweet Lair!" as if she knew it could not last. These weekly risings in the den were most real to Tommy, but it was Grizel who loved them best.

CHAPTER XXIV

A ROMANCE OF TWO OLD MAIDS AND A
STOUT BACHELOR



AME Gavinia, a burghess of the besieged city, along the south shore of the Silent Pool. She was but a maid seeking to know what love might be, and as she wandered on, she nibbled dreamily at a hot sweet-smelling bridie, whose gravy oozed deliciously through a bursting paper-bag.

It was a fit night for dark deeds.

"Methinks she cometh to her damn!"

The speaker was a masked man who had followed her—sniffing ecstatically—since she left the city walls.

She seemed to possess a charmed life. He would have had her in Shovel Gorge, but just then Ronny-On's Jean and Peter Scrymgeour turned the corner.

Suddenly Gavinia felt an exquisite thrill: a man was pursuing her. She slipped the paper-bag out of sight, holding it dexterously against her side with her arm, so that the gravy should not spurt out, and ran. Lights flashed, a kingly voice cried "Now!" and immediately a petticoat was flung over her head. (The Lady Griselda looked thin that evening.)

Gavinia was dragged to the lair, and

though many a time they bumped her, she still tenderly nursed the paper-bag with her arm, or fondly thought she did so, for when unmuffled she discovered that it had been removed, as if by painless dentistry. And her captors' tongues were sweeping their chins for stray crumbs.

The wench was offered her choice of Stroke's gallant fellows, but "Wha carries me wears me," said she, promptly, and not only had he to carry her from one end of the den to the other, but he must do it whistling as if barely conscious that she was there. So after many attempts (for she was always willing to let them have their try) Corp of Corp, speaking for Sir Joseph and the others, announced a general retreat.

Instead of taking this prisoner's life, Stroke made her his tool, releasing her on condition that every seventh day she appeared at the lair with information concerning the doings in the town. Also, her name was Agnes of Kingoldrum, and, if she said it was not, the plank. Bought thus, Agnes proved of service, bringing such bags of news that Stroke was often occupied now in drawing diagrams of Thrums and its strongholds, including the residence of Cathro, with dotted lines to show the direction of proposed underground passages.

And presently came by this messenger disquieting rumors indeed. Another letter, being the third in six months, had reached the Dove-cot, addressed, not to Miss Ailie, but to Miss Kitty. Miss Kitty had been dead fully six years, and Archie Piatt, the post, swore that this was the eighteenth, if not the nineteenth, letter he had delivered to her name since that time. They were all in the same hand, a man's, and there had been similar letters while she was alive, but of these he kept no record. Miss Ailie always took these letters with a trembling hand, and then locked herself in her bedroom, leaving the key in such a position in its hole, that you might just as well go straight back to the kitchen. Within a few hours of the arrival of these ghostly letters, tongues were wagging about them, but to the two or three persons who (after passing a sleepless night)

bluntly asked Miss Ailie from whom they came, she only replied by pursing her lips. Nothing could be learned at the post-office save that Miss Ailie never posted any letters there, except to two Misses and a Mrs., all resident in Red-lintie. The mysterious letters came from Australy or Manchester, or some such part.

What could Stroke make of this? He expressed no opinion, but oh, his face was grim. Orders were immediately given to double the sentinels. A barrel was placed in the Queen's Bower. Sawdust was introduced at immense risk into the lair. A paper containing this writing, "248xho317 OXH4591AWS3 14dd5," was passed round and then solemnly burned. Nothing was left to chance.

Agnes of Kingoldrum (Stroke told her) did not know Miss Ailie, but she was commanded to pay special attention to the gossip of the town regarding this new move of the enemy. By next Saturday the plot had thickened. Previous letters might have reddened Miss Ailie's eyes for an hour or two, but they gladdened her as a whole. Now she sat crying all evening with this one on her lap; she gave up her daily walk to the Berlin wool shop, with all its romantic possibilities; at the clatter of the tea-things she would start apprehensively; she had let a red shawl lie for two days in the Blue and White room.

Stroke never blanched. He called his faithful remnant around him, and told them the story of Bell the Cat, with its application in the records of his race. Did they take his meaning? This Miss Ailie must be watched closely. In short, once more in Scottish history, someone must bell the cat. Who would volunteer?

Corp of Corp and Sir Joseph stepped forward as one man.

"Thou couldst not look like Gavinia," the prince said, shaking his head.

"Wha wants him to look like Gavinia?" cried an indignant voice.

"Peace, Agnes!" said Stroke.

"Agnes, why bletherest thou?" said Sir Joseph.

"If onybody's to watch Miss Ailie," insisted the obstinate woman, "surely it should be me?"

"Ha!" Stroke sprang to his feet, for something in her voice, or the outline of her figure, or perhaps it was her profile, had given him an idea. "A torch!" he cried, eagerly, and with its aid he scanned her face until his own shone triumphant.

"He kens a wy, methinks!" exclaimed one of his men.

Sir Joseph was right. It had been among the prince's exploits to make his way into Thrums in disguise, and mix with the people as one of themselves, and on several of these occasions he had seen Miss Ailie's attendant. Agnes's resemblance to her now struck him for the first time. It should be Agnes of Kingoldrum's honorable though dangerous part, to take this Gavinia's place.

But how to obtain possession of Gavinia's person? Agnes made several suggestions, but was told to hold her prating peace. It could only be done in one way. They must kidnap her. Sir Joseph was ordered to be ready to accompany his liege on this perilous enterprise in ten minutes. "And mind," said Stroke, gravely, "we carry our lives in our hands."

"In our hands!" gasped Sir Joseph, greatly puzzled, but he dared ask no more, and when the two set forth (leaving Agnes of Kingoldrum looking very uncomfortable), he was surprised to see that Stroke was carrying nothing. Sir Joseph carried in his hand his red hanky, mysteriously knotted.

"Whaur's yours?" he whispered.

"What meanest thou?"

Sir Joseph replied, "Oh, naething," and thought it best to slip his handkerchief into his trouser-pocket, but the affair bothered him for long afterwards.

When they returned through the den, there still seemed (to the unpiercing eye) to be but two of them; nevertheless, Stroke re-entered the lair to announce to Agnes and the others that he had left Gavinia below in charge of Sir Joseph. She was to walk the plank anon, but first she must be stripped that Agnes might don her garments. Stroke was every inch a prince, so he kept Agnes by his side, and sent down the Lady Griselda and Widow Elspeth to strip the prisoner, Sir Joseph having

orders to stand back fifty paces. (It is a pleasure to have to record this.)

The signal having been given that this delicate task was accomplished, Stroke whistled shrilly, and next moment was heard from far below a thud, as of a body falling in water, then an agonizing shriek, and then again all was still, save for the heavy breathing of Agnes of Kingoldrum.

Sir Joseph (very wet) returned to the lair, and Agnes was commanded to take off her clothes in a retired spot and put on those of the deceased which she would find behind a fallen tree.

"I winna be called the deceased," cried Agnes, hotly, but she had to do as she was bid, and when she emerged from behind the tree she was the very image of the ill-fated Gavinia. Stroke showed her a plan of Miss Ailie's back-door, and also gave her a kitchen key (when he produced this, she felt in her pockets and then snatched it from him), after which she set out for the Dove-cot in a scare about her own identity.

"And now, what doest thou think about it a'?" inquired Sir Joseph eagerly, to which Stroke made answer, looking at him fixedly.

"The wind is in the west!"

Sir Joseph should have kept this a secret, but soon Stroke heard Inverquharity prating of it, and he called his lieutenant before him. Sir Joseph acknowledged humbly that he had been unable to hide it from Inverquharity, but he promised not to tell Muckle Kenny, of whose loyalty there were doubts. Henceforth, when the faithful fellow was Muckle Kenny, he would say doggedly to himself, "Dinna question me, Kenny. I ken nocht about it."

Dark indeed were now the fortunes of the Pretender, but they had one bright spot. Miss Ailie had been taken in completely by the trick played on her, and thus Stroke now got full information of the enemy's doings. Calthro having failed to dislodge the Jacobites, the seat of war had been changed by Victoria to the Dove-cot, whither her despatches were now forwarded. That this last one, of which Agnes of Kingoldrum tried in vain to obtain possession, doubled the price on the Pretender's head, there could be no doubt; but as

Miss Ailie was a notorious Hanoverian, only the hunted prince himself knew why this should make her cry.

He hinted with a snigger something about an affair he had once had with the lady.

The Widow and Sir Joseph accepted this explanation, but it made Lady Griselda rock her arms in irritation.

The reports about Miss Ailie's behavior became more and more alarming. She walked up and down her bedroom now in the middle of the night. Every time the knocker clanked she held herself together with both hands. Agnes had orders not to answer the door until her mistress had keeked through the window.

"She's expecting a veesitor, me-thinks," said Corp. This was his bright day.

"Ay," answered Agnes, "but is't a man-body, or just a woman-body?"

Leaving the rebels in the lair stunned by Victoria's latest move, we now return to Thrums, where Miss Ailie's excited state had indeed been the talk of many. Even the gossips, however, had underestimated her distress of mind, almost as much as they misunderstood its cause. You must listen now (Will you?) to so mild a thing as the long thin romance of two maiden ladies and a stout bachelor, all beginning to be old the day the three of them first drank tea together, and that was ten years ago.

Miss Ailie and Miss Kitty, you may remember, were not natives of Thrums. They had been born and brought up at Redlintie, and on the death of their parents they had remained there, the gauger having left them all his money, which was just sufficient to enable them to live like ladies, if they took tiny Majenta Cottage, and preferred an inexperienced maid. At first their life was very quiet, the walk from eleven to one for the good of fragile Miss Kitty's health, its outstanding feature. When they strolled together on the cliffs, Miss Ailie's short thick figure, straight as an elvint, cut the wind in two, but Miss Kitty was swayed this way and that, and when she shook her curls at the wind, it blew them roguishly in her face, and had another shot at them, as soon as they were put to rights. If the two walked by the

shore (where the younger sometimes bathed her feet, the elder keeping a sharp eye on land and water), the sea behaved like the wind, dodging Miss Ailie's ankles and snapping playfully at Miss Kitty's. Thus even the elements could distinguish between the sisters, who nevertheless had so much in common that at times Miss Ailie would look into her mirror and sigh to think that some day Miss Kitty might be like this. How Miss Ailie adored Miss Kitty! She trembled with pleasure if you said Miss Kitty was pretty, and she dreamed dreams in which she herself only walked as bridesmaid. And just as Miss Ailie could be romantic, Miss Kitty, the romantic, could be prim, and the primness was her own as much as the curls, but Miss Ailie usually carried it for her, like a cloak in case of rain.

Not often have two sweeter women grown together on one stem. What were the men of Redlintie about? The sisters never asked each other this question, but there were times when, apparently without cause, Miss Ailie hugged Miss Kitty vehemently, as if challenging the world, and perhaps Miss Kitty understood.

Thus a year or more passed uneventfully, until the one romance of their lives befell them. It began with the reappearance in Redlintie of Magerful Tam, who had come to torment his father into giving him more money, but finding he had come too late, did not harass the sisters. This is perhaps the best thing that can be told of him, and, as if he knew this, he had often told it himself to Jean Myles, without however telling her what followed. For something to his advantage did follow, and it was greatly to the credit of Miss Ailie and Miss Kitty, though they went about it as timidly as if they were participating in a crime. Ever since they learned of the sin which had brought this man into the world their lives had been saddened, for on the same day they realized what a secret sorrow had long lain at their mother's heart. Alison Sibbald was a very simple gracious lady, who never recovered from the shock of discovering that she had married a libertine; yet she had pressed her husband to do something for his son, and

been greatly pained when he refused with a coarse laugh. The daughters were very like her in nature, and though the knowledge of what she had suffered increased many fold their love for her, so that in her last days their passionate devotion to her was the talk of Redlintie, it did not blind them to what seemed to them to be their duty to the man. As their father's son, they held, he had a right to a third of the gauger's money, and to withhold it from him, now that they knew his whereabouts, would have been a form of theft. But how to give T. his third? They called him T. from delicacy, and they had never spoken to him. When he passed them in the streets, they turned pale, and, thinking of their mother, looked another way. But they knew he winked.

At last looking red in one street, and white in another, but resolute in all, they took their business to the office of Mr. John McLean, the writer, who had once escorted Miss Kitty home from a party without anything coming of it, so that it was quite an American novel in several volumes. Now Mr. John happened to be away at the fishing, and a reckless maid showed them into the presence of a strange man, who was no other than his brother Ivie, home for a year's holiday from India, and naturally this extraordinary occurrence so agitated them that Miss Ailie had told half her story before she realized that Miss Kitty was titting at her dress. Then indeed she sought to withdraw, but Ivie, with the alarming yet not unpleasing audacity of his sex, said he had heard enough to convince him that in this matter he was qualified to take his brother's place. But he was not, for he announced, "My advice to you is, not to give T. a half-penny," which showed that he did not even understand what they had come about.

They begged permission to talk to each other behind the door, and presently returned, troubled but brave. Miss Kitty whispered "Courage!" and this helped Miss Ailie to the deed.

"We have quite made up our minds to let T. have the money," she said, "but—but the difficulty is the taking it to him. Must we take it in person?"

"Why not?" asked Ivie, bewildered.

"It would be such a painful meeting to us," said Miss Ailie.

"And to him," added simple Miss Kitty.

"You see we have thought it best not to—not to know him," said Miss Ailie, faintly.

"Mother——" faltered Miss Kitty, and at the word the eyes of both ladies began to fill.

Then, of course, Mr. McLean discovered the object of their visit, and promised that his brother should take this delicate task off their hands, and as he bowed them out he said, "Ladies, I think you are doing a very foolish thing, and I shall respect you for it all my life." At least Miss Kitty insisted that respect was the word, Miss Ailie thought he said esteem.

That was how it began, and it progressed for nearly a year at a rate that will take away your breath. On the very next day he met Miss Kitty in High Street, a most awkward encounter for her ("for, you know, Ailie, we were never introduced, so how could I decide all in a moment what to do?"), and he raised his hat (the Misses Croall were at their window and saw the whole thing). But we must galop, like the friendship. He bowed the first two times, the third time he shook hands (by a sort of providence Miss Kitty had put on her new mittens), the fourth, fifth, and sixth times he conversed, the seventh time he—they replied that they really could not trouble him so much, but he said he was going that way at any rate; the eighth time, ninth time, and tenth time the figures of two ladies and a gentleman might have been observed, etc., and either the eleventh or twelfth time ("Fancy our not being sure, Ailie"—"It has all come so quickly, Kitty") he took his first dish of tea at Magenta Cottage.

There were many more walks after this, often along the cliffs to a little fishing village, over which the greatest of magicians once stretched his wand, so that it became famous for ever, as all the world saw except himself; and tea at the cottage followed, when Ivie asked Miss Kitty to sing "Auld Robin Gray," and Miss Ailie sat by the window, taking in her merino, that it might fit Miss Kitty, cutting her sable muff (once Ali-

son Sibbald's) into wristbands for Miss Kitty's astrakhan ; they did not go quite all the way round, but men are blind.

Ivie was not altogether blind. The sisters, it is to be feared, called him the dashing McLean, but he was at this time nearly forty years old, an age when bachelors like to take a long rest from thinking of matrimony, before beginning again. Fifteen years earlier he had been in love, but the girl had not cared to wait for him, and, though in India he had often pictured himself returning to Red-lintie to gaze wistfully at her old home, when he did come back he never went, because the house was a little out of the way. But unknown to him two ladies went, to whom he had told this as a rather dreary joke. They were ladies he esteemed very much, though having a sense of humor he sometimes chuckled on his way home from Magenta Cottage, and he thought out many ways of adding little pleasures to their lives. It was like him to ask Miss Kitty to sing and play, though he disliked music. He understood that it is a hard world for single women, and knew himself for a very ordinary sort of man. If it ever crossed his head that Miss Kitty would be willing to marry him, he felt genuinely sorry at the same time that she had not done better long ago. He never flattered himself that he could be accepted now, save for the good home he could provide (he was not the man to blame women for being influenced by that), for like most of his sex he was unaware that a woman is never too old to love or to be loved ; if they do know it, the mean ones among them make a jest of it, at which (God knows why) their wives laugh. Mr. McLean had been acquainted with the sisters for months before he was sure even that Miss Kitty was his favorite. He found that out one evening when sitting with an old friend, whose wife and children were in the room, gathered round a lamp and playing at some child's game. Suddenly Ivie McLean envied his friend, and at the same moment he thought tenderly of Miss Kitty. But the feeling passed. He experienced it next and as suddenly when arriving at Calcutta, where some women were waiting to greet their husbands.

Before he went away the two gentlewomen knew that he was not to speak. They did not tell each other what was in their minds. Miss Kitty was so bright during those last days, that she must have deceived anyone who did not love her, and Miss Ailie held her mouth very tight, and if possible was straighter than ever, but oh, how gentle she was with Miss Kitty ! Ivie's last two weeks in the old country were spent in London, and during that time Miss Kitty liked to go away by herself, and sit on a rock and gaze at the sea. Once Miss Ailie followed her and would have called him a——

"Don't, Ailie !" said Miss Kitty, imploringly. But that night, when Miss Kitty was brushing her hair, she said, courageously, "Ailie, I don't think I should wear curls any longer. You know I—I shall be thirty-seven in August." And after the elder sister had become calm again, Miss Kitty said, timidly, "You don't think I have been unladylike, do you, Ailie ?"

Such a trifle now remains to tell. Miss Kitty was the better business woman of the two, and kept the accounts, and understood, as Miss Ailie could not understand, how their little income was invested, and even knew what consols were, though never quite certain whether it was their fall or rise that is matter for congratulation. And after the ship had sailed, she told Miss Ailie that nearly all their money was lost, and that she had known it for a month.

"And you kept it from me ! Why ?"

"I thought, Ailie, that you, knowing I am not strong—that you—would perhaps tell him."

"And I should !" cried Miss Ailie.

"And then," said Miss Kitty, "perhaps he, out of pity, you know !"

"Well, even if he had !" said Miss Ailie.

"I could not, oh, I could not," replied Miss Kitty, flushing ; "it—it would not have been ladylike, Ailie."

Thus forced to support themselves, the sisters decided to keep school genteelly, and hearing that there was an opening in Thrums, they settled there, and Miss Kitty brushed her hair out now, and with a twist and a twirl ran it

up her fingers into a net, whence by noon some of it had escaped through the little windows and was curls again. She and Miss Ailie were happy in Thrums, for time took the pain out of the affair of Mr. McLean, until it became not merely a romantic memory, but, with the letters he wrote to Miss Kitty and her answers, the great quiet pleasure of their lives. They were only friendly letters, but Miss Kitty wrote hers out in pencil first and read them to Miss Ailie, who had been taking notes for them.

In the last weeks of Miss Kitty's life Miss Ailie conceived a passionate unspoken hatred of Mr. McLean, and her intention was to write and tell him that he had killed her darling. But owing to the illness into which she was flung by Miss Kitty's death, that unjust letter was never written.

But why did Mr. McLean continue to write to Miss Kitty?

Well, have pity or be merciless as you choose. For several years Mr. McLean's letters had been the one thing the sisters looked forward to, and now, when Miss Ailie was without Miss Kitty, must she lose them also? She never doubted, though she may have been wrong, that if Ivie knew of Miss Kitty's death, one letter would come in answer, and that the last. She could not tell him. In the meantime he wrote twice asking the reason of this long silence, and at last Miss Ailie, whose handwriting was very like her sister's, wrote him a letter

which was posted at Tilliedrum and signed "Katherine Cray." The thing seems monstrous, but this gentle lady did it, and it was never so difficult to do again. Latterly, it had been easy.

This last letter of Mr. McLean's announced to Miss Kitty that he was about to start for home "for good," and he spoke in it of coming to Thrums to see the sisters, as soon as he reached Redlintie. Poor Miss Ailie! After sleepless nights she trudged to the Tilliedrum post-office with a full confession of her crime, which would be her welcome home to him when he arrived at his brother's house. Many of the words were written on damp blobs. After that she could do nothing but wait for the storm, and waiting she became so meek, that Gavinia, who loved her because she was "that simple," said, sorrowfully:

"How is 't you never rage at me now, ma'am? I'm sure it keepit you light-some, and I likit to hear the bum o't."

"And instead o' the raging I was priggish for," the soft-hearted maid told her friends, "she gae me a flannel petticoat!" Indeed, Miss Ailie had taken to giving away her possessions at this time, like a woman who thought she was on her death-bed. There was something for each of her pupils, including—but the important thing is that there was a gift for Tommy, which had the effect of planting the Hanoverian Woman (to whom he must have given many uneasy moments) more securely on the British Throne.

(To be continued.)



THE EVOLUTION OF THE TROTTING-HORSE

SECOND PAPER

By Hamilton Busbey



DRIOR to 1870 track government was so weak that drivers did pretty much as they pleased, and very little confidence was felt in the integrity of meetings. Agitation in the summer and fall of 1869 brought breeders and track-owners together, and in February of 1870 the National Trotting Association was formed. It is a voluntary organization working under a charter, with courts of appeal, and it has established order in the place of chaos. A man or horse expelled from one track is expelled from all in membership; and the number of tracks in membership is close on to six hundred. The authority extends from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean, and the principal office is in Hartford, Conn.

Nine years ago the American Trotting Association was formed, with headquarters in Chicago, and it works with the National Trotting Association to detect and punish fraud. Some of the ablest men in the country sit on the boards of appeals, and the decisions command respect and are accepted as final. The machinery is the best ever devised for the government of race-tracks.

The horse-show influence is growing, and it has turned the thoughts of breeders to beauty and style in harness as well as speed. The country affords no more brilliant spectacle than Madison Square Garden during the week of the National Horse Show, which is held in November. This show has become an important social function, and the horse acts as if he was not insensible to his elegant surroundings. He seems to carry himself more proudly in the show ring, the observed of thousands of well-dressed observers, than in a dull country lane.

STONY FORD FARM

CHARLES BACKMAN, who, as a boy came in contact with Leland Stanford at Albany, acquired a fondness for the descendants of Harris's Hambletonian when driving through Vermont on business. They were excellent roadsters—prompt, cheerful, and enduring. As there were no railroads in that section in those days, a hardy and reliable roadster was keenly appreciated. Harris's Hambletonian was a gray horse by Bishop's Hambletonian, thoroughbred son of Messenger, dam a fine gray mare, showing all the marks of high breeding. Gray Rose, a gray mare 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ hands, by the Harris horse, was an ideal roadster, and Mr. Backman was never beaten with her. When he went to Orange County, N. Y., in 1862, and laid the foundations of Stony Ford, he took Gray Rose with him, and placed her in the stud. He also had Rosa Lee, another daughter of the Harris horse. Both were bred to Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and one produced Cuyler, a speed-producing sire, and the other Silver Heel, a very fast horse that went wrong and was retired before a record was placed on him.

George Wilkes and Dexter were attracting much attention in the early sixties, and as each was from the loins of the Rysdyk horse, Mr. Backman decided that that was the stallion for him to breed to. Mr. Rysdyk rapidly advanced the fee, but Mr. Backman did not hesitate to pay the price and get what he wanted. He bought up all the good mares by Seely's Star that he could find, because Clara, dam of Dexter, was a daughter of Star, and after the death of Hambletonian he was able to say, with a pardonable feeling of pride, that he held more of the potent Hambletonian-Star blood combination than all the other breeding establish-

ments in the country. The knowledge of this fact sent buyers to Stony Ford from every point of the compass, and fabulous prices were paid for the cream of the establishment. The foundation-blood of highly successful breeding-farms in Kentucky, California, and elsewhere was supplied by Stony Ford.

Men of the greatest prominence, such as U. S. Grant, August Belmont, Jay Gould, Leland Stanford, Robert Bonner, B. F. Tracy, William C. Whitney, and Sheppard F. Knapp, were in the habit of going to Stony Ford for two or three days at a time, and devoting sunlight to an examination of the horses and lamplight to the discussion of breeding topics. After dinner the party would adjourn to the smoking-room upstairs, light cigars, recline in easy-chairs, and give no heed to passing hours. Frequently the clock would strike two or three before the discussion would end. This smoking-room shows the stains of time, and if its walls could speak, stories of entrancing interest would be told. It was in this famous room that ex-President Grant smoked his last cigar.

There are seven hundred acres in Stony Ford, and the rolling pastures, the rich grass, the pure air, the river with its never-ending supply of water, and the well-appointed stables in town-like cluster make it a model-breeding farm. Its influence upon the evolution of the trotting-horse has been very great. The visitor seldom hears a harsh word spoken in the boxes or paddocks. The stallions are as quiet under inspection as the geldings. It is all the result of kind but firm treatment. John Hogan, the superintendent, who can give you more practical information about the habits of horses than can be found in thousands of printed pages, advises owners not to make pets of their colts. The spirit becomes wayward when it is humored too much, and it is rendered sour by harsh treatment. The keynote to successful management is firmness accompanied by gentle speech and discreet kindness.

Mr. Backman, when a boy, paid \$14 for a crippled colt, all the money he had. It was the first horse he ever owned and

he was very proud of it. He took good care of it and sold it as a yearling for \$150, which was regarded as a good price. This early experience created in him a desire to become one of the great breeders of America.

One of the pleasant customs at Stony Ford during the summer is to sit in arm-chairs in the shade of trees at the edge of the track and hold watches on the young horses taking speed lessons. Mr. Backman breaks his colts to harness, but as a rule does not attempt to prepare them for public races. He believes in a dash of Harry Clay blood, because the dams of such fast trotters as Harrietta (2.09 $\frac{3}{4}$), St. Julien (2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$), and Bellini (2.13 $\frac{1}{4}$) were daughters of this horse.

Harry Clay trotted to a record of 2.29, and was by Neave's Cassius M. Clay, Jr., dam a mare by the Bellfounder that sired the dam of Hambletonian. He was intensely gaited, and his blood, when blended with higher strains, contributed to ease of motion. It seemed to act like oil upon machinery.

Green Mountain Maid, known as the great mother of trotters, was by Harry Clay out of Shanghai Mary, a blood-like mare of nervous organization, picked up in Ohio, and whose blood lines, although obscured by doubt, are believed to run directly to Iron's Cadmus, son of Cadmus, son of American Eclipse, the famous horse that was got by a son of Diomed out of a daughter of Messenger.

Green Mountain Maid was a self-willed mare, and she enjoyed nearly all her life the generous pastures of Stony Ford, untouched by whip and unchafed by harness. When four years old she was bred to Middletown, a son of Hambletonian, and the result was a bay filly, born in the spring of 1867, out in the fields, in a heavy storm of rain. It is a wonder that the filly survived the shock of her rude entrance into the world, but she did, and was named Storm, and grew into a mare of great vitality.* She was used on the

* These storm-born colts seem to be charged with a fire which lifts them above the commonplace. Hopeful, the gray gelding that once looked like a record-breaker, was roughly ushered into the world. The dam kicked the boards from the rude pen in which she was confined, and the rain beat down upon her young hopeful. The colt survived his introduction to mother-earth, and I re-



Colonel Lawrence Kip and his Blue-ribbon Team.

road, then as a brood mare, and at the age of seventeen was trained and driven to a record of $2.26\frac{3}{4}$.

Green Mountain Maid was sent to Chester and bred to Hambletonian, doubling the blood of Bellfounder and reinforcing, probably, that of Messenger, and the outcome was Electioneer, a bay horse foaled in 1868, and who, under the direction of Governor Leland Stanford, at Palo Alto, became the greatest sire of trotters that ever lived. The other foals of Green Mountain Maid were by Messenger Duroc, son of Hambletonian and Satinet, a mare tracing directly through first, second, third, and fourth dams to Messenger or Diomed. All that were trained acquired records, and all that were tried in the stud produced trotters. The last born was Lancelot.

I called at Stony Ford on a warm day in June, 1887, and found Mr. Backman seated on a camp-stool in a big box-stall, and on the bright clean straw was a tiny bit of horseflesh stretched

in pain. Green Mountain Maid, then twenty-five years old, stood in a corner and looked yearningly at the sufferer, which proved to be her last foal. It was a toss-up whether the youngster would live or die; but Mr. Backman sat patiently there brushing the flies away with a palm-leaf fan and seeing that the proper medicines were promptly administered. The crisis had passed in three hours, and Lancelot grew into one of the friskiest of all the colts of Green Mountain Maid.

A year later I went to Stony Ford with Mr. William Russell Allen and found Lancelot the sole occupant of a paddock. He was a very shapely yearling, and when he swept around the inclosure in an impressive trot, Mr. Allen asked the price, and when Mr. Backman quietly said \$12,500, Mr. Allen as quietly replied, "I will take him." It was the largest price ever paid up to that time for a yearling. The June-day vigil over a prostrate little form was richly rewarded.

As a two-year-old Lancelot was bred to a two-year-old, Rusina, sister of Nutwood, and the result was a chestnut colt called Unkamet, who trotted as a two-year-old to a record of $2.27\frac{3}{4}$, and as a three-year-old to a record of $2.22\frac{1}{4}$.

call the uproar made over him at St. Paul and Minneapolis, when these two cities were rival camps, each holding a big fair the same week, with Hon. James G. Blaine as an attraction at one and President R. B. Hayes at the other. Hopeful was a New England bred horse, and his best record was 2.14. Edwin Forrest, the Missouri bred gelding of commanding form, was born in a field on a very stormy night, and his breeder left a warm and dry bed to attend to his wants.

As a five-year-old Lancelot outranked all stallions of his age, trotting to a record of 2.23, and contributing two to the 2.30 list. As a seven-year-old he had five in the 2.30 list, which placed him at the head of all stallions of that age. His sire was twenty-one and his dam twenty-four when they were mated.

The moral is plain: Do not dismiss a mare worn with years as worthless, and do not despair of a colt in which life flickers feebly just after being born.

Green Mountain Maid had sixteen colts and died in 1888. On a hill at Stony Ford, overlooking the Wallkill Valley, and matching in grandeur the bold front of the Shawangunk range in the distance, she was buried, and the spot is marked by a tall shaft of red granite with this inscription at the base:

IN REMEMBRANCE
OF
GREEN MOUNTAIN MAID,
The Great Mother of Trotters and Producers
of Trotters.
BORN, 1862; DIED, 1888,
AT
STONY FORD,
The Birthplace of all her Children.

DAM OF
(1867) ELECTIONEER.

Prospero, 2.20	Elaine, 2.20
Dame Trot 2.22	Mansfield, 2.26
Storm, 2.26 $\frac{3}{4}$	Antonio, 2.28 $\frac{3}{4}$
Miranda, 2.31	Elista, 2.20 $\frac{3}{4}$
Elite, —	Elise, —
Elina, 2.28	Paul, —

(1887) LANCELOT, 2.23.

Also Grandam of Norlaine, one-year-old
record, 2.31 $\frac{1}{2}$.

This stone was erected, A.D. 1889,

By CHARLES BACKMAN,

on the spot dedicated to her worth and
honored by her dust.

LELAND STANFORD'S GREAT FARM AT PALO
ALTO

LELAND STANFORD—who was born in Albany County, N. Y., in March, 1824, went to California, accumulated a fortune and became Governor of the State

and United States Senator—paid a visit to Stony Ford in 1876, and purchased from Mr. Backman a number of horses, among them Electioneer and Elaine. At Palo Alto Farm, an estate of eleven thousand acres, in Santa Clara Valley, Cal., Electioneer, the only produce of Green Mountain Maid by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, obtained great renown as a sire. He was a natural trotter, and Charles Marvin states that he drove him a quarter in thirty-five seconds—a 2.20 gait. He was never trained for races, but was wonderful in the control of action, and at one time his descendants held nearly all of the records. In the spring of 1879 Governor Stanford built a miniature track, an oval of three hundred and thirteen feet with turns well thrown up, and on it he turned colts loose and urged them to rush up and down the stretches. The track education of colts began as soon as they were weaned. The antiquated custom was to allow colts to run in pastures until they were three and four years old and grow up in neglect like the weeds of a garden. The precedent for this was American Eclipse, who was not broken to ride until he was three years old, and who did not begin his famous racing career until he was five years old.

Governor Stanford contended that American Eclipse was not the equal of such horses as Lexington, Ten Broeck, and Longfellow, and stuck to early development. In one of his letters to me he said:

"My own idea, and I think it is justified by experience, is to commence working the colt early, developing his strength with his growth. If the exercise is judicious the colt takes no harm from it. I do not remember a single instance where an animal of mine was injured by early work. When a breakdown has occurred it has invariably been after a let-up. Let-ups are very dangerous to young fast animals, as their bodies grow during the let-up with corresponding development of strength, and they are very liable to get too much work when their exercise is renewed. My aim is to give the greatest possible amount of exercise without fatigue, and never to allow it to reach the period of



B. F. Tracy. Charles Backman. Robert Bonner. W. C. Whitney. General Grant.

A TYPICAL EVENING IN THE SMOKING-ROOM AT STONY FORD.

Drawn by W. R. Leigh from nature and from photographs.

exhaustion. This is secured by short-distance exercise. It is the supreme effort that develops. If colts are never overworked they are always willing to try in their exercise, having no apprehension that they will be forced beyond their comfort."

The first yearling to trot a mile in 2.36½ was Hinda Rose, a brown filly by Electioneer dam Beautiful Bells, the most celebrated mare in the Palo Alto stud. That was at San Francisco, November 14, 1881, and people who heard of it held their breath in astonishment. Hinda Rose trained on and trotted to the three-year-old record, 2.19½, at Lexington, Ky., in October, 1883.

In November, 1887, at San Francisco, Norlaine, a brown filly one year old, by Norval (son of Electioneer), dam Elaine, daughter of Green Mountain Maid, reduced the yearling record to 2.31½. In October, 1891, Bell Bird, daughter of Electioneer and Beautiful Bells, carried the yearling record down to 2.26¼, and September 27, 1894, Adbell, brown colt, by Advertiser (son of Electioneer) dam Beautiful Bells, placed the yearling record where it now stands, at 2.23.

All of these performers were bred at Palo Alto, and all carried the blood of Green Mountain Maid, thus justifying the purchase of Electioneer and Governor Stanford's theories of early training.

The last time I saw Beautiful Bells she stood in a pasture where the eucalyptus-tree towered above her and the sun, which was sinking into the Pacific Ocean, shot glancing rays upon her black form. She was then a substantially built mare of 15.2 hands, with fine length and balance. Horses shrink in stature when the years rest heavily upon them, because the limbs become more or less bent and they do not stand so erect. The famous producing mare was born at Sunny Slope in 1872, and she was got by The Moor out of a great producing mare, Minnehaha. As a six-year-old she trotted to a record of 2.29½, and then was put to breeding.

The two-year-old record was placed at 2.25¼ by Fred Crocker in 1880; at 2.21 by Wildflower in 1881; at 2.18 by Sunol in 1888, and at 2.10¾ in November, 1891, by Arion. These four are from the loins

of Electioneer. Arion trotted to high-wheel sulky, and soon after the performance was sold to Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, for \$125,000.

AXTELL AND SUNOL

In the autumn of 1889 there was a duel against time by the two three-year-olds, Axtell, son of William L., son of George Wilkes, and Sunol, daughter of Electioneer. Axtell trotted at Terre Haute, Ind., in 2.12, and critical students were so thoroughly satisfied that this would stand for all time as the three-year-old record that the horse was sold to a syndicate, of which the experienced reinsman, Budd Doble, was one, for \$105,000. A month later Sunol started at San Francisco, and cut the record to 2.10½. This was rather bitter medicine for the Axtell syndicate, but they swallowed it with a fine show of grace.

Mr. Bonner purchased Sunol immediately after she had been crowned queen of three-year-olds for \$41,000, and much surprise was expressed at her being sold. Governor Stanford explained that he wanted Mr. Bonner to have the best of his breeding establishment, and that he would rather take \$41,000 from him than \$100,000 from any other man. One of the conditions was that Sunol should be controlled for six months by the governor. The young mare was brought East in 1890 with the intention of trotting her against Axtell or any other four-year-old. Axtell went lame and was unable to start, and Charles Marvin trotted a number of exhibition miles with the flying daughter of Electioneer. She drew immense crowds and equalled, but did not beat, 2.10½.

She was returned to California in the fall, spent the winter there, and Tuesday, October 20, 1891, reduced her record on the kite track at Stockton to 2.08¼. The performance was to high-wheel sulky, but Mr. Bonner never regarded it as equal to the 2.08¾ of Maud S. at Cleveland. The mare was delivered to him at his stable in West Fifty-sixth Street, New York, in December, 1891, and she then measured

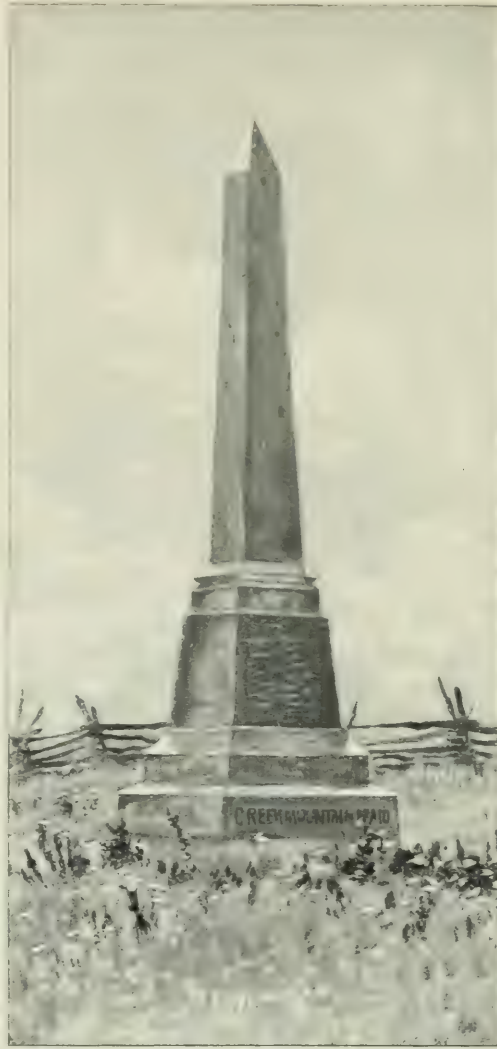


THE COLTS' YARD AT STONY FORD.
Painted from nature by W. R. Leigh.

under the standard 16 hands $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch forward and 16 hands $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches behind. The first time she was driven in Central Park was in double harness with a gentle horse.

Soon after this Senator Stanford said to a friend in Washington: "Sunol, if she should be raced, would be the despair of horsemen. Every curve and line she possesses is for speed. See her sloping shoulders, her long pastern joints that speak of easy, true action without waste of power. See how high she is behind. From the point of her hip to her toe you can draw a straight line when she leaves the ground. Her propelling power is magnificent."

Mr. C. W. Williams, who bred and devel-



Tomb of Green Mountain Maid at Stony Ford
Painted from nature by W. R. Leigh.

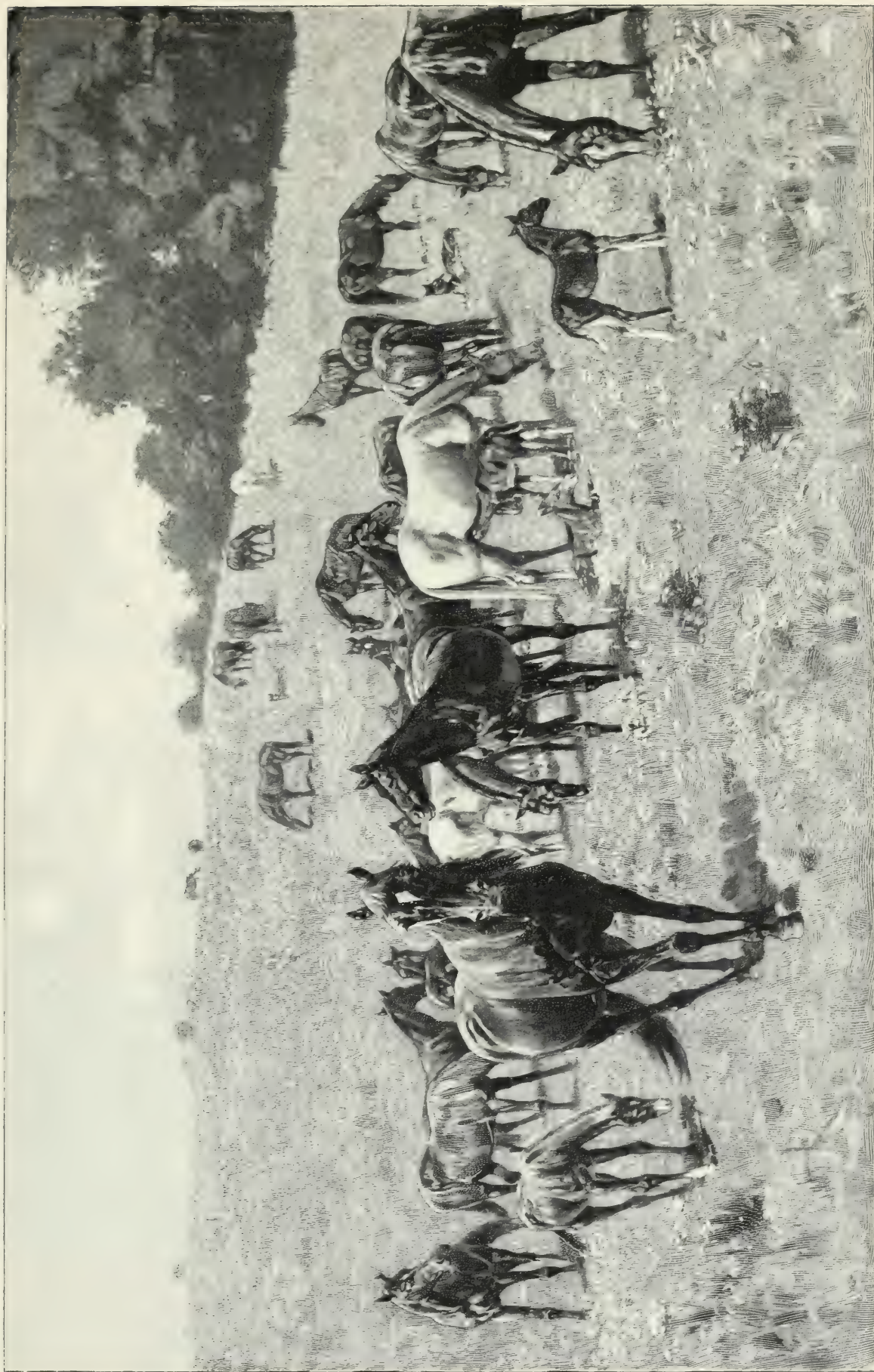


Green Mountain Maid (by Harry Clay, dam Snargna Mary) and her last foal Lancelot (record, as five-year-old, 2.23).

From a photograph taken at Stony Ford in August, 1887, when she was twenty-five years old.

oped Axtell, wrote to Mr. Bonner, offering him \$10,000 for the use of Sunol for one season to breed to Allerton, but the offer was declined with thanks. The mare, now ten years old, is going sound on Mr. Bonner's farm track, and she may yet hold the bicycle record as she does the high-wheel record.

Dame Winnie, a chestnut mare of 15.2, born 1871, by Planet dam Liz Mardis by imported Glencoe, is the best example yet furnished of a strictly thoroughbred mare showing great speed at the trot. She was transferred from the shaded pastures of Woodburn, in Kentucky, across plains and mountains to California, and looking upon the live-oaks of Palo Alto Farm, was bred to Electioneer, who had been reared among the picturesque scenes of Stony Ford, in eastern New York, and a great trotter, Palo Alto, who obtained a record of 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$ to high-wheel sulky, was the out-come. As a four-year-old Palo Alto trotted through the Grand Circuit, taking a record of 2.20 $\frac{1}{4}$, and exciting the admiration of all who prize bull-dog tenacity in a contestant. Hard campaigns eventually told upon his legs, and he frequently appeared for a race acting like a hopeless cripple, but



MARES AND COLTS IN THE FIELD AT STONY FORD.

Painted from nature by W. R. Leigh.



The Stables at Palo Alto, with Dame Winnie, Sprite, and Waxana in foreground.

Drawn from photographs by J. I. France.

when thoroughly aroused he forgot his infirmity and fought like a demon to get the lead and keep it. A horse of sluggish breeding would never have displayed such determination. The stuff of which heroes are made was in him, and it came from his thoroughbred ancestors.

After Palo Alto had trotted, when nine years old, in $2.08\frac{3}{4}$, which is still the high-wheel record for stallions, I asked Governor Stanford if he would sell him to a friend of mine for \$100,000, and he said no—that he was one of the horses which he held above price. Palo Alto died July 21, 1892, at the early age of ten, and the way in which his sons and daughters are trotting is evidence that he would have been one of our greatest sires had he lived to be twenty years old. Dame Winnie died in December,

1892, and five of her children are in the 2.30 list, with others to hear from.

Whips is another illustration of the action-controlling blood of Electioneer. His dam was Lizzie Whips, a well-known race mare by Enquirer, son of imported Leamington, and with very little training he trotted to a record of $2.27\frac{1}{2}$. His opportunities in the stud were limited, and yet he already has given us such trotters as Cobwebs (2.12) and Azote ($2.04\frac{3}{4}$).

Ansel, Mr. Bonner's premier stallion, is by Electioneer dam, Annette, thoroughbred daughter of Lexington,



General View of Senator Leland Stanford's Farm at Palo Alto.

Drawn from a photograph by J. I. France.

and he has a record of 2.20 and is a sire of a great deal of speed at the trot. Alma Mater, dam of eight in 2.30, in-

cluding the two great sires, Alcantara and Aleyone, is by Mambrino Patchen dam Estella, thoroughbred daughter of imported Australian, and Fanny G., her grandam, was the grandam of Dame Winnie.

ROBERT BONNER'S FARM AT TARRYTOWN

MR. BONNER'S farm is on a plateau overlooking the Hudson at Tarrytown, and here he spends much of his time. He has made a life-long study of shoeing, and, through his knowledge of foot-balancing, has been able to increase the speed of horses purchased by him and to make the lame go sound. Apparently he is never so happy as when in the blacksmith-shop superintending the shoeing of a crippled horse. He is an expert reinsman, and it is refreshing to see him on a summer's day in a skeleton bicycle wagon sending a trotter at full speed around his track. The graves of such famous horses as Pocahontas, Rarus, Nutbourne, Edward Everett, Startle, Peerless, and Grafton are within sight of the track, and conspicuous among the broodmares in the pasture are Maud S. and her full sister, Russella. Edwin Forrest, who at one time challenged the attention of the country, threatening the track supremacy of St. Julien and even Maud S., is now a common laborer on the farm. He has trotted a mile to high-wheel sulky in $2.11\frac{3}{4}$, but in July, 1895, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, I saw him pa-

tiently toiling in front of a mowing-machine. It is better for some horses, as it is for some men, to wear out than rust out.

THE RIVALRY BETWEEN KREMLIN AND STAMBOUL

IN the autumn of 1892 the whole country was interested in the struggle between Kremlin and Stamboul for the stallion record. Kremlin, who is a son of Lord Russell, the brother of Maud S., won the Transylvania Stakes at Lexington, beating in gallant style one of the greatest fields of horses that ever faced a starting judge, and then was taken to Nashville, where he trotted in $2.08\frac{1}{4}$. This beat the $2.08\frac{1}{2}$ Stamboul made in California, and a few days later the telegraph reported that Stamboul had reduced his mark to 2.08. Kremlin started again November 12th, and his time was $2.07\frac{3}{4}$, and the answer from California was that Stamboul had gone



ELECTIONEER (the only colt of Green Mountain Maid by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Sire of Sunol, $2.08\frac{3}{4}$; Palo Alto, $2.08\frac{3}{4}$; Arion, $2.07\frac{3}{4}$, and 149 others in the 2.30 list.)

By permission of Hill & Ward.

in 2.07½. A sharp controversy was raised over the latter performance, and soon after this Stamboul was sold to Mr. E. H. Harriman, of New York, who still owns him, for \$41,000. Kremlin is in the stud at that great breeding establishment, Allen Farm, in the Berkshire Hills.

ALIX AND OTHER RECORD - BREAK- ERS

In September, 1893, Alix, a bay mare born at Muscatine, Ia., in the spring of 1888, and by Patronage dam Atlanta by Attorney, won a race of nine heats at Chicago, and made a record of 2.07¾. This she improved in 1894, trotting at Galesburg, Ill., September 19th, in 2.03¾, the top record.

Directum, a black horse by Director (son of Dictator, brother of Dexter) dam a mare called Stemwinder, was the sensational stallion of 1893. He beat all the best horses on the track, and trotted at Cumberland Park,



SUNOL (two years old, 2.18; three years old, 2.10¾; five years old, 2.08¾, to high-wheel sulky on a kite-shaped track).

From a photograph made at Mr. Bonner's farm in August, 1895, at the age of nine years.



ARION (2.07¾; trotted in 2.10¾ at the age of two, and sold for \$125,000).

From a photograph made at the age of six, in 1895.



AZOTE (2.04¾).

From a photograph made at Fleetwood Park, August 30, 1895.

Nashville, October 18th, to a record of 2.05¼ in the third heat of a race.

Fantasy, a big bay mare by Chimes (son of Electioneer and Beautiful Bells) dam Homora by Almanach, was the star three-year-old of 1893. At Nashville, October 17th, she trotted in a race to a record of 2.08¾, and in 1894, as a four-year-old, she took a record of 2.06. She was bred at Village Farm by Mr. C. J. Hamlin.

NANCY HANKS

I WAS in Boston, and on my way to Readville with Mr. C. J. Hamlin, when the news was received that Nancy Hanks had trotted in 2.04. It was a lovely morning, and we found Mr. Forbes on the lawn, his eyes shaded by a yachting-cap. On being asked if he had received a telegram from Terre Haute, and replying that he had not, he was requested to guess how fast Nancy Hanks had trotted the regulation track. He simply shrugged his shoulders and looked at us with questioning eyes.

"She beat the record," I said slowly—"trotted in 2.04."

He did not enthuse—merely smiled and said: "That is better than I expected." We looked at him in amazement, because millions of people had read the news with a flush of excitement. Mr. Hamlin finally remarked: "The report does not seem to warm you up."

"I am gratified," was the response; "but you certainly do not expect me to turn a somersault. I am too old for that." At that time Mr. Forbes

owned the fastest yacht, *The Puritan*, the fastest two-year-old trotter, and the fastest aged trotter, and yet his cup of ambition was not full.

BEUZETTA

A SENSATIONAL trotter in 1895 was Beuzetta, a chestnut mare, foaled in 1891, by Onward, dam Beulah by Harold (sire of Maud S.), 2d dam Sally B., a daughter of Lever, thoroughbred son of Lexington. As a four-year-old at Buffalo, in August, 1895, she defeated the great Klamath, and took a record of 2.06¾. At Fleetwood Park she was second to Azote and was timed in 2.06¼. She was bred in Kentucky, within sight of the grand old trees of Woodburn, and promises to take high rank as a trotter in her mature form. Onward, her sire, is by George Wilkes (son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian) dam the great producing mare Dolly, dam of Director, sire of Directum, 2.05¼. The blood of Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief, Pilot, and

Lexington is skilfully interwoven in her.

AZOTE

AZOTE, the champion trotter of 1895, is a bay gelding, bred at Palo Alto, in California, and foaled in 1887. His sire, Whips, is by Electioneer (son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian and Green Mountain Maid), dam Lizzie Whips, thoroughbred daughter of Enquirer (son of Leamington, sire of Iroquois, winner of the English Derby) and Lida, by Lexington. Josie, the dam of Azote, is by Whipple's Hambletonian (son of Gray Miller, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian), dam Young Josselyn, by Speculation, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Martha Washington, who traces directly to Mambrino, sire of Abdallah, sire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, was the dam of Whipple's Hambletonian and Speculation. Azote is inbred to Hambletonian, and he carries the speed-sustaining blood of Leamington and Lexington. He won the free for all trot at Fleetwood Park in the latter part of August, 1895, and reduced the gelding record to 2.05½. He is a horse of substance and commanding appearance, and did some work on the farm before he was placed in training. September 15th, at Galesburg, Ill., Azote reduced his record to 2.04¾, trotting the first quarter, according to official time, in 29¾ seconds.

THE RECORDS FOR DOUBLE AND TRIPLE TEAMS

RIVALRY between horses driven in double harness to road-wagons is always keen, but it attracts wider attention in



ELDRIDGE (trial, 2.20¼).

From a photograph made at Mr. Bonner's farm in August, 1895, at the age of seventeen.

some seasons than others. It is extremely difficult to get two horses that are perfectly matched in color, temperament, and speed, and no little skill is required to drive them a fast mile when you do get them together. The higher ambition of the road rider, therefore, is gratified when he is able to sit behind a team of surpassing excellence.

In 1883 Mr. William Rockefeller was delighted when his pair, Cleora and Independence, were driven to a record of 2.16½, and the owners of other good teams, such as Mr. Frank Work, Mr. T. C. Eastman, and Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt, envied him.

In the summer of 1884 Mr. Frank Work obtained the supremacy by a fraction of a second, his team, Edward and Dick Swiveller, trotting to a record of 2.16¼. But he did not long wear his honors. Maxey Cobb and Neta Medium trotted the same season to a record of 2.15¾, which stood until Mr. C. J. Hamlin put Belle Hamlin and Justina together and reduced the record, in 1890, to 2.13.

In 1882 the present record, 2.12¼, was made by Belle Hamlin and Globe.

The greatest performance, however, in double harness, although not a technical record, is authentic, and has received much attention from critics.



ANSEL, Mr. Bonner's head stallion (2.20; by Electioneer).

From a photograph made in August, 1895, at the age of fifteen.

June 14, 1883, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt drove Maud S. and Aldine to top road-wagon around Fleetwood track, which was much slower then than now, in 2.15½. The contest was not for a purse or in a race, and under the rule it is down as an exhibition.

In the summer of 1889, when the air was full of double-harness talk, Mr. Robert Bonner addressed a note to me in which he said: "When Mr. Vanderbilt drove Maud S. and Aldine in 2.15½ the wagon and driver weighed 425 pounds, which would be 212½ pounds for each horse. When Aldine or any other horse trots to sulky, as you know, the weight is less than 212½ pounds, so that it could not have been an equal division of weight

that helped Aldine. A division of weight undoubtedly helps a team when they go to skeleton wagon weighing 100 pounds, driver 150 pounds, which makes only 125 pounds for each horse."

Mr. William Rockefeller, in a brief but pointed letter, wrote: "I have no doubt that two horses truly mated in all respects can trot faster in double harness than either can single. Of course, the difficulty comes in getting two that *are* truly mated in all respects."

Mr. T. C. Eastman, one of Mr. Vanderbilt's closest friends, wrote me quite a long letter, from which I extract: "Mr. Vander-

bilt drove Maud S. and Aldine on to Fleetwood track one afternoon and jogged them around the track, letting them speed down the homestretch past the clubhouse. Pulling them up on the first turn, he came back in the rear of the clubhouse and said to me: 'I think these mares will make a good mile to-day; I wish you would



Mr. Bonner driving Elfrida (2.13¾).

From a photograph made in August, 1895.

see that they are correctly timed.' I said: 'But Maud S. hasn't got her weights on.' Mr. Vanderbilt said that Bair, her trainer, had gone home, and the weights could not be found, and he thought she would go a good mile without them. I sent a boy to John Murphy's stable and borrowed a light pair of toe-weights and put them on. Mr. Vanderbilt then drove on back to the track and jogged the mares to the three-quarter pole, starting them down the stretch, and they passed under the wire on the outside of the track, nearing the pole as they made the first turn, where they increased their speed, making the turn below the quarter pole at a fearful rate of speed, Maud S. taking the whole load, Aldine and all. In making that turn, Mr. Vanderbilt had a sensation of fear come over him, and was about to pull the horses up, but he was past the turn so quick that he let them go on. This condition of things continued till they passed the three-quarter pole, where Maud S. began to tire. It was then that Aldine made her effort and came head and head with Maud S. down the homestretch under the wire in 2.15½. A good many people on the steps of the clubhouse remarked that Aldine finished fully up to Maud S., but why shouldn't she after being carried over three-quarters of a mile? The only wonder was that she stayed on her feet while being slung so much faster than she could trot on her own merits. I consider this performance of Maud S. the most wonderful ever made, either in single or double harness, Aldine's best record to harness being 2.19¼."

The double-harness discussion interested thousands of people, among them T. DeWitt Talmage. This is the way the reverend gentleman wrote to me:

"Horses are very much like men. They love companionship. They go

better when side by side. The rata-plan of their hoofs, the breath of each upon each, the magnetism of another horse's presence, are augmentations of velocity and power. Of course, I speak of a good, sensible horse, one of ambition and pluck and noble heredity. Of the horse poorly bred, and one with all spirit banged out of him, I do not speak. You are right in supposing I like a horse. Ministers always do. The Bible has many horses, and they are all spirited. Job's horse had a neck 'clothed with thunder,' and Elijah drove a fiery span up the sky—horses of fire before chariots of fire—and in the Book of Revelation we are told that the armies of heaven are to follow on white horses. The fact is that I like a good horse better than a stupid man, and my admiration for the magnificent animal is the greater, because his morals have never been injured, notwithstanding



ELDRIDGE.

From a photograph made at Mr. Renner's farm in August, 1895.

ing he is often compelled to associate with bad people."

No man has had more experience with double-harness trotters than Mr. C. J. Hamlin, of Buffalo. His observation is keen and his conclusions sound. In his library he talked to me with so

much wisdom that I repeat his words :

"When Horace Jones was driving Ethan Allen and Honest Allen to pole, I compared notes with him as to what effect the division of weight would have upon a pair of horses. He agreed with me that one horse, when truly mated, stimulated his companion, and this, with the reduction of weight through division, enabled him to trot faster in double harness than in single harness. Twenty years ago I drove the two sisters Blanche and Lida, daughters of Ethan Allen, a mile to pole in 2.35.

They were what you call truly mated. In single harness neither could trot a mile in



LUCY NUTBOURNE (nine years old).

From a photograph made at Mr. Bonner's farm in August, 1895.

2.18, I buckled the draw-strap on Belle's side shorter than on Justina's side. This made Belle Hamlin, the faster mare, take

the greater part of the load. I handicapped the two to a level, just as horses are handicapped by weight into equality on the running turf, and got what is conceded to be a great performance out of them. Without the handicap they were not truly mated. At the three-quarter pole I tapped Justina on the back with the whip, and she moved up and relieved for the moment Belle of the load. The faster mare, which had been taking the greater weight, quickly rallied when relieved, and then she returned to the handicap, and the pair trotted the last quarter as fast as any part of the mile. I firmly believe that two horses of the same speed hooked to



WORTHIER, by Advertiser, sire of the champion yearling Adbell, dam Waxana (Sunol's dam).

From a photograph made at Mr. Bonner's farm in August, 1895, at the age of two.

2.35. When I drove Belle Hamlin and Justina, mares bred and raised by me at Village Farm, a mile to a wagon in

a light wagon will trot faster than either will single to sulky carrying a driver of 150 pounds. To get the most

out of a truly mated pair the horses should be driven with an easy rein. The easy rein allows them to alternate in taking the weight, and to freshen themselves by escaping for an instant from the dead, numbing strain on the muscles. He who drives a pair with a tight rein will never get the highest rate of speed out of them."

A performance that stands by itself is the triplicate harness time of Belle Hamlin, Globe, and Justina, three horses by the same sire, Hamlin's Almont, Jr., and bred and owned by the same man, C. J. Hamlin of Village Farm. It took place at Cleveland, July 31, 1891, and previous to the start the celebrated driver, John Splan, predicted that 2.30 would not be beaten. Globe was thought to be the slowest horse and he was put in the centre, between the shafts. Belle Hamlin had the fastest single-harness record, and she was hooked on the outside of Globe, where she necessarily would have to trot a longer mile. Justina was hooked on the near side of Globe, thus giving her the advantage of the shortest circuit. The theory was that if Globe should falter, the two mares would relieve him by taking all the weight. But he did not falter. He did his share of the work.

Edward F. Geers handled the three with such skill and judged the pace so admirably that not a single mistake was made. The first quarter was trotted in 34 seconds, the half mile in 1.07 $\frac{3}{4}$, the three-quarters in 1.41, and the full mile in 2.14, equalling the best recorded time of Goldsmith Maid, so long recognized as queen of the trotting turf. The difficulty to get three horses to trot together without rushing, without wabbling or faltering, in 2.14 is so great that the performance may never be equalled.

The team rivalry has been carried from the road to the horse-show ring. At Madison Square Garden judgment is rendered upon road teams in the presence of thousands of anxious faces, and this judgment must be perfect or it will be torn into tatters by hundreds of critics before it is an hour old. Under the lead of Colonel Lawrence Kip the road rig has become a thing of exquisite taste. No canon of order, symmetry, or discernment will be violated by anyone who copies the dress and other appointments of the road rig of Colonel Kip as presented in the photographic illustration of his blue-ribbon-winning team. The wagon is a Brewster, the harness from the shop of a well-known maker, and the following articles were carried in the pocket:

Oil-tin,
Monkey-wrench,
Hoof-pick,
Blanket-pins,
Goggles or glasses,
Whisk-broom,
Set of wagon-washers,
Pair of shaft-rubbers,
Harness-punch,
Wagon-jack,
Scraper.

THE TROTTER AND COUNTY FAIRS

THE agricultural horse-trot attracts thousands of people to the track in all parts of the country after the crops have



REVERIE (yearling record, 2.36; by Alcazar).

From a photograph made at Mr. Bonner's farm in August, 1895, at the age of seven.



Ansel in his Stall at Mr. Bonner's Tarrytown Farm.

Drawn from life by J. L. France.

been harvested. It is a magnet which the average farmer cannot resist. In the autumn of 1891 I was at the Alabama State Fair, occupying the judges' stand with Mr. David Bonner. Hon. Jerry Simpson was also there, and he was the idol of the Populists. He delivered an address from a platform in the grand stand, and was so long-winded that Mr. Bonner rang the bell, while he was still speaking, for the horses to come out and score. Eloquence lost its charm as soon as the word was given. The people turned from Mr. Simpson to watch the trotters and speculate on their chances. In the evening at the hotel Mr. Simpson remarked to the judges: "I wanted to see how long I could hold an Alabama

audience against the race-bell. I frequently have made the experiment in other States, and I am fully satisfied that there is nothing more moving than a horse-trot."

THE TROTTING-HORSE IN EUROPE

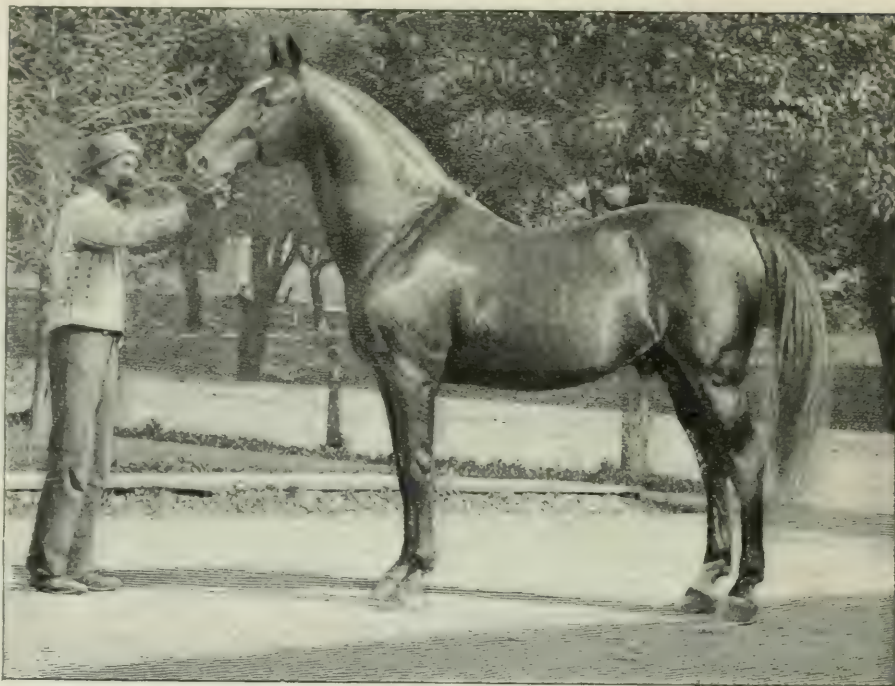
THE trotting-horse has begun to attract attention in Europe, and the export of animals capable of going a mile in 2.20 and better is larger from this country than ever before. Ultimately we may find a good market on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean for the surplus of our breeding farms.

One of Herbert's reasons for trotting not being popular in England was the

hardness of roads, inflicting injury upon the legs and feet of horses. Charles Astor Bristed, who signed his communications to the press "Carl Benson," wrote, in 1865, in a letter printed in the *Turf, Field, and Farm*: "In the latter part of the last century and the first quarter of the present the English were decidedly a driving people. The ribbons were patronized by the regent, afterward

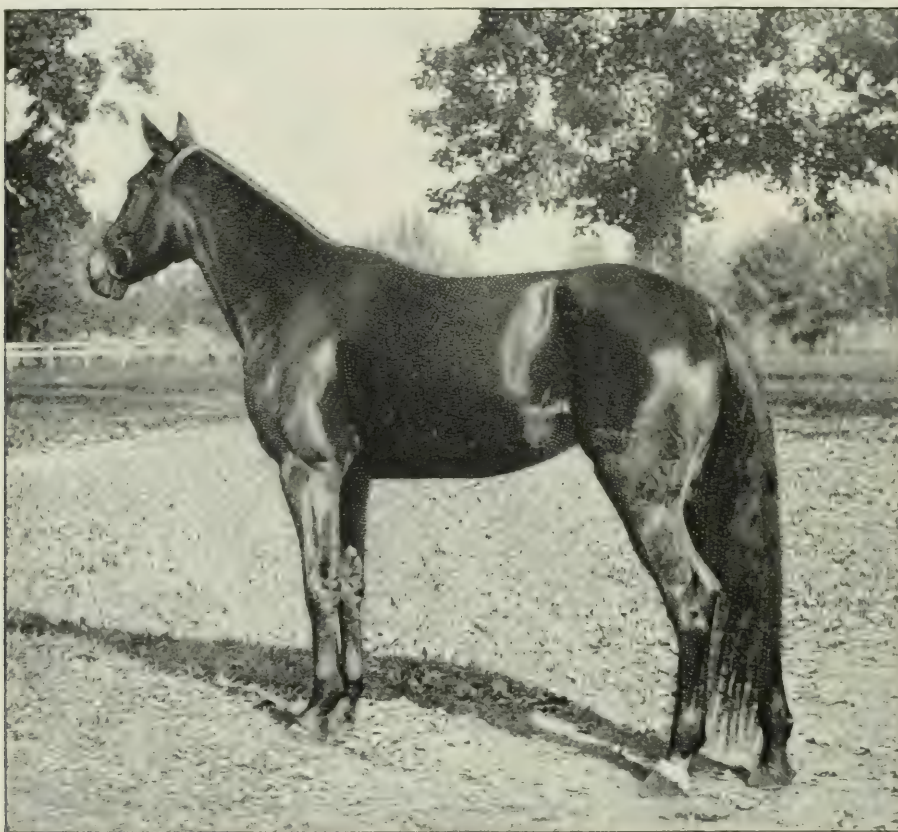
George IV., and many noblemen and gentlemen found time enough to spare from their hunting for this purpose. True, four-in-hand was the most fashionable form, but there was a good deal

of trotting, chiefly in the form of matches against time for long distances. It must be remembered too (we Americans are apt to forget it) that trotting is not necessarily done before wheels.



MAMBRINO KING, the Village Farm Stallion.

From a photograph made at Village Farm at the age of twenty-three.



NANCY HANKS (2.04 at Terre Haute in 1892; by Happy Medium, dam Nancy Lee).

From a photograph made in 1895 at the age of nine.



FANTASY (2.06; by Chimes, dam Homora).

From a photograph made in 1894 at Village Farm at the age of four.

It is also one species of riding, and in all sorts of riding an Englishman felt who are apt to kick. From these causes the practice has gone out of fashion,

bound to excel. English trotting declined, not merely because railroads diminished the advantages of fast driving, but because the American horses imported from 1830 to 1840 (Tom Thumb, Rattler, Confidence, Fire King, Alexander, etc.) beat their English competitors so easily that John Bull was disgusted. A third reason may have operated against harness-trotting: their nags are not so quiet as ours, the mares especially,



KREMLIN (2.07¼).

From a photograph made at Lexington, Ky. in 1892, when his record was 2.11½.

but is only kept up by two classes: in a very scrambling and seraggy way by divers flash butchers and sporting publicans all over the country, and on a somewhat more liberal and scientific scale by the business men of Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow. The last Lord Berwick was reputed very eccentric, one of his eccentricities being that he kept a stable of trotters."

The trotters of to-day are so far superior to those of which "Carl Benson" wrote that Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians are eager to drop envious comparisons and own them. The hardness of the roads, however, is still a drawback to the general use of the trotter for pleasure-driving in Europe.

I regret that space enough is not at my command to say something about the establishments of such well-known and successful breeders as A. B. Dar-

ling, John H. Shults, Henry C. Jewett, W. B. Dickerman, Albert C. Hall, E. H. Harriman, Robert Steel, John E. Thayer, R. S. Veech, John E. Green, M. L. Hare, John B. Dutcher, Miller & Sibley, Marcus Daly, W. C. France, William Corbitt, F. S. Gorton, Frank Rockefeller, Monroe Salisbury, R. G. Stoner, May Overton, C. F. Emery, G. M. Fogg, H. S. Russell, William L. Simmons, W. P. Ijams, F. D. Stout, A. H. Moore, C. H. Nelson, H. R. C. Watson, W. E. D. Stokes, Charles H. Kerner, Wm. M. Singerly, and B. J. Treacy.

The entire history of breeding cannot be compressed into a short sketch. If I should ever find time to expand these reminiscences into a volume the reader will be carried farther from foundation establishments, and breeding problems will receive more earnest attention than the limits of these two papers have allowed.



THE OLD AGE OF THE TROTTER.

Edwin Forrest (twenty-four years old, record 2.18) and Beaver Dam (sixteen years old).

From a photograph made at Mr. Benner's Tarrytown Farm in August, 1895.

HIS COLLEGE LIFE

By William DeWitt Hyde

FRESHMAN SORROWS

BRADFORD COLLEGE, October 24, 1891.

DEAR FATHER: Your letter, with welcome check inclosed, is at hand. I note your advice to "wear the same sized hat, and keep sawing wood;" but really I didn't need it; for the Sophs attend to the former, and the Profs provide for the latter.

No, I am not suffering from "swelled head" yet. You know you wished me to keep up my music. Last week a notice was put up on the bulletin-board, inviting all candidates for the College Glee Club to appear at a certain room, at nine o'clock Saturday evening. Among the candidates who came were two other Freshmen and myself. They told us that we must all put on dress suits, as personal appearance was a large element in fitness for the position. As I did not have any, they lent me one, or rather parts of two, waistcoat and trousers that were far too small, and a coat that was miles too big. Then they had us come in and make bows, and show how we would lead in a prima donna. Then they had us stand on our heels and sing low notes; stand on tiptoes and sing high notes; sing everything we knew from comic songs to the doxology in long metre; and finally, about half-past eleven, dismissed us with the statement that the other two were the better singers, but that my presence and personal appearance was greatly in my favor; and that the decision would be announced on the bulletin-board the next morning. We had not been out of the room two minutes before we recognized that we had been awfully "taken in." I did not sleep much that night; and whenever I fell into a doze, the vision of that bulletin-board would dance before my eyes and wake me up. If ever I wished I was dead and buried, I did that night. It seemed as if I could never get up and go to breakfast, where they would all be talking about it, and

walk into chapel with everybody knowing what a fool I had made of myself the night before. It made me wish I either had taken my dose of this sort of thing three years ago at a fitting school, or else had gone to one of the great universities, where a fellow is simply a unit in the vast whole, of whom nobody takes the slightest notice. But you always said that the small colleges have a great advantage over the large ones, in the fact that here the individual is made to be somebody, and take the consequences of his own action upon his own head. Well, I have made an ass of myself to begin with; and everybody knows it and is guying me about it. But I am getting used to it; and don't mind it as much as I did. I have had a good many calls by way of congratulation on my election to the Glee Club; and as these were the first calls of persons I had not had the privilege of knowing before, it seemed appropriate (and I was informed that it was an established college custom) that I should treat. I think that by taking the thing good-naturedly, and entertaining my guests handsomely, I have made more friends than I have lost.

Your affectionate son,

CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

BRADFORD COLLEGE, November 6, 1891.

MY DEAR MOTHER: You say you are "afraid I am homesick;" for I write all "about things at home and nothing about things here." Well, I have been just a bit homesick; but I am getting bravely over it. This time I will try to tell you the things you want to know.

You needn't worry about my clothes; they are all right. I tore a three-cornered hole in my trousers the other day; but I fixed it up first-rate. I tried one of those fine needles to begin with; but it was no use. So I fished out a darning needle, got some black linen thread, and went at it. I took the thread double and twisted, left a long end at the beginning; sewed it over and over, as

you call it, taking stitches about a quarter of an inch apart, fetched back the end next to the needle to the long end I left at the beginning and tied them together. Some Sophs made great fun of it; wanted to know if I was trying to demonstrate the *pons asinorum* on my trousers leg. That night I ripped up the whole seam, or whatever you call it, I had made, turned the trousers wrong side out; proceeded as before, except that I took stitches only half as big; tied the ends on the inside where they don't show; and the trousers look as good as ever.

You ask particularly about my religious life. I don't know what to say. The first morning I went to chapel some one, who seemed to be the usher, asked me if I would like to rent a sitting. I was fool enough to give him a dollar for a seat; and then he ushered me into a pew at one side near the front which is reserved for the Faculty. I tell you I didn't feel much like praying that morning.

The first really familiar and home-like thing I found when I came here was the Y. M. C. A. reception to the Freshmen. A large number of the students and several of the Faculty were present. There were a few addresses of an informal nature by the professors. Then we sang hymns, and refreshments were served. I got acquainted with three of the professors, one to whom I recite; and the whole affair went a long way toward making me feel at home here.

As for the meetings: Well, I go to them regularly. I cannot say I altogether enjoy them. Some of the fellows have such wonderful experiences of grace, that I don't know what to make of it. I never had anything of the kind. If that is essential to a man's being a Christian: why I simply am not in it. I can't conceive of myself as feeling like that. I don't see the sense of it. It doesn't seem natural. I want to do right. I know I do wrong. I know I need to be turned right about face once in so often, or else I should go straight down hill. And I am glad to spend an hour each week with fellows who are trying to get a brace in the same direction.

To tell the truth, I don't get much out of church here. The ministers are

smart enough, and they roll out great glowing periods. But when they are through I cannot tell for the life of me what they have been driving at. You hear a lot about justification, sanctification, and atonement; and then you hear a lot about Phrygia, Pamphylia, and Mesopotamia. Once in a while there comes along a man who seems to understand us. He will throw out some practical and moral problem that we are grappling with; pile up the arguments in favor of the indulgence just as they pile up in our own minds; and then turn around, knock them all to splinters, and show how much more noble and manly it is to overcome temptation; and show us Christ as the great champion in the moral and spiritual warfare of the world.

It is a good deal harder to be a Christian here in college than it was at home, and the things that ought to be a help seem to be a hindrance. I expect to have rather a sorry time of it here for a while; but by far the greatest of my sorrows is that I have not been more faithfully,

Your dutiful and grateful boy,
CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

BRADFORD COLLEGE, May 30, 1892.

DEAR HELEN: I wonder if time flies as swiftly with you Willoughby College girls as with us? It seems but yesterday that we were gliding along together to the music of the merry sleigh-bells over the glistening snow. Of course you have your good times there. Your afternoon teas tendered by Sophomores to Freshmen; your debates in the gymnasium on municipal suffrage for women; your Halloween frolics; your basket-ball contests; your boat-races rowed for form only; your midnight lunches interrupted by "the Pestilence that walketh in darkness"—that nickname of yours for a meddlesome Prof. beats the record—are all very delightful as portrayed in your charming letters: but compared with foot-ball and base-ball, boxing and fencing, rushes and tugs-of-war, turkey suppers on the Faculty table with any one of three parties, the owner of the turkeys, the college authorities, or the upper-classmen, liable to swoop down on you

at any moment and gobble up the feast. I must confess that your worst dissipations seem a little tame.

I have no doubt, however, that you make up in study what is lacking in sport. I haven't seen anybody here quite so completely carried away with Sophocles, or so in love with the Odes of Horace, or so fascinated with German syntax as you seem to be. Your lamentations over spherical trigonometry, however, would evoke many a responsive moan. That was really credible from a college man's point of view; but if I were not so sure of your thorough genuineness and sincerity, I should set down those raptures about philologies and trilogies either to satire or to affectation. We men are not taken that way. I am glad you like them, though. To see a little gleam of sense, real or imaginary, through the interminable technical jargon a fellow has to grind out, must be a relief. I am heartily glad for you if the gods have granted you such a special dispensation.

I must confess, though, that I am beginning to get a real hold of Greek. Professor Bird has us read the whole of an author in translation; write essays on the times, characters, customs, and institutions; and then read in the original such passages as are specially significant in throwing light on the main characters and events. We get the life first in this way; and the letters afterward as the expression of that life. Then, too, he shows pictures of Greek architecture and art with the stereopticon in the evening; tells us the story of the statues of which we have casts in the Art Building, and of the coins and vases in the cases there. Life is interesting in all its forms; and it is slowly dawning upon me that these old fellows lived about the gayest, freest, loveliest life men ever lived on earth. But from the way Greek was ground out in the high school one would never have dreamed the old dry roots once had such sweet juice in them. And some of the other languages here are taught by young fellows fresh from German, or German-American institutions, who regard the text, even of Horace or Goethe or Molière, as just so

much grammatical straw to thrash the syntax out of. When I see what Greek is, and what the other languages and literatures might be if only we had a man and not a thesis in cap and gown to teach them, it makes me mad. And yet you girls fall down and worship just that sort of a creature!!

Boys and girls make very different kinds of students. I think we get along better apart than together. You are docile, conscientious, and at least outwardly courteous. You eat whatever is set before you, asking no questions for conscience's sake. You study just as hard whether you like a subject or not. You do your best every time.

Now that is very sweet and lovely. But I should think it would spoil your teachers to treat them that way. With us it is different. If we don't like a thing, we say so. As for these fellows that try to cram their old philology down our throats, we make their existence pretty uncomfortable. The other day the Latin tutor asked a fellow the gender of *ovum*, and he answered, "you can't tell until it's hatched." They won't teach us anything we want to know; and so we won't learn anything they want to teach. We keep asking the same old question over and over again; and make him explain the simplest of all his favorite fine distinctions every time it occurs. Well, I must stop somewhere. I really did not know I was so interested in my studies, or had so many theories of education. You always understand me better than anybody else does. When I began this letter, I didn't think I cared much about these things anyway. But you are so in earnest about them, that I believe I have caught the inspiration. I am a many-sided being; some sides are good and some are bad; some are wise and some are very foolish. You always bring out the best side; and for fear of deceiving you and making you think I am better than I really am, I have to let you inside, and show you just how foolish and light-minded I am. If I always had you to talk to, I think I should be a very much more diligent student than I am. Not that I crave co-education. Oh, no! What Emerson says of friendship is especially true

of the friendship of college boys and girls: "The condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it. There must be very two, before there can be very one. Let us buy our entrance to this guild by a long probation." I wish you would read the whole essay. I am immensely fond of it; and I always think of you when I read it. The two writers I love best are Carlyle and Emerson; although I don't profess to understand much of either of them. Carlyle braces me up when I am tempted to loaf and shirk. Emerson tones me down when I am tempted to pretense and insincerity. Both tend to make me more simple and true and real—more like what you are and what I fondly fancy you would like to have me be.

Your faithful friend,

CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

SOPHOMORE CONCEITS

BRADFORD COLLEGE, October 25, 1892.

DEAR FATHER: Now that it is all over, I suppose I may as well tell you about it. Perhaps you saw in the *Herald* that we came near having a class rebellion here yesterday. We have a time-honored custom here known as the Night-gown Drill; the fellows put on their *robes de nuit* outside of their other garments, and with banners and transparencies reflecting upon the characteristics of unpopular men and measures, amid songs and shouts parade the town. There is no harm in it; though I suppose that to the staid and dignified citizen it does not present a very edifying spectacle.

This time two or three of us ventured to wear, into Professor Bird's recitation-room the next morning, some vestiges of the attire which had done duty the previous evening. Professor Bird said that if we wished to make fools of ourselves on the public streets he, as an individual, had nothing to say about it; but that when it came to bringing such nonsense into his recitation-room he would not stand it, and we might leave the room at once.

Immediately after recitation the class held a rousing indignation meeting in

Old College Hall, and passed the following resolutions: That "we, the members of the Class of 1895, most emphatically and indignantly protest against this act of tyranny and usurpation; and that we will attend no more college exercises until this wrong shall be redressed."

As I was one of the persons especially aggrieved I was made chairman of a committee of three, which was appointed to wait upon the president and present our resolutions.

He listened very respectfully to our representations. When we had finished he said that there seemed to be a hopeless division of opinion on the subject; the faculty being firmly and finally committed to the position taken by Professor Bird; and the class being equally tenacious of the position taken in the resolutions. Accordingly, he proposed that we should refer the whole subject to a committee of three alumni, of whom the class should name one, the president should name one, and the two thus appointed should name the third.

The class, after some discussion, voted to accept the president's proposition; and we appointed as our representative on this committee a young graduate of the previous year who had been a leader in all manner of deviltry while he was in college, and is hanging around the college this year as a self-appointed coach of the foot-ball team until he can find something to do. We went back and reported that we had accepted his proposition, and named our referee. The president then gravely announced that he had selected *you* as his representative on the committee to which the matter should be referred; that he would telegraph for you at once; and that he should expect me and the others interested to appear before the committee in the precise apparel which had been the occasion of the controversy.

You can imagine that I was a good deal taken back. I did not relish having you called down here from your business, two hundred miles, to sit in judgment on that question. I thought I could anticipate the decision, and the manner in which it would be delivered. So I persuaded the class to drop the matter; and we have resumed attendance at recitations.

I give you the full account. This is all there is in it. The reporters got hold of it and have written it up with a great deal of exaggeration and embellishment. So if you read my name or see my photograph in connection with the instigation of a great rebellion, don't be disturbed, and tell mother not to worry.

Your affectionate son,

CLARENCE.

BRADFORD COLLEGE, November 30, 1892.

MY DEAR HELEN : The foot-ball season is over, and I must tell you about it. As you know, we won the championship ; and I happened to play quite an important part in it. The opposing team was made up of great giants from the farms ; while our team were mostly light city boys, quick as lightning, and up to all the tricks and fine points. Their game was to mass themselves on one weak point in the line, and pound away at that time after time. In spite of all that we could do they would gain a few feet each time ; and it looked as though they would win by steadily shoving us inch by inch down the field. When they had it almost over, we made a great brace and held them and got the ball.

Then we made a long gain, bringing the ball within forty yards of their goal. The time was nearly up ; and if we had lost it again, the game would have been either a tie, or a defeat. As a last resort, the signal was given for a goal from the field. The ball was passed to me : I had just time for a drop kick in the general direction of the goal, without an instant for taking aim, when their biggest man came down on me ; and that was the last I can remember. As all my force had gone into the kick, and I was standing still and had almost lost my balance in the act of kicking ; while he weighed seventy pounds more than I, and was coming at full speed, you can imagine that I went down with a good deal of force on to the frozen ground.

The next thing I knew I was in my room, and the doctor was working over me. To my first question, "Was it a goal?" the Captain replied, "Yes, old man, you won the game for us." My injury proved to be nothing serious ;

and a few stitches in a scalp wound was all the medical treatment necessary. By the way, don't mention this part of the affair around home, where the folks will be likely to hear of it. They would worry, and that would do no good. I was at some loss how to charge up the doctor's bill on my cash account ; but in view of the stitches, I charged it to "sewing." I am just having a glorious time of it this year. There are lots of foolish girls here, as there are everywhere ; and I don't see why a fellow should not have some fun with them. My foot-ball prowess has opened the doors of all the best society to me ; and I am lionized wherever I go. I can take my pick of the girls ; and I get along with them first-rate. They talk foot-ball as soon as they are introduced ; and that is a subject on which I feel perfectly at home. There are half a dozen on whom I have made a perfect mash ; and perhaps I ought to confess that there is one in particular toward whom I am inclined to reciprocate. She is a little older than I (some of the fellows who are jealous of me call her the college widow), but with shrugging of her shoulders and elevating her eyes when one makes a particularly piquant remark, she is young enough in her manner. We led the dance the other evening, and it was great fun to see the fellows green with envy, and the longing looks of more than one girl whose eyes as much as said, "Oh, if I were only where that girl is."

I was considerably amused at the account you gave of your harmless serenade under the windows of the obstreperous Miss K. ; but I was disgusted at the specimen of petticoat government that followed. How perfectly absurd to scold a set of such innocent and guileless creatures, who never entertained so much as a shadow of a naughty thought in all your lives.

Our dean wouldn't have made such a fuss over a little thing like that. Let me tell you what happened here the other night. We have an instructor whom we hate. I don't know just why. He is a wooden fellow. He tries to apply high-school methods of discipline and instruction to college men ! Just think of it ! We don't propose to stand

it. So we "fixed" his recitation-room the other night, and among other things propped up the skeleton from the Medical School in his chair, and put between his teeth strips of paper on which the instructor's oft-recurring phrases were inscribed. I was in it. The dean got onto it; and I was summoned to his office. I expected I should catch it; and was making arrangements to leave town on an early train.

The dean, however, did not refer to the affair once. He said that he was afraid that I was not giving to my studies the undivided attention that they deserved; and asked what was the trouble? We talked over my plans and purposes in so far as I have any; and then he tried to show me how these studies in general, and the one which is taught in that room in particular, have a vital relation to my whole intellectual future. I never realized before how hard the college is trying, with very scanty resources, to provide for us a satisfactory course, or how interested in our individual welfare the officers of it are. I came away with a very much better understanding of what I am here for. I had a very pleasant interview, and was almost glad to have had it; though after the tacit understanding to which we came, it would be fearfully embarrassing to have another based on a similar offence. I shall give the college no further trouble along that line, I assure you.

Now, was not this masculine mode of discipline better than yours? Women seem to read their Scriptures to the effect that without shedding of tears, there shall be no remission of mischief. We men don't take much stock in tears. And such tear-provoking talk as seems to be so efficacious with you girls, would run off from our toughened consciences like water off a duck's back.

Now, my dear Helen, if I seem to hold women in general, and women's ways of doing things, in somewhat light esteem, you know I regard you as a shining exception; and think whatever you do is perfect; and know you must have looked perfectly lovely even in those absurd and wasted tears.

Faithfully your friend,

CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

BRADFORD COLLEGE, April 8, 1893.

MY DEAR MOTHER: That is just like you, mother, "to look with more favor on my friendship for Helen than on my passion for Kate" or the "college widow," as you hatefully insist on calling her. You are a woman, and you can't see things as I do. Why, Kate just adores me; idolizes me; says that in all the history of the college there never was a fellow quite like me. Now, that is the sort of a girl for me. She makes me feel satisfied with myself. And she is pretty and fascinating.

As for Helen, what do you think she had the impertinence to write to me. I had written her a nice letter, in which, to be sure, I made one or two slighting and patronizing references to women in general and petticoat government for colleges in particular, and this is what I got.

YOU HORRID, CONCEITED THING: No, I thank you. If you cannot respect my sex, and speak respectfully of my college, please pay no more of your silly compliments to a "shining exception."

P. S. If in addition to the fact of feminine foolishness, of which you are so well assured, you wish to continue your studies into the philosophy of the phenomenon, and in spite of her being a woman will for once consult the world's greatest novelist (perhaps you can bring yourself to it, in view of her masculine pseudonym), you are most respectfully referred to a remark of Mrs. Poyser on the subject.

Now, you surely don't suppose a college Sophomore is going to stand such talk as that. The remark referred to is, "I'm not denyin' that women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

I have had enough of Helen. What a fellow wants of a girl is someone to reflect with a halo of sympathy and admiration his own views and opinions. He doesn't want to be stirred up and set to thinking. Now, you know I want to please you in everything. But in these matters you must admit that I am a more competent judge of what suits me than anybody else can be for me. I always respected Helen; and do still. But for real solid happiness all to ourselves, give me Kate every time. So don't worry, mother. It will all

come out right in the end; and you will come to see these things as I do.

As for the Y. M. C. A. and that sort of thing which you inquire about, to tell the truth I haven't been much lately. Between foot-ball and society my time has been pretty well taken up. I believe in having a good time, and letting everybody else have the same; I believe in father's version of the Golden Rule, which is, you know, "Do to others as you think they would do to you if they had a chance." I don't see why we should try to cast our lives in the narrow and contracted grooves marked out for us in primitive times, when the world was just emerging from barbarism.

I recognize, of course, that life, like every game, has its rules, which you must obey if you want to get any fun out of it. But it strikes me that for the rules of life you must go to the men who have studied life from its first beginnings in plant and animal up to its latest development in the modern man. Mill and Spencer, Huxley and Tyndall, ought to be better authorities on the rules of this game than the ingenious priests who relieved the monotony of exile by drawing up an ideal code and attributing it to Moses; men on whose minds the first principles of the synthetic philosophy had never dawned, and who had no more conception of the conditions which evolution has brought about in our day than the man in the moon.

Now, I mean to do my best, as soon as I get time, to find out what the rules of life are according to the most approved modern authorities; and then to play the game of life as I do the game of foot-ball, fair and hard. I shall never cheat, never shirk, never be afraid. There's my creed up to date. If there are any other rules delivered by competent authority, and accepted by all players of good standing, I shall obey them too.

So don't be anxious about my religious condition. If you don't like my creed, my practice is all right. I haven't done anything I would be ashamed to have you know; except a little foolishness that doesn't amount to anything, and isn't worth mentioning. And as

long as I honestly try to do as you would have me, I can't go far astray.

Your affectionate,

CLARENCE.

JUNIOR MISGIVINGS

BRADFORD COLLEGE, October 14, 1893.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Well, you were right, after all. My affair with Kate is off; and my only regret is that it was ever on. She is a sweet creature; and I am sorry to have caused her pain. But she is light-hearted, and she will soon get over it. She was in love with being in love; in love with the good times I gave her; never in love with me. We never really cared for the same things. That whirl of gayety she likes to live in would be fearfully sickening to me if I had to have it long. We were not happy together, unless we had somewhere to go to, or some excitement or other on hand. She will not long remain inconsolable.

Of course I shall come in for a liberal amount of criticism at the sewing circles and afternoon teas, and the women's club. I know I have done wrong, but I didn't mean to. And really it isn't as bad as it looks. We never were engaged, though people may have thought we were. That I have made the biggest kind of a fool of myself, I must of course acknowledge.

One thing is sure. I shall have nothing more to do with young ladies. I am going to give my entire attention to my studies. The great economic and social questions that are pressing for solution demand the undivided attention of every serious man. I am coming to feel more and more as though my mission in life might lie in that direction. Once in the thick of the fight for economic justice and social equality, I shall have little time to think of private domestic happiness. I shall never marry. All petty personal pleasures must be cast aside as cumbersome impediments by one who will serve the cause of the poor and the oppressed. You, dear Mother, will be henceforth my only feminine confidant and counsellor.

As for those religious matters which

seem to be your main concern, I am afraid I can't give you much satisfaction. I have discovered that the rules of the great game of life are not so simple as I at first supposed. I see at last what you mean by your doctrine of self-sacrifice. In base-ball we often have to make what we call a sacrifice hit, which brings in another runner while the batter himself gets put out. Then, too, the question sometimes comes up whether to try for a very hard ball, and take ten chances to one of making an error and spoiling your individual record; or only pretend to try and miss it, and so save your individual record at the expense perhaps of losing the game. Essentially the same principle comes out in all our games. In hare and hounds the hares run over the most difficult and devious course they can find, dropping pieces of paper behind them at intervals for scent. Then the hounds come after them on this trail. All goes well as long as the trail is clear and the scent is good. Then we come to a point where all scent stops. Then the lazy shirks sit down and wait, while the energetic fellows strike out in all directions, until one of them finds the trail. He shouts to the others, and they all follow him. Now, this willingness to strike out and help find the trail for the rest, instead of sitting down and resting and letting someone else do it, is, I suppose, what you mean by self-sacrifice. Now, I accept all that. But it seems to me that the sacrifices demanded in real life are not stereotyped, cut-and-dried forms of traditional self-denial. Life is just like the game. Society is all the time being brought up short at places where it is impossible to tell which of several possible courses it is best to pursue. Then we need men who are not afraid to strike out and find a way, where no sure way appears. Then we need men who have the courage to make necessary mistakes.

Now, this willingness to take on one's self the risks and responsibilities of leadership in matters which are still uncertain, seems to me to be the very essence of the heroism modern society requires. If there is any type of men

I hate, it is the stupid, timid conservatives who stand still or turn back whenever they come to a novel problem or a hard place; and then boast that they never go astray. Of course, they don't. But, on the other hand, they never help anybody to find the way; they are not leaders.

Now, I gladly admit that Jesus taught the world once for all the great lesson of this self-devotion of the individual to the service of society. While others had anticipated special aspects and applications of this principle, he made it central and supreme. In doing so he became the Lord and Master of all who are willing to become humble servants of their fellow-men. I acknowledge him as my Lord and Master; and that, too, in a much profounder sense than I ever supposed the words could mean. I do not, however, find much of this which I regard as the essence of Christ's teaching and spirit, either in traditional theology or conventional Christianity. Orthodox theology seems to have been built up around the idea of saving the merely individual soul, while Christ's prime concern was to show men how to lose that selfish sort of soul.

In short, I propose to tackle the most pressing problem of the present day; that of the just distribution of the products of human toil; and I propose to give my time and talents, and to throw away my wealth and position, for the sake of contributing what I can to its solution. That is what, as I conceive it, Jesus would do were he in my place to-day. Now, if leaving all and following Jesus is Christianity, I am and mean to be a Christian. But if you insist on the ecclesiastical definition of the term, then I am not a Christian, and probably never shall be. Whatever I am, I shall always be,

Your obedient and devoted son,

CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

BRADFORD COLLEGE, January 26, 1894

MY DEAR NELLIE: So you have made up your mind to go into a college settlement. Well, I congratulate you. Still, I don't quite like it. To be sure, it is a good thing in itself, but it doesn't seem to me that it is the best thing for you.

If I had the disposition of your fate I think I could find something better than that for you. With your gentle, sensitive nature, it has always seemed to me that you were better fitted to make some one man happy and some one home sweet and beautiful, than to go into the wholesale benevolent business. However, I ought not to find fault, for I am thinking seriously of doing something very much like that myself. Instead of trying to relieve here and there a few cases of misery and degradation, as promiscuous charity tries to do; and instead of trying to elevate the tone of this, that, and the other plague spot in the social system, as the settlement does, I mean to strike at the root of the whole evil and try to remove the causes of which all these notorious evils you refer to are the corollaries and effects.

In other words, I intend to devote my life to the cause of labor, and to the prosecution of such reforms as may be necessary to secure for labor its just share of the wealth which it produces.

I will not weary you with a lengthy account of all the details of my programme. In fact, they are not very clear in my own mind yet.

I have expected to find myself a lonely and rejected social outcast in consequence of the adoption of these views and devotion to this work. But knowing that you feel the evils of the existing order as keenly as I do, and are to devote your life to binding up the wounds they cause, as I am to devote mine to finding a substitute for the cruel competition which does the cutting, I feel renewed comfort and confidence and courage in my undertaking. Assured of your sympathy and appreciation, I shall not mind what the rest of the world may say. Even if we do not see each other often our work will be in common for the same great ends. And while I am struggling to secure for the bread-winner a larger portion of the product of his toil, you will be teaching the wife and daughters how to make better use of their increased earnings.

I may as well confess that I had begun to cherish the hope of a closer union; but it seems that the call for renunciation of private happiness has

come to us both alike, and I suppose we must be content to lose all thought of individual happiness in the consciousness of devotion to a common cause. I cannot tell you how great a support even this connection with you is to me. It is so much so that I am sometimes afraid it is the desire to be in sympathy with you, quite as much as my own consecration to the cause, that has led me to renounce my opportunity for worldly success, and enlist in this crusade in behalf of the poor and the oppressed. Still I shall endeavor to serve the cause for its own sake, for I know no other motive for it would find favor in your eyes.

In the earnest hope that I may be found worthy to be your humble co-worker in this glorious cause, I am

Most sincerely yours,
CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

BRADFORD COLLEGE, February 22, 1894.

MY DEAR FATHER: Your question as to what I am going to do when I get through college has set me to thinking. The more I think, the less I am able to answer it. The fact is, I am all stirred up and unsettled. College has raised a thousand questions, and thus far seems to have answered none. I am as much, yes, rather more of a Christian than when I came here; but the creed which I accepted then as a matter of course, now bristles with interrogation points, to say the least, on every side. So that the ministry is out of the question, even if I were adapted to it. I am not a book-worm; and so I stand no show for teaching. I am not a good debater; I should never do for law. For medicine I have not the slightest taste. I am afraid I never shall be good for anything.

Business seems to be the only opening; and yet I don't like to take that as a last resort. One ought to feel drawn toward that, if he is going into it; and not be driven to it like a slave.

Besides I am beginning to question whether there is any chance for an honest man in business nowadays. I have been reading a good deal of socialistic literature lately, and I am not sure that they may not be right, and the rest of us all wrong. It doesn't seem quite

the fair thing that I should be here living in idleness and comparative luxury, with a practical certainty of a competence all my days whether I do any work or not; while millions of my fellow-men are toiling for the bare necessities of a miserable subsistence.

I can't see why, just because grandfather happened to settle when the town was a wilderness on a farm which included the whole mill-privileges of the present city; I really can't see why we should be practically levying an assessment on every poor weaver with a big family of children, and every hard-worked woman with aged parents to support, that works in our mills or lives in our tenements.

Then your joining the trust last year was the last straw on the breaking back of my lingering faith in the present industrial system. If a trust isn't robbery with both hands, forcing down the wages of the laborer, and putting up the price of goods to the consumer, I should like to know what is? Has not the thing a trust aims to accomplish been forbidden by law ever since English law began to be framed? Have not the legislatures of half our States passed enactments against it. Is it not denounced on the platform and in the press as the most glaring injustice and iniquity of the present generation?

I know that you are scrupulously honest and upright; and that you would not do anything unless you were first convinced of its justice. But I have come to look at these things in the light of abstract principles; and in that light they stand before my mind convicted of injustice and condemned to be superseded by more equitable arrangements. Just what that better order is to be, I am not sure. Perhaps I am in the condition of a socialistic speaker I went to hear the other night, who in reply to a demand from the audience for a definite statement of his proposed remedies, replied, "We don't know what we want, but we want it right away, and we want it bad." Well: I must confess that these notions of mine have not been very clearly thought out.

In the mean time I am unsettled, dissatisfied, miserable. And when I try

to answer your question about my future work, I am made more conscious than ever of my wretched intellectual condition. So you must have patience with my heresies and my uncertainties; and perhaps matters will clear up a little before the time for the final decision comes.

Your affectionate son,

CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

SENIOR PROSPECTS

BRADFORD COLLEGE, January 23, 1895.

MY DEAR FATHER: I have at last made up my mind what I shall do after graduation, and make haste to tell you first of all. I am going into the mills with you. I shall make manufacturing my business; and what time I can spare from business I shall give to politics.

A good stiff course of political economy for the past year and a half has entirely knocked out of me those crude notions about the inherent wickedness of capital, the tyranny of ability, and the sole and exclusive claim of labor to divide among its own hands the entire joint product of the three great agencies. What you told me, too, about your running at a loss during these hard times, has thrown a new light on the matter. I fully appreciate the force of your remark that the problem of industry is not how to divide the spoils, but how to distribute responsibility. I have also gotten over my horror of the trust. I recognize that the increased efficiency of machinery, the cheapening of transportation; the swift transmission of intelligence; the factory system; the massing of population in cities; the concentration of capital in large corporations with extensive plants and enormous fixed charges; the competition of all relatively imperishable and transportable products in one vast world-market, have radically changed the conditions of production, and made old-fashioned small scale production, and free competition between petty competitors, impossible. No, Father; I don't think you are a robber-baron, because you have joined the trust. I begin to realize the tremendous pres-

sure a corporation is under when it must pay interest, keep up repairs, and meet fixed charges, and can come much nearer meeting these obligations by producing at a loss, than by not producing at all. I see that the cutting of prices below cost by old concerns trying to get out of speculative complications and by new concerns eager to get a footing in the market, makes effective combination an absolute necessity. I see that the trust is simply an effective way of doing what was ineffectively attempted by informal agreements as to trade customs, listings, quotations, and schedules of prices; written agreements limiting output and fixing prices; the appointment of common agents to market the product, and the like. I accept the trust as the stage of economic evolution which the world is now compelled to enter.

So much for business. Now, as to politics. You say that if I am going into business I had better let politics alone. I can't agree with you. What you say about the difficulties, discouragements, and disadvantages of meddling with politics I know to be true. But I am not going into it for what I can get out of it, but for what I can put into it. You may be right in saying that I shall find it impossible in the cold, hard world of fact to make all my fine ideals real. Well: if I can't make the ideal real; I can at least do something toward making the real a little more ideal.

Through a corrupt civil service, honeycombed with sinecures and loaded with incompetence; through valuable franchises, given away, or sold for a song, or bought by bribery; through the sacrifice of efficient municipal administration to the supposed exigencies of national politics; through discriminating legislation, wasteful expenditure, and unnecessary taxation; through the universal failure to find a satisfactory method of dealing with the liquor problem; the poor man is squeezed, and gouged, and plundered by idle office-holders, and fat contractors, and favored corporations, and sleek saloon-keepers, and bribe-taking bosses, and unrighteous rings.

I am going into politics to fight these

concrete evils. I am not going to try to do the workingman's work for him. I don't believe he really wants anybody to do that. And I am sure that it would be the worst thing that could happen to him, if he did. But I am going to try to give him a chance to do his work under fair conditions; and make it impossible for pensioners or politicians, directly or indirectly, to take a penny of his hard earnings from him without giving him a penny's worth of commodities or services in return. And as for trusts and corporations which derive their existence and protection from the State: I propose to do my utmost to enforce on them publicity, and the responsibility that goes therewith. I would have their books open to the best expert accountants the State could employ; and I would have some way of finding out how much of the vast saving in production these enormous aggregations of capital undoubtedly effect goes to the proprietors, and how much goes to the community.

There, Father, you have my programme: Through business to earn an honest living for myself; and through politics to help every other man to a fair chance to do the same.

In these ways, my views on the relations of capital and labor have undergone a pretty radical change. I could not tell you the whole story in a letter. But suffice it to say: While I still believe that there are grave defects in the existing industrial system, and believe that there are many ways in which it might be improved; I see that such improvement must be a long, slow process of evolution, in which one defect after another must be sloughed off, gradually. I see that such a desire to improve the system, and gradually to substitute better features in place of those which now exist, is not inconsistent with one's working, practically under the system as it is. Indeed, I am convinced that the desired improvement must come, not through agitators, who seek to apply abstract principles from without, but through manufacturers and merchants, who understand the present system in its practical internal workings, and are thus able to develop the new out of the old. I believe that

my proper place as a reformer is inside, not outside, of the industrial system that is to be reformed.

That is the extent of the socialism there is left in me. At the same time I feel that the strong dose of socialism I have taken during the past year or more has done me good. Unless I had been through this stage of striving to set all things right, I am afraid I should have settled down into the conventional ruts of the mere business man, who is content to make his own little pile in his own way, leaving society to take care of its own affairs. I am glad that my choice of business coincides with your long-cherished wishes ; and I hope that you will see that my political purposes are not altogether destitute of justice and sound sense.

Your affectionate son,
CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

BRADFORD COLLEGE, March 2, 1895.

MY DEAR MOTHER: You already know, from my letter to Father, my final decision about a profession. I am glad it pleases him ; and my only regret is that it may not be equally acceptable to you. I know you hoped I should be a minister ; or at least a doctor or lawyer. I recognize the many attractive things about all these professions ; but I do not believe I was cut out for either of them. If you will pardon once more an illustration from your chief abomination, the foot-ball field, I can show you how I feel about it. Business and politics seem to me like being actually in the game playing it for all you are worth. The lawyer strikes me as a sort of umpire, to declare and apply the rules in case of fraud or foul play, or the member of the athletic committee who conducts the diplomacy. The doctor strikes me as the fellow who stands along the side lines, ready to bind up the bruised heads and broken limbs. The journalist is the man who takes notes and writes it up afterward. The minister seems like the man who sits on the grand stand and explains the fine plays and errors to the ladies. My heart would not be in any of these things ; and consequently I should not do either of them well. The studies of the last part of the course, now that

they are elective, and one carries them far enough to really get into them, sift men out for the right professions, without their knowing when or how it happens.

The fellows that take to biology, that are handy with the microtome and the microscope, go on into medicine as a matter of course. The fellows that get waked up in philosophy, and take the problems of the universe upon their shoulders, naturally go into the ministry. The men that take to history and political science are foreordained to law. Now, while I have been interested in three or four lines, my only genuine enthusiasm has been economics. Industry and commerce seem to me the basis on which everything else rests. I think that I can do more good as a business man and an active force in politics, with a successful business behind me, than in any other way. The business man and the politician seem to me to be dealing with the real things, while the professional men seem to be dealing only with the symbols of things.

A man's vocation ought to be the expression of his ideal. My ideal is to be an effective member of the social order that now is, and an efficient promoter of the better social order that is to be.

You complain that I do not say much about religion nowadays. As I have told you often, religion is not to my mind an external form superimposed upon life from without, but is the informing spirit of life itself. In striving to do with my might the thing my fellow-men need most to have done for them, I feel that I am at the same time doing what is most acceptable to God, and most conformable to the teaching and example of Jesus Christ.

At the same time I have gotten over that antipathy to religious institutions which I have had for a year or two. I have gone back to the Christian Association here in college ; and whether the change is in them or in me I don't know, but I find myself able both to do good and to get good in their meetings. In fact, unless there were some such meeting-ground for the expression and cultivation of our ideals, I

don't see how they could be kept from fading out. It is a great help to feel that in spite of the diversity of taste, talent, and vocation, so many earnest fellows are going out into the world as sincere servants of the one God, followers of the one Lord, and workers in the one Spirit.

I shall also connect myself actively with the Church. I do not profess to have solved all the problems of theology; and fortunately our Church does not require of laymen like me subscription to an elaborate creed. I see that the cry "Back to Jesus," in religion, is as foolish as the cry "Back to Phidias" in art, or "Back to Homer" in poetry.

We cannot go back to primitive simplicity and naïveté in any department of life. The subsequent development is part and parcel of our spiritual inheritance, of which it is impossible to divest ourselves. The Church, as the organized, institutional expression of the life of the Spirit of God in the heart of humanity, I accept as a spiritual necessity. And I should no more think of trying to serve God and my fellow-men apart from it, than I should think of shouldering my individual musket and marching across the fields on my own private account to defend my country against an invading army. Christian kindness, Christian justice, Christian civilization, Christian culture, the Christian family, and above all a Christian mother like you, I believe in and love with all my heart. And now that the Church has come to represent to my mind, symbolically at least, all these most precious and beneficent influences that have entered into the structure of my character and life, I cannot do less than freely give my influence and support to the institution from which, indirectly if not directly, I have freely received so much.

So, my dear mother, if you will look beneath the outward form to the underlying spirit, I hope you will see that after all I am a good deal of a Christian; and mean to be in my own way something of a minister too.

Your affectionate son,

CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

BRADFORD COLLEGE, June 15, 1895.

MY DEAREST NELL: You shouldn't complain that my letters for the past six weeks have been all about you, and nothing about myself. How can a fellow help it: when you have made him the happiest being in the world? Still, if you command, I must obey; and begin the story of my poor self where I left off. Let's see. Where was it? It seems so long ago and so far away that I can scarce recall it.

"How soon a smile of God can change the world!"

Oh! I remember. The agreement was that you were to quit the rôle of St. Catherine, and condescend to enter a home instead of a settlement; and I was to abjure the vows of a St. Christopher to right at once all the wrongs of the universe by my own right arm, before entertaining the "thought of tender happiness." We were two precious fools, weren't we? Yet it was a divine folly after all. Goethe is right in his doctrine of renunciation. If we had not faced fairly the giving up of all this bliss, it would not be half so sweet to us now. And please don't tell me I have "smashed at one blow all your long cherished ideals of social service." It is not so. The substance of all those social aims of yours is as precious to us both as it ever was: and we will find ways to work them out together. Not one jot or tittle of the loftiest standard you ever set before yourself shall be suffered to pass away unfulfilled. Your aims and aspirations are not lost, but, transformed, *aufgehoben*, as the Germans say of the chemical constituents of the soil when they are taken up to form the living tissue of plant or animal.

There is nothing you ever thought of doing in a settlement that we will not do better in our home. We shall not give less to the world, because we are more ourselves. We shall not be less able to comfort those who sorrow, because our own hearts overflow with joy. Because we are rich in each other, we shall not be less generous to all. You shall have all the classes and schools, and clubs and meetings you wish; and they will not be the least bit less successful for being in the home of a mill-

owner in our native city of fifty thousand people, instead of in some neglected quarter of a city ten times as big.

Do you know, father is so delighted with what he calls the "recovery of my reason," that he has promised to build a house for us this fall. We will work up the plans together this summer. One feature of it, though, I have fixed on already; which I know you will approve. Our library will be a long room, with a big fireplace on one side and a cosey den at each end, marked off by an arch supported by pillars. These dens we will fit up with our college books and furniture; and make them just as nearly like our college rooms as we can. And then in the long winter evenings we will come out of our dens before the fireplace; and you will be my private tutor, and with your patient tuition I shall perhaps get some good after all out of the Horace and Goethe and Shelley and Browning, which you understand and love so well; but which, to tell the truth, I haven't got much out of thus far. Somehow we fellows don't get hold of those things as you do.

Isn't it glorious that my examinations come so that I can get off for your class day and commencement. To be sure, I shall probably forget the fine points in political economy and sociology, in which I have been working for honors the past two years. But then, honors or no honors, I have got the good out of them anyway; and what are honors at the end of college compared with love at the beginning of life?

I am delighted that you are coming to my commencement. My part is a dry, heavy thing; which I don't expect to make interesting to anybody else; but it is intensely interesting to me; for it sums up the inner experience which I have been going through these past four years, and has helped to give me my bearings as I go out into life. My subject is "Naturalness, Selfishness, Self-sacrifice, and Self-realization." You who have known me as no one else

has all these years, you will see what it all means. You catch the idea.

First: We set out as nature has formed and tradition has fashioned us; innocent, susceptible, frail. The hard, cruel world comes down upon us, and would crush us under its heavy unintelligible weight.

Second: We rise up against it; defy tradition and throw convention to the winds. We in turn strive to trample others under foot. But though we wear spiked shoes, we find the pricks we kick against harder and sharper than our spikes.

Third: We surrender, abjectly and unconditionally; cast spear and shield away in the extreme of formal, abstract self-denial, and ascetic, egotistical self-sacrifice. This in turn betrays its hollowness and emptiness and uselessness and unreality.

Fourth: The Lord of life, against whom we've been blindly fighting all the while, lifts us up in his strong arms; sets us about the concrete duties of our station; arms us with the strength of definite human duties, and cheers us with the warmth of individual human love; and sends us forth to the social service which to hearts thus fortified is perfect freedom and perennial delight.

Such a process of spiritual transformation I take to be the true significance of a college course. To be sure in college, as in the great world of which it is a part, none see the meaning of the earlier phases until they reach the later; and consequently many never see any sense in it at all. For the great majority of men go through college, as the great majority go through life, without getting beyond the first or second stage, and graduate as Matthew Arnold says most men die, "Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest."

There, Nell, haven't I been as egoistic this time as your altruistic highness could desire?

Your devoted lover,
CLARENCE MANSFIELD.

THE HOME-HELD TO THE WANDERER

By Grace Ellery Channing

FAREWELL! the outward-blowing breeze,
O traveller, is thine; new seas,
New continents that border these
Be thine.

Farewell! and yet the truth might prove
'Tis you who stay; 'tis I who rove,
Even I, the home-held thrall of Love,
The rooted vine.

To me, the little miles of men
Your foot shall press and press again,
Would scarce a journey be;
The suns and moons your eyes shall bless,
In cities old, and wilderness,
Wax pallid to the measureless
Vast orbs that burn for me.

Full gloriously, full gloriously
My great sun goeth down;
Full solemnly, full solemnly
Upriseth my calm moon:
And be the night or dark or bright,
My heart it knows what constant light
Of stars shall shine on me.

How little, ah, how little seem
The shallow voyages men dream,
Unto my mighty sea!
The heights they climb—how low, how dim,
To those I hourly climb with him;
My Alps! my Italy!

The secrets of all Europe's skies
Lie hidden in a pair of eyes
Where daily I explore;
I need but lift and turn my own—
But lift and turn my own to see
More than the Orient's mystery,
Age-old, new-born, waked from the stone,
The Sphinx, and something more.

On wilder wastes, in every mood,
My frail barque gives her to the flood
Unmeasured as it rolls
Down to the seas more dark, more deep,
Where the uncharted currents sweep
To the unventured Poles.

And when upon a purple shore
With uplooped sail my barque I moor,
And Night o'ertaketh me,
Not strange, to my adventured keel,
The sands of any land shall feel;
Nor reck I though its heights reveal
At dawn—the shoreless Sea!

VAILIMA TABLE-TALK

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON IN HIS HOME LIFE

By Isobel Strong

SECOND PAPER

"June 8th 1893.

"I have just come back from a week's visit at a native village down the coast. Louis says I look as brown as a ham. Aolele said 'I hope you are not tired; you look pale—a pale black, I mean.'

"When I came up to my room, after being so long away, I found it all decorated with flowers and streamers of cocoanut fibre, the loving work of my Samoan boy, Mitaele; he had fastened a garland of hibiscus flowers on my beautiful ash wardrobe by means of tacks, but he meant well, and I hadn't the heart to reprove him. On my writing-table a number of 'Longman's' was lying open, with the following verses in Louis's hand fastened to the page with a hair-pin:

"Whether you come back glad or gay,
Or come with streaming eyes and hair,
Here is the gate of the golden way,
Here is the cure for all your care!
And be your sorrows great or small,
Here, breathe this quantum of romance.
Be sure you will forget them all
With this dear Gentleman of France!"

"June 30th 1893.

"We had a fright about my mother to-day. We were visiting the rebel outposts, and in going through a government village Louis called out to us to ride fast. These people all know that we sympathize with the rebels, and it is perhaps a little foolhardy to go through their villages to visit our friends on the other side. Every house we passed was crowded with men bearing rifles. I rode ahead with Louis, and when we looked back for Aolele, we were horrified to see her in the middle of the village, surrounded by armed men. Louis rode back in alarm and found that her horse had balked, and the amiable warriors had come to her assistance.

"These Samoan fighting men look very terrible in their battle array with blackened faces and a long 'head-knife' in their hands. But on close inspection their eyes are always kind and their smile sweet."

"Aug. 23rd 1893.

"We had a trying but characteristic morning over 'Anne.' We were sailing along on the eleventh chapter when a smart Samoan man appeared with a letter. It was from —, full of politics and fury, and Louis sent for my mother to come and hear it read aloud. We dismissed — with scorn equal to his own and on to work.

"'Chapter twelve,' dictated Louis. 'Buccleton——'"

"That's cheap," I said.

"'What's the matter with it? Isn't it good enough for you? What do you want?'"

"'Well,' I said, 'I want "The Dying Uncle" or "the Nephew's Fortune."'"

"Louis jeered, but compromised on 'My Uncle,' and we were off again. Suddenly Aolele burst in. A man had cut his leg with a cane-knife, and I must get perchloride of iron and bandages.

"I did that all right, started Sosimo at work on Palema's room with a warning not to wash his tan shoes in the river; saw that the tame calf was watered; set the girls to making wreaths for the dinner-party to-night, and returned breathless to Anne, when we worked on serenely until interrupted by the first bell for lunch.

"Nov. 3rd, 1893.

"Louis has been writing autographs for me; this is to put in the fly-leaf of 'Memories and Portraits':"

"Much of my soul is here interred,
My very past and mind;
Who listens nearly to the printed word
May hear the heart behind."



Vaea Mountain (the burial-place of Mr. Stevenson) seen from Vailima.*

“ Nov. 20th, 1893.

“ All our Samoan ‘ boys ’ went to the great missionary meeting, wearing the Vailima uniform of white shirts, red and white blazers, and the Stuart tartan lava-lava. (Note.—A garment worn in the manner of a kilt.) According to their own accounts they were much admired. Murmurs on all sides were heard about the fine appearance and good looks of ‘ Tama o le Ona,’ or, as Louis puts it, ‘ the McRichies.’ ”

“ Dec. 10th, 1893.

“ Louis’s birthday is the thirteenth of Nov., but he was not well, so we postponed festivities to the twenty-first. It was purely native, as usual. We had sixteen pigs roasted whole underground, three enormous fish (small whales, Lloyd called them), 400 pounds of salt beef, ditto of pork, 200 heads of taro, great bunches of bananas, native delicacies done up in bundles of *ti* leaves, 800 pineapples, many weighing

fifteen pounds, all from Lloyd’s patch, oranges, tinned salmon, sugar-cane, and ship’s biscuit in proportion. Among the presents to Tusitala, besides flowers and wreaths, were fans, native baskets, rolls of *tapa*, *ava* bowls, cocoa-nut cups beautifully polished, and a talking-man’s staff; and one pretty girl from Tanugamanono appeared in a fine mat (the diamonds and plate of Samoa) which she wore over her simple *tapa* kilt, and laid at Tusitala’s feet when she departed. Seumanu, the high chief of Apia, presented him with the title of ‘ Au-mai-taua-i-manu-vao.’ ”

“ Dec. 27th.

“ Christmas-eve we devoted to our Samoans; we had forty, counting the children, and not one of them, old or young, had ever seen a Christmas-tree before. Lloyd distributed the gifts (they had all come out from the Army and Navy Stores in London), and made appropriate speeches in Samoan.”

“ Feb. 6th, 1894.

“ Louis and I spent a long and busy day over Hermiston; † we’ve been

† “ Weir of Hermiston,” the last story on which Mr. Stevenson worked, and his best.

* The accompanying illustrations are all from photographs in the family albums. Several which do not directly relate to Vailima, but to other passages of Mr. Stevenson’s life in the South Seas, have been included because of their excellent portrayal of him. In many cases the negatives have been destroyed, and these are the only copies in existence.



Samoa War Party going to Battle on the Morning of June 9, 1893.

Drawn by Otto H. Facher from a photograph.

working at it, already, several days. Captain Wurmbrandt, an Austrian cavalry officer, and Mr. Buckland, known on his own island as Tin Jack (the original of Tommy Haddon, in 'The Wrecker'), are staying with us. The Captain's stories are of the camp, and Tin Jack's are of love and the Islands. The two are excellent company for the rainy season.

"Feb. 12th, 1894.

"I have been reading a paper by Miss Dickens about her father, and found a particular instance in which Louis resembles him. They both love dancing, but could neither of them waltz. Both were excellent in the polka, and Louis is quite capable of getting out of bed at night, like Dickens, to practise a new step. But my hero has gone a step beyond the illustrious novelist. He began theorizing—as he does about everything under the sun—on the subject of dance time. He could never keep step to threes, he said, it was unnatural. The origin of all counting is the beating of the heart, and how could you make one—two—three out of that?

"How about triple time in music?' I said, 'you play it all right on your flageolet!'

"I understand that,' he said, 'it counts three between every heart-beat.'

"Then waltz to triple time,' I said, and he did at once, beautifully."

"The mention of Dickens reminds me of a story that Louis is very fond of telling, of a sly old French priest in Samoa, who, the first time he saw Louis, struck an attitude, and exclaimed, 'Ah! quelle ressemblance!' Then approaching him, 'How like! How like—Monsieur Charles Dickens! Did no one ever tell you that before?' And Louis was compelled to confess that certainly nobody ever had."

"Feb. 13th, 1894.

"We danced this evening after dinner in the big hall. Mamma sat on the table and turned the hurdy-gurdy, and Louis waltzed to triple time. He can also dance the Highland schottische, which he does with much earnestness. We had great fun teaching it to Captain Wurmbrandt, who, being an Austrian, is of course a beautiful dancer. Tin Jack (Tin means Mr. in his island) looked handsome and thoughtful as he skimmed about the room in the most beautiful imitation of a waltz, but without a step to bless himself with. I did not realize how good Tommy Haddon was till I read it over again in 'The Wrecker,' after meeting Tin Jack. He is quite as handsome as Louis describes him and has a trusting, earnest look. He asked, 'What kind of dances do they have here, round and square?' I answered, in some irritation, 'No, three-cornered.' 'Gracious!' he exclaimed, with interest, 'what kind of a dance is that?'

"He is paying his addresses to a young lady here, and Louis wrote the

following valentine which I illuminated in gold on white satin :

“ The isle-man to the lady — I,
Whose rugged custom it has been
To sleep beneath a tropic sky
And bivouac in a savage scene.
Ah ! since at last I saw you near,
How shall I then return again ?
Alone in the void hemisphere
How shall my heart endure the pain ? ”

“ March 10th, 1894.

“ To-day is my mother's birthday, and she says the best of her presents is the piece of paper she found pinned on her mosquito-netting in the morning. It was signed R. L. S., and addressed ‘ To the Stormy Petrel.’ ”

“ Ever perilous
And precious, like an ember from the fire
Or gem from a volcano, we to-day,
When drums of war reverberate in the land

And every face is for the battle blacked—
No less the sky, that over sodden woods
Menaces now in the disconsolate calm
The hurly-burly of the hurricane—
Do now most fitly celebrate your day.

Yet amid turmoil, keep for me, my dear,
The kind domestic faggot. Let the hearth
Shine ever as (I praise my honest gods)
In peace and tempest it has ever shone.”

“ March 17th.

“ Yesterday and to-day we wrote steadily at ‘ Anne,’ while war news and rumors flew thick and fast around us. The Captain brought us word that the ——s were barricading their house with mattresses, and many natives are taking their valuable mats to the mission for safety. We are on the very outposts, and if the Atuans did attack Apia they would have to pass Vailima. Our woods are full of scout-

ing parties, and we are occasionally interrupted by the beating of drums as a war-party crosses our lawn. But nothing stops the cheerful flow of ‘ Anne.’ I put in the remark, between sentences, ‘ Louis, have we a pistol or gun in the house that will shoot ? ’ to which he cheerfully answers, ‘ No, but we have friends on both sides,’ and on we go with the dictation.”

“ June 4th, 1894.

“ This evening, as Austin and I were swinging in the hammock, we heard a call from Aolele : ‘ Big guns ! ’ We ran out on the veranda ; over toward Atua, where the rebels are, we heard the booming of cannon from the men-of-war, and we watched the exchange of signals with the ships in port by means of rockets and search-lights. There has been fighting in Aána and a number of wounded men were brought into the Mission. Dr. Hoskyn, of the Curaçoa, is doing noble work



Samoa Mother and Child.

among them ; the natives simply worship him.

“June 30th.

“Louis has just returned from a trip on board H. M. S. Curaçoa to the neighboring island of Manu'a. It is really a part of the Samoan group, but when the Berlin treaty was made between the three great Powers they forgot Manu'a, and now the little island is independent and at peace, reigned over by a young half-cast girl of eighteen. When commissioners and tax-collectors went over to Manu'a, the young queen gave them to understand that her island was her own, and they had no business there, though otherwise they were treated with Samoan hospitality. It is a very interesting place, and Louis had a great deal to tell us about his trip, but I think he enjoyed the man-of-war itself the most. He says he has gained enough experience to write a sea-story ; he has stored up technical

terms from the officers, and ship slang from the midshipmen. He was invited to afternoon tea with the warrant officers, had early morning cocoa with Mr. Burney, one of the midshipmen, and was reproved by the Captain for crossing the batten on the poop which marks off the post of the officer on duty. In his daily tub he was so careful not to splash the water that the severe orderly, a marine, didn't believe he had taken a bath at all, looking so suspiciously at Louis that he declares he felt like apologizing.

“‘Lay out a clean shirt, Abbott,’ he said one evening, as he was dressing for dinner.

“‘This is Saturday, Mr. Stevenson,’ said the orderly. ‘The one you have



The Inscribed Tablet.



Vaea Mountain in the Distance.

LOTO ALOFA—THE ROAD OF THE LOVING HEART.

“Remembering the great love of his Highness Tusitala, and his loving care when we were in prison and sore distressed, we have prepared him an enduring present, this road which we have dug to last forever.” (Names of chiefs following.)



Preparing Ava for the Chiefs who Made the Road of the Loving Heart.

will do well enough. I will lay out a clean one for to-morrow !'

"Sosimo never smiled all the time Louis was away ; he was the first to sight the man-of-war steaming into the harbor, and was on the beach holding Jack by the bridle before the Curaçoa had come to anchor. Louis rode home, leaving Sosimo to go on board and bring up his valise.

Long ago Louis had a topaz stud that was somewhat difficult to put into his shirt, so he gave it to me. I laid it away in my trinket box and was dismayed, when I first wanted to wear it, to find it gone. Sosimo had missed the stud, discovered it in my box, and carried it back to Louis's room. I kept up the fight for some time, trying to secrete it from Sosimo by putting it in out-of-the-way places, but it was invariably found in Louis's room, no matter where I had hidden it.

"When he came up from the ship he put Louis's valise down on the veranda and carefully abstracted from his mouth the precious stud he had carried there

for safety. I gave up, then, and it is now Louis's own.

"We miss Louis so terribly even for a few days that now we all rejoice to be together again. There are just seven of us : Aunt Maggie and her son Louis, Aolele and her son Lloyd, myself and my son Austin, and all our Palema.

"Our furniture has come all the way from Scotland : thirty-seven cases, some of them fifteen feet square, weighing in all seventy-two tons. The boxes were brought up on the bullock-carts of the German Firm by scores of Solomon Island black-boys, in a most exciting and noisy procession.

"Mr. Moore, chaplain of H. M. S. Curaçoa, came up in his spotless white clothes to help us unpack, returning to his ship in the evening the picture of a chimney-sweep—or, perhaps, in more appropriate language, 'black but comely.'"

"July 9th.

"We have been very gay. Lloyd, Louis, and I went to the Officers' ball on the 3d, and on the 4th, two Curaçoa

marines appeared on the veranda. 'Me and my messmates,' one of them said, 'invites Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Strong, Mr. Osbourne, and Mr. Balfour to a sailors' ball in the same 'all as last night, not forgetting young Mr. Goskin.' We accepted with pleasure, and I went, escorted by Louis and Austin. The ball was a great success; everybody was there. Louis said, as he looked on at officers and sailors dancing in the same set, harmony and

change the whole aspect of the room. Our guests included Count and Countess Rudolf Festetics of the yacht Tolna, now in port, the captain of the English man-of-war (the German captains were asked but were away cruising) and President Schmidt. Louis was in splendid health and spirits, and though work has been neglected, nobody cares.

"Mr. —, an English midshipman who is spending a week with us, told me that though he had known and liked



Island Judge. A Beach-comber. The King. Tin Jack.

A Group in the Island of Manahiki, showing the King and Tin Jack, the Original of "Tommy Haddon" in "The Wrecker."

good-fellowship on all sides, 'The Curaçoa revives my faith in human nature!'

"The next day, Louis, Lloyd, and I rode in the German flower parade or Blumen-Corso, as they called it; last night we had a dinner-party of twenty, the first time since the boxes were opened, and displayed all our silver and glass with dazzling effect. The big hall lights up beautifully at night, and the pictures, and busts, and old furniture,

Mr. Stevenson all this time, it was only the other day, when he was roaming about the library, looking at the books, that it came over him all of a heap—'he's the jossier that wrote *Treasure Island*.'

July 22^d, 1894.

"On Sunday evening, as Austin went to bed, I sat with him as usual for a little talk. He told me a good deal about the Catholic Mission at Monterey

and the services. 'Protestants,' he said, 'don't seem to care for you when you're dead, but the Catholics—' and he gave a long description of the funeral ceremonies, ending up with 'and eight pall-berries by your coffin!'

"I told them all when I came down. 'What a pretty funeral,' said Louis, 'to be decorated with pall-berries!'

"That is,' said Palema, 'if it is in the pall-berry season.'

"In the islands,' said Lloyd, 'I sup-

three kinds of champagne: sweet, dry, and gooseberry.'

"*Teuila*. The kind we had was gooseberry.

"*Palema*. It was worse, it was old gooseberry.

"*Louis*. We used to get some vile stuff at ——'s in London.

"*Palema*. Restaurant champagne?

"*Louis*. Infinitely worse! God knows who could have made it—the manufacture must have been a secret.



Family Group on the Back Veranda at Vailima.

pose they would have tinned pall-berries!'

"Imagine!' said Palema, 'if you were too early in the season and the pall-berries were green. Unripe pall-berries!'

"Or too late,' said Louis; 'fancy if the pall-berries were rotten!'

"We were talking about some champagne we had drunk at a friend's house.

"*Palema*. And such stuff! Such sticky, sweet, treacly—

"*Louis*. After all there are only

"*Palema*. A secret that died with the man who drank it!

"I came into Louis's room to find him and Sosimo very busy, clearing up and sorting papers. 'Did you tell Sosimo to do this?' I asked. 'No,' said Louis, with his arms full of books, 'he told me!'

"The other day the cook was away, and Louis, who was busy writing, took his meals in his room. Knowing there was no one to cook his lunch, he told Sosimo to bring him some bread and

cheese. To his surprise he was served with an excellent meal: an omelette, a good salad, and perfect coffee.

"'Who cooked this?' asked Louis, in Samoan.

"'I did,' said Sosimo.

"'Well,' said Louis, 'great is your wisdom.'

Sosimo bowed and corrected him—
'Great is my love!'"

"Aug. 5th, 1894.

"Now that the Curaçoa is here Louis only works in the forenoon. Later in the day some one is sure to be seen toiling up the road by what they call 'the Curaçoa track,' and shortly before they reach the turnstile, exchange pleasantries with the upper veranda, where Louis is reading, playing piquet with Palema, or giving Austin a French lesson. If the visitor happens to be either of the two Scotch midshipmen, Lord Kelburn, or Mr. Meiklejohn, then the greetings on both sides are in a most excruciating Edinburgh or Glasgow accent. The other day we had a most interesting conversation with the First Lieutenant, Mr. Eeles, who is Louis's particular chum on board, and the Lieutenant of Marines, Mr. Worthington.

"Our talk turned upon the Islands; Lieutenant Eeles told us of a visit he made to some far-off island of the South-western Pacific; the natives showed him a place where the 'turtle men' were buried. They called them that, they said, because, though they were white men, their breasts and backs were hard

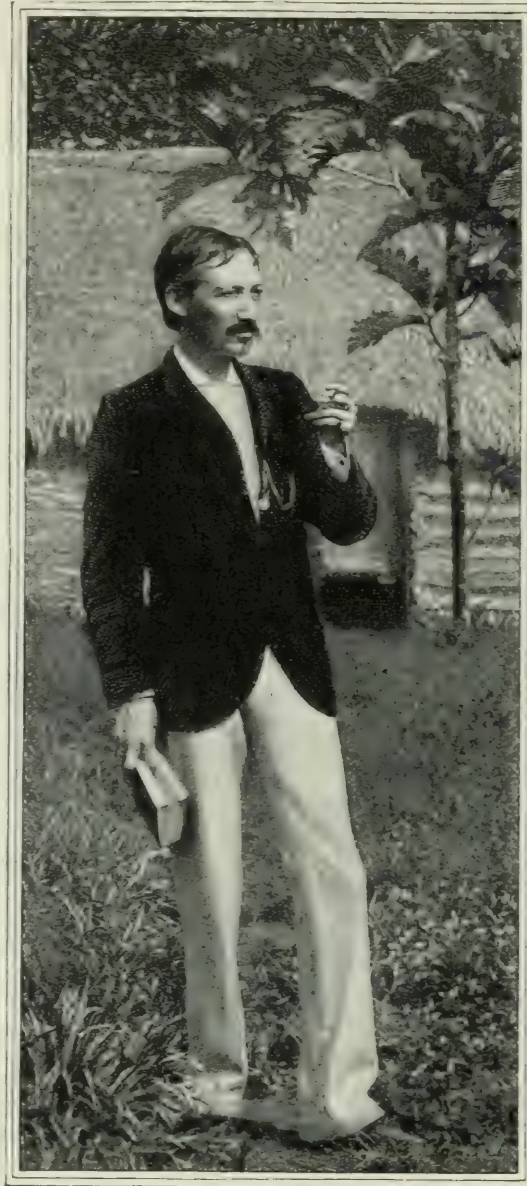
like turtles. He was not much interested, having heard any number of island yarns and legends. It was only after he left the place, and the ship was on its way to Fiji, that suddenly waking from sleep, he sat up with the thought, like a revelation, 'the turtle men were white soldiers in armor!'

"Lloyd told of an island a friend of ours had visited, that had been bombarded by a man-of-war; one bomb, left behind in the sand, had not exploded. Afterwards some natives found it, and began hammering it, when it exploded, killing a number of them. Since then the natives warn strangers to be careful of the stones, as they are dangerous and liable to blow up.

"Louis is never tired of hearing the Soldier (as we call Mr. Worthington), who has introduced us to Chevalier's songs. So we wound up the evening with 'Liza' and the Vicar's song from 'The Sorcerer'; Louis joining in the chorus at the top of his voice."

"Aug. 27th.

"We have worked at 'Anne' all these mornings when the guns were firing on



Atua, stopping once in a while to speculate on what damage they might be doing. We can get no news, but will hear all about it when the Curaçoa gets back. They hate to bombard a miserable little native stronghold and kill a handful of innocent people, but they have to obey orders; in the meantime we plod along at 'Anne,' while groups of natives stand silently and anxiously

on the veranda, looking toward Lotuanuu listening to the booming of the guns.

"To-day we were in the middle of the chapter about the claret-colored chaise, when we were interrupted by the arrival of eight chiefs. They proved to be the liberated political prisoners that we have been interested in for so long, whose freedom from jail they owe to Louis. Louis entertained them in the smoking-room; we all sat on the floor in a semicircle and had *ava* made. Their speeches were very beautiful, and full of genuine gratitude as they went back over the history of every kindness Louis had done for them. In proof of their gratitude they offered to make a road, sixty feet wide, connecting us with the highway across the island. The offer touched and surprised Louis very much, and though he tried to refuse, they overruled every objection.

He said if they made the road he would like to name it 'The Road of the Grateful Hearts,' but they said no, it would be called 'The Road of the Loving Heart' in the singular, and they asked me to copy out a paper they had written with that name, and all their titles attached, to be painted on a board and put up at the cross-roads."

"Sep. 24th, 1894.

"Louis and I have been writing, working away every morning like steam-engines on 'Hermiston.' Louis got a set-back with 'Anne,' and he has put it aside for awhile. He worried terribly over it, but could not make it run smoothly. He read it aloud one evening and Lloyd criticised the love-scene, so Louis threw the whole thing over for a time. Fortunately he picked up 'Hermiston' all right and is in better spirits at once. He has always been



Mr. Stevenson Playing his Flageolet.
From a photograph made at Madeira Cottage.



Chiefs Decorating the Grave on Vaea Mountain.

wonderfully clear and sustained in his dictation, but he generally made notes in the early morning which he elaborated as he read them aloud. In 'Hermiston' he had hardly more than a line or two of notes to keep him on the track, but he never falters for a word, but gives me the sentences, with capital letters and all the stops, as clearly and steadily as though he were reading from an unseen book. He walks up and down the room as I write, and his voice is so beautiful and the story so interesting that I forget to rest; when we are interrupted by the lunch-bell, I am sometimes quite cramped, and Louis thumps me on the back in imitation of a Samoan *lomi-lomi* (massage), and apologizes. The story is all the more thrilling as he says he has taken me for young Kirsty.

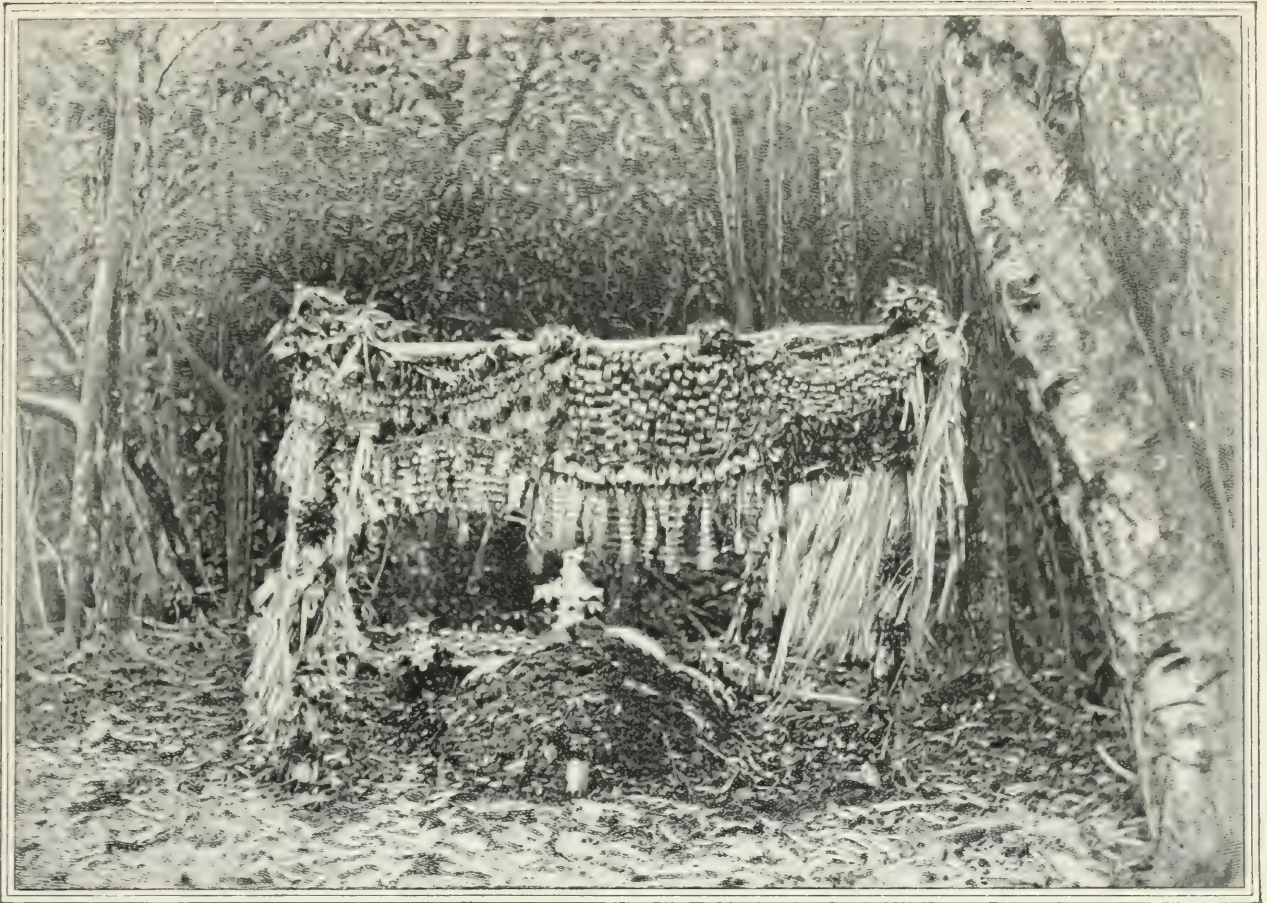
"We had such an interesting time to-day, looking over old fashion-books for the heroine's clothes. Her dress is gray, to which I suggested the addition of a pink kerchief; this afternoon Louis came into my room to announce that

in her evening walk Kirsty would wear pink stockings to match her kerchief; he said he could use the incident very artfully to develop her character. 'Belle,' he said, 'I see it all so clearly! The story unfolds itself before me to the least detail—there is nothing left in doubt. I never felt so before in anything I ever wrote. It will be my best work; I feel myself so sure in every word!'"

"Nov. 30th.

"A few days ago three sailors of H. M. S. Wallaroo came up and asked for a drink of water. We gave them seats on the veranda and offered them some cool beer after their long hot walk. When Louis came down to talk to them he was not long in discovering that they were all three Scotch; they had made for Vailima, 'like homing pigeons' on their first day of leave. When they were going away I gave them an opportunity to return by asking for a pattern of a sailor jacket.

"Yesterday we were sitting on the little front veranda by Louis's work-



The Decorations on the Grave.

room pegging away at 'Hermiston' like one o'clock. I hardly drew breath, but flew over the paper; Louis thinks it is good himself, so we were in a very cheerful humor; we heard a babble of voices at the gate and recognized our sailors. Louis gave up with the utmost good-nature and came down to talk with them. It was Thanksgiving Day, and preparations were going on for a dinner party with all American dishes. Aolele was experimenting with some Samoan berries with a view to cranberry sauce; the kitchen department was in great excitement over that foreign bird, the turkey. I overhauled the silver, Lloyd was concocting cocktails to stow away on the ice, and the village girls, who scent festivities from afar and always appear smiling and ready to help, were filling the jars and vases, and dressing the table in flowers; all this made a great confusion, but Louis kept his sailors on all the afternoon.

"He took them over the house and showed them the busts and statues, the Burmah gods, the curiosities from the islands, the big picture of Skerryvore light-house built by his grandfather on the coast of Scotland; the treasured bit of Gordon's hand-writing, from Khar-toum, in Arabic letters on a cigarette paper, framed, for safety, between two pieces of glass; and the library, where the Scotchmen gathered about an old edition of Burns with a portrait. Louis gave a volume of 'Underwood's,' with an inscription, to Grant, the one who hailed from Edinburgh, and the man carried it carefully wrapped in his handkerchief. As they went away, waving their sailor hats and keeping step, Louis leaned over the railing of the veranda and said, looking after them with a smile, 'How I love a blue-jacket! What a pity we can't invite them to our dinner to-night; they would be so entertaining!'"

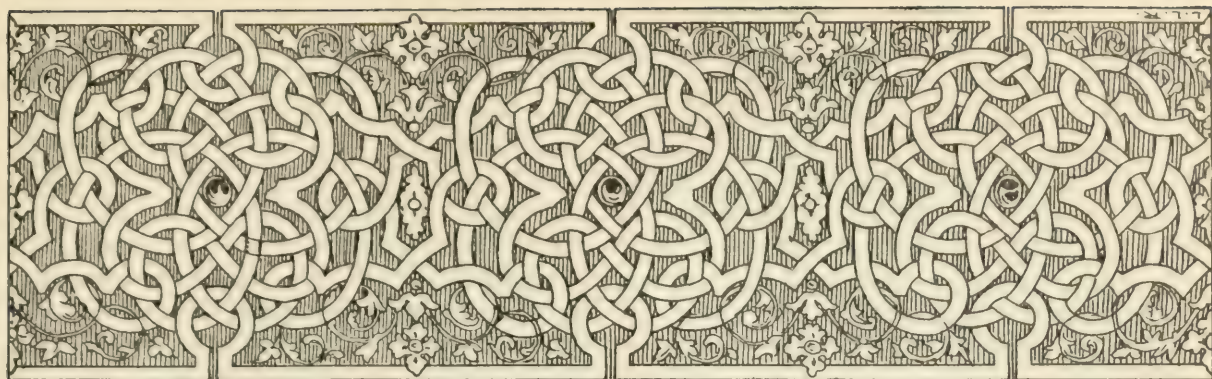


Engraved by Caroline A. Powell.

IN THE SUN.

From the painting by the late Theodore Robinson [Shaw Prize for the best figure picture at the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists in 1892.]

See The Field of Art, page 784.



THE CAPTOR OF OLD PONTOMOC

By Mary T. Earle

PONTOMOC BAY was a grimy map of log-strewn sand-bars. At the mouth of Bayou Porto a schooner was laid up on the bare, muddy bottom of the lesser channel. A slender thread of smoke rose from her deck where men were starting a charcoal furnace in the lee of the cargo. The north wind, that had driven the water out to deep sea, rattled uselessly in her rigging.

Up the shrunken main channel a boy and girl were idling in a skiff. The marshes on their uncovered roots made high walls about them, topped with the drift of a storm-tide, or crushed by stranded logs. The girl was paddling softly at the command of the boy, who sat alertly in the bow, holding his gun ready for a shot. They were creeping up on a mud hen that was feeding along the exposed shoals at the base of the marsh. Suddenly the shy-looking brown bird spread its strong wings and, with a derisive scream, wavered swiftly upward into flight.

The boy fired, but his shot fell short and he shook his fist after the lessening fleck over the marsh. "I wouldn't mind losing you, you imp," he cried, "if you didn't taunt me with it. But I'll hurt you yet."

"Don't try any more, Bert," pleaded the girl. "You'll never hit one, and we've wasted too much time already. I have lots to do at the store to-day—if I don't finish posting my books father will be so angry, and if you don't start the men to work on these logs before

he gets back—" she gave a strong sweep with her oar as she spoke.

The boy, who had just taken the empty shells from his gun, let it clatter down unloaded beside him, and turning, caught her hands. "You've cared long enough whether father was angry," he declared. "Ever since you were born you've done nothing but care, and since I was born I've done nothing but care, and since mother first saw father she has done nothing but care, and it's time it all stopped. You're eighteen years old, did you ever have a minute of fun in your life? If you did it was before I was born, I've never seen any. There's not a nigger in Pontomoc that has worked like us or skimped like us. Where does the money go that the new mill makes? Where does the money go that the store makes? Where does the charcoal money go? You ask anybody in Pontomoc if Robert Norton is a poor man."

The girl drew her hands from the grasp that crushed them against the oar, and laid them imploringly upon her brother's.

"Bert," she said, "remember how mother keeps saying that there's something none of us understand, remember how it hurts her when we are impatient——"

"Oh, Elizabeth," the boy cried, "don't talk to me about mother; I've given up for her sake and given up for her sake and given up for her sake, until he thinks there is nothing I cannot be

made to do. Remembering that he was decently thoughtful once when he was making love to her, may make it easier for her to stand him, but I tell you, I've never seen him any way but the way he is now, and when he capped everything by putting you down in that hole of a store to keep books, just to spy on poor Stewart, I made up my mind not to turn my hand over again to please him."

The girl looked up along the desolate, uplifted marshes to the dazzling blue of the sky. "I don't mind any more," she said, "Mr. Stewart has been very kind."

"That's not the question," said Bert, doggedly. They were silent a moment, and over the marsh there settled down to them the tinkle of a cow-bell from the hidden shore. Bert touched his sister's arm and pointed ahead to a black dot bobbing up and then disappearing from the surface of the water. "Do you see that duck?" he whispered. "Now just try if you can paddle softly for once and give me a fair shot."

Elizabeth glanced forward and was noiselessly dipping her paddle, when they heard the strenuous thud of approaching oars and the black dot disappeared for good.

"Darn the luck," growled Bert; "the fool might have known somebody would be hunting when there's such a low tide."

Elizabeth bent nervously to her paddling. "That sounds like father," she said.

"But you know very well it isn't," retorted the boy. "If he had started from the head of the bayou before day-break he couldn't be here yet."

As if in answer, a skiff leaped toward them round a curve in the marsh. The tall, gray boatman scarcely looked to the right or to the left, but reaching his long, insatiable oars tensely after the water, threw his gnarled body forward and back, forward and back, forward and back.

The boy and girl sat cowed and waiting. The oarsman almost passed them by, then he stopped mid-stroke and fought against the boiling water. "Are you crazy?" he shouted, "are you blind?" He stretched out his hand toward the floating logs in the channel,

the logs that were scattered over the shoals and through the marsh. "Don't you see that all I own or hope to own is afloat or stuck in this cursed water and sand? Don't you care whether you have bread to-morrow or your mother starves? Must you shoot the last cent I have into the air, and waste time that is worth dollars? Come!"—he clenched one hard hand round his son's arm and drew the boy onto the seat beside him. "Go!" and he gave the girl's boat a mighty push upstream.

Elizabeth bent forward with eyes aflame. "Remember," she cried, "Bert, remember!" But Bert looked at the oar on which he was throwing his weight, and she met her father's tortured, impatient gaze. Then the marsh hid them and she was alone.

As she rowed tremulously onward, it was as if she had suddenly wakened to the actual havoc of the storm. The drifting logs in some places almost filled the channel; the tide had lifted one unbroken boom sidewise, half upon the marsh; when she came out in sight of the high banks of the bayou, she saw that the water had been above them too, scattering its freight along them. A few red-shirted men, routed out by her father's early summons, were already rafting together the floating logs, and there was something of Norton's forced haste in the way they pounded the iron "dogs" into the wood with flashing axes, waded hip deep in the numbing water, or leaped dripping from log to log with the clanking chains. It was hard work, but necessary, and familiar enough to Elizabeth, yet she resented more keenly than ever the needless stress with which everything was pushed under the direction of her father. What gave him the power to bend everyone to his purpose? What had turned that indomitable will on this long, fierce hunt for money? Her council to Bert had taken the last of her forbearance, and Bert's words repeated themselves to her, burdened with all the mysterious, uncalled-for hardship of their lives: "Ask anybody in Pontomoc if Robert Norton is a poor man."

At the landing where Elizabeth left her boat, another force of men were working, aided by half the loafers of the

village. The heavy flat boat which ran as a ferry across the bayou had been grounded far inshore, and the crowd was prying and dragging to get it back within reach of some ordinary tide. Elizabeth saw with misery that they redoubled their efforts as she came up. Mr. Stewart, at the store, was the only man in Pontomoc who went his quiet way unstartled by the approach of Robert Norton or his children.

Stewart was at work in the deserted store, weighing out and wrapping up pounds and half-pounds and quarter-pounds of various groceries, ready for the petty custom of the workmen when the evening rush should come. As Elizabeth entered, he came around the counter to shake hands with her.

"And how are you this morning?" he asked, as he always did, "and how is Mrs. Norton?"

"As usual," Elizabeth answered, scarcely touching his hand. His gentle, staid courtesy had come to be a refuge to her at ordinary times, but when overwrought by thought of her father she could not bear it. Stewart had been crushed under Norton's feet more cruelly than the rest of Pontomoc.

"Has the storm done much damage?" he went on, easily. "I haven't been out to see, but I notice that everybody else has gone down to the bayou to find out what is going on. Do you know, Miss Elizabeth, when I was a boy nobody would have thought of going to the bayou after a storm, it was all a rush for the front beach to see how many bath-houses were gone; but now the question is if the logs have broken loose——"

"They have broken loose," said Elizabeth, very slowly, "and I wish they could never be rafted together again."

Stewart did not heed her. Since they had been thrown upon each other's mercy in the little store, he had been studying her, and he knew that sometimes her moods of revolt were soothed if he just talked on and on.

"I am an old-fashioned man," he said, going to the door and looking down the shady, silent street. "Business had no attractions for me until necessity picked me up and threw me into it, as one might say; but even I

can see what a wonderful thing your father is doing for poor old Pontomoc. Why, look here;" he went back behind the counter, unlocked the till, picked up a handful of pennies and jingled them in the air. "Do you know that it is only since your father has owned the store that we have had pennies here? How could we sell things at small profit when we were content to make change within five cents?"

Elizabeth laughed dryly. "Be careful that you don't lose one of those pennies," she suggested, "if you do you'll have to cheat somebody out of one to make up for it, and you'll not like that."

Stewart let the dingy things slide into the till and walked hastily to where Elizabeth had perched herself at the high, box-like desk. She looked dully at his fine, thin, remonstrating face.

"Don't you know," he begged, "that it will be much pleasanter if you do not talk like that?"

The girl dropped her chin in her hand and turned away from him. She had a strong face, like her father's. "If you fancy," she said, in a low voice, "that it is pleasanter in one way than another, you must think strangely of me."

"Of you?"

"Do you think every kind, thoughtful thing you have done for me has not cut me like a knife? Do you think it is pleasant for me even to look in the face of the man my father has wronged?"

"You're mistaken," cried Stewart, with a flush of pain. "Your father did what any Northern man would have done. I showed my incapacity, and he followed up his business rights."

He caught a glimpse of the hot color rushing to her averted face, and then she buried her forehead on her arms. "Oh, you are cruel to the North," she said, in a muffled voice. "Everybody knows how he followed up his business rights. This store is yours. I don't care what tricks of law or business say it's not."

"Nothing belongs to the incapable," Stewart answered.

"You are not incapable. Do you

think if you were, father would have you here? You are only honest."

Stewart gave one apprehensive glance out at the empty street, then laid his hand on the girl's bowed shoulder. "Oh, you poor child," he said, "I am not honest. I am breaking trust every day."

Elizabeth looked up full of incredulous questioning. Her eyes met his, and brimmed slowly with unwonted tears.

"Don't pity me," he said, gently, taking away his hand. "I never meant to pain you with it, but now I wish I could show you how knowing and loving you have made up for everything. Don't pity me."

Elizabeth leaned toward him with a face in which all the depths of love and sorrow were stirred.

Outside came a rattle of hoofs. "Stewart!" shouted Norton's voice.

The girl opened her ledger. "God pity us both," she said.

"Get onto this horse," said Norton, as Stewart hastened to the door, "and ride out the old county road and send me everyone of my men that are chopping in the woods. Have them come here for spades and shovels, and then report at the mill. Those that don't get there by noon will be turned off. I've got to cut a deeper channel to the mill. At this tide no logs can get in, and we've got to saw night and day till our big order is off, if we have to carry the logs by hand. Don't spare yourself or the horse. Be back at ten o'clock, I've work for you to-day."

"And the store?" asked Stewart, his white hand on the pommel.

Norton's eyes cursed him. "I'll see to that," he said.

For the first time in their connection Stewart quailed, and, thinking only of Elizabeth, jumped into the saddle. As he galloped away the girl came out at her father's call.

"You'll have charge here to-day," said Norton. "Work at the books and don't let customers cheat you. I need your boat, so you'll stay until you are called for."

"Very well," said Elizabeth.

Norton strode away toward the bayou as if he were pursued. Elizabeth

watched him, regardless of whether he looked back or not. Her sad new joy gave her a deeper understanding of what her mother had borne, and of the constant illumined patience in which she had lived. Her father's forward-stretching figure pressed out of sight beneath the live oaks, but the passionate strain of his face and voice haunted the girl. If, in other years, all of that force had been given to love, it was not strange that the answering love had endured, bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things. Elizabeth had been very tender of her mother's faithfulness. She had set her face to lines of patience to save her mother from pain. She had laughed when anger choked her, to tide her mother over the endless harrying of their days. How she had pitied her mother! But she had never trusted with her. Now, with a feeling that her grasp of life had broadened, she found herself believing in her father, because he once had loved. Yet his face had never been so ruthlessly hard before.

Sleep-loving Bayou Porto and tranquil old Pontomoc knew no rest from the spur of Norton's presence. Now in his skiff, now tearing from the village to the mill on horseback, he seemed to be in all places, and even when he left a group of men they felt no lessening of tension, but expected each instant the sting of his voice behind them. The bayou was alive with shouts of workmen and the ringing of their tools. At the mill the force which Stewart had raised scattered in eagerly and fell to work. By eleven o'clock all of the gang except its foreman were digging in the trench. Stewart was there in temporary command, but shovelling away like the rest. He noticed that the men kept glancing up a little apprehensively in the direction from which the foreman should be coming.

"'Pears like Tom Largeon is a-takin' of his time," one fellow kept repeating, nervously. "'Pears like he might a-knowned the old man wouldn't stand no triffin' to-day."

"What do you think is keeping him?" Stewart asked. "I saw his boy, and he said Largeon was at home and he would tell him."

One of the quiet Creoles turned his keen, close-set eyes on Stewart. "An' you didn' 'ear 'im ride off de wrong way t'rough de woods on dat lil pony of him, a-hollerin'?"

"Was that he?" asked Stewart.

"Yas," answered the creole, "all de boy in de woods dey know Largeon w'en 'e call."

"Did you hear him? What do you make of it?" Stewart asked his next neighbor, the anxious man. "He couldn't have been drunk."

"Well, I haint seen him right hollerin' drunk for twenty year, but I 'low he *could* ha' been drunk if he'd a-wanted tuh," the anxious man returned. "But hit looks like Tom Largeon has been a-workin' for the ole man too long to be a-gittin' drunk w'en he knows in reason that the logs is loose, even if he did git mad at the ole man's faultin' him yesterday; an' I disremember ever a-seeing the ole man so nigh clean foolish over the logs as he is this mornin'. Gee——" the man's mouth shut like a spring.

"No talking! You're all losing time!" fell Norton's voice from the bank. "Where's Largeon? Didn't you see him, Stewart?"

"I left word for him, and you can depend on Largeon," Stewart answered, "he'll be here."

Norton ground his teeth together in a conquering physical effort for calmness. Then he beckoned to Stewart. "You are not used to managing men," he said, in a checked voice, "and you don't know how to get the best work out of them as I do, or even Largeon; but you must keep them from playing off altogether and losing their time in talk until Largeon comes. He is taking advantage of my situation to play off himself, but he'll learn better. Keep them all thinking that I'll be here the next minute," and then, with a few directions about the work itself, Norton was off again, taking the boat and leaving his horse hitched to a tree.

The mastery of will over the wrath of a strong nature is sometimes more terrible to see than an outbreak of passion, and Norton's quiet, combined with the strange look of torture in his

eyes, sent Stewart back to the men with a new, besetting fear for Elizabeth. There was something wrong that her father himself recognized in his body, soul, or mind. He was struggling against something within himself.

Outside of the bayou, off a sandy point that jutted into the bay, Bert had charge of one of the gangs of logging men. Norton's house stood on another point, across a little inlet, but Norton had not taken time to go home, although since the night before when the storm caught him at an upper logging camp, he had worked ceaselessly without rest or food. His wife had spent the morning at the window with a field-glass, watching the bay and bayou. For her they were not merely the setting, but were sentient actors in the fate-driven tragedy of her husband's life. She saw him come and go; once she saw Bert appeal to him, trying, she supposed, to suggest some different plan of work; failing, the boy went on sullenly, unlike the other men. Father and son were both in the cold, steel-gray, sparkling water, when Bert suddenly threw his ax into the boat and turned half staggering toward the beach. She could see Norton shout at him and Bert keep on without noticing. When he reached the sand, he dropped down where the men were dragging with their grappling hooks at the stranded logs. Norton followed, picked the boy up, carried him back to the boat, and rowed with him toward the house. She knew what had happened. Bert had taken a chill.

Oh, the mothers that are torn between husband and son! Mary Norton set her lips tight and threw her hands upward in one wild, still appeal for mercy. Then she heated water and blankets, staying herself by, repeating, over and over, that it would be nothing serious.

She met them at the door without a word, and to Bert's half-faint perception she had never looked so tall, pale, large-eyed, and executive. There was something cruel to him in the swift deftness of her touch as she helped his father get him into the hot bed. The boy wondered dizzily if two of the glistening, compassionless, unceasing

saws at the awful mill would not chafe him and ply him with hot drinks and plasters in just as sympathetic a way. He could have cried for a little mothering, the sweet, tender ways that had been his comfort always. But once, when he threw them both aside impatiently and tottered to his feet and almost fell, she cried out to his father, "Robert! Robert!" in the soft, piercing mother-cry that makes the heart stand still. When Norton laid him back on his bed she threw herself beside the boy, kissing his cold hands and bluish, sunken cheeks, and telling him to lie still, as if he felt that he could ever move again. He smiled at her feebly and was content. When she raised her head Norton had gone.

Throwing a final covering over Bert, she ran out and overtook her husband half-way to the boat.

"You're not leaving him?" she exclaimed.

"Yes," said Norton, without slackening speed.

"To get the doctor?" she asked, linking her arm into his and hastening beside him, one hand clutched tight in the folds of her dress.

"No," answered Norton, trying roughly to shake himself free; "Bert will be all right in two or three hours, it's simply a chill from the cold water. He takes it like a baby; I've worked through plenty like it. Don't drag on me, I must get back."

Mary Norton dropped his arm and stepped in front of him. The patience that had lasted almost twenty years was burned from her eyes like a film; they shone on him clear and wide with wrath. "What are you getting back to?" she asked.

"Work," said Norton, grimly, and then her new face caught him and puzzled him. "Why Mary," he began, in a gentler voice.

"What are you working for?" she demanded. "My comfort? Look at me!" She swept her arms apart over her faded calico dress and thin, worn figure. Then she pointed to the house. "His comfort? Oh, he has a happy life, a care-free, boyish life to bless his father for! Do you remember how you lived when you were a boy, what

freedom you had, and opportunities? Do you remember the schools you had and the friends you had? And Elizabeth, does it cost you this effort to keep her where she is, the jest and the scorn of the town? Robert Norton, I have kept my peace too long, and now you shall tell me what it means."

As Norton listened to her a slow anguish rose and conquered the driven look on his face. All the tension of his muscles relaxed. He put his hand to his head in a motion of utter weariness and spoke to her in a broken voice.

"Mary," he said, and that was all.

"I am waiting," she answered. For a moment they looked each other in the eyes, his pitiful with appeal, hers unrelenting.

Suddenly she stretched out her arms to him. "Tell me what it is, Robert," she pleaded. "Since we were married you have been keeping something from me. I felt it in the first kiss you gave me when you came home to marry me. Haven't you seen how I have waited and trusted you? Haven't I been faithful enough to deserve trust too? Oh, Robert, it would be easier for you to bear it if I were helping you! I know it's nothing wrong. I don't care whether it is anything wrong, only tell me, tell me!"

Norton lifted up his hand to check her. "I'm so tired, Mary," he said, simply, "and I've so much to do to-day. I don't know what you mean by my having a secret. When have I ever thought of anything but you and the children? What could I work for except to make you happy? I thought you always knew that I meant everything for the best. You all do work hard, dear, but don't I too? By and by we'll get into easier times and take things easier, if I could only put aside enough to make you safe in a rainy day. I—I don't know you, Mary, when you reproach me like this. You take all the nerve for work out of me, but I must go on."

In her appeal Mary had gone close to her husband, but he seemed too physically weary to touch her. Now she clung to him a moment entreatingly. "You will go and get the doctor, just for my sake, won't you?" she begged,

"and then come back to me and rest. You are so worn and the work will go on without you."

Norton gathered himself into his old tenseness and freed himself from her impatiently. "The doctor!" he cried. "Didn't I tell you that Bert doesn't need a doctor? Don't you know that we can't afford unnecessary expense? And I *must* work, or all that we own will go to ruin. Don't tempt me!"

The hunted look had come back to him intensified. His wife turned from it and groped her way toward the house, blinded by her tears. Suddenly Norton followed her and caught her close.

"Don't you see how hard you make it for me?" he asked, with passion. "Don't you love me? Don't you trust me any more?"

She let her head fall against his breast and lifted to him a face which was brilliant with supreme renunciation. Hope, and the hope of hope, were dead, but faith abided. "I trust you, I love you," she whispered. "Kiss me and go." And Norton kissed her wildly, snatching the time like a thief.

The force at the mill had worked in the ditch until there were but a few yards of bar dividing them from the low water in the channel. The wind had held north all the morning although it had grown light, but now it seemed to be veering, and Stewart urged the men to increased effort, for he knew that if it reached the east or south it would help the buffeted tide back into the shallow inland waters. Their work would seem lost if they had to leave it unfinished to be taken up in some other time of stress. Unfortunately the men were now so far out from the bank that by straightening they commanded a long stretch of the bayou with no Norton in sight. They were tired, and even the certainty that they would be called the more severely to account when he came, did not weigh much against the godsend of his long absence, and they fell into a jogging gait that was maddening to Stewart.

"It's mighty queer what's tuck 'em," said Tilman, the easy-going man who had the most unbounded time for anxiety; "if Largeon was here, hit wouldn't look so strange fer the ole man to stay away; an' if the ole man was here we

wouldn't have no incline-ation to be a-studyin' 'bout Largeon; but with 'em both gone, hit 'pears like we're kind-o' lost. Don't you sense hit that-a-way, Mr. Stewart? I declare I'd like to know what's run off with Largeon." He raised to his tip-toes in one more survey down the bayou for Norton, and up the bank where the road ran alongside and Largeon's mounted figure would be visible from far. "Gee whittakers, boys, they're both a-comin'," he shouted. "I bet you my doag the ole man gets in ahead."

As if each saw the other, the newcomers strained for their goal; the men fell to work in earnest, but stretched up again and again for a swift glance at the race; Tilman alone dropped his shovel and watched unremittingly, reporting to the rest. Norton, who knew the channel too well to glance over his shoulder, did not see him, and Largeon, throwing himself forward over his little mustang, rode for all he was worth until the lumber drying in the millyard halted him abruptly. With a cracked scream, he drove the spurs into his pony and tried to leap the pile of boards. Every man dropped his tools at the sound. Stewart started to run up the bank, but half a dozen men caught him back.

"Don't touch him," shouted Tilman, "he's ravin' drunk. Let him an' the beast fight hit out alone."

"We must get him off and away," urged Stewart, struggling to free himself. "Norton will land in a minute. Let me go."

But the men held onto him. "Largeon's mighty slow to mad, but when he's madded or drunk you'd just better clear the track," Tilman remonstrated, craning his neck to watch without losing his grip on Stewart's arm. "Lord, but he's a-waxin' hit to the pore beast! Boys, some of you had ought to stop him. He's off'n her and a-takin' a piece o' scantlin' to her."

Stewart flung himself free, but was snatched back by half the men. The other half ran up the bank, roused at last by the shrill outcries of the mustang under Largeon's awful blows. Ahead of them, like a resistless bolt from the bayou, rushed Norton.

"Stop that!" he shouted, "stop that! let that horse go!"

"That's my beast, damn you," whooped Largeon, "and I'm a free man to-day, I'm a free man!"

They faced each other across the leaping, bleeding horse, and all the laborers drew back. Norton's face was gray with furious command; Largeon's whole mighty frame shook with the rebellion that flared in his opened face.

"Let her go!" thundered Norton.

With a yell Largeon loosed the pony, and as she darted from between them, he raised his bloody timber and swung it fair at Norton's head.

"I'm a free man," he shrieked, and as Norton fell he raised the club again, but it dropped to his side and he ran into the woods. "I've done it again," he cried, madly, "I've done it again!"

"After him! After him!" shouted Stewart, and a dozen men dashed off to the woods. The rest crowded round Norton's prostrate figure, while Stewart knelt beside it with a face almost as ghastly as its own.

"Stand aside," ordered the young man, sharply. "Seymour, take the horse I had and get the doctor, but don't speak a word to anybody else in the village. Understand?"

"Stop!" said a husky voice behind them all, and the men, turning, jumped as one to grapple Largeon, "Leave me alone," he ordered; "I've come to stay. Seymour, you get that old French doctor that's just opened his shop by the post-office. Don't bother with the young man, he's a fool; get the old one."

"Get one of them, and quick," Stewart said, and Seymour galloped off. Largeon pressed in close to Norton.

"No, he's not quite dead," said Stewart, fiercely, "but don't begin to breathe too easy, I doubt if all the doctors in the world can keep you from hanging—don't touch him!"

But Largeon had his hand on Norton's heart. As he took it away he leaned toward the fallen face. "Old man," he said, in a strange, tender voice, "I'm afeared there ain't much chance for you this time. You had ought to have knowed me better." Then, as if the long wound on Norton's head had a fascination for him, he made as if to

touch it, but recoiled and flung himself on the ground beside the death-like figure, his own rugged form convulsed.

Stewart gave a bitter sound like a laugh and touched Largeon with his foot. "Keep guard of him, boys," he said. "I don't know what's brought him back, but he's likely to make a new break in some direction. Keep guard of him."

"'E will not go," said one of the older Creoles. "'E ave somesing on de mind. I 'ave often t'ought, me, dat Largeon 'ave somesing on de mind, or 'e couldn' stan' so much from de ole man."

Largeon lifted himself squarely. "Yo're right," he said, "I have had somethin' on my mind. When Bob Norton first came down here a-prospect-in' I guided him in the piny woods and I helped him raft his first pen o' logs over to Potosi; an' one day I got tear-in' drunk, cause the water was cold, an' I batted him over the head with a pole, until I thought he was dead, an' that turned me sober. When he got well he wouldn't say anything about it. He kept me on a-workin' for him, but he ain't never been the same man since. That's what I've had on my mind." His face quivered, but he stared defiantly at Stewart. "An' if you think," he added, "that I'm gallows skeered, yo're way off. I can't be hung too quick to suit me after I've seed that the right thing's done by Bob Norton."

The men stood silent in a ring about Norton, Largeon, and Stewart. The clear winter sun beat down on the stacks of odorous lumber, and the shadows of the pine-trees flickered over them. The woods pressed close to the bayou round the stirless mill.

"And nobody knew of this but you two?" Stewart asked, at last.

"Yes," said Largeon, "the little old French doctor knowed, but I reckon he was used to keepin' secrets, an' he never told. Nobody knowed he was a doctor then—they say he'd made some sort of a oath not to doctor, an' he's only just broke it—but his cabin was the only one near, so I took Bob there. The little Frenchman wouldn't touch him, but he told me what to do, so I brought Bob round, an' that's why I know he's the man to have now."

"He's cured some mighty bad cases since he begun to doctor there in town," one of the men ventured, in a subdued voice; and then silence laid a hand upon them, while they listened for the sound of hoofs. Stewart's thoughts escaped from the man at his feet into an agony of pity for Elizabeth.

At last they caught the swinging rush of a horse. Largeon started up from the crouching guard he had kept by Norton, and everyone turned to see the short, chubby French doctor clinging desperately to the saddle. The eager men ran out to meet him. He clambered down and hurried to Norton with a heated face that grew very pale as he knelt by the wounded man, examining him briefly. Stewart and Largeon waited as near him as they dared. He turned to Largeon, laying a hand on his shoulder.

"I weel do w'at I can," he said, gravely; "a-ah, 'ow I was a br-rute—you know ze time!" Then he told Stewart that Norton must be taken home as quickly as possible.

"Someone should go ahead to prepare Mrs. Norton," Stewart said, anxiously, "and someone must go to the village to tell his daughter."

"Write a word to the girl, one of the boys can take it to her an' then take her home," said Largeon, decisively. "You go yourself to Mis' Norton, an' tell Bert if you meet up with him on the bayou. Doc here 'll look out for the old man. I'll carry him down to the boat when it's fixed, an' then some o' the boys can take me along to the lock-up. I'll go easy now the old Doc is on hand."

Stewart had torn a leaf from his note-book and was writing on it. "Yes," he said, abstractedly, his mind full of its own pain, "I reckon that's as good as we can do all round. Here, Narcisse, take this to Miss Elizabeth, and then shut the store for her and bring her home. And Narcisse, I can trust you, tell her a good deal of how things are, but don't frighten her—do your best. Doctor, I'll start at once."

He was hurrying toward the landing when someone caught his arm. "For God's sake," cried Largeon, hoarsely,

"don't go without saying that you'll keep sending the boys over to tell me how he's comin' on. I'll carry him dead like he is down to the boat, an' I'll never see him again. If he dies I'll hang, if he gets well I'll skip the country. In God's name tell 'em both, if I go, that I'll never blacken their daylight again."

"Largeon," said Stewart, with impulsive pity—and then the anguish of the rough man dumbed him. No possibility of the future could reach back and change the past, and what comfort could Stewart give out of his quiet, self-controlled life? He passed his hand gently over Largeon's. "I'll tell them," he said, "and I'll keep you posted. Good-by."

"Good-by," said Largeon, and went back to stay by Norton until the doctor had finished making such a bed as he could of coats and pine-straw in one of the boats. Just as it was finished, a party of men from the village came up excitedly, and one of them touched the watcher's arm.

"I arrest you on charge of assault with intent to kill," said the newcomer.

"All right," said Largeon, "but just stand back a minute." And as if he alone had the right, he lifted Norton's limp body and carried it solemnly to the boat. The men who were to go with the doctor took their places, and Largeon pushed them off into the returning tide. Then he felt the constable's hand on his arm again. With his needless escort surrounding him, he walked back toward the village, the unemployed workmen trailing behind.

While Stewart was tying his boat at Norton's pier, Mrs. Norton came out of the house and down the path as if she expected him. Her face had the calm of one who has seen the end of things. "Tell me out here what it is," she said; "Bert is very sick and has just begun to doze."

Stewart told her as mercifully as he could. "I know," she said, softly; "come in and help me get ready for him, but be very still."

Stewart followed her in a sort of awe, and they made what changes were necessary in Norton's room. Then the

boat came. Norton was carried to his bed and the house stood in death-like pause, while the doctor began his work. Norton's skull was seriously fractured and splinters of bone would have to be removed. It was just where Largeon's blow had fallen twenty years before. The skull had thickened in healing so as to leave a pressure on the brain. Seeing this, the old hermit surgeon, who had scarcely looked at Norton save the once when he had stood apart directing the awkward bandaging of that first wound, now felt himself side by side with Largeon, accountable to all who had suffered from the awful stress of twenty years.

Elizabeth's white face appeared in the doorway, frightened yet strong. Her mother sent her up to watch with Bert, who was tossing from one feverish nap to another, waking just long enough to feel injured and call his mother if he found himself alone. When Elizabeth entered he was lying quietly, with bright roving eyes that fastened upon her without surprise. Finally he spoke.

"Wasn't it a pity?" he said, reminiscently; "I'd sure of had that duck if father hadn't come."

"Yes, it was a pity," the girl answered, sadly, and slipping from her chair, she laid her face beside Bert's on the pillow. He reached over and patted her caressingly.

"What's the matter with my sis?" he asked. "All used up about father again? Don't mind so much, we always have mother, anyway."

Elizabeth trembled from head to foot. Her mother had told her not to let Bert know. Bert's hand rested upon her like Stewart's. She closed her eyes. At last she felt his touch softly slipping away. She sat up and, finding that he had dropped asleep, she stole downstairs.

There was very little to learn. The

doctor worked with the dexterity of one who knew his skill and loved it. Mrs. Norton and Stewart stood by, alertly watchful. The lapping of the ripples on the shore came through the open window like the heart-beats of one who listens. Elizabeth went in and took the place that was hers by her mother's side.

At last the doctor laid by his instruments and motioned to Stewart to follow him. They went outside together and their voices murmured earnestly; then Stewart came back, leaving the doctor with his head sunk on his breast. The two women had been standing at the bedside, hand gripped in hand, but as Stewart entered, Mrs. Norton swayed a little and sank onto a chair. He went to her with a look that was stranger than joy.

"The doctor tells you to hope," he said, "and not for life only." He paused, and looked across to Elizabeth. She stared back almost in terror, but Mary Norton quivered to her feet.

"Do you mean?" she tried to say, but there was only a motion of her lips. Her eyes besought him.

Stewart steadied himself with his hand on a chair. "Has—has he changed in any way since you first knew him?" he began, falteringly; but like one who meets the returning dead, she swept him aside and knelt beside her husband.

The bay rippled on and the shadows lengthened. There was a tremor over Norton's face and he sighed. Once his eyelids fluttered, but life did not look out to say whether it was the soul of youth or manhood that was struggling back. Once he moved his hand slightly, seeking something. She took it in hers as if she feared to frighten it.

At last, slowly, wonderingly, his eyes opened, and across the gulf of years her lover smiled.

LIMITATIONS

By Louise Betts Edwards

O SOUL of mine that sighs
For a sphere that satisfies,
Why chafes thy restless thought
'Gainst the barriers fate hath wrought?
Thy task is yet to do,
And the hours are all too few!

"My task I am fain to leave,
Though the web is yet to weave,
Though the song is not begun,
Nor the poem nor picture done.
Three things, and only three,
For the work were given me
(Poor Earth, is it all thy store?)—
Love, Life, and Death, and no more!
Death, Life, and Love—'tis the whole,
And its straitness frets the soul.
Oh, narrow is the mold
An out-poured Self to hold!
More scope should sure belong
To picture and web and song!"

O soul, thou art but a child,
By sophistries self-beguiled,
Who, wearied with play, would
 blame
The toys for the zestless game!
Lo, Life and its limits are small—
Love, Life, and Death, they are all!
Yet the Master of crafts contents
His hand with such elements;
His universe fashioneth
Of only Love, Life, and Death,
And the ages of earth have known
No story save these alone.
Creation its changes rings—
Behold, on what simple things!
A handful of tints supply
The splendors of earth and sky;
A trio of chords contains
The soul of the sweetest strains;
In the skill of the hand it lies
To make these few suffice.

What, soul, and thy tears still fall?
"Oh, vain! I have tested all.
Love levies on Life harsh toll;
Life runs to Death as a goal;
Death's hand hath no prize to give."
O soul, thou hast yet to live!
These three, have they failed to fill
Thy hunger and thirst? *They will!*
Some draught of delight shall prove
To thy lips the completeness of Love;
In the heat of the strife thou shalt own
Thou battlest for Life alone;
And haply the hand of Death,
Less cold than his earth-chilled breath,
Holds Life and Love beside,
And thou wilt be satisfied!

A LETTER TO TOWN

By H. C. Bunner

FERNSEED STATION,
ATLANTIS CO., NEW —
February 30, 189—.

MY DEAR MODESTUS:—You write me that circumstances have decided you to move your household from New York to some inexpensively pleasant town, village, or hamlet in the immediate neighborhood, and you ask me the old, old innocent question:

"Shall I like suburban life?"

This question I can answer most frankly and positively:

"No, certainly not. You will not like it at all."

There is no such thing as *liking* a country life—for I take it that you mean to remove to the real suburban countryside, and not to one of those abominable and abhorrent deserts of paved streets laid out at right angles, and all supplied with sewers and electric light wires and water-mains before the first lonely house escapes from the house-pattern books to tempt the city dweller out to that dreary, soulless waste which has all the modern improvements and not one tree. I take it, I say, that you are going to no such cheap back-extension of a great city, but that you are really going among the trees and the water-courses, severing all ties with the town, save the railways' glittering lines of steel—or, since I have thought of it, I might as well say the railway ties.

If that is what your intent is, and you carry it out firmly, you are going to a life which you can never like, but which you may learn to love.

How should it be possible that you should enjoy taking up a new life, with new surroundings, new anxieties, new responsibilities, new duties, new diversions, new social connections—new conditions of every kind—after living half a lifetime in New York? It is true that, being a born New Yorker, you know very little indeed of the great city you live in. You know the narrow path you tread, coming and going, from

your house to your office, and from your office to your house. It follows, as closely as it may, the line of Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The elevated railroads bound it downtown, and uptown fashion has drawn a line a few hundred yards on either side, which you have only to cross, to east or to west, to find a strange exposition of near-sightedness come upon your friends. Here and there you do, perhaps, know some little by-path that leads to a club or a restaurant, or to a place of amusement. After a number of books have been written at you, you have ventured timorously and feebly into such unknown lands as Greenwich Village; or that poor, shabby, elbowing stretch of territory that used to be interesting, in a simple way, when it was the old French Quarter. It is now supposed to be the Bohemian Quarter, and rising young artists invite parties of society ladies to go down to its *table d'hôte* restaurants, and see the desperate young men of the bachelor apartments smoke cigarettes and drink California claret without a sign of trepidation.

As I say, that is pretty near all you know of the great, marvellous, multitudinous town you live in—a city full of strange people, of strange occupations, of strange habits of life, of strange contrasts of wealth and poverty; of a new life of an indescribable crudity, and of an old life that breathes to-day the very atmosphere of the historic past. Your feet have never strayed in the side paths where you might have learned something of the infinite and curious strangeness of this strange city.

But, after all, this is neither here nor there. You have accustomed yourself to the narrow dorsal strip that is all New York to you. Therein are contained the means of meeting your every need, and of gratifying your every taste. There are your shops, your clubs, your libraries, your schools, your theatres, your art galleries, and the houses of all your friends, except a few who have

ventured a block or so outside of that magic line that I spoke of a little while ago. And now you are not only going to cross that line yourself, but to pass the fatal river beyond it, to burn your boats behind you, and to settle in the very wilderness. And you ask me if you will like it!

No, Modestus, you will not. You have made up your mind, of course, to the tedium of the two railway journeys every weekday, and when you have made friends with your fellow-commuters, you will get to like it, for your morning trip in will take the place with you of your present afternoon call at your club. And you are pretty sure to enjoy the novelty of the first few months. You have moved out in the spring, and, dulled as your perceptions are by years of city life, you cannot fail to be astonished and thrilled, and perhaps a little bit awed, at the wonder of that green awakening. And when you see how the first faint, seemingly half-doubtful promise of perfect growth is fulfilled by the procession of the months, you yourself will be moved with the desire to work this miracle, and to make plants and flowers grow at your own will. You will begin to talk of what you are going to do next year—for you have taken a three year's lease, I trust—if only as an evidence of good faith. You will lay out a tract for your flower garden and your vegetable garden, and you will borrow your neighbor's seed-catalogue, and you will plan out such a garden as never blossomed since Eden.

And in your leisure days, of course, you *will* enjoy it more or less. You will sit on your broad veranda in the pleasant mornings and listen to the wind softly brushing the tree-tops to and fro, and look at the blue sky through the leaf-framed spaces in the cool, green canopy above

you; and as you remember the cruel, hot, lifeless days of summer in your town house, when you dragged through the weeks of work that separated you from the wife or children at the sea-side or in the mountains—then, Modestus, you must look upon what is before you, and say: it is good.

It is true that you can't get quite used to the sensation of wearing your tennis flannels at your own domestic breakfast table, and you cannot help feeling as if somebody had stolen your clothes, and you were going around in your pajamas. But presently your friend—for of course you have followed the trail of a friend, in choosing your new abode—your friend drops in clad likewise, and you take the children and start off for a stroll. As the pajama-feeling wears off, you become quite enthusiastic. You tell your friend that this is the life that you always wanted to lead; that a man doesn't really live in the city, but only exists; that it is a luxury to breathe such air, and enjoy the peaceful calm and perfect silence. Away inside of you something says that this is humbug, for, the fact is, the perfect silence strikes you as somewhat lonesome, and it even scares you a lit-



The desperate young men of the bachelor apartments.



The hot, lifeless days of summer in your town house.

tle. Then your children keep running up to you with strange plants and flowers, and asking you what they are; and you find it trying on the nerves to keep up the pretence of parental omniscience, and yet avoid the too-ready corrections of your friend.

"Johnny-jumper!" he says, scornfully, when you have hazarded a guess out of your meagre botanical vocabulary: "Why, man, that's no Johnny-jumper, that's a wild geranium." Then he addresses himself to the other inquiring youngster: "No, my boy, that's not a chestnut; that's an acorn. You won't get chestnuts till the fall, and then you'll get them off the chestnut-trees. That's an oak."

And so the walk is not altogether pleasant for you, and you find it safest to confine your remarks on country life to generalizations concerning the air and the silence.

No, Modestus, do not think for a moment that I am making game of you. Your friend would be no more at home at the uptown end of your little New York path than you are here in his little town; and he does not look on your ignorance of nature as sternly as you would look upon his unfamiliarity with your familiar landmarks. For his knowledge has grown upon him so naturally

and unconsciously, that he hardly esteems it of any value.

But you can have no idea of the tragico-comical disadvantage at which you will find yourself placed during your first year in the country—that is, the suburban country. You know, of course, when you move into a new neighborhood in the city you must expect to find the local butcher and baker and candlestick-maker ready to fall upon you, and to tear the very raiment from your back, until they are assured that you are a solvent permanency—and you have learned how to meet and repel their attacks. When you find that the same thing is done in the country, only in a different way, which you don't in the least understand, you will begin to experience a certain feeling of discouragement. Then, the humorous papers have taught you to look upon the Suburban Furnace as part of the machinery or property of a merry jest; and you will be shocked to discover that to the new-comer it is a stern and cold reality. I use the latter adjective deliberately and advisedly. There will surely come an awful night when you will get home from New York with Mrs. Modestus in the midnight train, too tired for anything but a drowsy chat by the lingering embers of the library fire over the festivities of the evening. You will open your broad hospitable door, and enter an abode of chill and darkness. Your long-slumbering household has let fires and lights go out; the thermometer in the children's room stands at forty-five degrees, and there is nothing for you to do but to descend to the cellar, arrayed in your wedding garments, and try your unskilful best to coax into feeble circulation a small, faintly throbbing heart of fire that yet glows far down in the fire-pot's darksome internals. Then, when you have done what you can at the unwonted and unwelcome task, you will see, by the feeble candle-light, that your black dress-coat is gray with fine cinder dust, and that your hands are red and raw from the handling of heavy implements of toil. And then you will think of city home-comings after the theatre or the ball; of the quiet half-hour in front of the dying cannel; of the short cigar

and the little nightcap, and of the gentle passage bedward, so easy in that warm and slumberous atmosphere that you hardly know how you have passed from weariness to peaceful dreams. And there will come to your spirit a sudden passion of humiliation and revolt that

open expressions of dissatisfaction with the life you are leading. You hardly know why you do this, but you have, half-unconsciously, read a gentle hint in the faces of your neighbors; and as you see those kindly faces gathering oftener and oftener about your fire as the winter nights go on, it may, perhaps, dawn upon your mind that the existence you were so quick to condemn has grown dear to some of them.

But, whether you know it or not, that second year in the suburban house is a crisis and turning-point in your life, for it will make of you either a city man or a suburban, and it will surely save you from being, for all the rest of your days, that hideous betwixt-and-between thing, that uncanny creation of modern days of rapid transit, who fluctuates helplessly between one town and another; between town and city, and between town and city again, seeking an impossible and unattainable perfection, and scattering remonstrant servant-maids and disputed bills for repairs along his cheerless track.

You have learned that the miseries of country life are not dealt out to

will make you say to yourself: This is the end!

But you know perfectly well that it is *not* the end, however ardently you may wish that it was. There still remain two years of your un-subletable lease; and you set yourself, courageously and firmly, to serving out the rest of your time. You resolve, as a good prisoner, to make the best of it. You set to work to apply a little plain common-sense to the problem of the furnace—and find it not so difficult of partial solution after all. You face your other local troubles with a determination to minimize them at least. You resolve to check your too

you individually, but that they belong to the life, just as the troubles you fled from belong to the life of a great city. Of course, the realization of this fact only serves to make you see that you erred in making so radical a change in the current of your life. You perceive only the more clearly that as soon as your appointed time is up, you must re-establish yourself in urban conditions. There is no question about it; whatever its merits may be—and you are willing to concede that they are many—it is obvious that country life does not suit you, or that you do not suit country life, one or the other. And yet—somehow in-



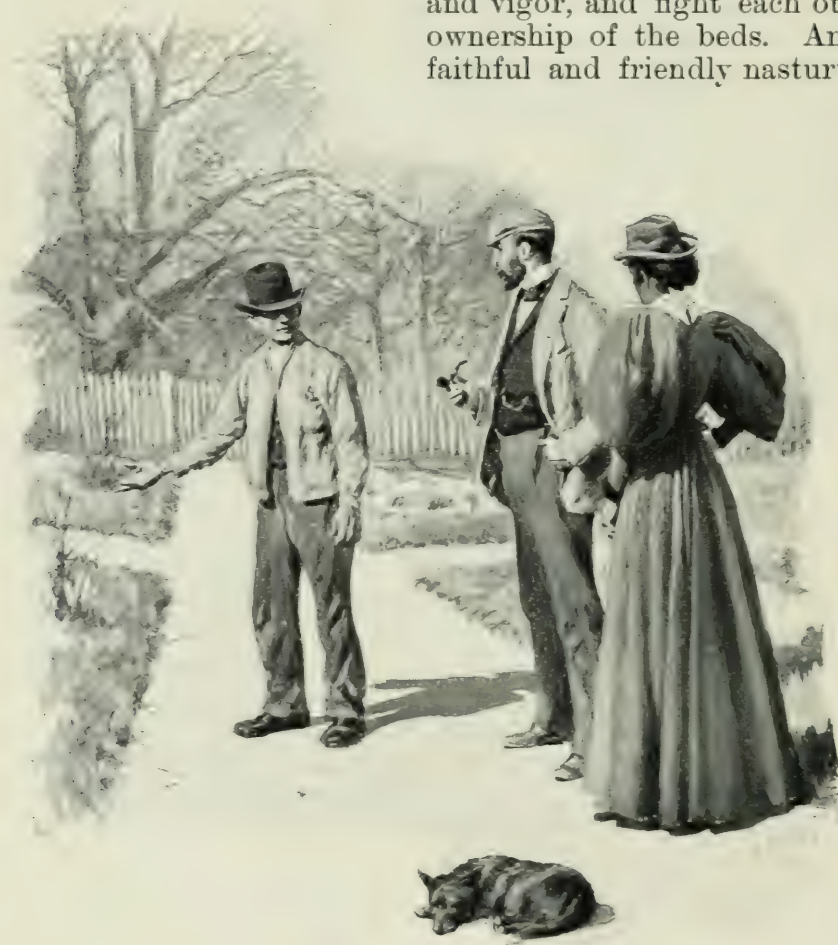
"That's no Johnny Jumper."

comprehensibly — the understanding that you have only shifted the burden you bore among your old neighbors has put a strangely new face on things, and has made you so readily tolerant that you are really a little surprised at yourself.

The winter goes by; the ever welcome glory of the spring comes back, and with it comes the natural human longing to make a garden, which is really, although we treat it lightly, a sort of humble first-cousin to the love of children. In your own breast you repress this weakness. Why taste of a pleasure which in another short year you mean to put permanently out of your reach? But there is no resisting the entreaties of your children, nor your wife's ready interest in their schemes, and you send for Pat Brannigan, and order a garden made. Of course, it is only for the children, but it is strange how readily a desire to please

the little ones spreads into a broader benevolence. When you look over your wife's list of plants and seeds, you are surprised to find how many of them are perennials. "They will please the next tenants here," says your wife; "think how nice it would have been for us to find some flowers all ready for us, when we came here!" This may possibly lead you to reflecting that there might have been something, after all, in your original idea of suppressing the gardening instinct.

But there, after a while, is the garden—for these stories of suburban gardens where nothing grows, are all nonsense. True, the clematis and the moonflower obstinately refuse to clothe your cot with beauty; the tigridia bulbs rot in the ground, and your beautiful collection of irises produces a pitiful pennyworth of bloom to an intolerable quantity of leaves. But the petunias and the sweet-williams, and the balsams, and all the other ill-bred and obtrusive flowers leap promptly into life and vigor, and fight each other for the ownership of the beds. And the ever-faithful and friendly nasturtium comes



You send for Pat Brannigan.

early and stays late, and the limp morning-glory may always be counted upon to slouch familiarly over everything in sight, window-blinds preferred. But, bless your dear urban soul, what do *you* know about the relative values of flowers?

When Mrs. Overtheway brings your wife a bunch of her superbest gladioli, you complacently return the compliment with a half-bushel of Magenta petunias, and you wonder that she does not show more enthusiasm over the gift.

In fact, during the course of the summer you have grown so friendly with your garden that, as you wander about its tangled paths in the late fall days, you cannot help feeling a twinge of yearning pain that makes you tremble to think what weakness you might have been guilty of had you not already burned your bridges behind you, and told the house agent that nothing would induce you to renew the lease next spring. You remember how fully and carefully you explained to him your position in the matter. With a glow of modest pride you recall the fact that you stated your case to him so convincingly, that he had to agree with you that a city life was the only life you and your family could possibly lead. He understood fully how much you liked the place and the people, and how, if this were only so, and that were only the other way, you would certainly stay. And you feel if the house agent agrees with you against his own interest, you must be right in your decision. Ah, dear Modestus! You know little enough about flowers; but oh, how little, little, little you know about suburban house agents!

Let us pass lightly over the third winter. It is a period of hesitation, perplexity, expectancy, and general awk-

wardness. You are, and you are not. You belong nowhere, and to no one. You have renounced your new allegiance, and you really do not know when, how, or at what point you are going to take up the old one again.

And, in point of fact, you do not regard this particular prospect with feelings of complete satisfaction. You remember, with a troubled conscience, the long list of social connections which you have found it too troublesome to keep up at long range. I say you, for I am quite sure that Mrs. Modestus will certify me that it was You and not She, who first declared that it was practically impossible to keep on going to the Smith's dinners or the Brown's receptions. You don't know this, my dear Modestus, but I assure you that you may take



Other local troubles.

it for granted. You remember also that your return must carry with it the suggestion of the ignominy of defeat, and you know exactly the tone of kindly contemptuous, mildly amused superiority with which your friends will welcome you back. And the approaching severance of your newer ties troubles your mind in another way. Your new friends do not try to dissuade you from going (they are too wise in a suburban way for that), but they say, and show in a hundred ways, that they are sorry to think of losing you. And this forbearance, so different from what you have to expect at the other end of your moving, reproaches and pains while it touches your heart. These people were all strangers to you two years and a half ago; they are chance rather than chosen companions. And yet, in this brief space of time—filled with little neighborly offices, with faithful services and tender sympathies in hours of sickness, and perhaps of death, with simple, informal companionship—you have grown into a



You wander about its tangled by-paths

closer and heartier friendship with them than you have ever known before, save with the one or two old comrades with whose love your life is bound up. When you learned to leave your broad house-door open to the summer airs, you opened, unconsciously, another door; and these friends have entered in.

It is a sunny Saturday afternoon in early April, but not exactly an April afternoon, rather one of those precocious days of delicious warmth and full, summer-like sunshine, that come to remind us that May and June are close behind the spring showers. You and Mrs. Modestus sit on the top step of your front veranda, just as you sat there on such a day, nearly three years ago. As, on that day, you were talking of the future; but you are in a very different frame of mind to-day. In a few short weeks you will be adrift upon a sea of domestic uncertainty. For weeks you have visited the noisy city, hunting the proud

and lofty mansion and the tortuous and humiliating flat, and it has all come to this—a steam-heated “family-hotel,” until such time when you can find summer quarters; and then, with the fall, a new beginning of the weary search. And then—and then——

Coming and going along the street, your friends and neighbors give you cheery greeting, to which you respond somewhat absent-mindedly. You can hear the voices of your children and their little neighbor-friends playing in the empty garden-plot. Your talk flags. You do not know just what you are thinking about; still less do you know what your wife is thinking about—but you know that you wish the children would stop laughing, and that the people would stop going by and nodding pleasantly.

And now comes one who does not go by. He turns in at the gate and walks up the gravel path. He smiles and bows at you as if the whole world were sunshine—a trim little figure, dressed with such artistic care that there is cheerfulness in the crease of his trousers and suavity in his very shirt-front. He greets Mrs. Modestus with a world of courtesy, and then he sits confidentially down by your side and says: “My dear sir, I am come to talk a little business with you.”

No, you will not talk business. Your mind is firmly made up. Nothing will induce you to renew the lease.

“But, my dear sir,” he says, with an enthusiasm that would be as boisterous as an ocean wave, if it had not so much oil on its surface: “I don’t want you to renew the lease. I have a much better plan than that! I want you to *buy the house!*”

And then he goes on to tell you all about it: how the estate must be closed up; how the house may be had for a song; and he names a figure so

small that it gives you two separate mental shocks; first, to realize that it is within your means; second, to find that he is telling the truth.

He goes on talking softly, suggestively, telling you what a bargain it is, telling you all the things you have put out of your mind for many months; telling you—telling you nothing, and well he knows it. Three years of life under that roof have done his pleading for him.

Then your wife suddenly reaches out her hand and touches you furtively.

"Oh, buy it," she whispers, huskily, "if you can." And then she gath-

ers up her skirts and hurries into the house.

Then a little later you are all in the library, and you have signed a little plain strip of paper, headed "Memorandum of Sale." And then you and the agent have drunk a glass of wine to bind the bargain, and then the agent is gone, and you and your wife are left standing there, looking at each other with misty eyes and questioning smiles, happy and yet doubtful if you have done right or wrong.

But what does it matter, my dear Modestus?

For you could not help yourselves.



Memorandum of Sale.



Drawn by J. R. Weguelin.

ELIZABETHAN SONGS—II.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

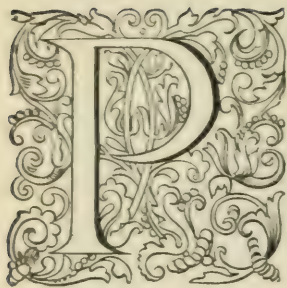
Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

AT ST. MARY'S

By Harry C. Hale



PERMANENT camp had finally been made and our four "conical walls" were pitched on the immediate bank of the St. Mary's River, a few hundred yards from the point where that stream gives outlet to the waters of the upper St. Mary's Lake.

The river flowed, swift and cold, past our very doors; and from the latter we looked out to the south and feasted our eyes on Divide, Kootenai, and Red Eagle Mountains, each noted for some remarkable incident, the story of which we had been many times told already by our loquacious guide, who had joined our party two days before.

Ten days or so previous to this, had one been spending a day at the military post of Fort Assiniboine, Mont.—which one never does—he might have seen departing therefrom a column of dusky horsemen, followed by several six-mule teams drawing heavy, red wagons, and headed by two suspicious looking men on horses branded "U. S."

The horsemen were a detachment of "F" Troop, Tenth United States Cavalry, the wagon train consisted of four "army wagons complete," and the two evil-looking men at the head of the column were myself and a much better man, Lieutenant Letcher Hardeman, of the Tenth Regiment, United States Cavalry.

This party left the post one hot day late in the summer of 1894, and seven days later, having made an interesting march over two hundred miles of Montana soil, it appeared at Blackfoot station on the Great Northern Railroad. There it was joined by a party of eight gentlemen who had arrived that day on the west-bound train, and from there the united parties proceeded toward the Rocky Mountains, which, looming up in the hazy air, fogged by smoke from the numerous prairie fires, looked

big and formidable, and but a stone's throw away.

But a good part of three days were consumed in reaching those mountains. Though they did seem near at hand, they proved to be fifty miles distant by road.

On the third day an early camp was made on the St. Mary's River, and as this seemed to be about as far as wagons could go in these parts, here we concluded to make our permanent headquarters during our week's sojourn in these mountains.

And so, with our tent-doors facing the stream and but twenty feet away from its waters, here in this beautiful valley we went into camp and were happy.

Preparations were immediately made for sport. Rods, reels, and lines were soon assembled, shot-guns unpacked, belts filled with ammunition, and in an hour the enthusiastic sportsmen of the party were enjoying themselves with that intense pleasure known only to the eager angler or hunter when he finds himself in a preserve rich with his especial game.

But of that party two members were not out for fish or small game. Harde-man and I had decided at the outset to kill a Rocky Mountain sheep—a "big horn"—and not only had we so decided, but we had so asserted. We might condescend to catch a few trout or to shoot a few grouse in our spare moments—*pour passer le temps*—but the business of our life while in these mountains would be mutton—wild mutton.

The members of our party were nice gentlemen, and treated our youthful vaporings with a serious attention that pleased us. Even our guide, a thirteen-year resident of this locality, did not smile, but contented himself with saying that he had known "a few gentlemen to miss them sheep at thirty yards the first time they got a shot at

them," but that he guessed "these West Point boys knew how to shoot a gun and how to keep their nerve when in sight of big game."

We came to know more about that guide, and "nerve" and things later on.

But it did seem ridiculous to hear of a man's getting a shot at a mark the size of a sheep and missing it at fifty yards. The wonder was how he *could* miss at all—where his bullet could go and not hit—at that range. We were not troubled. Give us a shot anywhere within one, yes two, hundred yards, and we would answer for the result. Had we not been qualifying as sharp-shooters in our regiments for several years past? Had we not already demonstrated to our party our skill in aiming and our accuracy in judging distance by breaking innumerable bottles as they floated down the streams on which we had camped en route?

As to "losing our nerve"—oh, well, that was simply absurd. We were not troubled.

The day after our arrival in camp was Sunday and a day of rest (we numbered two clergymen among us), but two of the party returning in the evening from a climb over the nearest mountain, Flat Top, raised our hopes to a high degree by telling us of six sheep they had seen on their ride.

Monday morning Hardeman and I started for Flat Top.

We were armed with the regulation Springfield Carbine, and each wore a field-belt full of ammunition. A field-belt holds forty rounds, and when full is heavy. But it was well we thought to go on such an expedition well equipped. We reasoned how badly we should feel, if, having exhausted our supply, we ran on to more game. Oh, no, it would not do to go without plenty of ammunition. So we left no vacant thimbles in our belts.

When mounted and ready to start our guide pointed out the direction to be taken and assured us that we could not possibly get lost, for, after reaching the timber, we would follow a "plain, blazed trail, clean up."

Then, as he wished us good luck, he smiled.

There was a drizzling rain. It was

early in the morning and cold. The grass was high in the ravines, and by the time we had reached the lower line of timber we were wet through as high as the waist and not dry above. We now entered the thick timber, and the upper half of the body began to feel the dampening effect of the numerous shower-baths shaken from the dripping boughs above.

Ten minutes from the time of our entrance into the timber we were lost; and from this time on, for the next hour and a half, it was a game of hide-and-go-seek between us and that "plain, blazed trail," and Hardeman and I were always "It."

But, stumbling over the fallen trees, interlaced and crossed in inextricable confusion, winding in and out among the standing timber, getting a leg scraped here, a knee struck there, now leading our horses up a steep incline, now riding them with a delicious sense of rest over a level bit of trail for a few hundred yards—so we plodded along and finally reached the upper timber line, emerging from the gloom of the forest into the cheerful light of the open, and leaving very willingly behind us both our "plain, blazed trail" and the necessity for it.

But we had not reached the top of the mountain yet by any means, and the question now presented itself—which direction to take. We had come out of the wood near the wedge-like end of Flat Top. Should we turn to our right and pass around the jutting spur to the farther side of the mountain, or should we keep on the side where we were and take our way to the left. Hardeman, who had with his Indian scouts done considerable mountain trailing in Arizona, and was just in his element now, proposed to do neither, but to climb straight to the top from where we were. Accordingly, we dismounted, and then ensued the most difficult piece of infantry work I ever took part in. But we persevered, panting and struggling, slipping and recovering, but always going up. Our horses, led with long, loose rein, impeded us but little, picking their way along our foot-tracks with precaution and precision. They seemed to feel

the effect of the rarefied air more than we; their breathing came short and quick. We were nearly seven thousand feet high.

We finally reached the top, only to find that the rocks made it impracticable for mounted work; so we tied our horses, wishing we had left them down at the timber line.

A short rest and we started a-foot along the summit of the long mountain. Not knowing the habits of the game we were seeking we had no definite idea as to the best method of hunting it. Well, we would just clamber along over these mountains and trust to luck to fall in with something in the course of the day. The clouds were hanging low and thick, we were surrounded by them, in fact, and our field of vision was limited to a narrow circle.

An hour of this mountain travel—down dale and up slope through the long, wet grass, over the jagged rock and the treacherous shale—an hour of this, and we were ready for a rest.

We sat down within the edge of a growth of pine on the side of a gentle slope of shale, which swept up to a long ridge a quarter of a mile away. As the clouds would occasionally rise above or drop below this ridge, it would stand for a few moments clearly outlined against the sky, and it was during one of these intervals that, in sweeping the ridge with my glass, I thought I saw a movement in an object, which, till then, I had taken for a bush or a rock. Lowering my glasses and resting my eyes a moment I looked again. The object had disappeared.

It was a sheep. Without doubt it was a sheep. Our plans were soon formed. We would keep within the timber as long as possible, and moving well off to our left, approach them just below the line of the ridge, always keeping between their position and ours a clump of fir-brush which we could discern in the immediate vicinity of the spot where I had made the discovery.

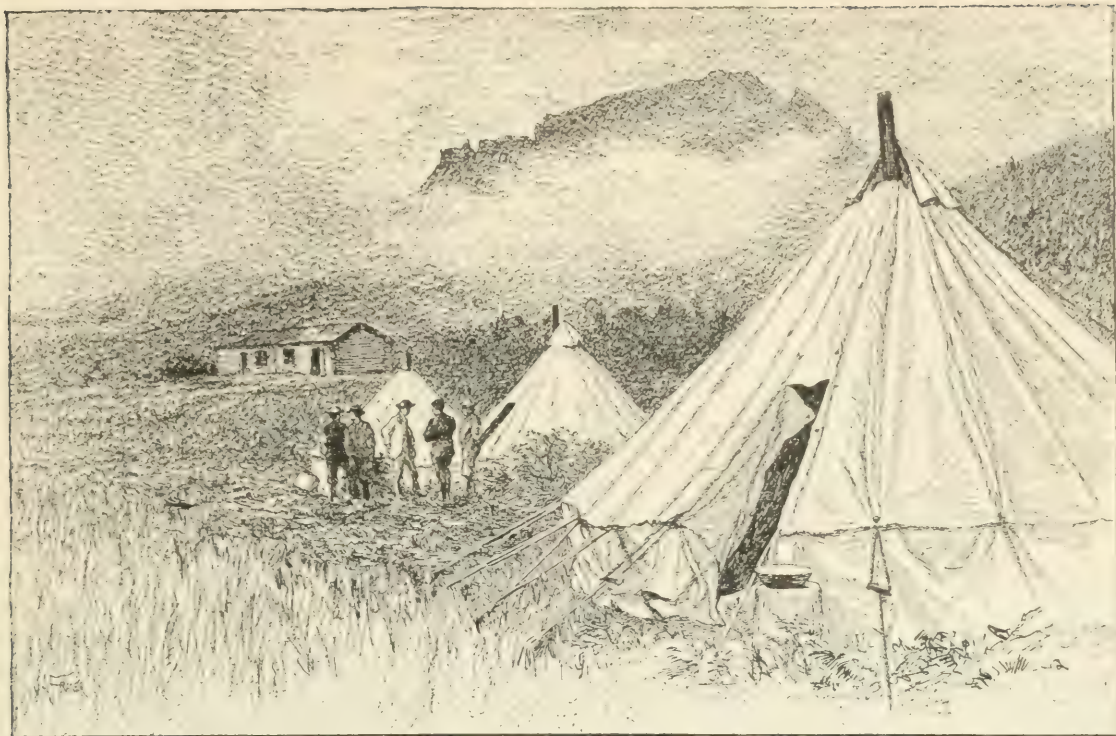
We started at a rapid gait, all fatigue forgotten. We had not gone a hundred yards when we came upon the place where the band had slept the night be-

fore. Up to this time I think Harde-
man had been rather sceptical as to whether I had really seen any game, but now his eye lighted up as he realized that we were really in the immediate neighborhood of the game we sought.

The prettiest little beds imaginable these animals had made for themselves. Round, shallow basins were scooped out of the loose shale here and there, and so smooth they appeared with the small, flat pieces of rock forming them, that they really gave one the idea of being soft.

My imagination depicted the sheep reaching this spot the evening before, an old ram in the lead. I saw them stop and busy themselves in selecting and preparing their resting-places for the night. One by one they curled themselves in their cosy beds, made soft by their own thick coats of hair. What would I not give to have been there in person—to have watched and studied them in the morning, and—and—my mind suddenly dropping me down to earth—to know just where they were at this instant.

As we began to near the line of the ridge we recognized the necessity of extreme care in picking our way, lest the sound of our foot-falls in the loose shale should be heard. We were making great efforts to tread noiselessly, and we were constantly reminded that our attempts were a signal failure by hearing the disturbed pieces of rock rolling from under our feet down, down, hundreds of yards below. One of these little demons would start on its downward course—the one of us that had started it always receiving a withering look from the other—and, rolling at first slowly and smoothly, then bounding with a gentle tink-tinkle from one point to another, it would speed on, gathering impetus in its flight, and, like a bad boy on a lark, picking up many companions as it went, until finally the flight of this one little stone would become a mad rush of tumbling rock and the pretty tinkling had increased to a roar, which, to our over-sensitive ears, seemed loud enough to awaken the very mountains themselves.



A Temporary Camp.

Eventually the whole mass would find its resting-place in the valley below, and then we would cease grating our teeth in impotent rage and creep on.

We finally reached the ridge, cautiously approached our point selected, and peered over.

Nothing.

Disappointed, but not very surprised, we passed on to a parallel ridge, a hundred yards farther, which until now had been hidden from view.

Again, nothing.

But, stop!

Simultaneously we inclined our heads in a listening attitude. The far-distant tinkle of rolling shale—a sound, the significance of which we were quick to appreciate—met our ears. My glasses were out in an instant, and a moment later I passed them to my companion, directing him as I did so to a point in the valley hundreds of feet below. There, strung out in single file, were eight Rocky Mountain sheep. They were moving straight up the bed of a dry ravine which headed, a few hundred yards on, between two vertical cliffs.

The temptation was strong to run up our sights and take a chance shot, but

they were practically out of range, and the noise would decrease the chances of our seeing them later on. How beautiful and how much to be desired did they appear to us, and how supremely secure did they seem to consider themselves. They would trot a short distance, then stop and look up in our direction, then on again, in single file always, never bunched, until finally, turning off to the right of the ravine, they proceeded to perform some wonderful gymnastics by taking their way up what seemed to be a perfectly vertical cliff, going from one ledge to another by a series of the easiest and most graceful leaps imaginable.

Half way up the cliff they stopped, and to our surprise began placidly grazing, as though no enemy was within a hundred miles. So far as securing them from where we were, we might, indeed, have been a hundred miles distant. We were separated from them by a deep valley, and any movement that way would be certain to attract their attention.

No, there was no doubt that they had heard and seen us—saw us now, probably—and the only thing left for us to do, was to go back over the ridge, keep below it on the farther

side, pass clear around the head of the intervening valley, and, coming in from the opposite side, creep up to the edge of the cliff to a point directly above where our foolish mutton was so peacefully grazing.

It appeared but a short walk to our goal, yet two hours were consumed in making the distance. In order to keep ourselves concealed from view during this brilliant manoeuvre, we necessarily lost sight of our game, but as we neared our destination and made our stealthy, four-footed way to the edge of the cliff, we were confident that they would be where last seen, and we prepared to drop our cartridges down among them like a shower of hailstones. We ought to get every one.

But we did not. They had not waited for us. We could not explain it and we did not try. We cast a few rocks down on to the ledge where we had last seen them so unsuspectingly browsing, "just to see," as Hardeman said, "how dead easy they would have been," and then, in silence, we took up our carbines and started to retrace our steps campward.

The weariness of limb which we had felt just before I made the unfortunate discovery of the sheep on the ridge, and which had been forgotten from then till now, suddenly returned with redoubled intensity. Our carbines were heavy, and we concluded, too, that to carry an excess of ammunition, forty round for instance, on a trip like this, was simply absurd. Well, we were learning fast; and with this comforting thought to cheer us, we plodded on in silence. We were very glad, in a despondent sort of way, when we reached our horses.

We needed no "plain, blazed trail" to follow on the homeward trip; our horses, with a wonderful intelligence, took us at a rapid gait straight back over the trail we had followed coming up. At first we often thought we knew better than our beasts, and turned them right when they would go left; but as every time we did this we were forced to retrace our steps to the point where we had turned off, and give in to our horses' better judgment, we soon learned to let them have their own way,

and from that time on we never left the trail.

Late that night we reached camp, and first of all sought the guide. We wished to have a little talk with him about "plain, blazed trails." We found him, had our talk, and then, feeling relieved and in a better mood, ate a tremendous supper and betook ourselves to our tent.

We were weary and sore, but more determined than ever to get a sheep. "We will go straight back to-morrow and bag them sure," said I, as I rolled myself in my blanket that night.

"We will," said my companion, falling into an audible sleep.

The next day, Tuesday, broke bright and warm, and at an early hour we were on our way. It proved to be a most uninteresting chase; we saw no game, though we worked hard to find it. Again we returned to camp empty-handed.

As our party sat discussing the next day's programme that night, after dinner was finished and cigars were lighted, it appeared that three of the gentlemen wished to go to Red Eagle Lake, some ten or more miles distant, to try their luck at catching some of the wonderfully large trout said to abound there. Their intention was to take a camping outfit along and remain over night.

The "sheep-chasers," as Hardeman and I were now called, having had enough of Flat Top, proposed to accompany this party, intending to make a side trip from the camp on the lake to a near mountain, "Kootenai," where, according to our guide, we were "sure, dead sure," to get a shot at some sheep.

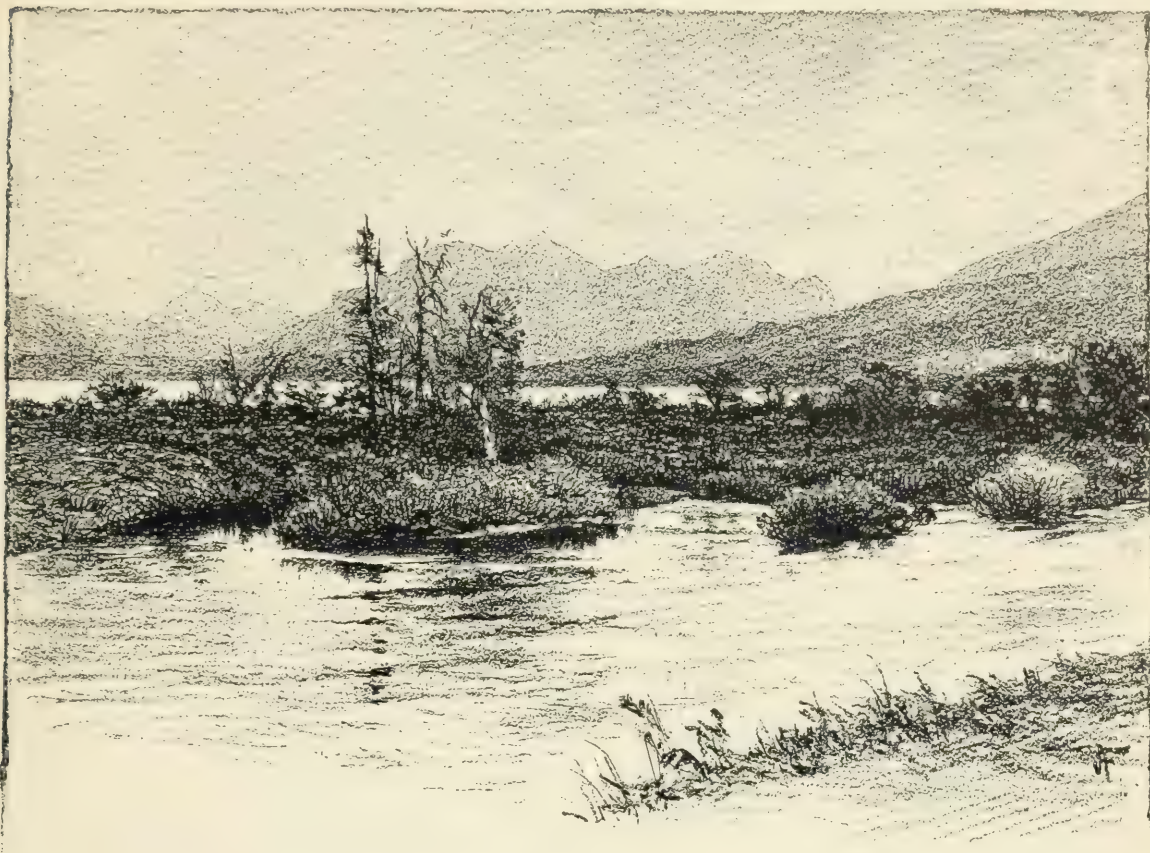
The next morning found us up with the dawn, and busy making preparations for the journey. Two docile mules were picked out from the herd, *aparejos* were adjusted, camping outfit packed, and at an early hour we started.

Three hours of tedious travelling, through timber very similar to that on Flat Top, brought us to a beautiful park near the lake. Camp was quickly pitched and quickly deserted; the anglers heading for the lake, my friend and I toddling along in the footsteps

of the guide, bound for a "sheep-lick" some two miles distant, where, we were repeatedly assured, we would get "plenty of mutton, all right."

We had appropriated the guide to ourselves this day. He had told us so much about the abundance of sheep on this Kootenai Mountain, that we forgave him for his "plain, blazed trail"

and ascending a wooded spur running down the mountain-side, we found ourselves peering through the trees into a large, shallow basin, treeless and rocky, and several hundred yards across. Here and there in this open could be discovered white patches of earthy shale, and these were the sheep-licks which we were seeking. They were merely spots



In this beautiful valley we went into camp.

story of two days before, and consented to let him show us the place.

He led us a hard march for an hour and a half, but our last two days of climbing had accustomed our muscles to the unusual exercise, and so, when we were finally warned to "tread keefer" as we were approaching the lick, we were nearly as fresh as when we started out. For the next quarter of a mile we were fully occupied in attempting to tread "keefer," our hobnailed shoes and the slippery rocks combating us at every step.

For some time we had been skirting the mountain above the timber line for better walking. Now the guide led us just inside the wood for concealment, and soon rounding a projecting crag

where salts exuded to the surface from beneath, or were washed down by seepage from above, but our guide had informed us that when one once found a lick he had a sure thing, as the game of the surrounding country constantly visited the place to satisfy their natural taste for the salts found there.

Cautiously we parted the boughs and peered forth. We sought long and earnestly among the rocks for any indications of game, but with no result. To secure a better view we gradually crept forward, until at last we stood where we commanded the whole basin.

Nothing—absolutely nothing.

We could scarcely believe it. We had counted so much on this effort. But we soon realized that our guide's prognos-



A Sheep "Lick" on Kootenai.

tications had proven incorrect, and we were angry.

For a time nothing was said; then the guide, seeing the gloom on our faces, evidently thought it best to say something in explanation. What he did say did not put us in a better humor. He simply could not understand it, that was all. He had always found them there before, and he did not see why they were not there now.

We said nothing, but sat down to rest from that remarkable fatigue which always attacked us immediately on the heels of a disappointment.

I fell a-thinking. It really did appear to be a favorable place for game. By lying under cover and waiting we might yet get a shot. But we were some distance from camp and the afternoon was fast passing; we would have but little time to spare. The idea of remaining all night was not entirely satisfactory, as we had nothing to eat and nothing to cover ourselves with during the long, cold hours after sunset. But this was fast getting to be a serious matter with us, this sheep-chase, and it did seem that if we were ever to secure a prize at all, now was our chance. We would remain.

The proposition was promptly agreed to by Hardeman, and the guide was told to return to camp to let the rest of the party know of our plans.

"Gets pretty cold at night," said the guide, pointing to a mass of snow lying on the mountain-side a few feet above us.

We made no reply.

"Anything to eat with you?" pursued the man, evidently dissatisfied with the turn events were taking.

Our heads shook, in unison, a negative reply.

He turned and left us.

To our right and at some distance above us was a commanding position well covered with the usual scrubby, low-lying fir. From here we judged we would be able to get a view of the whole basin below us, and here we now took our places, some distance apart, Hardeman on my right watching all approaches from his side, I keeping a lookout to the left.

The mosquitoes and mountain-flies were terrible, and had it not been for the vile-smelling mosquito "dope" which we carried and used, we could scarcely have withstood the pests.

We watched and waited, but without

reward. Several hours passed and the sun, shining full in our faces, dropped lower and lower. From the valley below came stealing toward us the shadows of the western peaks, blighting all they touched with their darkened shapes, turning the silver of the mountain-streams to ink, veiling the forest with a hood of gloom, silently, relentlessly creeping up the slopes—higher and higher—until at last they entered our shelter and sought us out. The air grew chill; the leaves dropped motionless.

The sun had set; it was night.

Weary and stiff, and rather disgusted with sheep-hunting as a means of sport, we now betook ourselves to the timber below and began making preparations for the night.

Selecting a smooth bit of ground, we covered it with twigs of pine chopped with our hunting-knives from the surrounding trees. At the foot of our improvised bed we built a fire, and its cheerful warmth soon put us in better humor and made our eyelids heavy as well. We fell asleep and slept soundly until we slipped into the fire, which may have been ten minutes after slumber overtook us. Hardeman and I were good travelling companions, each making a point of always doing his part of the work and undergoing his half of the privations. I suppose that this is the reason that neither of us, as he picked himself out of the fire, evinced any surprise at seeing the other doing the same. Our bed, though smooth, was sloping, the pine-needles were slippery, and the fire was at the lower end of the bed. We had fallen asleep at the same time, side by side, began our unconscious sliding race to the fire, and had come in together, neither claiming any advantage at the finish.

"A dead heat," suggested Hardeman, as with one hand he fanned his ankle with the frayed flap of his trouser leg, and with the other he ceased touching the sole of his shoe, which was filled with hob-nails lately heated in the fire.

We discussed the idea of watching by reliefs after this, but concluded that, of the two evils, we preferred taking chances with the fire; and so climbing back to our bed we curled up "spoon

fashion," and again fell asleep. To me it was a night of sleeping moments and waking hours, of toasted feet and frozen back; but with all the discomfort it was not unpleasant lying there on the soft bed, inhaling the delicious fragrance of the resinous pine and looking up through the motionless leaves to the starlit sky above. All nature seemed, like us, to have gone to bed, so quiet was the night. During one of my waking spells the moon came out from behind a towering crag. Its white light covered the forest and all about us and made the cheerful glow of the fire appear a flickering red. Its rays slowly passed from peak to peak, from cliff to cliff, leaving in the recesses grewsome shadows, and lighting up and bringing nearer the projecting rocks. A huge snow-bank on the mountain-side was sought out and made to do its part in illuminating the night with its countless numbers of sparkling jewels. The marmots came out from their homes in the rocks, and their shrill whistling soon filled the night-air, echoing back and forth from wall to wall, and sounding weird and uncanny to the ear.

No, on the whole that was not an unpleasant night, and when dawn appeared and roused me out of my waking dreams, it was almost with a shock that I remembered where I was and the practical nature of the cause of my being there.

Long before sunrise we were in our hiding-place of the evening before, shivering with the cold and parrying, with cautious movements, the repeated attacks of the mosquitoes.

Ten o'clock found us still in place, with nothing to show for our pains.

But that hour brought the guide with our breakfast, and as he approached us straight across the basin, we considered further concealment useless and went out to meet him. We sat down and ate, the guide meanwhile telling us that he did not understand the fact of there being no sheep there, and occasionally causing derisive smiles to pass between Hardeman and myself by pointing to various spots where former hunters, trusting to his leadership, had gotten so many sheep. We considered these fairy tales. Suddenly, with an exclamation, "Here they come," the

guide jumped up and ran behind a large rock near by, making motion and sound enough, it seemed to me, to attract the attention of all of the animal kingdom within a mile. Hardeman and I showed our nerve (and were exceedingly surprised at each other for it) by not moving a muscle. Gradually we lowered ourselves, and then by slow, cautious wriggling managed to conceal ourselves behind the rock in a sportsman-like manner. Then, and not till then, did we venture to look up in the direction the guide was pointing. There, standing on a projecting ledge on the very tip-top of Kootenai, were six beautiful, clean-cut figures against the sky. They were "big horns." They had not seen us, evidently; but I shall never understand how they missed the gymnastics of that guide when he discovered them and jumped for cover.

Would they come down? And if they came down, would they chance to approach us near enough for a shot? Oh, that we were back in our old cover where we commanded the approaches from above. We felt we were out of luck indeed. For hours and hours we patiently lie in a specially chosen spot and not a lamb appears; but within five minutes after we come out of concealment to a place where we can make no movement without being seen, and near which the game is not likely to approach—then, suddenly, the mountains are covered with sheep.

Yes, we seemed to be in hard luck.

We waited. We were well concealed and near one of the many licks. Just possibly, this would be the lick preferred by our wary mutton.

Finally a movement was noticeable among them, and then one of them began slowly descending the precipitous side of Kootenai. Another and another followed, until all were winding their way downward. Cautiously, suspiciously, they came, the leader halting every few steps and leaving the trail to perch himself in a commanding position on some projecting ledge, there to take an exhaustive look over the rocks below. At each of these halts I held my breath in suspense, fearful that some unusual sound might startle our game and set them all running.

But down they came, nearer and nearer. Would they turn as they reached the basin and seek the nearest lick? If so, we would not get a shot, for we could never get within range without being seen.

We watched with painful intensity as they approached this lick. Slowly they came, daintily picking their way over the jagged rocks, never a mis-step and scarcely a sound. They neared the turning-point, reached it, and, without an instant's hesitation, the leader passed on, taking the straight trail leading in our direction. We looked at each other eloquently; they were as good as ours. They had finally gotten to within about three hundred yards from us when they became hidden from view. We stood this state of things for a moment or two, and then the suspense became too great and we left our shelter with the intention of ascending the slope of a small spur or ridge near us. Over that spur we should now be able to see our game. We started out, creeping very, very cautiously. The slope was steep, and we had difficulty in going up without disturbing the rock.

"Look!"

Bang! Bang!

Six badly frightened and unhurt "big horns" were scampering over the rocks.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! A perfect fusilade rang out. Over a ridge and around a crag disappeared six leaping forms.

It had taken about thirty seconds. Suddenly, as we were nearing the top of the ridge, the animals had appeared on our left, had immediately seen us, and stopped. I had seen them as they appeared, had had but one idea—that they would get away if not instantly shot—had called out, and turning, as I half knelt, half lay, on the slope, had fired offhand and—missed. Hardeman had done the same thing. We had then both jumped up and fired a half dozen bullets in the general direction of the fleeing game without in the slightest degree taking aim. The frightened but unhurt animals had disappeared, and we now found ourselves looking at each other in a dazed sort of way, not

just realizing for a second what had taken place. But it dawned on us soon enough.

Hardeman broke the silence.

"Why, they were not more than fifty yards away," said he, in an incredulous tone; then, as the full extent of the calamity broke upon him, he shrieked, "Great Heavens, man! We have missed them! We have missed them, I tell you." I was aware of this, and made no reply, but remained sitting where I was, elbows on my knees, and head between my hands. I was trying to puzzle out *how* we had missed them.

"And they were not over fifty yards," said Hardeman, his voice taking on a discouraged tone of conviction. "Not an inch over fifty yards, and we missed them, we—missed—them." He fell to musing again.

We had forgotten the existence of our guide until now, but we were made aware of it by hearing a subdued chuckling as he appeared from behind the rock where we had left him. His chuckling was not well-timed and I reached for my rifle. Hardeman saw the movement and said, in a weary tone, "No use; you couldn't hit him."

"But *you* could," I rejoined, politely.

As we sat there in silence, ever wondering how we could have missed those sheep, and now and then casting our eyes along the rock, where it seemed one or two *must* be lying, a marmot came out of his hole near by. Running down the slope a distance he sat up and whistled at us in an impudent manner.

"How far?" said Hardeman, cocking his piece.

"Fully a hundred yards."

He fired, and the little animal, minus its head, rolled down the shale.

"And we missed a *sheep* at half that distance," mused Hardeman.

Our return to camp was an unhappy one. The gentlemen left there the day before, having had excellent luck in their piscatorial chase, were in good humor on our arrival, and greeted us with many expectant salutations, which, it seemed to me, were unnecessary, and would have been appropriate and funny in Life's "Useless Ques-

tions." But we were in an humble frame of mind, and did not resent their interrogations.

"Oh, yes (smilingly), we were back."

"No, we had no sheep."

"Any shots? Well, yes, we had gotten a shot at some."

"Yes," yelled Hardeman, jumping up and wildly gesticulating, "Yes, we *did* get some shots, and we missed 'em, and they weren't fifty yards away, and there wasn't any excuse—and we are a couple of chumps, that's what *we* are."

After this frank statement of the facts there was nothing more to be said, and we were soon packed up and picking our way back toward our permanent camp.

The next day found everybody out of camp but Hardeman and myself. We had not had much to say, both of us thinking the same thing, both afraid to utter our thought.

Finally I could stand it no longer.

Hardeman was sitting in the tent driving some hob-nails in the soles of his shoes. I was standing in the doorway, my eyes fastened on Kootenai, in misty view from here.

"I wonder if they will return," I said, musing to myself.

"Eh," said Hardeman, in a suspiciously eager tone.

"I say," said I, "that they will undoubtedly come back to the same place. We did not have a fair show yesterday," I continued, tentatively.

"Yes; we *were* taken unawares."

I looked over my shoulder at him and caught his eye.

"All right," he answered, and in a few moments we were retracing our trail of yesterday, some bacon and coffee in our saddle-bag pockets, and two men following to take care of us.

We were going to try them once more.

Three hours later two figures might have been seen toiling up the steep side of Kootenai Mountain. They were on the side of a deep ravine, going slowly, and in spite of the loose rock, going noiselessly. Far above them, near the head of the ravine and on one side, stood a clump of fir-brush. A half

hour later they had gained this shelter, and were lying side by side, softly panting from their exertions. Shortly, one of them, leaving his carbine, cautiously crawled to the edge of a ridge separating the ravine up which they had been creeping, from another and deeper one to the right. Slowly his head was raised until the eyes looked over the ridge. Slowly the head was lowered again, and slowly did the body wriggle back to the side of its companion. Turning his head the other caught the look in his eyes, and his lips formed the unspoken words, "How many?" Eight raised fingers gave definite reply.

Together they now made their way upward, and in a moment were lying prone just below the line of the ridge, their eyes drinking in the sight of a bunch of eight Rocky Mountain sheep not a hundred yards distant, quietly licking the outcropping salt from the earth.

"Well, we've got them," whispered Hardeman, as he quietly took from his belt a half dozen cartridges and spread them out for quick use on the ground by his side.

"We have," I nodded, adjusting the sight of my carbine for a "half point" windage to the left.

Two gleaming barrels were slowly thrust over the edge and all was silent.

One, two, three seconds—then two reports that sounded as one.

Six animals fleeing in six different directions. Three more reports in quick succession and the number of fugitives lessened by one.

Again four shots rang out—those two figures seem to think they are skirmishing at the Department Rifle Competition.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"That last one dropped at two hundred and fifty at least," said Hardeman, coolly, as the last of the animals remaining unhit disappeared behind the rocks.

"That last one" proved to have five bullets in him.

"Well," said I, as, a half hour later, we were sitting on the carcass of one of our sheep which had slipped off my shoulder while we were carrying it together, and had sent Hardeman rolling down the shaly slope, "Well, let's recapitulate. This is our fifth day out, and the score stands as follows:

"Sheep seen, eight. Cartridges fired, twelve. Hits: on the stand, two; on the run, six. Misses: on the stand, none; on the run, four. Killed: on the stand, two; on the run, two. We have retrieved ourselves, my friend, and may hold up our heads again."

"And we missed those things yesterday at fifty yards," mused Hardeman.

PARTING

By Emily Dickinson

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As this that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.

THE POINT OF VIEW

THOMAS HUGHES has been dead nearly three months, and it attests the enduring nature of his services to his fellow-creatures that one may still talk of him and of his good nature and good works without risking the accusation of dragging bygones into the light. There is a good deal of speculation and discussion nowadays, especially in this country, about the art of writing a good story. American magazine editors are constantly accused of running after names and buying manuscripts from British writers to the disregard of the gifts and industry and methods of our own narrators. The American apostles of realism insist that the American craftsmen of their school write as truthfully and accurately as any living writers of any country; the admirers of the American romanticists insist that the blood that runs in their tales is as red and as ductile as any blood in any foreign story; sometimes the American novelist who has perfected his style by study of the best modern French writers is held up to imitation and approval at the cost of such of his fellows as have had the fountains of their thought flavored by familiarity with the literature of Great Britain. No doubt these claims and assertions are well founded, but it sometimes seems as if, possibly, one thing that goes into every story is too often overlooked, and that is the personality which the writer weaves into his work. A man may be ever so good a man, and ever so sound and kind and true, and ever so benevolently disposed toward his fellows, and still lack the storyteller's gift, and the literary faculty in general, and fail to make manuscript that it is expedient to print. But it seems also true that a man may know very well how to

write and still fail to find readers for the lack of qualities in himself which it is profitable for others to share. What a man is, that he writes more or less into whatever he does write, whether it is narrative, or verse, or some other form of discourse, and men who have the right things in them, and the faculty of expressing themselves, are much too scarce and valuable to be overlooked on whichever side of the Atlantic they may happen to abide.

It was his personal qualities rather than his literary ones that made Thomas Hughes so successful a writer. He wrote one great book and several other very good ones, and found an immense number of readers and made himself a literary reputation which extended wherever the English language is spoken. Yet letters was only his avocation. He was a busy lawyer, a legislator, and finally a judge, and when he wrote books he did it in his spare time. He wrote good books, not so much because he was an extraordinarily good writer, as because he was a good man and wrote himself and his own sentiments and aspirations into every page of manuscript that his pen travelled over. He had a clear ideal of what an Englishman ought to be, and first he lived up to it, and then he wrote up to it. It has been felt to be a sound and edifying ideal and fit to understand and be familiar with. Americans have taken to it quite as kindly as Englishmen. There was no nonsense and no priggishness about it. It was Christian and democratic and honest, fit for use in any climate and under almost any form of government.

There were very few men of Thomas Hughes's generation whose fame and influence were as wide as his. If he had been a great man that would not have been so re-

markable. But no one thinks of him as a great man. He wrote a great book, yet he was not a great writer. He was a good lawyer, a sound judge, a useful member of the House of Commons, but he was not exceptionally eminent as a jurist or a statesman. He had excellent abilities, but it seems not so much to have been to his exceptional powers that his influence and success were due as to the uncommon genuineness of his character and the sanity of his aims. He tried all his life to do his duty as a man and a citizen, and incidentally he tried to have as much legitimate and wholesome fun as possible while he was about it. What he found good for himself he recommended to others. He tried to make duty and clean living and clean sport popular, and perhaps it ought not to surprise us that he succeeded so well, for men are only too glad to be taught to live wisely and pleasantly if they feel that the teacher is honest and wise. They did feel that about Thomas Hughes, for he had written himself down in his books so that there was no mistaking him.

WE all remember the genteel Cranford lady who left the delicate young peas untouched upon her plate because she had only a two-tined fork, and could not bring herself to follow the example of her host, who shovelled the elusive vegetable into his mouth with his big, round-pointed knife. And that other lady, from the same delightful town, who, after preparing an elaborate supper for her guests with her own useful hands, was pleasantly surprised when the little maid produced it, saying: "Why! Peggy, what have you brought us?"

Such gentility would hardly seem the spirit of the age in this year of grace, yet there must be a very considerable proportion of our enormous population who seek after it, otherwise there would not exist journals published for the express purpose of furthering it,

Teachers of "Gentility," and columns in our weekly newspapers consecrated to its service. Some of the ways in which it is approached rival the time-worn, lavender-scented customs of the good Cranford ladies in absurdity, and, unfortunately, some surpass them in vulgarity. The more altruistic of these journalistic authorities strive to combine direction in affairs of the heart and

of morals with direction in the management of table cutlery; for example, I was reading this morning the answer to a double query propounded by an anxious one, who effectively sought disguise in the name of "Trilby." She was told that "finger-bowls are only used at breakfast when fruit is served," and also that she had no right to believe that a man was in love with her until she was definitely informed of the fact.

It will readily be seen that this width of range complicates the office of adviser; but even where nothing more is attempted than the guidance of the trembling novice through the mazes of table etiquette, the responsible genius of the "Woman's Column" holds no sinecure. The simple courtly rule with which we have become familiar—"Be kind, be clean, and don't be ashamed of what you don't know"—sounds singularly bald and inadequate beside the code of manners set up at the gateway of what is journalistically called Society.

It was less than forty years ago that Miss Eliza Leslie's "Behavior Book" was published in Philadelphia, the town along whose Market Street the immortal Franklin walked, munching his immortal roll of bread; yet Miss Leslie in her time found many persons "holding silver forks awkwardly as if not accustomed to them," and felt obliged gently to warn her readers that "nothing should be sucked or gnawed in public, neither corn bitten off from the cob, nor melon nibbled from the rind." We have advanced in forty years. In a recent number of the journal referred to above, I find that I "must never bite food of *any* kind"—an injunction which, if followed to the letter, would involve the choice between a diet of soup and wine or tea, and a canine bolting of unmasticated solid food. The ordinance is, however, modified by a subsidiary clause, which permits the eating of corn from the cob—an instance of backsliding, from Miss Leslie's point of view.

In the definition of gentility as "heathenism," the "Century Dictionary" quotes Hooker's phrase: "When the people began to espie the falsehood of oracles whereupon all gentilitie was built, their heart were vtterly auerted from it;" but it is doubtful if the heart of the American people will soon be averted from this other kind of paganism whose oracles so please the credulous ear.

More than a quarter of a century has passed since Emerson put the question: "Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid, to perfect manners?—the golden mean is so delicate, difficult—say frankly, unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl's demeanor?" Yet there seems to be courage enough and to spare for the assumption of the difficult task, and I am not entirely sure that, in spite of false oracles and petty snobberies, it does not sometimes bear good fruit. As in that deeper education of the public, however, beginning with the common schools and ending with the universities, it is too often forgotten that the best teachers are needed at the bottom; that a Philip Sidney or a Chesterfield should be called properly to instruct in the rudiments of *savoir-faire*.

PEOPLE who are a little slow about accepting new conditions wondered last year at the rising tide of bicycles and speculated as to when the novelty of the new toy would wear off and the ebb begin. It has not begun yet. This year the United States is more bicycle mad than ever. The way

The rule of the
bicycle.

the Americans have jumped at the new machine is characteristic. The bicycle has been discerned to be the most marketable commodity of the hour, and every manufacturer whose plant was adaptable enough to include bicycle construction seems to have adjusted himself and his factory to the work of reaping the most inviting harvest that offers. The original bicycle makers make many more bicycles this year than ever; sewing-machine companies make them; arms manufacturers make them; so do machinists who are out of a job; men clever with tools who want to start in business, and everyone else who can. People who cannot make bicycles and are not otherwise occupied, busy themselves in the sale of them. The people of the United States spend about so much money every year, and if a considerable share of that money is spent this year for bicycles there will be so much the less for other things. So the vendors of the "other things" have all been trying to make up in bicycle sales for the prospective decrease in the sales of other species of merchandise. The hardware stores sell bicycles; so do the great department stores, and one sees them offered in shoe-shops, in gun-shops, in the

show windows of jewellers, while in almost every block of the retail quarter of every city there is a shop or two given over to bicycles and nothing else. What the regular annual consumption of bicycles will eventually be in America is still of course a question. In the end the market seems bound to be flooded, but there is no indication at this writing that that point has yet been reached. We are getting now to the end of the generation that knew what the world was like before railroads and steam locomotion were invented. It seems likely enough just now that some of us who happen to be alive and observant in this year of grace, may come to be regarded with interest by persons still unborn as ancients, who can remember when there were no bicycles, when pavements in cities were still rough, when there were no cinder paths along the country roads, when women almost universally wore long skirts, and horses were still almost as common a sight in the streets as human creatures.

It really begins to be debatable whether anything has happened to the human race since the first locomotive drew the first train of cars that will affect it so materially as the bicycle. Consider its effect on women. Within two years it has given to all American womankind the liberty of dress for which the reformers have been sighing for generations. The dress-reform movement never seemed to affect any considerable number of women, or to modify women's clothes to any noticeable degree. The bicycle has not put many women into trousers—nothing will do that in this country—but it has given all women practical liberty to wear trousers if they want to, and indeed, to get themselves into any sort of decent raiment which they find convenient for whatever enterprise they have in hand. Three years ago a modest American woman would hardly have ventured out on the street in New York with a skirt that stopped above her ankles, and leggings that reached obviously to her knees. To-day she can do it without exciting attention. She simply has on her bicycle clothes, and everyone is used to bicycle clothes, and all sensible people approve of them.

The bicycle is immensely useful in the transaction of business. It carries working-people to their work and brings them back. It does errands, carries messages, and abbreviates distance in all sorts of ways that save

time and money. Yet, when the immense multiplication of it and the vast expenditure it has prompted are considered, its striking peculiarity seems to be that in the main it is an engine of pleasure. When did any people before show so eager an appreciation of the enjoyment of life as the Americans are demonstrating by their enthusiasm? Our critics used to call us money-grubbers, and talk about our excessive lust for the almighty

dollar. The great rush to put bicycles into the market does indeed attest an appreciation of business opportunities; but the eagerness of all sorts and conditions of men and women without distinction of age or fortune to bestride the unruly two-wheeled vehicles, and ride away on them, stands in conspicuous evidence of a growing disposition so to regulate our journey through life as to improve the chances of living by the way.

THE FIELD OF ART

THEODORE ROBINSON—TWO CONTEMPORARY STATUETTES—ARTISTIC ATMOSPHERE—OUR MUSEUM CATALOGUES—THE ALPHAND MONUMENT

IT is the pleasant privilege of the Jury of Selection of the Society of American Artists, just before the opening of their exhibition, to choose from the pictures exhibited "a composition painted in oil by an American artist, containing one or more figures," to be purchased by a fund donated by Mr. Samuel T. Shaw, "the picture thus chosen becoming the property of the donor of the fund." This fund was devoted in 1892, the year of its establishment, to the purchase of the painting by Theodore Robinson entitled "In the Sun," which is reproduced herewith on page 748. Of this joyous work Miss Powell's engraving gives all that can be reproduced in black and white; and the sense of complete *abandon*, the delight of living in the open air, the relaxation of the youthful body of the young girl as she has thrown herself at full length amidst the meadow grass, welcoming the embrace of the sun, are all suggested. In the painting the color is no less happy, and technically the picture is most direct in its method, the effect

of the whole being apparently achieved with ease. "Apparently" is said advisedly, for only the other day Robinson was quoted as having remarked, after some reflection, in answer to an inquiry as to the time spent on a certain canvas, which, like this, betrayed no sign of long-continued effort: "about two years and a half."

It is sad to speak of the painter in the past tense, but at the period of his life when the perplexities of method and the direction of his work were most fully under his control, the burden of physical infirmity became too great, and he died. No one who did not know Theodore Robinson personally could imagine from his work that the sunlit themes in which he delighted, the arabesques of chequered light and flitting shadow which delighted others—none more than his comrades in art—were conceived and carried out by a man who, throughout his life, had naught of strength save that of the spirit. Those who did know him cannot recall a murmur or complaint on the part of their friend. The appreciation of his fellow-painters at least was given to him, and treasuring this and husbanding like a miser his little store of strength, he evolved, with his singularly clear mind, an art which, owing in reality little to

the manner of his school, was in subject and method peculiarly his own. The loss to those who loved his work is great, for the thread of successive production is broken, and the constant influence of his gentle, dignified, at times caustically yet genially humorous presence is taken from them. To the painter it is not altruism, nor does it require a great infusion of faith, to say that it is a gain; and that, his work surviving, the burden of his frailties thrown by, he, in some happy painting-ground, is at last and forever in the sun.

IT is a rare artist that sees poetry and ideal beauty in the things of his own day; it is a rarer one that can convince his contemporaries of his fond impressions. Yet if one will insist on the odium of comparison, it must be granted that the art which studies its own time from the intimacy of personal acquaintance, will be accepted by posterity as of more human interest than the art whose eyes are only for what is far off.

With this point of view that hot-headed, radical Huysmans, in his "L'Art Moderne," quotes patronizingly Fromentin's reasons for studying Oriental decadence instead of his own Paris. But the personal equation is the all-triumphant argument in art. In a creator's choice of a subject no reason is so completely justifying, so final, as this: that his interest lies there and he has the skill to enforce it. No amount of railing from ultra-modernists can deprive those who are sincerely Classicists or Romanticists of their right to exist and to create.

It is not condemnation enough of the non-modern art either, to say that it will be less valued by the following generations. Why should posterity be eternally invoked as the umpire in every wrangle on art-matters? A wise Hibernianism that which protested, "What has posterity done for us?" What indeed that we should make it the arbiter of

all our elegancies? The future will miss much of us just as we miss a complete sympathy with the past, yet Art is a Janus and would be only half itself without its backward gaze.

In sculpture it is especially hard to find contemporary subjects, and the sculptor is particularly tempted to enroll himself among Classicists or Romanticists. So it seems as if the two statuettes by Van der Straeten and Laporte-Blairzy, reproduced herewith, are good though they are not modern and are not primarily robust. Strikingly alike in spirit, the latter was one of the attractions of the last Salon; the former was an earlier success.

The seated figure, "Under the Empire," is imbued with a languid vivacity, a "careful carelessness," and a flirtatiousness that is not indecorous nor yet too ingenuous. There is an interesting quaintness about both works. Considering their dangerous approach to mere prettiness, they are well rescued by a notable solidity of treatment. In both cases the knowledge of form is good and the mastery of line-rhythm finely felt.

With the "Minuet" the problem is the harder, for it involves motion and a difficult poise. M. Gonse, the distinguished French critic, confesses himself "ravished" with it, and notes how it is "delicious with movement, supple,

modelled to perfection under its light drapery, and in every sense *galbée*" (*galbe*: swelling—as of the entasis of a column).

So long as artists who wander unsympathetically from their own times bring back such delights as these are they not excusable for being old-fashioned?



"Under the Empire"—by Van der Straeten.

IT has often been said by artists and art-lovers that we have no atmosphere that helps to stimulate artistic production and keep alive the glow of artistic sympathy. This is undoubtedly and regrettably true. Many an artist has come home after years of quiet fervor and wholesome growth, only to find his

ardor checked, to feel his talent wither and grow feeble, or worse still, misshapen. This is always, in one sense, a loss to the community. We must leave aside for the moment the economic question whether we have not more artists, especially painters, than we need. From the point of view of culture we can never have as many as we need of the right kind of artists. Their form of production—or non-production—is immaterial; no artist who can manage to keep his soul alive has ever lived in vain, in any surroundings. It is therefore a loss to the community itself when there is no atmosphere which helps to keep the artistic soul alive. But what can be done? We cannot expect busy and mercurial Americans to adopt the light-hearted and leisurely manners of the Old World in order to provide an atmosphere for the artists. And, after all, the matter mainly rests with the artists themselves. The atmosphere will come when they begin to make it—as grown trees provide the shelter in which younger trees grow up and flourish—by striking root in the American soil, by living in sound artistic sympathy with things around them, and with the big city which they have made their home.

Leaving workers in black and white aside, there are at present very few artists who paint New York in anything of the same spirit in which De Nittis and Raffaëlli painted or paint Paris, or Alfred East and others paint London; with a feeling for the indefinable physiognomy of the place and all that expresses it, the lines and groupings, the atmosphere and skies, the lights and moving masses; with an eye also for the accidental arrangements that are as characteristic as the typical architecture, and for the street types that are only units of the whole.

Who gives us New York, as it might be given; making us see that art is, after all,

nothing but a wide, keen, burning sympathy and a quick, appreciative eye; that it is not so much a question of inspiring fitness in the subject, as of inspired fitness in the painter?

The great and famous art of Menzel had as unpromising a soil to work in when he first began. No one would have suspected the arid, prosy, and narrow Berlin of sixty years ago of being fit to inspire one of the great painters of the age. He had no "atmosphere" to help him; but he made it for himself by assiduous work that kept him in touch with things around him, and above all by this living outflow of sympathy, that returned, like a fountain, to its sources, and helped to nourish the well-springs of his being. We can never have an atmosphere till the artists begin to make it for themselves. There will always, it is true, be artists to whom this is impossible, and

there is no question of duty in the matter. The artist must live where he can produce, and all imaginative art is above mere questions of nationality.



"The Minuet"—by Laporte-Blairzy.

THE European student of art history visiting the museums in America must be profoundly impressed with our ignorance or mendacity if he judges us by the attributions bestowed upon the old pictures in our galleries. There is hardly a museum in the country that has not great names attached to tame copies or poor school pictures; and there is not a catalogue of any of our public collections of old pictures that is not unreliable and misleading. To be sure, we are not alone in this jumbling and juggling of attributions. The directors of European galleries are prone to fasten great names to the works of pupils or imitators because a list of Correggios and Titians spreads the fame of the gallery; but the American gallery director is never to be outdone in the use of famous names. If the Louvre can catalogue

twenty odd Raphaels when it has only five our museums can catalogue Dürers and Holbeins when they have none at all. The greater and better known the name the more frequent its use; and poor Rubens and Velasquez have foundling canvases laid to their charge all the way from Boston to San Francisco. Much of this false attribution is due to sheer ignorance, but some of it is due to considerations of policy. Most of the old masters, spurious or genuine, find their way into public galleries by gift. Mr. So-and-So finds in Venice a picture of contorted limbs and flashy lights by Palma il Giovine or one of his pupils, and buys it for a Tintoretto at a large price. It is generously bestowed upon the gallery of his native town as a Tintoretto. The director may know that it is not by that painter, but he cannot afford to alienate the generous giver by proclaiming the fact. The picture is catalogued as a Tintoretto, and the gallery boasts of its masterpiece.

The effect of these false attributions upon the young and unsophisticated art student must be obvious. He finds an inferior canvas with the name of a great painter attached to it, and instead of doubting the genuineness of the canvas he doubts the

greatness of the painter. There is nothing in the Louvre that attests the power of Raphael, not even the five genuine pictures, and the young student at Julian's will tell you that Raphael was "small beer, anyway." And the teacher of art is placed in as bad a position as the old master. If he enlarges upon the transparency of Rembrandt's shadows and the pupil afterward sees a Bramer labelled "Rembrandt," in which the shadows are black and opaque, he begins to doubt the knowledge of the teacher. Finally the art-loving public is misled by this system of misrepresentation. It learns its history all wrong, because the alleged documents are bogus; and the appeal to books only makes the confusion more confounded by contradicting the tale of the documents.

There is no remedy for this evil except by placing knowledge and veracity at a premium in our museums, and this can be brought about only by the voice of public opinion. Surely it is time that some step was taken toward the improvement of our museum catalogues. At present they are something of a laughing stock to those who know their history of art, and something of a stumbling block to those who do not know it.



The Design for the Monument to J. C. A. Alphand—by Dalou.

THE accompanying drawing shows the first idea of the Dalou monument to M. Alphand, upon which the artist is now working. While rendering all homage to the decorator and engineer of modern Paris, the sculptor has striven to typify Labor, the active energy of the city, in its myriad of

lesser figures: the architects, artisans, disciples and collaborators of Alphand—even down to the very hod-carriers who assisted in giving form to the idea. In lending his design to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, M. Dalou points out the fact that some marked differences will be found in the finished work.

ABOUT THE WORLD

IT is not difficult, unless one be a lumber king, to acquire an enthusiasm for forest reform. From the æsthetic side no very sophisticated taste is necessary to receive enjoyment from the company of magnificent woods, or a single perfect monarch of a tree; the shade and fruit thereof; the clear waters of the cool springs beneath; the songs of the birds overhead; or the dogwood blossoms round about. Any man is apt to become a theoretical forest protector of the deepest dye who has seen the living, deep woods of a noble sweep of mountain-side blasted by lumbermen or fire into a wretched forest graveyard, with only unsightly freaks of underbrush, mutilated stumps, the scattered limbs of murdered giants, and here and there some poor misshapen ghosts of trees lifting their crooked arms wildly to heaven in frantic protest against their nakedness.

Congress
and the
Forests.

On the other hand, there are shrewd people who make no pretentious talk about the beauty of the world and the fondness of their fellow-creatures for murdering it, who will show, with a few strokes of the pencil, just how many million dollars have been lost by ruining this forest for the sake of metamorphosing in a single winter the mountain-side into "portable property" for a great capitalist. They remind us that the timber wealth of the United States gives a yearly product of over a billion dollars, or twice the value of the entire output of all the mines put together—gold, silver, coal, iron, copper, zinc, and the rest. This is a resource worth keeping, and yet we are cutting into our capital at the fearful rate of seventy-five per cent. each year, as only about twenty-five per cent. of the timber market

is represented by new growth. As for losses from the fires that are started by locomotives, cattlemen, berry-pickers, hunters, and incendiaries, it gives a sufficient idea of what they cost us to be told by the Forestry Commissioner of Pennsylvania that his State alone probably suffers to the extent of \$30,000,000 annually from this one cause. Not only the trees are lost in these mighty conflagrations; the vegetable mould which would supply fertility to the soil for future agricultural purposes, or food for the roots of a second growth of forest, is burnt; and the first step is taken on that easy descent to a landslide or flood-bed.

But either of these two classes of reformers, whether they express their indignation by the celebration of Arbor Days for the school children, or whether they lobby in Washington, or whether they confine themselves to the composition of journalistic paragraphs on forestry work, is equally liable in these days to the imputation of sentimentalism—a sentimentalism which not only does not save the forests, but which actually helps their plunderers by substituting talk for action, and obscuring the ends of reform by the smoke of discussion with the Philistines over such technical details as the exact amount of flood damage, for instance, resulting from deforestation and soil erosion. In truth, a curiously small result of rescue work has proceeded from the considerable clamor of a large number of good and effective people. Even when the efforts of the friends of the forests, sentimental and otherwise, have produced desired "legislation"—a word savoring so hopefully and so falsely of finality—the sawmill of the lumber magnate burrs merrily and irresponsibly on, and the gaunt Cracker continues to burn whole mountains to add a

few quarts of huckleberries to next year's crop. The sweetness and light of Arbor Day and the zeal of the journalist avail nothing on the flanks of old Hogback, where lusty axemen are stripping the mountain of its forest pelf. In other words, the few promising laws that have been extorted from Congress or State legislatures to provide for the reservation of public lands, furnish poor comfort for the coveted trees if there is absolutely no administrative system to enforce them.

Several movements have been made in Congress this session, in the intervals of all-important Cuban and Venezuelan problems, to apply to the woods of the public lands those principles of forestry which all intelligent and unprejudiced people are willing to admit in theory. Mr. McRae's bill, mangled and finally killed last year, was again introduced this winter in a less effective form, and is now before the Public Lands Committee of the House, and the Committee on Forest Reservations in the Senate. Originally the measure outlined with some detail a system of forest inspection and management by Government rangers. Now it vaguely empowers the Secretary of the Interior to see that the woods on public lands are protected, and that those trees shall be cut and sold which can be spared with benefit to the forest; but no appropriation is made for the work of overseeing and the law, if it becomes one, will probably do no more specific good than is accomplished by any airing of the subject.

A picturesque remedy for the fire evil was suggested in the House in a bill which empowered the United States authorities to cut huge safety lanes, a thousand feet wide, through the public forests, at intervals of ten or fifteen miles. The income accruing from the sale of the timber cut in these elongated clearings will largely pay for the labor; but a half million is to be appropriated for such regions as have a growth too scanty to be profitable. Mr. Shafroth, who is responsible for this Dab Kinzer scheme, suggests that the United States soldiers should patrol the woods to bring fire-bugs to justice; in Mr. McRae's former bill, too, the soldiers were to be brought into requisition, and many authorities consider the experience we have had with them as guardians of the National Park a

sufficient ground for trusting them to police the forests of all the public lands.

None of these measures are, even so far as legislation can go, at all conclusive. The best-informed friends of forestry are hoping against hope for the enactment of something like the defeated Paddock Bill, which would promise a really efficient and thorough system of forest management. It made provisions for a Commissioner of Forests in the Department of Agriculture, a superintendent for each reservation, and forest rangers, one for each of the divisions of reservations which might be made over twenty thousand acres in extent. These officers and their assistants were to be salaried, and were to be aided, whenever fires or extra police service made it necessary, by the United States troops. The commissioner was to be "a person versed in forestry," and a carefully detailed license system was outlined to regulate the sale and use of such timber as could properly be cut for lumbering, farming, and domestic purposes. Such a measure would have been the most important step yet taken by the United States to introduce a modicum of reason into the management of a threatened source of wealth which is worth in dollars a hundred times as much as the



A View showing Crown Development, of Smaller Pines Around Large One. (Those under the large tree have been stunted by the confinement.)

The "About the World" illustrations are from photographs made at Biltmore, Mr. Vanderbilt's North Carolina estate.

whole country of Venezuela. There are several men who would have made first-class commissioners, and the success of the Forest Reformers in Congress would have spurred them on to quickly establish such conditions as would train a competent staff of superintendents and foresters. It would be difficult for a German to understand that at present it would be impossible to drum up an even second-rate corps of forest officers in this country. And the question of the personal equation is a most important one. Without the existence of trained police of the woods, men who combine a knowledge of practical lumbering with some natural love for the woods, and at least a smattering of the scientific principles of forestry, it would be useless to devise theoretically excellent administrative systems.

But so far from indulging in exuberant hopes for such a vigorous rescue work as Mr. Paddock suggested, the advocates of thrift in the forests are now actually put on the defensive to save the most valuable reservations from open abandonment. At this writing the General Land Office has just recommended that three-fourths of the splendid forests of the Cascade reservation be thrown open to the hungry Oregonians. The factors which enter into almost every politico-economic question are so baffling, so subtle, so utterly beyond the complete grasp of any single man, or any body of picked men, that it would seem, to a private citizen of reasonably philosophic temperament, such an opportunity as this should be hailed with statesman-like joy—where the right and the wrong, the advantage and the disadvantage, may be so clearly and honestly decided in favor of a refusal to wantonly throw to destruction so large a part of God's noblest works and the people's richest and loveliest heritage.

As against this discouraging incident there is real comfort for the people and the trees in the very recent investigation set on foot by the Secretary of the Interior—a movement which is easily the most important yet made in the interests of the forests. In response

to Secretary Smith's request, the National Academy of Sciences has appointed a commission, of the most distinguished *personnel*, headed by Professor Charles S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, and including Mr. Gifford Pinchot, whose work in Mr. Vanderbilt's model forest experiments is described in the next paragraph. This commission is to study our forest conditions with a view to informing the Secretary just what is practicable and desirable to preserve the wooded portions of the national domain; what the climatic, soil, and water conditions have to do with the question, and what speci-



A Forest View after Ordinary Lumbering—all the surrounding undergrowth destroyed.

fic legislation will best remedy the abuses now so notoriously existing. It is a charming innovation to see these matters in the hands of gentlemen absolutely disinterested and admirably equipped in training and intelligence. One of them informs the writer that there is real hope of systematic United States service in the forest as a result of the reports they will make.

FORESTRY means the management of a forest for profit." In that luminous definition, emanating from Mr. B.

E. Ternow, the chief of the Division of Forestry at Washington, lies the hope we have of disappointing "Ouida's" Cassandra-like prophecies of a treeless, stream-

Our one object-
lesson in For-
estry.

less, desert world. With all our faults we Yankees are generally credited with the virtue of knowing which side our bread is buttered on; and yet in this matter of forest economy we have signally belied that reputation, sometimes because of ignorance and

too often because of greed. The strangest part of it is that there should have been but a single instance of the least importance where a forest domain has been cared for as a permanent investment, even experimentally, though in the greater part of Europe the woods are yielding a regular and increasing annual revenue. This one attempt at forest management is a notable one for several reasons; it was conducted under unusually typical forest conditions by a man—Mr. George W. Vanderbilt—who could not have the slightest private interest in the pecuniary success; though an individual venture, it was on a scale which fairly justified generalizations from the results; and, most important of all, the actual work was laid out by a young university man who had acquainted himself thoroughly and professionally with the scientific principles of forestry which the Germans have formulated.

That Arabian Nights' residence which Mr. Vanderbilt has constructed in the beautiful mountains of North Carolina is surrounded by a great estate of which one hundred thousand acres is forest. The oaks and pines of the country had suffered the usual indignities from cattle pasturage, indiscriminate cutting, and fires started to improve the growth of grass. Here and there were large, sound trees, but a great part of the growth was composed of anything



Scientific Lumbering—tree felled without injuring the adjacent saplings.

but the best specimens which could have been selected to perpetuate their species—with a great proportion of trashy brush, scrub pines, and small trees unwisely located in reference to each other—just the apology for a forest that any deer-hunter or summer tourist is accustomed to in the Alleghenies and Blue Ridge. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, the consulting forester, was entrusted with the task of improving and strengthening this hapless woods under a system which should eventually yield a net revenue to the proprietor. Mr. Pinchot brought an Adirondack woodman of experience to superintend details and help train the Southern hands into forest workmen. The whole estate was cut up into convenient divisions, recorded in a card catalogue, showing the history and



Scientific Lumbering—tree felled and cut up without harming any of the younger trees near by.

the characteristics, geological and forest, of each section. Certain portions were set aside for a long rest, precautions being taken to exclude cattle and fire. In other regions where some trees had reached maturity these were cut and marketed, so as to allow the younger growth to achieve its best development. In the work the foreman selected carefully the very spot where each tree should fall, for its best manipulation, and especially to save its weaker neighbors from harm. This method of lumbering showed an increase of cost over the usual haphazard proceedings of less than three per cent., while Mr. Pinchot reports a

gain of fully ninety-five per cent. in the condition of the younger trees left standing. The lumber and cord-wood product was sold in open competition with wood cut by the old reckless and destructive methods in neighboring regions. It is such a fascinating and unique object-lesson that it is difficult to restrain one's description to the mere outline of the work in Biltmore Forest. But the all-important feature of the experiment was the signal improvement of the woods during the first year at a net cost of \$400; and the actual profit in the second year, when woodmen were better trained, of \$1,200. This is a story of two years' standing now; but it exhibits saliently, as no other experience in America has exhibited, the one principle on which all our large forests, public and private, should be managed, and it cannot be tried too widely. Many men have made public gifts ten thousand times more costly that have a pitifully small fraction of the value which Mr. Vanderbilt's forestry project offers to the American people.

AFTER all, the finest quality of the recent Olympic games was the naïve enthusiasm of the Greeks—spectators and athletes—which was all the more winning from its accompaniment of a magnanimity not unworthy of the times of Agamemnon, king of men. Whatever might be the moral frailties of the mighty wrestlers and warriors

An example of the date of Dares and Thersites, from Olympia. the present-day Greeks have beyond a peradventure set a good example, in these games, of manliness and grace in victory and defeat for the sportsmen of two more western lands which shall be nameless. The hundred thousand spectators on the hills were mad with joy at the success of their champions in the historic long-distance race from Marathon to Athens; but they could behold with an equal mind and generous applause the rather disproportionate series of American triumphs. To say that Mr. Robert Garrett's victory over the Greeks in hurling the discus was in sentiment as if nine Englishmen should

thrash our champion league team, savors as strongly of anti-climax as the Georgian's evocation of Chicago as the "Atlanta of the West." One cannot help feeling that Mr. Garrett ought not to have done it.

The Greeks were strung up to a high pitch of enthusiasm for days previous to the actual contests. An eye-witness writes to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE: "This is the close of a day of as great interest to me as I have seen in months. The murmur of it is still in my ears; the hum of thousands of voices, the glitter of light and color are still in my memory as though I had but just closed my eyes for a moment, hearing the suppressed excitement and retaining the vibrant impressions of fluttering movement. For I have passed an afternoon, two, in fact, at the Stadion during a trial of strength and skill among the Greeks, a sort of rehearsal of what the great thing is to be—I thought of Osborne's description [in the April SCRIBNER'S] which came very near to the reality—the hills covered with humanity, the enthusiasm of the people, the shouting and clapping of hands, the trumpet, the athletes filing in from the covered archway—all were repeated, reproduced like a play. The athletics themselves were the every-day performances that have been seen in the pictures of our weeklies ever since athletics have been illustrated in the papers. The great excitement was when the runners from Marathon came in; their approach was announced by cannon, the people stood in their seats on tiptoe with expectation, and the foremost two runners, who came in quick succession one behind the other, were greeted with shouting and waving. There were thirty entered, but only six were accounted for when the people began to leave the Stadion at six o'clock."

It is this thorough earnestness of the Greeks on the pretty occasion in April which lends a value to their kindness and courtesy toward the visitors, and which goes toward proving that high sporting blood is not essentially incompatible with a modicum of sweetness and light.

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